

home in the Brazilian forest. It is full of the noble red man, of gallants and villians, of fair damsels, and of fierce beasts,—curiously suggestive of our own early fiction, Cooper's in especial. In other early numbers will be illustrated articles on:—

The Spectroscope in Astronomy.
Prof. W. W. Campbell.

Football on the West Coast. *P. L. Weaver, Jr.*

Among the Diggers 30 Years Ago.
Helen M. Campbell.

Architecture in San Francisco. *E. C. Peixotto.*

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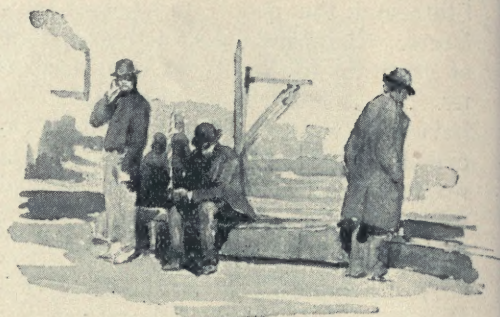
The Napa Insane Asylum. *Charles W. Coyle.*

Fish Hatcheries.

The Lick Trust.

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And many others.



FROM "THE SAN FRANCISCO WATER FRONT."

Other articles to be expected are:—
An Adventure in the Huachucas.

Clara Spalding Brown.

Impending Labor Problems. *Austin Bierbower.*

The Footsteps of Pele. *Mabel Closson.*

Tales of a Smuggler. *S. S. Boynton.*

It is expected that by January first the offices of the OVERLAND, both editorial and business, will be moved to the new building of the Pacific Mutual Life Company, on the northeast corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets, where it will have better facilities for its work in many ways. Thence Volume XXI will be issued, and it may confidently be expected to be as notable in all its aspects, literary, artistic, social and industrial, as any of its predecessors.





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NO. 121

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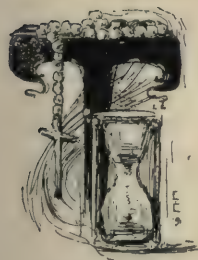
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"JERRY," FROM "LOS FARALLONES DE LOS FRAYLES."



FROM "RABBIT DRIVING IN THE SAN JOAQUIN."

visitors of the Fair, than to describe the Fair to our readers. We shall do our part to allure to a longer western trip, Europeans and Atlantic Coast people that have come as far as Chicago.

This is no mere phrase. Reviews of the successive numbers of the *OVERLAND MONTHLY* constantly express the desire to see the scenes described, excited by the articles. "California literature and California life deal with nature, — life, health, and happiness. How we'd like to live there,—just from reading *THE OVERLAND MONTHLY!*" says a West Virginia exchange, the *Martinsburg Herald*, for example. Those who wish to attract to the Coast, north and south, more population, and that of the class that reads magazines, would be impressed in glancing over a collection of our exchange notices by the recurrence of such phrases, and could not fail to think seriously of the importance of the magazine to the Pacific communities, from a merely business point of view.

This recognition of a peculiar freshness, vigor, and charm, in the sketches and stories of *THE OVERLAND*, which runs so uniformly through all reviews of the magazine, is the more notable as



OVERLAND. But we shall not do over again what is sufficiently done elsewhere. It will rather be our plan to describe Pacific Coast interests to the



A GOOD INDIAN, FROM "THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA."

a testimony to the attraction of the regions and their life in itself, when once well and truly told ; for there has been permitted no advertising purpose, no deliberate alluring of immigration, in the articles. Whatever ardor there has been in them has been the honest enthusiasm of the writer for his subject ; and the constant effort of the editors has been to get on each topic the most honest, careful, and authoritative exposition of the facts. So much discredit has been cast upon all descriptive writing from California by the suspicion of "boom literature" and veiled advertising, that the known rule of *THE OVERLAND* to exclude all such matters from its pages has given it its especial value to Eastern readers. No word printed in *THE OVERLAND*, outside of the advertising pages, is ever paid for, or in



FROM "THE MOSQUITO FLEET."



THE SHOT PUTTER, FROM "TRACK ATHLETICS IN CALIFORNIA."

any way controlled by any outside interest. That it has been, or is, easy to hold to this principle, in a region where the maintenance of a literature on its own merits must meet difficulties long ago outlived in older communities, has never been pretended by the managers of *THE OVERLAND* ; but it has been done, and with ever-growing recognition and success.

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examples of free drawing, full of life and expression, and well worked off," says the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. "The illustrations are fine," says the *Art Folio*. "The very life of the track is shown by the illustrations," [of Track Athletics in California,] says the Philadelphia *Ledger*. "There are

ness of sea breezes and the joy of outdoor life." (Boston *Journal of Education*, on "The Mosquito Fleet.")—"The whole paper breathes the free air of good, vigorous out-door sport." "A cool head may become excited over it." (Boston *Herald*, Philadelphia *Ledger*, on "Track Athletics in California.")



IN CAMP, FROM "THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO."

some unusually fine illustrations in this magazine; they are clear, well-defined, and even the text seems better than in the majority of the periodical literature that comes into our hands."

Outing and Sports.—Our articles that fall under this head have attracted especial attention, and will be continued throughout the next year. We quote a few comments:—"Full of the fresh-

Stories and Sketches.—The vigorous and original character of these has been from the first, and will be in future, a special trait of THE OVERLAND. No comments are more frequent in our exchanges than such as these:—"Always notable for its vigor and freshness," says the Chicago *Ledger*.

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TONTO APACHE, FROM THE "INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA."

acter of the matter," says the New York *Electric Power*.

"Whoever loves good stories and plenty of them, breezily told, and never too long, has only to buy THE OVERLAND, and he will have what he wants," adds the *Church Standard*, of Philadelphia.

"The short stories of the OVERLAND are more widely copied at the East than any others," notes the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

Indian Studies.—No magazine in the world has had so full and entertaining a series.

"THE OVERLAND MONTHLY for April has several articles of extraordinary interest. One of these is an account of the Indian fight at Wounded Knee, by William E. Dougherty, U. S. Army, who writes from personal experience. The illustrations, from photographs on the field at the time, give to Eastern readers a realization of the grim and horrible results of that fight which they can obtain in no other way." (Boston *Commonwealth*.)

"The first paper is devoted to the interests of the Indians of North America, describing their condition, habits



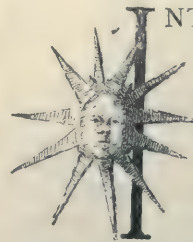
FROM "THE RAISIN INDUSTRY IN CALIFORNIA"

and general adoption of civilized modes of living. The paper is ably written. Some remarkable portraits of Indian types illustrate the paper." (Boston *Herald*.)



A KANAKA FISHERMAN, FROM "KILAUEA."

Pacific Coast Industries.—This series has been received with marked favor, and it is purposed to continue it until every important industry of the Coast has been described and illustrated. The choice of subjects is made to take in first those industries where our region surpasses similar ones elsewhere, or where the conditions of the Coast give our industries peculiar features. Lumbering, fishing, raisin growing, and others, have been treated during the year past and equally attractive subjects will be found for 1893.



INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF THE WEST.—

Perhaps the greatest service of all, in the long run, is rendered to the Coast by THE OVERLAND in expressing and helping its higher life,—letters, art, education, criticism, thought.

"This valuable magazine of the Pacific Slope has done valiant service for the far West. In addition to the excellence of its literary work, it has taken a just pride in all that enters into the building up in the best things of the

State and the people to whom it ministers. California owes an honest debt of gratitude to the OVERLAND MONTHLY. . . . The wonderful changes that have been wrought have never been excelled, if equaled. In all this, such a magazine as the OVERLAND has played a large part, and it is but simple justice to give the credit."—*Topeka Mail*.

A great part of the value of our articles depends on their timeliness; so that some of those our readers will care most for cannot be announced now. Some special announcements follow, however.

One of the noteworthy new features will be *Famous Works of Art in California*. THE OVERLAND intends to bring before its readers according to the best skill of the printer's art, photographs of the most famous works of art in the Pacific galleries. Mr. W. K. Vickery, who has managed several of

the most successful loan exhibitions, has consented to assist in the selection of these pictures.



THE January number contains the first installment of a translation from the Portuguese of the

Brazilian classic, "The Guarany" by José Martiniano de Alencar. This will introduce to American readers an example of a literature new to most of them, both in field and point of view. It is a romance of a Portuguese nobleman of three centuries ago, and his feudal



RICHARDSON'S BAY, FROM "SALT WATER FISHERIES OF THE PACIFIC COAST."

home in the Brazilian forest. It is full of the noble red man, of gallants and villians, of fair damsels, and of fierce beasts,—curiously suggestive of our own early fiction, Cooper's in especial.

In other early numbers will be illustrated articles on :—

The Spectroscope in Astronomy.

Prof. W. W. Campbell.

Football on the West Coast. *P. L.*

Weaver, Jr.

Among the Diggers 30 Years Ago.

Helen M. Campbell.

Architecture in San Francisco. *E. C.*

Peixotto.

Berry Picking in Mendocino. *Nineteen Eames.*

Forest Trees of the Sierra. *C. Palache.*

The Beet Sugar Industry.

The Napa Insane Asylum. *Charles*

W. Coyle.

Fish Hatcheries.

The Lick Trust.

Horse Training.

And many others.



FROM "THE SAN FRANCISCO WATER FRONT."

Other articles to be expected are :—

An Adventure in the Huachucas.

Clara Spalding Brown.

Impending Labor Problems. *Austin*

Bierbower.

The Footsteps of Pele. *Mabel Closson.*

Tales of a Smuggler. *S. S. Boynton.*

IT IS expected that by January first the offices of the OVERLAND, both editorial and business, will be moved to the new building of the Pacific Mutual Life Company, on the northeast corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets, where it will have better facilities for its work in many ways. Thence Volume XXI will be issued, and it may confidently be expected to be as notable in all its aspects, literary, artistic, social and industrial, as any of its predecessors.



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STEAMERS TO HONOLULU,

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Excursions to the Sandwich Islands.—The splendid 3000-ton Steamers ALAMEDA, AUSTRALIA, MONOWAI, MARIPOSA and ZEALANDIA, of this line, are so well known from the thousands who have made voyages in them to and from the Sandwich Islands, that a description is almost unnecessary.

To those who have not yet had this pleasure, we would simply say that there are no finer specimens of marine architecture afloat. They have the latest and best improvements. The staterooms are fitted up with every convenience. The dining saloons, social halls, smoking rooms, etc., in finish and furnishing, are not surpassed by any steamers afloat. To make a trip on one of these steamers is, as the poet Charles Warren Stoddard expresses it, "like drifting toward Paradise on an even keel."

The climate of the Sandwich Islands is said to be the pleasantest in the world—never hot and never cold—from 65 deg. to 90 deg. all the year round, with refreshing showers which keep the landscape perpetually green.

Excursion Tickets to Honolulu and Return, good for three months, \$125.
A trip from San Francisco to Honolulu and the volcano can be made in three weeks, and no more interesting and enjoyable trip is to be found in the world. PROMPT ATTENTION PAID TO TELEGRAPHIC RESERVATIONS OF STATEROOMS OR BERTHS.

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For further information, address

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager Hotel del Monte,
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Life Insurance Co. of California.



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The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Co. of California,

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The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York,

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

New Building, S. E. cor. California and Sansome Streets, San Francisco, California, of



The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York is the only one of the many Eastern Life Insurance Companies carrying on business in this State that has become the owner of real estate in San Francisco, and planted its funds here permanently.

The plate annexed represents the building now in course of construction for the Mutual Life, at the southeast corner of California and Sansome Streets, in this city.

It will be a massive and beautiful structure of granite and terra cotta, perfectly fire-proof, resting upon a solidly piled and concreted foundation.

The building will be a grand and solid addition to the advancing architecture of San Francisco, and will be first-class in all its arrangements and appointments.

1843

1892

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The above is a wonderful stewardship, as shown by sworn statements made to the Insurance Departments of the several States.

This Company's new Distribution Policy is the most liberal ever issued by any Life Insurance Company.

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The Consol Policy recently announced by the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York combines more advantages with fewer restrictions than any investment insurance contract ever offered. It consolidates **Insurance, Endowment, Investment, Annual Income.** No other Company offers this Policy. Apply to Company's Authorized Agents for details.

A. B. FORBES,

General Agent for Pacific Coast,

401 CALIFORNIA STREET,

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136 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The German Savings and Loan Society,

526 California St.

FOR THE HALF YEAR ENDING Dec. 31st, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-fourth (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3d, 1893.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union,

532 California St., corner Webb.

Branch, 1700 Market, corner Polk.

FOR THE HALF YEAR ENDING Dec. 31st, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1-10) per cent. per annum, on term deposits, and four and one-fourth (4 1/4) per cent. per annum, on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893.

LOVELL WHITE, CASHIER.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

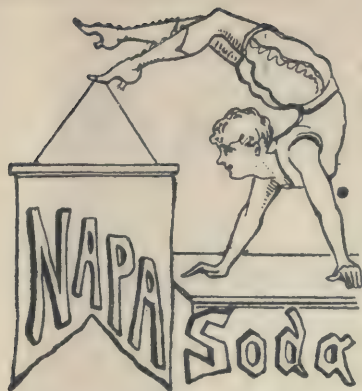
REMOVAL NOTICE.

On or about January 1, the
OVERLAND MONTHLY Offices,
Editorial and Business, will be
Removed to the

Pacific Mutual Life Building,

508 Montgomery St.,

San Francisco.

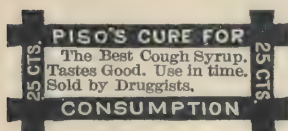


IS ON TOP.

WHY?

- 1st—Because this water is the best that flows between earth and sky.
 - 2d—Because NAPA SODA WATER makes a delicious LEMONADE.
 - 3rd—Because NAPA SODA is a splendid table water.
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- When you order NAPA SODA insist on having that and no other.

TRY IT. SOLD EVERYWHERE.



I have
been cured
entirely of

consumption by the use of
Piso's Cure. The doctor
said I could not live till
Fall. That was one year
ago. Now I am well and
hearty, and able to do a
hard day's work --- Mrs.
Laura E. Patterson, New-
ton, Iowa, June 20, 1892.

When you ask your gro-
cer for Java, he does not
offer you Maracaibo and say
it is "just as good."

When you ask your drug-
gist for Scott's Emulsion of
cod-liver oil, if he is honest,
he will not try to sell you
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Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver
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41



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nique and coloring are unequaled, rendering them
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THE
Overland Monthly.

Vol. XXI. (Second Series).—January, 1893.—No. 121.



CHRISTMAS EVE



STRAIGHT THRO' A FELD OF PURPLE MIST
THE SUN GOES DOWN—A CRIMSON WHEEL—
AND LIKE AN OPAL BURNS THE SEA
THAT ONCE WAS COLD AS STEEL.

WITH DEMP OF PURPLE, GOLD AND RED,
THEY WILT COME BACK AT MORROW'S DAWN.....
BUT THEY CAN'T NEVER BRING, O SUN,
THE CHRISTMAS THAT IS GONE!

ELLA HIGGINSON.

FAMOUS PICTURES OWNED ON THE WEST COAST. I.



NUMBER of Loan Exhibitions held in San Francisco within a few years have made it evident that there are owned on the West Coast a good number

of canvases that may properly be called famous. It is the purpose of the OVERLAND to publish during the year a series of plates giving examples of these. They will cover as many artists as pictures, a wide range of subjects, and to the minds of critics perhaps as wide a range of merit.

The picture chosen to begin the series is not the most noted picture, nor by the most noted artist. It is not intended to express a judgment of comparative merit by the order in which they are presented. It is, nevertheless, a picture that has pleased many people more than others more famous, and has been owned in San Francisco for many years.

It was bought by Miss O'Meara abroad, and after she entered the religious life in a convent was stored for many years, before being sold to Baron von Schroeder, the present owner.

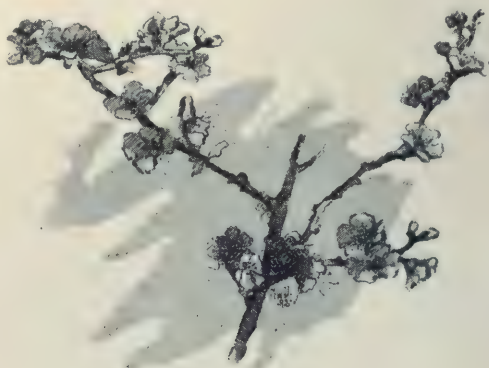
The painting is now, during the Baron's absence, hung in the Directors' Room of the First National Bank of

San Francisco; not, indeed, accessible to the general public, but to be seen by the courtesy of the Bank officials on special request.

The canvas is not a large one, perhaps three and a half by five feet. It is painted in the careful German style, with nothing of the impressionist school about it. The coloring also is very different from the light pinks and blues, and purple shadows of modern art, especially of the French school. It is not somber in tone, however; the cushions are rather a bright red, and the curtains a light apple-green. But there is plenty of deep, rich tone about it, and strongly marked shadows.

The grouping and expressions are well shown by the reproduction, though, of course, any mechanical process fails of giving quite the touch of the artist's brush.

The "Friends" are, beginning at the left: the poet Reiner; Schindler, (in the window,) famous as a composer, violinist, director, and critic, a friend of Beethoven's up to the last of his life, and his biographer; L'Abbé Maximilien Stadler, composer, organist, improvisateur, of Jesuit education, and afterward a Benedictine, friend of Haydn and Mozart as well as of Beethoven; last, Von Swinton, Beethoven's beloved physician.







SEAWARD.

A LINE of mist, a line of shore (quoth I),
Tall masts that like black shadows intervene,
A rain-bewildered sea, a barren sky,
And the wild sweep of restless wings between.

O desolated sea and sunless sky!
O bitter winds and mists that intervene!
A dream of Life, a dream of Death (quoth I),
And the wild sweep of restless wings between!

Martha T. Tyler.

A KINDERGARTEN CHRISTMAS.



NEELY.

HJS

The dampness of last night's rain in the air with its traces on the black and broken boards of the sidewalk make this December morning in Californiaraw and chilly out of doors. It is hot and close in the bedroom, however, with its two beds placed foot to foot, and Neely did not sleep well last night. He was in the street until ten o'clock, for his mother was having a slight difficulty with the "lady" next door, which demanded much of her personal attention and liberal supplies of beer from the "White Elephant" around the corner.

The smoke of the conflict and the foam of the beer completely obscured his existence from her mind during the early evening hours, and he only succeeded in recalling himself to her recollection by prolonged whimpering and hanging to her skirts. He was then promptly whacked, so as to give him something to cry for, and put to bed; but as it was bed for which he was whimpering he didn't so much mind the exercise which preceded it. He cuddled himself into the few inches of space next the wall, and dropped off into an uneasy sleep, which was broken before long by his three broth-

ers, as they came heavily up the stairs and clumsily tumbled into bed.

He was used to four in a bed, but the room was not always so smoky, the boys so noisy, nor his mother's voice so loud and angry when she scolded them. He grew a little nervous and thought of crying again, but concluded, on reflection, that it would scarcely be wise in the present state of the family temper, so flattened himself against the wall and tried to sleep a second time.

But the dreams which visit him are weird and fantastic as none but a child's dreams can be, and when he wakes it is distinctly not from "the azure." He tumbles out of bed with frowzled hair and heavy eyes, and pulls on the dress and shoes which were all that had been discarded the night before. If it had been Saturday or Sunday he would have said he was sick, and declined to raise his head from the ragged pillow; but who would stay in bed, sick or well, on a Kindergarten day?

He does not care much for his breakfast of bread and tea,—it possesses none of that novelty which commends itself to an invalid's appetite; for supper had been cold cabbage, tea, and bread, and dinner, bread and tea and hot cabbage. But his mother washes his face, and gives a perfunctory brush to his sandy curls, and suggests "hump-in' himself along to the Kindergarten quick, or he'll be late." This advice would be only too gladly acted upon, but where,—oh crowning misery of a forlorn evening, a restless night, and a wretched breakfast, where have they hidden his hat? Mrs. Doolan is interested and aids in the search, which soon reduces Neely to such sobs and tears that she says not unkindly, "O git

along with yer, without yer hat,— Miss Mary won't mind, an' like 's not she'll give yer a new one. Git now, or you'll be late, sure."

Mrs. Doolan approves of the Kindergarten most heartily, not only in that it relieves her of much of the care of her youngest, and therefore gives more time to devote to the "lady" next door, but because, loud and quarrelsome, dirty

Last Christmas his book of work was sent to his grandmother, with a letter proclaiming that he did it "all himself," and by the peat fire in the "old country" its pages are turned with admiring fingers, and shown to Father O'Shaughnessy whenever he calls.

Mrs. Doolan has other reasons for approving of the Kindergarten: not only does it make Neely good and happy,



KINDERGARTEN WORK.

and careless, though she be, she yet has a mother's heart, and the happiness and improvement of her little Neely are not indifferent to her. She sees how much more pleasing he is than were the other boys, and delights in his accomplishments; she has him sing his songs and make his bow to all her visitors, and bits of his handiwork are pinned to the wall here and there about the kitchen.

but Miss Mary was so kind, "Rest her sowl," when "the old man" died last year, and in those struggling months afterward, before the boys "got work." Nobody knows exactly how Mrs. Doolan lived, through those bitter days, but Miss Mary and her friends, "The Helpers," could probably tell you, if you asked them.

But here is Neely, trotting along the damp streets and over the muddy

crossings, coatless and hatless, with his green plaid dress and brass buttons, his red stockings, his worn shoes,—one pink toe peeping out from the holes thereof, and his little hands blue with cold.

The Kindergarten yard is empty save for a few brown sparrows; the hall is empty too, the lunch baskets placed in rows in the closet, the hats hung on the hooks. He is late, without a doubt, and he softly opens the door and slides in, standing quietly there for a moment, for he must not make a noise while the morning prayer is being sung. Now it is over, and the children cover their eyes with their hands, while they "think about being good." Then Miss Mary beckons, and Neely tiptoes to her side to explain the hat-tragedy, and receive full sympathy.

When he steps to his place in the ring, the songs of welcome and greeting

begin. The children shake hands with each other, and throw kisses to the teachers, the flowers in the windows and the pictures on the walls. A smiling little girl takes from the piano a tambourine, a triangle, clappers, and a string of bells, and distributes them to eager hands;—the accompanist strikes up a gay tune, and a morning dance begins. Notice that Neely selects a three-year-old baby as his partner; not that baby's step is at all correct or that he has the faintest idea of tripping to melody, but because the older children are always expected to help the little ones, and indeed love to do so.

Each child bows to his partner and returns to his place, and now all sit down for a morning talk. This is the first Monday in December, and the month's programme is to be outlined this morning, so after a little talk on holidays, Miss Mary asks what beautiful day that



KINDERGARTEN PLAY.



H.J.S.

PLANTING THE FIR FOREST ON THE SAND TABLE.

all children love comes in December, and when the older ones have excitedly answered, she skillfully questions as to what makes it so delightful. Visions of Christmas trees, Christmas stockings, Christmas presents, evergreen, and holly-berries, rise before the children's eyes, and there is a great deal of animated conversation on the subject, guided so gently by Miss Mary that there is no confusion, and yet each little one has an opportunity to express his opinions. Some of the children have been in the country and seen the Christmas trees growing, and can tell of their sharp, needle-like leaves, their brown cones, and straight, tall trunks. Almost all have seen pine trees in the Park, and know that they are always green, and exude a fresh resinous odor.

Then Miss Mary gives a bit of personal experience beginning with "When I was a little girl," at which fascinating phrase there is instant silence and quick

return of all the wandering eyes. Miss Mary is something of a word-painter in her simple way, and she knows and loves the forests; so she holds the children spell-bound as she tells of the tall, dark pine-trees, of the wonderful song that the wind makes as it sweeps through their branches, of the shining brown carpet of fallen needles that covers the ground, and of the cones that she used to gather and carry home in baskets for the winter fires.

The picture which rises before the children's minds is almost as refreshing as the reality, and Neely dimly wonders why his mother does n't live there, and contrasts it half-consciously with the noisy, confusing streets through which he passed this morning.

Now the kindergartners sing a marching song,— "Oh, what mirth and glee brings the Christmas tree," and the children go to their seats. Neely's class passes into another room with Miss

Mary, where all is prepared for a delightful exercise. Boxes of earth, flower-pots, and jugs of water, are standing on the tables, and among them lie several little fir-trees waiting to be planted. "Oh, the baby Christmas trees," the children cry, and gather around Miss Mary to look at them.

Each is allowed to examine a little fir, and attention is drawn to its fine root-lets, its green needles, and its straight stem. Then Neely is chosen to hold one, while the other children plant it; and he proudly keeps the tiny thing erect, while they bring spoonsful of earth, and carefully cover the roots and fill the pot. Other children give it a drink of cool water, and then they place it in the shade for a little, until it grows wonted to its new home.

Now comes play-time, and the game of the "Trees," is called for. A number of tall, straight children are selected for a forest in the center of the circle, and they choose what they shall be,—



"OH, SING IT AGAIN."

fall to the ground, and are picked up by a band of laughing children, who are wandering in the woods. Following the words of the song,—

Soon the best will chosen be
For the children's Christmas tree,—

the tallest and straightest child is selected for the sacrifice, and is cut down by the wood choppers who now appear upon the scene. The small tree lends himself to the idea with great enthusiasm, falls rigidly to the ground, and is hauled away by four sturdy horses.

Play-time over, work begins again, though scarcely can one be called work when conducted in so playful a manner, nor the other play when so much is learned through its influence.

The children in Neely's class have fir twigs on their tables, which they carefully sketch and color with crayons. The babies meanwhile have gathered around the sand-box, and with much enthusiasm have laid out the country therein into hills and dales, and planted large and flourishing pine forests, through which strange animals from a Noah's ark are seen to wander. Another class has gone out under the charge of an assistant to plant a "baby tree," for each division is to have its own tree and tend it until Christmas comes.

Neely has been happy all the bright morning,—happy in the tree planting



whether pines, firs, spruce, cedars, or hemlock. A few cones are given them to hold; and when the north wind, personated by a chubby-cheeked boy, has blown a long and furious blast, the cones



"WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL."

which has brought him so close to Nature's heart, in the games, in the drawing which followed; happy too in the gayety of the babies who shout with glee and clap their fat hands as the ark is brought out, and the nondescript animals stationed in the forest. The first division exchange glances of affectionate amusement over this proceeding, and indulge in a few soft-voiced reminiscences, as "I remember when I was in the Baby Class," or "Does you remember, Miss Mary, when we was babies?"

Miss Mary remembers, bless her tender heart, just when each one of them came to the Kindergarten, and how they behaved on that eventful day, and while she relates a few of these anecdotes the children laugh and look back upon their past selves with an infinite sense of present attainment and superiority.

Neely's head has ached all the morning, though the Kindergarten atmosphere has been so serene and joyous that he has almost forgotten the pain; yet as he runs home after school, splashing through the puddles, dodging under the heads of the horses, slipping by the cars with a breathless rush, he is conscious of being cold and uncomfortable

and of a wish to cry again. But he heroically desists, and remembers that the dark is not so long after all, and that tomorrow is another Kindergarten day. He dreams at night that he is a squirrel in a pine tree, that the sun is fiery hot, and he can find no protection from its burning rays. He fiercely tugs and pulls at his furry coat, endeavoring to loosen it and cool himself; but is awakened by sundry digs and punches from his brothers, who admonish him to "lay still now and keep quiet."

Mrs. Doolan has more than half a mind to keep him at home the next morning, but he begs so piteously to beset free that she relents, the more easily perhaps that there is a washing to do, which has been lying about on chairs and floor several days.

His heavy eyes and hot hands are anxiously noted by several of the teachers this morning, but he seems so bright and active that they conclude it to be a mere passing indisposition. After the songs and morning exercises are over, the children have another Nature-lesson,—this time on the cones with which Miss Mary has heaped a great Indian basket. There are the foot-long cones of the sugar pine, the round closely lapped cones of the fir, the tiny ones of the sequoia, disproportionate as the tail of an elephant; and the children handle them all and note their shape, their color, and their hard, brittle scales. Miss Mary tells them that the cones are the house of the seed-children,—that each one has a little roof under which he lives,—and she shows them the delicate wings of the seeds, and describes how when the wind comes he carries them away and about the world, where they find pleasant places to live and grow in.



CORREGGIO'S HOLY NIGHT,

Now it is time for the games, and the kindergartners sing a new song, to which the children eagerly listen.

O fir-tree tall, O fir-tree tall,
How fresh are thy green needles;
In summer days how green they show,
But brighter still 'mid winter's snow,
O fir-tree tall, O fir-tree tall,
How fresh are thy green needles.

O fir-tree tall, O fir-tree tall,
Thou art so dear a treasure;
How oft for us at Christmastide
Does joy among thy branches hide,
O fir-tree tall, O fir-tree tall,
Thou art so dear a treasure.¹

The words are so simple, the tune so sweet, that the children easily learn them, and after a few repetitions can sing the song quite creditably. This is "Story Day," and when Miss Mary says, "Shall I tell you a story?" there is quick settling into places and many a sigh of satisfaction. Miss Mary looks over her flock with eagle eye, and rearranges a few infants in a more satisfactory manner. She suggests that Jimmy Bigby shall sit by Miss Grace, that frivolous baby Rudolph be escorted to a place between two of the First Division children; that Olga Strelinski be removed from the too fascinating company of Hazel Kirke Rudolphsen, and that Abie Isaacs be separated from Patsy Finnigan, with whom he always quarrels.

This done, she takes her seat, Neely grasps a soft fold of her dress, and lays his flushed cheek against her cool white apron, and the story begins:—

"Far away, in the depths of a great green rustling wood, there lived a fir-tree,"—says Miss Mary slowly: and every child leans forward a little to drink in the wonderful tale as it flows from her lips. It is an audience to gladden the heart of any story-teller,—all sympathy, all interest, heartfelt and unfeigned. Hans Rothenhausler, who is only six months from the Fatherland, does not

comprehend the finer touches, but he gets the general idea,—a kind of soul-comprehension aided by the gestures and by the "brooding" of Miss Mary's voice on certain words. Even Jimmy Bigby, whose hand is continually raised against every child who crosses his path, is comparatively calm, and with the aid of an occasional warning touch from Miss Grace, manages to enjoy the exercise himself, and only to ruin the happiness of one other child in the immediate vicinity.

The story over, "Oh sing it again," the children cry; but it is too late for that now, and we must go to our seats for a work-period.

The children of the First Division are provided with smooth boards and lumps of clay, and they begin to model the cones which are placed on their tables. Sleeves are rolled as high as may be, disclosing a distinct line of demarcation between white arm and dingy little paw, and there is a good deal of preliminary patting and rolling, until they settle down to quiet work, and close examination of the model before them.

The babies meanwhile are having an ideal play with the fir and pine cones. First the large ones are mother cows, the small ones, calves standing by their sides; next they are a brood of chickens; now they are a herd of cattle driven to summer pasture; again they become a band of wild horses and gallop over the plain. One is caught and tamed, a bit is put in his mouth, and he is set to draw a wagon brought from the box of playthings. The casual observer might think this all aimless play, but the kindergartner is there to guide it, to make a wise suggestion now and then, to restrain the selfish and grasping child and encourage the timid one; while the free handling of the cones and occasional questions and answers impress upon the memory some useful facts.

In the meantime the modeling has been brought to a successful close, and

¹ Translated from the German by M. L. S.

Neely holds up his clay cone to show a neighbor, the pride of achievement glowing in his eyes. But Jimmy Bigby, that prince of mischief-makers, reaches out his impish hand and strikes up Neely's elbow. The cone falls to the floor, a shapeless mass of mud, and Neely—for the worm will turn—gives Jimmy a hasty cuff and bursts into despairing tears. Miss Mary, who has seen the incident from a distance, flies to the rescue. Jimmy is frightened and penitent in an instant, but regrets will not mend the cone. He offers his own in exchange, but the offer is refused and he is exiled from the little community to think the matter over in solitude. But Neely is not at all like himself, he does n't want to make a new cone, he cannot stop crying, and more than all he does not forgive Jimmy. His head is aching intolerably now, and it is so evident that he is ailing that Miss Mary thinks it he should be sent home with a note to his mother, which the boys can read to her at night, and which will warn her of his condition.

So his face and hands are washed, he is given an orange and piloted across the street, and Miss Mary wonders a dozen times that afternoon if he is going to be sick, and if it would not have been better for her to have taken him home herself.

The next day is rainy again and many of the children are kept at home for want of shoes or coats; but it is a very happy little band that gathers around the fire for the morning talk, happier still perhaps by contrast with the chill, dripping world outside.

Miss Mary brings out a picture this morning, an engraving of Correggio's



NEELY'S RETURN.

“Holy Night,” and the children are entranced with the fair child lying on the furs, the sweet mother bending over him, the wild shepherd standing beside, and the angels adoring above.

Today the Christmas work begins; each child is to make two little gifts for his parents, and there is great excitement and mystery, for the spirit of loving and giving is abroad in the air. Little thought of self here, little anxiety as to what Santa Claus will bring; each tiny traveler might have just arrived from “Altruria,” and have brought its traditions with him.

Neely has not come today and Miss Mary misses his bright eyes, his sandy curls, and his wise sayings. She will surely go to see him this afternoon, but when the time comes she is too utterly weary in flesh and spirit, and is obliged to postpone the visit for a day.

Next morning is brighter than ever after the rain, and all the children have returned, save Neely. The Correggio picture is shown again, and finally hung where all can see it, and a fine copy of Murillo's "Adoration of the Shepherds" is next brought out. The children are delighted with this also, and note the sweet expression of the Madonna and the white sheep standing by, gazing with mild-eyed wonder at the Christ-child. Before they go to their seats, they hear the story of "Piccola" who had no stocking to hang up for Santa Claus, but put her wooden shoe in the chimney instead; and of the dear swallow with the broken wing she found in it next morning.

The children have spoken of Neely's absence, and Miss Mary suggests that they make something to send to him when she calls this afternoon. A large pine cone is selected, each of its scales filled with wet sand, and tiny flowers and leaves which Miss Mary has brought are thrust therein. The cone is clipped smooth, and now we have a beautiful pyramid of flowers for Neely. Armed with this offering, and with a little photograph of Richter's picture of the angel bearing the Christmas tree and the Christ-child, she seeks No. 9, in the rear, Lower Dutch Street. Mrs. Doolan meets her at the door, and tells her that Neely has been "awful bad," and that she's "giv him all the medicine she could stuff down his throat, an'" (strange to say) "he's some better today and is callin' for his teacher."

The kitchen floor is covered with an indescribable mixture of articles ranging from a bone to an old shoe, and Miss Mary feels that the only safe course would be to traverse it on stilts. The table has not been cleared, and the inevitable teapot, bread crusts, and cabbage dish, are to be seen on its oil-cloth cover. There is a "shuddering" smell in the room, one impossible to describe, but only too familiar to Miss Mary's long-

suffering nose. The bedroom is dark, redolent of cabbage, its two windows tightly closed, and hot to suffocation from the raging fire in the kitchen stove. In spite of all this, Neely is evidently better, and is charmed with the picture and the cone of flowers. He holds Miss Mary's hand tightly as she talks, and says he'll be "back to the Kindergarten pretty-soon-after-a-while." Miss Mary covers him carefully, persuades Mrs. Doolan to open the windows and air the room a little, and gives various suggestions as to care and diet, which are received as from the lips of an oracle, and which are the more likely to be attended to, as she purposes asking the young ladies of the Fruit and Flower Mission to assist in looking after the case.

Neely's lip quivers as she rises to go, but she promises to come soon again, and takes her leave; not, however, before Mrs. Doolan has hospitably pressed her to have a glass of something, "for indade yer look bad, Miss Mary." Miss Mary thinks this is probably true, for the room and its atmosphere have been almost too much for her; but she tells Mrs. Doolan for the hundredth time that she never takes anything of the kind, and does not believe in it. Mrs. Doolan is unconvinced, and says "there's nothin' like it when you're feelin' mean," but this is no time for a temperance lecture, which indeed would be "preaching in the desert" here, and the friendly visitor hurries away.

The small sufferer on Lower Dutch Street is carefully tended for the next few days, and reports of his improvement are brought to the Kindergarten. Finally one morning Mrs. Doolan, red-faced and breathless, climbs the steps, Neely in her arms, and says she had to "fetch him, fer he would n't give her no peace ner rest, frettin' fer the Kindergarten." The little fellow has grown thin and pale, his eyes are larger than ever, but there is a sweet expression of contentment in them, as he is placed in

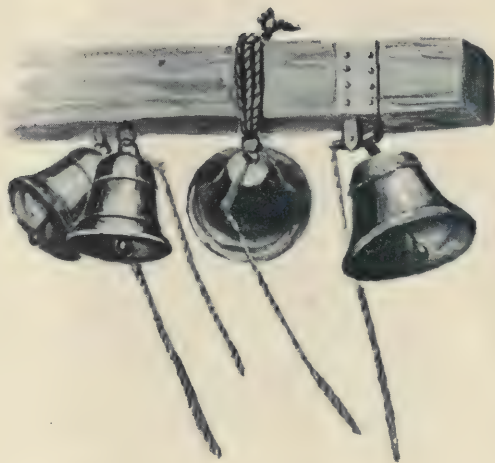
the red rocking-chair. The green plaid dress has been washed during his sickness, and has lost some of its bright hues, as well as a few of its brass buttons in the process; but the red stockings are still violent enough in color to have driven a turkey wild with rage had there been one in the vicinity. With what delight he is greeted, what kisses are thrown him, what smiles beam upon him! He is asked to choose all the songs, and finally the children are allowed to give three cheers for his recovery, which they do with such a friendly energy that the canary flutters wildly in his cage, and the windows rattle in their frames. He is shown the Christmas pictures, to which have now been added

Carl Muller's "Nativity" and Graes' "Holy Night"; the baby trees are brought him, that he may see how fresh and green they are, and finally he is carried to his place in a "chair," which two gallant comrades improvise. His work is waiting; Miss Mary explains that he has plenty of time to make presents for his mother and brothers, and his baby heart so overflows with happiness that he softly begins to sing the song of the fir-tree, which he had learned before his sickness. The other children hear and take up the melody as they work, until the room rings with the clear, fresh voices.

Mrs. Doolan comes for Neely at noon, but not before he has heard Miss Mary



"GENTLENESS AND CHEERFULNESS ARE THE PERFECT DUTIES."



repeat " 'T was the Night before Christmas," and finally Margaret Deland's poem of the "First, Best Christmas Night," over which he ponders at home in his quiet way, as he looks at the picture of the angel and the Christ-child.

He is well enough to come alone next morning, and steadily gains each day as the shining hours pass, each one filled with love and happiness. He is supplied with delightful employment, just fitted to his age and capabilities, with charming stories to feed his imagination, and with well chosen pictures to gratify his budding artistic taste, so why should he not be well and happy?

The Kindergarten in these December days would be a sure cure for the cynic and the pessimist. Here indeed is the true Christmas spirit, everybody joyful and happy, everybody giving and receiving attention and companionship, everybody working for somebody else, and not troubling at all about his own unimportant self, nobody cross or fretful, no body exacting or irritable. Think of the value of this atmosphere of sunshine, of the sweet serenity surrounding

each child, of the delightful moral climate in which he is living and growing!

The little gifts for the parents are all finished now, and most of the children, although bursting with importance, have managed to say nothing of them at home, save for a few dark hints which they consider too mysterious to be understood. They have helped to dress the room with gay paper chains, with evergreen branches and Christmas berries; for their fathers and mothers, and the teachers' fathers and mothers are coming to the Christmas party. They have made, too, most of the decorations for the

Christmas tree, have strung pop-corn and cranberries, gilded cones to hang among the branches, and folded squares of gilt paper in such a way that they can be filled with air and converted into fascinating balls.

As the busy fingers have toiled away, the kindergartners have recounted some of the sweet Christmas customs of other countries,—have told what the German, the Russian, the Scandinavian, the



B.E.S.

"RING, RING, HAPPY BELLS."

Spanish, the Mexican children do on Christmas eve and Christmas day, that the touch of universal kinship may be felt, and it may be seen that this joy is for all nations. Nor have the "little brothers in feathers and fur" been forgotten. Presents have been brought for the canary,—lumps of sugar, red peppers, a box of sand, and a new perch. Paper balls have been made for pussy at home, and it was even suggested that bones should be saved for the dogs; but as Miss Mary disapproved of the idea, it was decided to make tassels for their collars.

On the day of the Christmas party, the children "prevent the morning" in their anxiety not to be late, and Neely wakens his mother at midnight, assuring her that it is time to get up.

Most of the children are very clean, some of them well dressed; Neely has on his most violent stockings and a pair of new shoes which fill his heart with ecstasy; Jimmy Bigby arrives at the eleventh hour, his eyes swollen with crying, his jacket encrusted with dirt, and announces in one burst of lamentation that his father "was-drunk-all-day yisterday-an'-he-never-come-home-last-night-an'-his-mother's-out-a-lookin'-fer him-now-an'-she-can't-come-ter-the-party."

He is hastily scrubbed, cuddled, and consoled, and his sins of costume covered with a clean gingham apron drawn from the Kindergarten trunk, which is indeed a widow's cruse.

The mothers, the grandmothers, the babies, and a semi-occasional stray father, are all gathered in the Kindergarten room, and when the cohorts enter, brave with tissue paper caps and silken banners, there is a hum of applause and interest.

The children are grave with responsibility, for they know they are giving the party, and their attention is not even distracted by the Christmas tree, which they have not seen since it was

dressed, nor by the tables covered with mysterious white cloths which stand at its foot. The babies, it is true, are somewhat confused by the grandeur of the scene, and with fingers in mouths stray a little from the line of march; but they are promptly recalled by the First Division, who have had this possibility in mind.

The programme moves on smoothly. The songs of welcome, the carols, the family finger-plays, the appropriate games,—all are rendered well. There is no self-consciousness; indeed, why should there be? The children have had visitors many times before, and they have two or three "Mothers' Parties" every term. There is a larger audience today, because this is Christmas; but their only thought is to please the visitors, to sing sweetly, and pronounce the words well, so that their guests may enjoy the occasion.

The songs over, they distribute the presents they have made, and then,—oh, fascinating moment!—the cloths are raised, and they see that they too are to be remembered.

The gifts are simple, but each child has fruit and candy, and a plaything; and little they know or care if the toy cost a nickel or a dollar.

They beam with joy, and throw kisses and "thank-yous" to the visitors and teachers. Each child shouts at the top of his voice the merits of his acquisition to his opposite neighbor, and there is a hubbub of merriment for a few moments. But a chord is struck on the piano, the children rise and sing "Good-by," farewell kisses are given, and they march out for hats and coats, accompanied by their mothers, who display remarkable ingenuity in hunting for the raiment of their offspring in wrong directions, and still greater ingenuity in losing it as soon as found. All is settled at last, however; Neely runs back to hug Miss Mary again, and sidles down the steps, one foot at a time, bearing

his wooden wheelbarrow, and the Kindergarten room is left in silence.

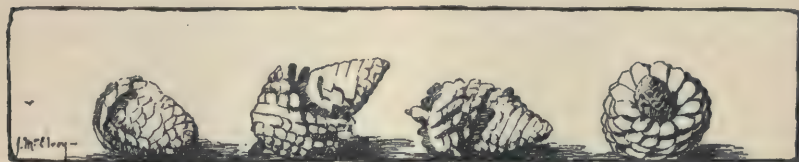
The bright December days are over ; but what have they done for Neely, for Olga, and Rudolph, and Hans, for Abie, and Hazel, and Ingrid, and Patsy ?

Have not these little ones become more deft and painstaking, more helpful and loving, more prompt and obedient ? Have they not learned some of Nature's lessons, and studied in baby-fashion her principles of growth and germination ? Have they not been given a glimpse into the wonderful

world of art, learning to shape material in accordance with the laws of beauty ; and more than all this, have they not grown into a sweet, wise, unselfish habit of the mind ? Surely, if "gentleness and cheerfulness are the perfect duties, and come before all morality," here they have been learned and practiced.

Surely, if ever the Star of Bethlehem shone on earth, it has shone here in these December days, and its bright beams are resting now on every humble household which the happy children enter.

Nora A. Smith.



TENNYSON.

I.

SONG's light into the chamber broke ;
Mid that high brightness he awoke.
Glories, not of earth,
Looked upon his birth ;
Loving, happy, happy faces,
Leaning from the upper places.

II.

There is a way that runs apart
From ours, into the summer-heart
Of life. There beauties burn,
New-hued at every turn ;
Music falls upon the tongue,
And the deathless songs are sung.
The radiant singer, silent now,
The mother darkness round his brow,
Entered, at morn, this hallowed way,
Nor left it, all the long, long day.

John Vance Cheney.

AN UNROMANTIC AFFAIR.

MY DEAR MISS DARRELL:

Since I have been told by my doctor that I must go south for the winter, I have remembered that you still live in San Alguano,—that is, I have remembered it oftener than usual since you did not answer my last letter some years ago. I had supposed that you were to be married, perhaps, and gave my silent sympathy to some unknown fellow-man, who, it seems, did not need it after all, for Jack tells me that he found you more charming than ever, and still Miss Darrell. Now, Jack is sentimental, and I never was, you know; yet I do not want to go where I will have no one to quarrel with, for I am in a beastly temper most of the time. You and I used to quarrel very entertainingly in our school days, even later; we might do so yet.

I warn you that I am a cranky bachelor, thirty-three years old; we are the same age, but you have probably forgotten that. I have the above temper, and a bald spot well begun. I also have sciatica and another kind of rheumatism. I hate to be agreeable; and with few exceptions, I detest the society of women.

These are, I sincerely believe, the worst traits of an otherwise angelic character. Knowing them, will you still use your influence with Mrs. Ellert, to induce her to give me a place in her household again? To consider my temper, and pet me when I deserve scolding? You, I can depend upon to scold me when I deserve — better treatment.

If you and she say I may come, I will start upon receipt of an answer to this.

Yours sincerely, but with misgivings,
BAILY BRADFORD.

Rose Darrell pondered over the above letter for a few hours before submitting it to what she knew would be her aunt's instant approval. Then she wrote:

MR. BRADFORD,

Dear Sir:—Auntie wishes me to say she will be glad to see you, and that you may have your old place by her side at the table, beginning immediately, you observe, the debilitating treatment which I consider so bad for the disorders you mention. Some of them I consider incurable in your case; but the effect of the climate, and the tonic of my humble abilities at contradiction, may do you some good.

I may have the assistance of another member of the detested sex, who, with a bachelor wiser than you,—in that he does *not* tell his age,—are the only other members of auntie's family, except, of course, myself. I am older, if not wiser; at times unreasonable, and yet

ROSE DARRELL.

When Baily Bradford read his letter he felt the first lightening of his depression, caused by a return of the illness that would take him away from his business for a whole winter, that must be spent in a little, dull place that he remembered only in connection with a previous attack that had worn itself away under the sunshine of southern skies.

The only bright memory he kept was of Rose Darrell's face and laugh. She would tease and contradict him out of his doldrums when all else failed. He had known her years before when they went to school together, and, had either been sentimental, their acquaintance would have, perhaps, been something other than the guarded good comradeship it was then, and afterwards through the letters they exchanged, when she had moved from W. to San Alguano in Southern California. After a time her letters had ceased suddenly: he wondered why for a few weeks, fancied he

had found the reason, and then let the whole affair sink into that substratum of consciousness where most men who are busy making money keep affairs of that kind, until his doctor had told him he must go south again for the winter, and, if possible, to live there permanently, or become a chronic invalid.

He soon was ready, and when the monotony of his long journey really began, he thought a great deal of the people he was going to, particularly Rose: the memory of her sauciness seemed to make him feel less uncomfortable. It was a painful journey, and at the end a haggard-faced man, stiff with pain, Mrs. Ellert saw when she opened the door; a man glad to go to bed, and stay there until late the next day, when he moved painfully into a big chair in the sunny library window.

Mrs. Ellert left him soon and went about her duties. He could hear her voice about the house occasionally, and another he knew must belong to Rose. His book wearied him. The air was still; through a window he could see a bit of dusty street between the jessamine leaves, a bit of street over which no one ever traveled, evidently.

His limbs ached and his head was hot. Why didn't Rose come in? He had been there nearly twenty-four hours, and not a sight of her yet. He felt injured. Was that her step? It surely was not Mrs. Ellert's steady tread. He threw his book violently on the floor, and upset his foot-stool. The step paused, hesitated, then the portière parted, and Rose came in.

"O, you are in here. How are you?"

"Yes, I am in here, alone and helpless. My book fell to the—fell out of my reach, and my foot-stool went over. What are you so busy about, that you have not been in to see your patient?"

"I did not know you were up yet. Are you better? Auntie said you were very tired."

"I feel weak. I need a tonic and

some encouragement. You diagnosed my case in a very depressing manner in your letter. What makes you think I am 'incurable'?"

"One of the most serious symptoms in your case is your duplicity; you said your book *fell*. How did it fall across the room and on the other side of the table? And you kicked that foot-stool out of your reach. I know from the noise it made."

He assumed a look of injured meekness, intended to be pathetic.

"You should cultivate an expression of that kind for steady wear," she continued gravely, with mischief in the eyes that observed his look of real illness, but knowing that it would be out of character to betray any sympathy.

"How do I look?" — resentfully.

"Seedy," she answered cheerfully. "Let me see what you have been reading — 'A Modern Folly.' What interest have you in follies, ancient or modern? After people get as old as you are it is time —"

"Rose, this chair is uncomfortable; will you wheel that one within reach of your humbled and helpless servant?"

"In a moment, Mr. Bradford. I want to find the *War Cry*, as more suitable reading for one who can now repent while he can do nothing else. Here it is."

"I have repented, and am going to begin the expiation of my sins of omission immediately."

"Now, is this the chair?" pushing it near him.

"Yes," pulling it up close. "Now you might take this cushion from behind me, I think."

She leaned over him to secure it, and when she withdrew found the end of the long ribbon tied about her waist held fast in his fingers.

"Sit here, will you, while I can hold you still long enough to see what you look like, since you have taken to calling me Mr. Bradford."

"I thought you said you wanted this chair,"—with dignity.

"You misunderstood. I simply remarked that this was uncomfortable, and suggested that you push the other within my reach. I did not mention the fact that I wanted you to sit in it until it was past your power to deny me that simple favor. Sit down," pulling the ribbon a little tighter.

She obeyed, a little round woman with clear, merry gray eyes and brown hair, not pretty, but womanly and spirited.

"Very well, then," she said sweetly, sinking back against the cushion. "I will read the *War Cry* aloud to you. Here on the first page is something about deceit."

He captured the paper and threw it under the table, and regarded her in silence for some time. No detail of her dress or curl of her shining hair escaped him.

Her eyes began to flash. "Perhaps you will tell me the result of this scrutiny?"

"No, I am too wise," he said. "Why don't you ask about Jack?"

She gave a swift look. "How is he?"

"He is well, and I believe happy in the society of another woman."

She blushed deep and quickly, answering, "I am glad to hear he is well and happy, indeed. I wish you were as well, and—had the same reason for being happy!"

She was getting angry now, and he laid his head back and laughed. "Tell me," he continued, "why did you refuse Jack last summer?"

"Did *he* tell you that?" She stopped, and her blush grew deeper; she hated herself and this man intensely.

"No, no, he did n't tell me, but he moped around, and looked cross. I guessed it, and now you have told me."

"I have told you nothing!"

"Your blush is as charming as ever, —age cannot mar nor custom stale its infinite tell-tale-ability."

"You are disagreeable."

"I know it, and if I live through this, I am going to reform."

"It will take you some time, I fancy; perhaps you had better begin now."

"I am going to, just as soon as you tell me why you said no to Jack. He is a fine fellow, and I always thought you were fond of him. He is handsome,—even more so than I am, and we possess many of the family virtues in common."

"You preposterous creature! Have you no idea of the colossal impudence of your remarks?"

"Don't misplace your adjectives in that hearty way, it interferes with your naturally terse and pointed English. I know no other woman who misuses her native language less than you do while abusing—"

"I would be misusing it if I told you what you want to know."

"No, you would not. To impart information is the highest function of language; and why any girl should refuse my brother Jack is a piece of information I am bound to have. As for my impudence, it is a natural gift, highly cultivated for just such occasions as this,—besides, the family honor is concerned."

"Family nonsense! Baily Bradford, it is nothing but the individual curiosity of an idle mind. The possibility of Jack's growing into a family likeness to you would be quite a sufficient reason for refusing him."

"Baily Bradford, well, that sounds a little better. It really makes me feel young again to light that spark in your eyes."

"That accounts for your childishness, perhaps. Will you release my ribbon, please? you are crumpling it."

"No. Did you refuse Jack because you cared more for some one else?"

"I did not."

"Then you refused him because you did not care enough for him?"

"I did. But I do not consider that

you have any right to question my motives for any action, nor is it delicate or gentlemanly to introduce this subject. When Jack was here last year I realized that we had grown apart in tastes. I don't think he thought so, but it is true, and that was the end of it. He is, as you say, probably happy with some other woman, as he was numberless times before. Why you should have any curiosity on the subject is quite beyond my comprehension. It is unlike you."

She was really angry and roused. It seemed time for him to change the subject, but he was not yet satisfied.

"My reasons are good, and I believe them worthy of my ideal of a gentleman, though I have not yet told them. Perhaps you and I have grown apart in tastes and ideals also. You may have forgotten that I am very direct, that when I want a thing I want it very much, and have no doubts on the subject. As for being delicate, can't you see how delicate I am. I have rheumatism, headache, and a heretofore hopeless affection of the heart."

"Indeed! I supposed that organ was petrified long ago."

"I am glad you thought of it at all,—much obliged, I am sure. Besides this, in secret a 'cankering worm doth gnaw the roses of my cheek,' and see—" bending over until the thinning hair on the top of his head was on a level with her eyes.

"Yes, I see, he gnawed that also. What a very indiscriminating appetite he must have!"

The head was turned slowly until the eyes met hers. They were black, and full of fire. His face wore a look of slight embarrassment that was unusual, for its normal one was perfect self-unconsciousness.

"What is the name of this troublesome insect?" she asked.

"It is not an *insect*, it is a profound emotion, and its name is—is Unrequited Love."

In the interest caused by this statement she forgot that she had been angry, and was lost in amazement at his droll evidence of confusion. Why, he was even blushing. Had any one ever seen him blush before?

She laughed merrily. "I am so glad. What a lot of contradictory maladies you have!" checking them off on her fingers. "First, a bad temper. Second, a dislike for being agreeable. Third, an uncontrolled and unchastened curiosity. Fourth, an unaccountable duplicity, that manifests itself in curious ways. Fifth, rheumatism. Sixth, neuralgia. Seventh, baldness. Eighth, old age. Ninth, a fixed and irremediable dislike to the society of women. Tenth, last and most serious of all, he is in love! Why, you miserable cynic, you must be mistaken; it may be only some manifestation of neuralgia." This last in a mockingly hopeful tone.

"I am glad you are interested in my case, and hope you will find your interest deepen as it grows more serious, for serious it is, though you mock me now," propping his head, with his elbows on his knees.

"Well, it is said to be a relief to the mind in such cases to talk of the loved object. You might begin by telling me how she looks."

There was total silence for a full minute.

"I will give you as much sympathy as is possible from one who is not in love."

He fixed upon her a diagonal regard by turning his chin a trifle.

"She is small," he said, "and has an air entirely out of keeping with her size and real importance,—except to me,—and—O bother! How can I tell how a woman looks, anyway!"

"That is a very meager description for a lover. If I had a lover, now, and he could not describe my appearance any better than that, I should not requite his affection, either."

"Jack could tell how you looked, and yet you refused him."

"Was Jack in your way; that you are so disappointed because I did not marry him? Or are you in search of a clew to your own refusal, in the reasons another woman gives for not accepting a member of your distinguished family?"

"Jack was in my way until just a little time ago, and the reason I wanted to know about Jack was that I wanted to know if the same young woman would have the same objections to Jack's younger brother. This brother not being certain that matters were quite over between said Jack and said young woman, he determined to find out before interfering, and having resorted to a little of the duplicity of which she so confidently asserts that he is possessed, he finds out from her own account that he can with honor enter the lists that he has considered closed for years. He has entered them, and will fight like a knight of old for his lady fair; only in this late day the manner of it will not be so picturesque, his only enemies being her prejudices, and cherished ideals.

"What nonsense you are talking. I thought you came to Southern California to get rid of the rheumatism?"

"I did, incidentally, and if I were rid of it now I would fall gracefully upon my knees, and tell you — well, a lot of things about my state of mind, which you probably would not believe any way. As it is, I just present the state of affairs for your consideration, and at some future time I hope you will listen to me with more kindness and less flippancy than you have today. You are well acquainted with my weaknesses. I beseech you consider my virtues, which are many, but passing small for thy great worth, my lady dear."

Her hands had fallen motionless in her lap. The look, half-teasing, half-pleading, he bent upon her, met only an expression of boundless astonishment.

He raised her hand, and touched the round wrist with his lips. Rose tried to speak, but failed, then rose quickly and moved out of the room.

In the quiet of her own she attempted to realize that this quizzical, eccentric, but kindly practical acquaintance was posing as a lover. That he should assume that character for any one was strange enough, — but her's — she to whom he had so often inveighed against the frivolity of her sex, their inconsistencies, and the pettiness of their aims. That view of his had always been a fruitful source of disagreement.

Though she had liked him well enough between quarrels, this was sheer nonsense. He had *not* been thinking of her for years. Jack had said he was the most hopeless old bachelor in the State. She remembered that queer look of embarrassed determination, and rubbed her wrist as if to remove some spell that had been laid upon her. He had only asked her to "observe his many virtues," as if Auntie was not always chanting them! Well, she would observe them — at a discreet distance.

She sat behind the coffee-urn at breakfast table the next morning, looking as "demure and unapproachable as the top of the chimney," she was told in the middle of a request for more cream.

Mrs. Ellert had given him the place next the fire, on account of his rheumatism he had said, when making his request for it with a touching look of suffering that had melted the heart of little silver-haired Miss Payne, and she had instantly resigned her place next to Rose, feeling amply repaid by the courteous attention the sufferer paid to her little needs and still smaller remarks.

After one short glance of triumph and the remark above given, he paid no more heed to Rose's existence, but laughed, told stories, and complimented Miss Payne until the roses bloomed anew in her lovely old face.

Mrs. Ellert said that he must be feel-

ing the influence of the climate, and he answered that "taken with the tonic of hope, there are none of my disorders that will not yield to this climatic influence."

It seemed true in his case, for in a few days the canes were laid aside, their owner walking about in the sunshine, or swinging in the hammock under the shadows of the rose leaves.

A sparkling wood fire drew them together in the evening, when Rose's quick answers would follow his teasing as brightly as ever, but she had always managed that some one else was now in hearing when she held any conversation with him. He respected her evident desire for some time; but after several fruitless efforts to introduce the subject gracefully, he took matters into his own hands in his characteristic manner. Rose came into the room where Miss Payne and he were seated, after a paper for Mrs. Ellert, she said; and having secured it was about to leave them, but Baily rose and closed the door, saying: "Now, I would like to know why you have not manifested more interest in my case lately? Miss Payne, perhaps you did not know that Miss Darrell was to look after me a little, but has been neglecting her duty for some time. The climate has relieved my other troubles, but I have a trouble of the heart that threatens to become serious, so much so, in fact, that I have mentioned it to no one but her,—and but once." And he turned a look of such meaning intelligence upon Miss Payne that she turned quite pink with surprise and delighted understanding, and saying that she hoped to hear of his having found a remedy soon, she went to "catch the next car."

Rose felt trapped and indignant, but he calmly began, "You have avoided me, and I have endured it for a reasonable length of time. I hope you have been regarding me from the point of view that I presented to you in our last interview.

Don't look so apprehensive, please; it makes me nervous. Have n't I proved to you that I can be agreeable to people? In fact, I think I rather like it. Now let me be agreeable to you,—don't whisk away and get Miss Payne every time I come in sight. She is an angel, but two of them confuse me. No, you need n't say anything about the compliment. Will you agree to treat me just as you used to do?"

"I will—if—if you don't talk nonsense to me. I am not prepared to accept this new attitude of yours, it does not seem reasonable—"

"O hang the attitude! I want you to accept *me*. I have reason to object to *your* attitude,—so remote and non-committal. Don't you think you could learn to like me a little better than anyone else in the course of time,—if you began right now?"

"No, I remember too well all the things you have said about the shallowness of women, and what a chattering, tiresome lot they are, and how soon you tired of them. No, sir, you will never have an opportunity of knowing how very tiresome I can be."

"I never said anything about your being tiresome, at any rate; and whatever I did say, your answer was something worse, but I have forgiven you. Besides, we are shining exceptions to the general average of our fellow beings, in that we do not misunderstand each other's meaning, even in the extravagant expressions of our little quarrels. Rose, you *know* I do not despise any woman, but I love this one, and my feeling for all others is but comparative."

"I find it difficult to realize. The side of your character that has always been presented to me has been,—well, half-mocking, and wholly out of keeping with the state of mind you now profess."

"Rose dear, believe me, I am quite in earnest, very much so."

"I am not 'Rose dear,' please."

"Thorny Rose, then. So you think my character lacking in seriousness, and my manner not in keeping, — in fact, not lover-like. You will find out in time that both these impressions are false. What else is lacking? I should like to know all of my disqualifications at once, that I may begin to eliminate them. How can I prove to you that I am in earnest?"

"I do not wish you to do so. I would rather not believe it."

"Why?"

"I should have to take your meaning seriously. It would not be entertaining to take you seriously, it would be out of character."

"Does it not occur to you that your remark is unkind?"

"I did not intend it so, really. Please do not talk of this any more. We shall disagree, and misunderstand each other."

"After we finish this little talk I will promise not to say any more about it for a time. But I have bought a place here, and closed out my business in W. I shall get my home ready for you, and wait. You will come, sometime. Tell me, is there anything in my past or myself that you object to?"

His cool certainty annoyed her; she wished passionately that she could think of something disagreeable that he would be forced to explain; but after walking about the room for a moment, she calmly said:—

"How do I know? How can any woman know what your self is? Or your past, that will reflect itself in your future and mine, if I spend it with you? Don't think I fortify myself by picking out your faults. I do not. We have been apart so many years, and our habits have crystallized in a different environment. You are masterful, and I—I am not meek. I have a horror of the possibilities of distress that have proved themselves in the homes of some I have known too well to doubt the good inten-

tions of both parties, or the love they bore each other. Candidly, I am afraid of matrimony, of myself, of —"

Her earnestness baffled him for a moment, in which he was silent, though not discouraged, and hoping that she would continue.

"The sum of married happiness is always greater than that of its misery. You look on the wrong side of the subject. I am not more selfish than the most of men, and I should try hard to make you happy. For you to be yourself would be enough for me."

"All men say that, I think, and they mean it, perhaps, but—"

Mrs. Ellert opened the door and asked about the paper Rose had come for. Baily handed it to her, with the ready explanation that he had bought the Parmlee cottage at the other end of the block, and had detained Rose to tell her about it. Yes, the physicians had told him that his health would be perfect if he would permanently change for the South, so he had taken advantage of an excellent opportunity to sell out the business at home; he was tired of groceries anyway, and would set up a regular bachelor's paradise over there, if Mrs. Ellert and Rose would give him the benefit of their advice about the changes he wanted in the house, furniture, and so on. He had the key in his pocket; would they not go then?

Rose excused herself, but for many weeks after she heard much about the changes going on, and her taste was appealed to in a delicate manner, that did not appear more anxious for her judgment than that of Miss Payne, who was puzzled by the manner of both, why Rose should be so indifferent or Baily so satisfied if things were as she hoped they would be.

With her and Mrs. Ellert he held long conferences about paper, carpets, window furniture, and so on, making frequent allusions to the perfections of the future Mrs. Bradford, who, he said, ex-

isted in his mind ; he indulged in exaggerated rhapsodies upon her beauty, and the comforting silence of her presence in his household.

At last his home was ready, and he was established with a white-robed Chinese as chambermaid and cook, who, when fully acquainted with his duties, was left in charge while the master went away on a three-weeks' hunt.

All this time he had said nothing to Rose of the subject she had tabooed, but something in his manner of security and purposeful calm was beginning to shake her faith in herself. His occasional remarks about this and that, that "Mrs. Bradford" would finally decide when she took charge, were taken as a joke by the others, but she knew were meant as an indication of a future fact in his mind.

She missed him, his laugh, his joyous manner, his freedom of coming in and tousling up the papers, and leaving them about with the books he never put back in their places. She wondered how the inside of his house looked. He had shipped his books down. Were they scattered all over the place, or packed neatly away in the low shelves running about the library under the wide, short windows he had cut in the walls?

She was sitting under the umbrella tree, where she could see those same windows one evening ; the sight of them suggested her train of thought, perhaps.

Some one was in the parlor talking to Auntie, some one she disliked intensely, and had slipped out to avoid seeing.

The quick falling twilight was almost over, and the voice of the sea and the salt breath of it were in the cool, delicious air. The stars were coming out, and some one was playing a sad refrain over and again on the saxaphone. She was getting blue, she wished that she saw some one else, or — then she saw a light in those wide, short windows ; they seemed to smile. Baily had returned from his hunt. After reflection, she

could not determine why she should find that simple fact so cheerful a thought. That she should do so seemed so inconsistent with her intentions toward the subject of it, that she even tried to revive her previous mental state of gentle melancholy. While she was thus engaged, Baily came swinging along by the fence, and seeing the gleam of her white dress in the seat under the trees, he vaulted over, and came to her side.

"Ah, this is fortunate !" he said. "I hope you have been missing me desperately ?"

"O yes," she answered, a ring of genuine feeling in her voice for an instant ; "of course : tell me about your trip. That gossiping Mrs. Teedle is in the parlor with Auntie, and I don't want to see her ; she will go in a moment, I think, then we will go in."

He sat down — very close, Rose thought with a pang of alarm, which was justified by his opening remarks.

"I will tell you about my trip some other time. I came home and found that house fearfully lonesome, Rose."

"Why did n't your 'moon-eyed Celestial as yellow as gold,' and the figurative Mrs. Bradford have it cheerful for your return ?"

He made no answer. The electric light on the corner suddenly shot out into the night, and lit every dew-wet leaf with white flame. The shadows fell across his face, but hers was in strong relief against the dark beyond. She felt that this sudden exposure, and the silent, compelling regard of the man beside her, were bringing about some sort of a crisis that she must avoid, even if at some cost of composure. She rose to her feet ; he also did at the same instant, and bending slightly took her by the arms, and kissed her on the lips.

The cost to her composure was greater than she expected, and she could only ejaculate his name, as she struggled to free herself.

"No, I will not let you go until you

promise to become Mrs. Bradford, and consent to be cherished as a woman deserves who is worth waiting sixteen years for, as I have waited for you."

"You have not entertained the idea more than sixteen weeks at the utmost! You have taken a most unwarranted liberty, sir! Release my arms."

He did, but put both his own around her, and in spite of her indignant efforts to remove them held her; while he continued:—

"I know I am taking a liberty, for which I will apologize humbly,—later on. I see Mrs. Teedle through the window; she is going to come out on the front porch in a moment, and will see us. It will be awkward for you to explain this situation to her satisfaction, unless you promise to marry me; in that case I will agree to explain it myself. We shall be happy, I have the place for my thorny rose all ready."

"Baily Bradford, *do* you suppose you can force me to love you in this manner?"

"No, for you love me now; I heard it in your voice tonight for the first time."

He saw tears on her cheeks, and the sight filled him with exultation. If she

shed tears she was on the point of yielding.

"My dearest, Mrs. Teedle is now in the hall; in another half-minute she will be at the door. Say, 'I promise.'"

She glanced over her shoulder, and saw her.

"Baily,"—in desperation,— "I will promise anything, if you will let me go."

He released her instantly, and as she fled around the house he walked to the front door, and surprised the elder ladies by asking them for their congratulations upon his engagement to Miss Darrell. "Yes," he said, "it is quite recent, though it has been under consideration for several years."

Rose did not appear again that evening, though Baily told Mrs. Ellert all about his trip, and a great many other things having no connection with that, while he waited.

He at last decided, as he sat on his own porch, and watched the moon through the wreaths of his cigar smoke, that he would take his next cue from her bearing when he met her the next day. It is supposed that it was the right one; for Rose was seen to walk slowly over to the cottage, and go in for the first time with him.

Quien.

SAN FRANCISCO ELECTION MACHINERY.



THE November election was the first general election held in California under the so-called Australian ballot law of 1891. That law was radically modified and changed by the decision of the Supreme Court, in which its provision giving party headings to the several

political organizations was declared unconstitutional. As a result, each individual candidate had his name printed on the ballot, with his party affiliation added. In spite of the many prophecies of failure, the law so amended surpassed the most sanguine anticipations of its warmest friends. For the first time in the history of elections in San Francisco, it was impossible at any time during election day, or immediately after the

closing of the polls, to tell in what way the electors had voted. There was absolute ignorance of the way in which the public had cast its ballots. The great end of secrecy of the ballot had practically been reached.

And more than that, there was a discrimination in the choice of candidates that had never appeared before. The old ballot put a premium on straight tickets; the new encouraged the citizen to vote as he thought best, by rendering it easy for him to select the man of his choice. In the congressional elections, Geary and Caminetti, Democrats, who two years ago had been returned to Congress by very small majorities, were elected this time in strong Republican districts by enormous majorities. The voters had nothing against their opponents; but both Geary and Caminetti had made good records at Washington, and they were rewarded by a re-election. This would never have happened under the old system. In San Francisco the Democrats practically carried their entire ticket. But Ellert, the Non-partisan candidate for Mayor, Widber, and one or two others had made good and acceptable officers during the past term, and the voters of San Francisco returned them in spite of an adverse vote against their respective tickets as wholes.

There are, however, two provisions of the law that militate against the absolute secrecy of the Australian ballot. These are the provision for the voting of illiterates, and the provision that allows an elector to vote for a person whose name is not printed on the ticket. By the first, an illiterate, by swearing that he was not able to mark his ballot, was allowed to select one of the election officers who went into the booth with him and marked the ticket. Many water front voters in San Francisco and many foreign-born voters took advantage of this provision, and were able to dispose of their votes to advantage. The bosses had election officers instructed, and

gained many votes this way. The writer saw several men, who were able to sign their names at the time they registered, take oath that they could not mark the ballot, and secure the service of the machine election officer. But the election officers in some of the precincts of the 28th, 29th, 44th, and 45th Assembly Districts did not even ask electors whether they could mark their ballots or not. When an Italian or French voter who understood and talked but little English came to the booth, he was seized by a hoodlum inspector, pushed up against the wall, thoroughly shaken up, and then told that he could neither read nor write; the inspector would then shove him into a compartment, go in after him, and mark his ballot. The protest of voter, Democratic election officer, or outsider, was alike entirely disregarded. I saw the police wagon telephoned for in one precinct on Telegraph Hill, because every voter who came along was treated as I described above. The presence of a police sergeant stopped the worst of the acts, but the sergeant said that he had no right to interfere; that the law made the inspector of elections the judge. It is to be hoped that the coming Legislature will submit to the voters an amendment to the constitution, providing for the educational qualification demanded by the voters at the last election, and in this way allow no man to vote unless he be able to mark his own ballot.

The section of the law allowing a voter to write in the name of an elector for an office to which said elector had not been nominated ought to be eliminated altogether. By it voters were bought in several parts of the State, and especially in the recent Los Angeles local election. The purchasable voter agrees, for example, in voting the ticket chosen for him, that he, instead of putting the cross against twelve school directors of the party for whom he is casting his ballot, will vote for eleven of

them, and for his twelfth name write in the name of Thomas Jones, and place his mark against it. In counting, as the ballots are called off by the election officers, the briber can know whether the bargain was consummated by listening for the name of Thomas Jones among the candidates voted for school directors. We can see no reason why such blank spaces should not be taken from the ballot. The experience of all parties and all candidates at the last election was, that it was easy to secure the requisite number of voters to have the registrar print the names on the ticket. On the San Francisco ballot were independent candidates, nominated by petition for the Legislature, Board of Supervisors, and Mayoralty; also Non-Partisan, People's, and Prohibition party tickets placed on the ballots in the same way.

But while on the whole the new law secures to the voter himself an absolutely secret ballot, still the actual machinery by which that result is obtained stands badly in need of reform. Without much question, the recent election in San Francisco was one of the most corrupt the city has ever had. And it is openly asserted among men who have been active in the machine politics of San Francisco for years, that if the Registrar of voters had been of the same way of thinking as the Election Commissioners, and disposed to second their efforts, it would have been useless to run a ticket against theirs; that the election would have been decided before the votes were cast. And after the many disgraceful proceedings, that have attended it from nearly the first meeting of the Board of Election Commissioners in September up to the holidays, it ought to be possible for decent and respectable citizens to secure from the coming Legislature a complete and radical revision of the election laws. The Citizens' Defense Association has already taken full steps to prepare and

urge the passage of various reforms in these laws, and unless all signs fail there will be little trouble in curing much of the present defective legislation. The Democratic and Non-partisan committees have also appointed sub-committees to suggest and prepare amendments.

The elections in the City and County of San Francisco are in the hands of a board of five commissioners, called the Board of Election Commissioners. The members are the Mayor, Auditor, Tax Collector, Attorney and Counsellor, and Surveyor of the City and County. These officers are all elective. The commission of 1892 was composed of five Republicans. The result of a partisan board is shown in the work of these commissioners. During the month of October, 1892, their principal work was the appointment of probably the worst set of election officers that San Francisco ever saw. Many of them had seen the inside of our jails and houses of correction; many more would retire there if they were punished for the corrupt and unlawful work done upon election day. One of the worst of the commissioners, while the names were under consideration, cynically remarked that "an honest citizen would be in great danger if he met some of the proposed officers in a lonely neighborhood on a dark night."

The Board even dared to consider the proposition of taking away from the Democratic party its right to a heading upon the official ballot, before the Supreme Court decided that no party should have a heading. The Board has approved of newspaper printing bills for a sum greater than ninety thousand dollars for election printing. This is an amount greater than the ordinary expenses of an election. And more than sixty thousand dollars is simply a steal from the city treasury. While having the Attorney and Counsellor of the City and County as a member of the Board and their legal adviser, they have ordered paid more than eleven thousand

dollars in fees to outside attorneys. So flagrant were these two facts that the Citizens' Defense Association retained lawyers and enjoined the Treasury of the City and County from paying the money. The Auditor, one of the Commissioners, in making up expenses of election allowed the sum of one hundred and forty thousand dollars for that purpose; the Board of Supervisors cut this figure to one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars. The Commissioners actually spent more than three hundred and ten thousand dollars. The various County Clerks throughout the State report that the actual cost of each vote outside of San Francisco was from a dollar and a half to two dollars; the San Francisco Board took from the Treasury more than five dollars and a half per vote. The figures above are a sufficient commentary upon the work of a partisan board of election commissioners.

And since the election the Board has been so dilatory in its canvass of the returns, that none of the officers chosen by the voters to fill the unexpired terms as county officers will have a chance to take their seats. Work that would take five or six ordinary clerks a week to perform has taken the Board nearly two months.

It is high time that the law-makers at Sacramento sweep out of existence such a Board. I can see no remedy except in the organization of a non-partisan commission, to be composed of, say, four members, two from each of the dominant political parties, and appointed by the governor of the State or the mayor of San Francisco. This board should hold office for four years, and its members should be forbidden to be candidates for any elective office during the term of their appointment. In this way the board would be non-partisan in form and in reality, for as all acts would require the approval of at least three members, it would be impossible for one party to secure an advantage over the other;

and as the members would not be candidates for office, there would be no reason for the disgraceful proceedings which have characterized the acts of the present Board, who wished to serve the dear public again.

The other great change that should be made by the coming Legislature is in the method of counting the votes. Under the present system an election officer must serve at least three nights and four days. It is impossible to secure the services of good men. As a result, men of dubious character are appointed. In many of the precincts in the last election, the entire board got drunk, and in many others the most outrageous frauds were committed. In the booth at the corner of Bush and Montgomery, the officers moved the table over into the corner against the wall, and so hedged themselves in that no one could overlook the calling off of the ballots. But they became so careless in their work that more than once it was evident that votes were stolen. When a protest was made, the protestant was politely invited to "Go to —," and asked, "What are you going to do about it?" Democratic and Republican officers were all of the same stripe. And when at last the police officer in charge of the booth had the courage to stop the count, and declare that the ballots must be exposed to outside view, the inspector ordered the United States Marshal to arrest the policeman,—he did not quite dare to do that, however. In another precinct that I visited, no one was allowed inside the rail during the count, and the officers so placed themselves that nothing could be seen of their work. Then an order was presented, bearing the signature of the Chief of Police, and giving the bearer admission; the card was taken away from the bearer and he was forcibly removed outside. In another precinct, the inspector, half drunk, openly boasted that he had received sixty dollars to look after the interests of a certain candidate,

—and he did. In another, one of the Non-Partisan candidates was asked to leave ten dollars for the boys, and told that if he did so he would lead his ticket in that precinct. One of the Democratic supervisorial candidates dropped two dollars in a "poor-box" south of Market Street; no other candidate treated the officers; the generous man headed the Democratic ticket there. I might fill several pages in relating doings such as these.

The polls closed at five o'clock on the eighth of November. The count immediately began, and was not stopped until completed. There are two hundred and seventy-five precincts in San Francisco. Two, at least, of the parties contending in the election endeavored to have the count watched. But it was found to be practically impossible. It would take a far larger amount of money than either could command to secure competent men to act as watchers.

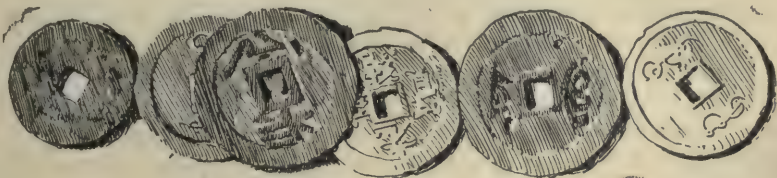
It would seem to the outsider that the provision of the law that requires the election boards to be composed of representatives from two different parties would be sufficient to check fraud. But in practice it is found that with the class of men employed, disagreement in their political faith has little to do with checking their fraudulent acts on election day, and during the count. I saw frauds committed in more than one precinct, and was powerless to do more than protest. And to judge from the preparations that are being made to arrest some of the officers, the amount of fraud was unexampled.

Two remedies have been suggested:

either of them would accomplish the result sought for. The one is the employment of an automatic register and counter. Machines to accomplish such work were tried in Massachusetts and New York in November, and were found to work successfully. The result was known within ten minutes after the close of the polls. One of these machines has been sent for, and is expected to arrive in San Francisco in January. Its workings will be exhibited to the Legislature. The daily papers have contained full accounts of its trial in New York, so that I will not repeat them here. With out question, the ballots will finally be counted automatically. The other method is where the count takes place at the City Hall. Let the ballot box be sealed at the close of the polls, and taken to the City Hall, there to be opened in the presence of all parties interested, and the votes counted by a corps of competent clerks. This is the way things are done in New York. The fact that election officers had to serve but one day would give good citizens no excuse for shirking their duty, and would provide a far higher class of election officers. The count could be closely watched with small expense by the several political parties. The corps of trained clerks could count the ballots, and the result would be known as soon as it is under the present system.

If the coming Legislature shall act in the amendment of the election law in the manner outlined in this paper, I am satisfied that the State of California will have as nearly an ideal election system as any State in the Union.

William A. Beatty.



CHRISTMASES AND CHRISTMASES.



HERE are samples somewhere about the Pacific regions of pretty much all the Christmases in the world.

The Greek Church Christmas, eleven

days later than ours, is celebrated in small in San Francisco and elaborately in Alaska. In Sitka the Christmas waits go about town all the long evening, from sunset at three in the afternoon, singing Christmas carols and carrying on a pole a revolving star to represent the star of Bethlehem. Masking parties go out making calls on their acquaintances in fantastic garb, disguised as Indians, Esquimaux, or animals. They enter the houses at will, and gravely seat themselves in dead silence. The people visited set forth cake and wine, striving all the time to penetrate the disguise or make the maskers reveal themselves. If this is done a merry shout ensues. If not, the callers depart in the same solemn silence. The ceremonies in the church are very gorgeous; the whole wealth of embroidered and jeweled vestments are brought out, and candles and incense and special chants celebrate the great day.

The Indians feast themselves on smoke-dried salmon, venison, and their greatest dainty, strawberries preserved in seal oil, and kept in old, square kerosene cans. From Alaska to Puget Sound, wherever they have been in much contact with the whites, they pick up fragments and hints of the festival; and about the missions they take their

share in the Catholic or Protestant ceremonies,—a strange and picturesque element to the onlooker.

The loyal colonists of British Columbia keep as English a Christmas as possible about roaring fires of pine-bark, though the ranks of dark fir-trees and the dazzlingly white mountains might look more homelike to a Norwegian than to them: and in Washington and Oregon Christmas comes in much the same guise as in the Atlantic States,—with snow and cold to the East,—floods of rain, sleet, and the milder coast temperature to the West. From the vast snow-drifts of the northern mountains the train brings the traveler down in a few hours through the beautiful foothills of the upper Sacramento, where, perhaps, he will find no snow at all fallen yet, as he is whirled along through groves of Christmas trees enough to set the children of the whole world to dancing; then down the Sacramento plain, perhaps dimly green under a gray sheet of rain, and traversed by rushing and swollen creeks, red with the clay of the Sierra; or, perhaps, shining under a vivid sun and sky like blue crystal, with bluer ranges of mountains, white-tipped, along the eastern horizon.

A few hours more will bring you to the Placer County orange belt, where you may find them celebrating Christmas with a "citrus fair," with all its devices of cottages built of oranges and lemons, and a whole pavilion filled,—tables, walls, floor, and all, with heaps and masses of the golden globes. The devices are sometimes more wonderful than beautiful; but their profusion and gorgeousness amazes the Eastern visitor, still brushing Sierra snowflakes from his beard.



Photo by James W. Duffy.

WHERE THE CHRISTMAS TREES COME FROM.

Or on southerly, without turning aside to see if the Bay cities are in shine or shade, you may reach Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, with their oranges yellowing on the trees, and their heliotropes blooming in the gardens; the warm sands of San Diego beaches, and look across the border into old Mexico, and think how along the Pacific shores for two thousand leagues to the southward Christmas is celebrated among the Spanish American peoples with the gorgeous ceremonials of the Roman Catholic Church, in regions where good Santa Claus has more use for a palm leaf fan and a straw hat than for his fur robes and sleigh.

And east and west from San Francisco the regular lines of travel will take a tourist across almost as wide a span of winter scenes,—with the snow-bound Grand River, in Colorado, where the train comes out from the black arch of

an icy tunnel,—for a sample picture at one end, and the tropical sunshine of Hawaii Nei at the other.

But to get a little closer idea of some Pacific Christmases, it may be worth while to picture one or two in detail.

Christmas brings but little cheer to the lonely miner, snow-bound in a deep cañon of the northern Sierra Nevadas, within sight of Shasta. Bill Dodge was leaning over his stove, warming his benumbed fingers after a hasty reconnoissance of the tall firs on the edge of the clearing about his log cabin. His look was troubled as he gazed absent-mindedly into the fire, revolving in his mind the danger from a tree on the edge of the clearing, which manifested a threatening inclination toward the cabin.

The man talked half aloud to himself. "Will it fall? If it does, will it crush the cabin and kill me? What part of the cabin will it strike? I can't get out of

here in this weather. How can I sleep with that thing hanging over me?"

To stay was no more dangerous than to climb over the hill two miles to the nearest neighbor's, in the storm that made the otherwise well-known trail unrecognizable as well as impassable. The new-fallen snow was too fleecy for ordinary traveling, and the snow-shoes had been taken by the "pard," three days before, when he went to town for

supplies for a "way-up, big Christmas eat," to which some of the boys were invited. But the terrific storm had broken up the plan, and poor Bill Dodge was all alone in the mountains this bitter cold night, for even the pet collie had followed "pard" to town. With a sigh, Bill took a leg of venison from the rafters, and prepared the bacon and potatoes in the same absent-minded manner.



Photo by Taber.

MIDWINTER IN THE GRAND RIVER CAÑON FROM THE MOUTH OF A TUNNEL.



Photo by Taher.

BLUE CANYON SNOWED UNDER.

"Poor Bill!" said his "pard" in the bar-room of the Sierra Palace Hotel,— "poor Bill, if he ain't homesick this Christmas Eve, no one ever can be. I wisht I had 'a' left the snow shoes with him, but he couldn't 'a' got out in this storm, any way."

Around the large, circular railroad stove of the capacious bar-room of the small hotel were a number of chairs in various stages of decay,—cane-seated chairs, and stiff-backed chairs of raw

buckskin thongs,—occupied by several unfortunates whom luck had deprived of a more homelike place to spend Christmas Eve. Behind the stove, tipping back in a corner, was "Old Fitz," short for Fitzgerald; a "pussey" old Scotchman, of decidedly somnolent tendency this evening. Next him, between the stove and the wall, was a thin, pop-eyed German, known as the "crazy Dutchman," on account of his unreasonable excitability. On the other



Photo by H. B. Phillips.

THE BIRTH OF A RIVULET.

side of "Old Fitz" was the proprietor of the Sierra House, round, blond, jovial, and quiet.

In front of the stove were "Sleepy Jim," Bill Dodge's partner, the swarthy little local editor, and a much-traveled mining expert.

The town of Thermal Valley was snowed under to the eaves. News from the outside world had not penetrated to that important political outpost for three

weeks. The village paper had been printed on the same patent outside for three successive issues, varied by fact and fancy gathered from the lips of the changing coterie of reporters about the stove. The snapping cold outside, or the warmth of the crackling pine knots, or the tobacco, had a stimulating effect on the memories of the oldest inhabitants, who spun endless yarns when cards grew tiresome, of mining, Indians, and

snow storms galore, none of which were lost on the sharp-eared little editor, ravenous for copy.

The mining expert, a smooth-faced, dried-up little man, with an abnormal forehead, overhanging his bushy eyebrows like some boulder, and an unusual monotony of red coloring in his face, eyebrows, eyes, and hair, stopped rubbing electricity out of a cat, when Old Fitz sat back in his seat to laugh at his own threadbare wit, at the close of a wandering narrative.

He gave the cat's tail a final pull, and, tipping his chair back, looked thoughtful. Nobody seemed disposed to speak, and he began to talk almost to himself:—

"Godfrey's cordial, how the wind does blow! Hark! what's that? O, nothing but the crackling of another pine. I wish I was back where I was in Hawaii, a year ago. I never saw such a change in a few weeks, as I did when I

was compelled suddenly to take my wife out to the Sandwich Islands for her health, in the winter of '89 and '90.

"As we got out of the alkali and sage brush into the Sierras, the cold got worse and worse, and the snow came down thicker and faster, till I saw we would be lucky if we got through. Sure enough, when we got to Emigrant Gap in the snow-shed region on the Pacific side, we were blockaded,—sheds had broken under the weight of snow, and we had to wait for a rotary plow to dig our way through. The gangs of Chinamen and white laborers gathered from anywhere could n't make any impression on those banks of snow, until the great rotary plow,—it took four engines to push it,—had bored into them, and flung the snow one hundred feet off to the side in a cloud of flakes: it was a great show to see it.

"Soon we cut through to Blue Cañon which was pretty well snowed under, but



A HAWAIIAN WINTER SCENE.



Photo by Taber.

A SANTA BARBARA CHRISTMAS DAY.

we managed to amuse ourselves, one way or another. Luckily there was a Christmas pantomime troupe of high kickers on our train, and they used to sing for us once in a while ; but they lolled around most of the time, while the manager did all the kicking. They used to entertain us, and we thought we would have to return the compliment, so we looked around, and found a bilious young man with long hair, who thought he could play a scene from Hamlet. They made me the ghost of old man Hamlet, because they said that I could act out of sight down cellar half of the time. I objected on the ground that I was very hoarse, and had bow legs if I wore tights. They insisted that a deep, hoarse voice was what was wanted, and that I could keep my side to the audience, and they would n't "get on to my curves." Well, I could n't get out of it ; but it was my positively last appearance on any stage, for when I went down cellar to do the underground act, and Hamlet said to the other fellows, 'Swear,' a confounded rascal in the cellar with me put an icicle down my back. I forgot there was

an audience listening, and I swore a blue streak. They had to ring down the curtain till the ghost licked the young feller that done it.

"Well, it was n't more 'n two weeks from Christmas when we got through, and in three hours we was down in the Sacramento Valley, where the air was chilly but pleasant, even without an overcoat. Everything was green as you ever saw it, and looked all the greener after seeing everything white. The snow we brought down, piled up on the tops of the cars, went dripping and melting all the way. After we crossed the Sacramento Bridge, we found the whole country under water as far as you could see, north and south, and about ten miles of track east and west was under a foot of water. We went along slowly with men wading ahead, testing the road-bed. The land was way off to the west, and water all around us : it seemed like crossing a great lake in a railroad train.

"When, at last, we did get to San Francisco, the little fellows were selling violets in the streets, and my wife—she was an Easterner, and never saw it

before — walked round and looked at the gardens, and she was greatly taken to see chrysanthemums blooming and some roses and fuchsias and geraniums, and lots of Chinese lilies. I took her over to Tamalpais before we sailed, and had one walk in the woods.

"The ground was not very wet for her with rubbers. There was plenty of those red toyon berries, and some manzanita; they don't have much manzanita down round the bay. This toyon is a smaller berry that grows on a big shrub in the cañons down there, and they call it holly, and make great times over it Christmas in the city, — sell wagon loads. If you fellows had all your manzanita berries handy by the city Christmas you could make some money on it. Well, my wife found a big bush all ready to come out with pink currant, and another, a basswood with yellow buds, and some willow pussies getting ready to come out; she thought it must be spring sure. We ate our lunch on a redwood stump, close by a pretty little stream that ran out of a spring on the side of a rock, with ferns and moss all round it.

"We took the steamer to Honolulu next day, — I had business there, and could n't stop, — and when we got to Honolulu it was about as big a surprise to me as California was to my wife. I could n't help looking up for the roof of the conservatory, there were so many hothouse plants around. There was bananas, and dates, and tree-ferns, and lots of other ferns, and vines till you could n't remember them all. It did n't seem much like Christmas to me, and less yet to my wife. She said it was like summer in Florida.

"The Kanakas don't seem to keep Christmas like the white people there. The native don't know any particular celebration, except when he's lucky enough to have a friend get married, or die. Then he goes and eats at his friend's *luau*, (that's a feast,) without the bother of chasing his own turkey, or catching his own fish. What with feasting and loafing the year round, it's all the same to the native. They say down there that there is n't much difference from their summer weather, except, perhaps, it rains a little oftener,



Photo by Taber.

IS IT A CHRISTMAS TREE ?



Photo by Taber.

THE GRAND CANON OF YELLOWSTONE PARK.

and now and then a storm (they call it a *kona*) comes up. Christmas afternoon, as on most any other, you can take a book in a hammock, and loaf away the time in a sleepy way, if you don't happen to feel like taking any of the long horseback rides out of the city. They are the finest sort of rides, but we were just off our voyage and didn't care for them. My wife was lolling in a hammock reading that afternoon; royal palms, and date palms, and ferns, all round, tamarind and India-rubber trees for shade, and the night-blooming cereus and other vines running wild over everything; and the magnolia and Cape jasmine smell all round. The magnolia is one of those heavy, sweet smells; the Cape jasmine is more delicate, but not as light as the old-fashioned jasmine,—both of them the sort of smell that makes you feel lazy and easy-going. There was just a little wind from the south, warm and sleepy enough to make the liveliest American feel like loafing. My wife dozed off over her novel, and

dreamed of the snow fields, and russet apples, and frost-bitten mince pies, she would have been getting if she had stayed at home in Yankee land.

"Well, in that country, that time of year, if a couple of air currents meet and clinch, one is likely to be waked up pretty sudden by the leaves scurrying before a warm squall from the south, and a few drops of rain spattering down. That means the *kona* is just on you. You have to jump then, and pick up your novels and newspapers, and cut for the house; grab up your pillows and your *ukuleles* from the cane chairs on the *lanai*, and help the women folks to shut the windows and doors,—they stand open all the time, except when the *kona* comes. Then you get ready for a blow and a drenching."

The howling night wind outside the little inn rumbled in the chimney and whistled around corners, an appropriate illustration of the *kona*.

The jovial, round-faced proprietor of the Sierra Palace Hotel shivered, more

from imagination than from any chill in the super-heated, smoky atmosphere. He waddled up behind the shabby counter of the fly-specked collection of damaged mirrors and gaudy whisky prints called a bar, which was now the cynosure of all eyes, except the Scotchman's.

"Come on, boys," said he; "this is on me. What is it?"

The fat Old Fitz was tipped back in his corner behind the stove asleep, but at the sound of this voice he was on his feet in a moment, almost tripping in his haste over the feet of his nearest neighbor.

As the men gathered at the counter, the host straightened himself to his full height, and with a grand air waved his glass towards those in front of him.

"A toast, gentlemen," said he.

"Here's to our noble selves. May we never wish for better company." The sentiment was highly approved by all save the traveler and the editor, whose faces bore a vanishing expression of dissent.

When Old Fitz had drained the last drop of "thistledew," which was his favorite drink still, though he had been so long away from old Scotland as to have lost the burr from his speech, he assumed a contented expression, and sank into his corner by the fire, as before.

"How much snow do you think fell last night? Just guess?"

"Thirty-six inches. I measured it myself. Snow is all very well, but I don't like it spread on so thick. It took me four hours to tunnel out of my shanty, and crawl over here. I have not been so long without an eye-opener since I was down among the Zuñi Indians, where they don't allow liquor sold, and what you do get is about as much like Old Scotch as this here Christmas is like theirs. When I was down there about five years ago, I saw the most curious caricature of our Christmas tree festivities you can imagine. It was a medicine dance in the

central court of a pueblo, and it was a solemn occasion for them. Some Zuñis were dancing around a tree, dressed in their brilliant blankets, chanting a weird song.

"I don't suppose it really had any connection with our Christmas, but it would have made me think of some of the Christmas-tree parties I've taken my children to, if the children had not been compelled to keep away, and view the scene from the housetops.

"Holy smoke! how it does blow! I hope no poor feller is out in it.

"Jove! I would like to be down with my family in Santa Barbara this Christmas Eve, and I would have been, too, if it had n't been for this confounded storm, and the washout down by the Ninth Crossing. I can see the very place now where they would have gone down to the train for me this afternoon,—it would likely be sunny down there now,—with date palms on one side of the road, and an orange orchard on the other. The calla lilies along the brook are in full bloom, and the roses open every day, Sundays included, in Southern California, even in Pasadena. Little Annie would run out to meet me, and delve into the pockets of my overcoat (on my arm, not on my back) for candy; and mother, how happy she would be!"

Tears shone in the eyes of the disconsolate old man, when he looked up at the reflection of the light from the snow, banked up against the window panes, and with a sigh he closed them again.

The others went on smoking in silence till the clouds of smoke gave to one looking on an effect of haziness and indistinct outline quite according to Turner's ideal.

Sleepy Jim was a tall, raw-boned man, the more fortunate member of the firm whose other representative was away in the mountains alone that night. He was a bright man, though he did not look it; partly owing to his peculiar fondness for wearing, whenever he came

to town, an old thread-bare and crumpled Prince Albert coat. On this occasion the old coat was displayed with more than the usual pompousness. He arose lazily from his chair, yawned, and stretched himself, and stood gazing into the fire absent-mindedly a moment, while the mischievous Dutchman put a ball of pitch into one coat-tail pocket, and a ball of snow into the other.

Slowly he turned his back to the fire, and spread his feet apart in an easy attitude. His fellow loungers saw that he was in a talkative mood, and all except the Scotchman looked up lazily, while he talked between long pulls at his strong pipe.

"Me and my pard, Bill Dodge, had a funny Christmas dinner once. The first we knew of the fellow that gave it, we was repairing our canvas flume up near Eldorado Bar one day along about the fall of '52, when a green-looking young feller, tall, awkward, and honest-looking, came along, and began askin' us questions about the best place to take up a claim. He said he was just from the States. We sized him up for what we call a tenderfoot nowadays. Bill wunk at me and I wunk at Bill. Then I said I thought I could show him a pretty good place to stake off a claim if he would stand treat; and so, when we got tired working late in the afternoon, we went up to the store with him and had a drink, and then we climbed out of the cañon, over a hill, into a little gulch way up above the cañon, where there was a spring running out from the roots of a pine tree. We showed him a place alongside of this stream, a little ways from the spring, where you could work till the resurrection without getting a color. We said we liked his style and wanted to see him succeed, so we would put him on to a big thing if he would give us ten per cent. This was along about October, and the leaves were turning. The view up the American river cañon was just bully, but we

were n't out to look at views them days; we had n't time for such things; but the young tenderfoot, he went into raptures over it.

"Look at them mountains piled on mountains, covered with fir trees, until way over there you see the jagged edge of the blue summit, like saw-teeth against that leaden sky."

"We interrupted the young teller's enthusiasm by tellin' him that we thought he could find good pay dirt near bedrock, after he stripped it. We gave him a few directions, and left him to pitch his camp there. How we did chuckle to think how the poor duffer would work in the mud for a week or two! We enjoyed the joke just as we used to when we took a greeny out in the marsh to trap snipe at night with a lantern and bag, or when we sent a feller out over the foothills down in Monterey County with a shotgun, to shoot the swift-footed abalones.

"Well, we went on three or four weeks, and had almost forgotten all about the tenderfoot. Of course, we never expected to see him again, when, along about dusk one day, I was cuttin' off a chunk o' bacon, and Bill was a-makin' the fire, when we see our friend coming down the trail as smilin' as you please; and he thanks us for helpin' him, and shows us a little bag of dust that was not to be sneezed at. I be hanged if that feller didn't have fool's luck, and open up a vein of decomposed quartz and take out an ounce a day. He had the laugh on *us*, now, for some of the boys we had told had let on that we was tryin' to play him, and thar was n't no use denyin' it. So we had to go up to town and set 'em up all around to keep them quiet.

"After that things went on quietly enough, and we got to be mighty good friends. We saw more of the young feller when the snow came, and we had to abandon our claims in the river-bed. We found he was a first-rate sort of a

chap, with a mighty fine edication, too, out of a college in the East. How he could quote poetry and Shakespire, though! When the snow came we had made no preparations to leave, so we laid in provisions for the winter. How the snow did pile up that winter! Just as it does now against the windows, only we were on a side hill, and it was not quite so bad.

"The young feller from the States had decided to stay with his new partner in the mountains that winter, and told us that he guessed he could afford to give us a rousing Christmas dinner, 'cause we had showed him such a good claim. We did n't want to talk about no ten per cent. Bill and me crawled up the hill that Christmas to his new cabin; you see, we had n't been up there before since the snow came, and we had no idea of the view you could get from there. You could look up the cañon and over the mountains for miles, and everything was dead white, except a precipice of rock now and then, and the great fir trees standin' out. It was just like lookin' up the grand basin in Yellowstone Park in winter, when I was up there with a photographer who was huntin' winter photographs. We got some great views and struck a good way of making them geysers shoot up whenever we wanted them to have their photos took. We tossed in a cake of soap, and pretty soon the thing would begin to boil and sizzle, and up she went, but not so strong as when you wait a day for them; but we wanted more pictures, an' could n't wait. It was mighty queer to see the hot steam coming out of the ground when all about there was so much ice and snow.

"Well, when we had took in the view, we went in and played seven-up while the young chap got the dinner ready. He said he thought some apple sass would go well with the pork, and so had bought about ten pounds of dried apples at two bits a pound to make apple sass

for us. He crammed the whole ten pounds into the beanpot, chock-full, poured water on them, crammed the lid down and set them on the stove. Bill, he wunk at me and I wunk at him, and pretty soon the lid began to raise.

"*"Them apples swell considerable,"* said the young chap. He took off the lid and took a couple of handfuls and threw them into a half-barrel close by. We went on with the game and our cook went to peelin' some spuds,—and I tell you they were a luxury then, and we had to make the most of them. Bill, he smiled, and I saw that them apples was coming up agin. With a tired look our cook just grabbed a couple more handfuls and pitched them in the barrel. We had n't dealt more'n two hands more, and again them apples went sizzling over on the stove.

"Well, I'll be teetotally chewed up and spit out, if them patent apples don't swell faster 'n an elected candidate takin' office for the first time.' And he scooped out all but a few in the bottom of the kettle, and then had a kettle full o' sass and a half-barrel o' soaked apples.

"Even if the young fellow did n't know how to cook it, it was mighty good, I can tell you, with fried spuds, and bacon, and hard tack, and salt, and white sugar, and real condensed milk in the coffee; we did n't care how the wind whistled outside any more than we do now, boys. Only I'd enjoy it more if Bill was here now with us, instead of up there in that lonely cabin on the mountain in this blamed storm. I kick about this game of freeze-out with Natur' when she's dealin' the cards. Poor pard!" And, turning to the host, "Say, boss, set 'em up all 'round on me. Now, boys, here's to lonely Bill, poor pard, and his lonesome Christmas dinner up in Hellgate Cañon."

The pompous miner slowly took his pipe from his mouth, turned, and sat down on a mass of pitch, to the boisterous merriment of the company.

All lapsed at last into contemplative silence, puffing away to increase the already smoky atmosphere.

When the silence had continued for several minutes, the sleeper in the corner behind the stove seemed to recover consciousness, sat up, and looked about, and began to stroke his chin. All saw that Old Fitz was about to have "a rush of words to the mouth."

"When I made my first trip across the plains in '49, we were camped some one hundred miles west of Salt Lake City, when we were suddenly startled from our slumbers by an awful war-whoop—"

Some say that walls have ears. The narrator evidently thought not, for he

smiled a sickly smile when his last auditor rudely disappeared precipitately up the narrow stairway. Only the cat sat unmoved by his eloquence, lazily eyeing him with sleepy contentment.

The old man looked about; his countenance lighted up when his eye lit on the small glass barrel of pony brandy in the center of the bar. He helped himself to a nightcap, and inclined the glass from force of habit in his dignified way to his only companion, and called it square with the boys.

With a grunt of contentment he retired to his lazy corner once more, to mingle his sonorous sleeping accompaniment with the Wagnerian roar of the storm without.

Phil Weaver, Jr.



SONG.

WHAT the seed feels, when the sun
 Into Aries's sign hath run;
 What the sharpest torment is
 In the depths of the abyss;
 What behold the opening eyes
 Of the dead in paradise—
 Those I felt and this I see—
 'T was a maid—she taught them me.

E.

A PENINSULAR CENTENNIAL. II.

VANCOUVER'S VISIT TO THE MISSION OF SANTA CLARA.

A STUDY.



PROPERLY to read this fragment of history, one will need somewhat to have attained that "sight where," says Emerson, "facts yield their secret sense and poetry and annals are alike."

If the reader thinks such sense is worthy soberly to seek, let him try if his imagination be facile enough to lift him bodily—that is, *more Hibernico*, mentally—quite out of his later, informed day, and set him down this sunrise one hundred years ago, beside the young explorer on the deck of the Discoverer, as ignorant and as alert as he.

So doing, the reader fronts a half continent, walled in by a cloud denser and vaster than—since the day of Ptolemy—has ever darkened the wilds of Africa. To him, thus unlearned, America is the Dark Continent. This western half of it is in almost absolute solitude and night. Along this Pacific littoral is a thin rim of light, broken and wavering, with a penumbra reaching in around each of several seaports. Across Southern California to the mouth of the Colorado is a thin zone of light, and several threads of such are woven by the hands of Mackenzie and Hearne, in the dark stretches of northern Canada. Indeed, this very November day Mackenzie is moving there through the heart of the Rocky Mountains, running the first thread of discovery across the dark waste. But the shuttle will stick all winter in the mountain camp. As yet the continent north of Mexico has never been crossed by a white man.

The darkness has its *ignes fatui*. The wonderful Shining Mountain, the Great River of the West, and the Straits of Anian, into which it is fabled to flow, are among these elusive false lights. A half century later Frémont will search for the mythical river said to flow from the Rocky Mountains through the Sierras into the Pacific Ocean.

Such is the strange land of myth and solitude lying just beyond this little range of Contra Costa, and stretching on nearly to the Mississippi River.

Over those gray hills, this winter morning, November 20, 1792, breaks clear. The gale is over. The well-anchored sloop-of-war has ridden safely in its exposed harbor, in which the light-anchored Spanish ships were often in peril from even the tides, here so powerful.

Breakfasting early, Vancouver puts forth in his ship's boat to land, to accept the invitation of the commandante and the padres to accompany them to the inland mission of Santa Clara, and the adjoining pueblo of San José, "the first of purely civil settlement in California." [Hittell.]

But the storm that has delayed the acceptance of the invitation has given the leisure to his hosts, in which the official indiscretion of their offer is realized. Therefore, when the commander arrives at the Presidio, an opportune pressure of duties gives Señor Sal excuse for releasing himself from an implied or express engagement to accompany his guest. An equally opportune illness releases the padres when the Mission is reached.

This, or more explicit suggestion, they meant—so they themselves state,

when, later, they come under official censure—to deter the English officer from his intention to make the journey which might be of strategic value if the Nootka or other diplomatic issues should become *casus belli*.

Unobservant of any such suggestion, Vancouver left the Mission, accompanied by Sergeant Pedro Amador and his "six stout soldiers." The soldiers led or drove a numerous relay of horses.

Three natural highways lead down the peninsula. The central one is the cañada, between two parallel ridges of the Santa Morena hills. The others are the slopes on either side of these ridges; one reaching to the ocean,—the other to the bay.

All these were traversed by the earliest explorers.

The coast route was that followed by Portalá and his heroic party, in that epochal year of 1769, to the point from which the hunting party climbed the Santa Morena hills, to find themselves the discoverers of their patron Saint Francis's bay. On their return the party entered the solitude of the cañada, which they followed to its end, at the present site of Searsville. The second route was the one taken by several later parties.

The first white men to traverse the third natural highway—that along the bay shore—were, I believe, Anza and his party, in 1776, on their expedition to select sites for the Presidio and Mission of San Francisco.

This must soon have become the usual route, and was the one now taken by Amador.

Riding around the Mission hill, and in view of the now-vanished laguna, their horses' hoofs crushing the fragrant and famous little trailing *yerba buena*, the party emerge in the wide valley which descends into the Buri-buri plain.

On the left are the massy, "templed hills" of San Bruno, inviolate then by

the spade and whitewash brush of the dealer in real estate. Travelers in the San Gabriel Valley will recall the huge, pre-historic arrow-head wrought on the mountain's slope. But that is picturesque, and was not mercenary.

The San Bruno and the Santa Morena foothills here are nearly bare, save for their gray velvet of dry grass, with the pale-green, new grass of this vernal winter tinting the inner folds.

A clear sun lends its charm to the scene, whose varied beauty and repose must be very grateful to the eye weary of the monotony and unrest of the sea. Had he the knowlege that the eye of no other foreigner had rested on this sheltered plain?

Descending the slope and skirting the marsh, the party reach the well known spring in the "brae" to which Mr. D. O. Mills has given his name. We may conjecturally dismount our party here, to drink of the spring beside which Lieutenant William Tecumseh Sherman more than once encamped a little more than fifty years later.

That a strange, hurried, yet orderly movement of history is defined by these two young officers, resting there by this meadow spring,—the one in 1792, the other, say, in the same month in 1848, after the treaty of Guadalupe has been signed.

That treaty was the conclusion of the varied process of arms, diplomacy, and purchase, by which the whole of this continent—Mexico and Alaska excepted—had passed forever into the possession of this Saxon race, whose two great families are here represented, in type and almost in ideal, by these two young commanders. When Vancouver stood by that spring, the United States did not include all of the territory east of the Mississippi, nor any of that beyond it. But this very year, 1792, the American ship Columbia enters the river to which it gave its name, thus constituting the initial step in the

diplomatic conquest. In 1803 Napoleon ceded the vast Province of Louisiana, in 1819 Spain ceded Florida, Oregon was finally conceded by treaty in 1846, Texas annexed in 1845, and now California and the region eastward has become ours. Is there not an ordering thought which simultaneously with this transfer of the continent, step by step, moved the area of light over the Mississippi, across the prairies, over the mountains, and now this year of the Guadalupe treaty washes bare that nugget of gold in the mill race, which shall bring the light to this remote land?

Somewhere near this site of Millbrae stood, I judge, the rancheria of the marauding Buri-buri Indians. But their little basket huts must have been crowded into some one of the wooded recesses opening into the plain, for Vancouver did not see, in the whole ride to Santa Clara "a house, hut, or any place of shelter excepting such as the spreading trees presented."

These trees elicited his admiring comment. He mentions "the holly-leaved oak [the common live-oak, *Quercus agrifolia*], maple [nowhere in California the stately tree of the East], horse chestnut and willow . . . having some of the common English dwarf oak scattered amongst them." I am informed by Professor Edward Lee Greene that later and more trained naturalists mistook the white oak of this region, *Q. lobata*, for the English oak, *Q. robur*.

That it gave his soundly British heart a thrill of elation to believe that his way led under the boughs of the very tree that lends to his native land so much grace of form and legend, is easily realized. It is singular that he does not mention the laurel, so notable a member of these groves.

"About noon," his narrative continues, "having advanced about 23 miles, we arrived at a very pleasant and enchanting lawn, situated amidst a grove of

trees at the foot of a small hill, by which flowed a very fine stream of excellent water. This delightful pasture is nearly enclosed on every side."

This camping place has been identified with the grove of oaks and laurels on the banks of San Mateo Creek, and between that "very fine stream,"—as it then was, although now a mere wady,—and the hillock on the property of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bowie,—the *el cerrito* which gives name to their villa. After an examination of other possible sites, I judge that this identification is correct. The distance, however,—the 23 miles being undoubtedly of nautical length, equal to 26.5 statute miles,—would indicate the mouth of Belmont cañon as the true site. Here are a small hill, a picturesque brook, a stately grove; and a nearly enclosed "pasture."

But Vancouver was reckoning his distance from the deck of a very unfamiliar craft, whose careenings, especially among the numerous squirrel and other burrows of which complaint is made, may easily have made the possible margin of error in calculations, which, with other considerations, would allow to the villagers of San Mateo their pleasantest tradition. It is something to a village to rest where, so far as I know, the first encampment of an Englishman in interior California was made, and his first meal eaten. This, apparently, was the usual camping place. Anza twice encamped here in 1776, the second time feasting about the camp fire with his ill-fed comrades on the meat of a large bear killed near by. An adobe which stood here until recently, was—although, perhaps, originally a rancho building—early used as an out-station of the Mission Dolores.

"The bank which overhung the murmuring brook," he states, "was well adapted for taking the refreshment which our provident friends had supplied, and with some grog we had brought from the ship (spirits and wine being scarce articles in this country) we all

made a most excellent meal; but it required some resolution to quit so lovely a scene, the beauty of which was greatly heightened by the delightful serenity of weather. To this, however, after resting about an hour, we were obliged to submit, when, a fresh supply of cavalry being selected from the drove of horses, we mounted and pursued our journey.

"We had not proceeded far from this delightful spot, when we entered a country I little expected to find in these regions. For about twenty miles it could only be compared to a park, which had originally been planted with the true old English oak; the underbrush, which had probably attended its early growth, had the appearance of having been cleared away, and had left the stately lords of the forest in complete possession of the soil, which was covered with luxuriant herbage, beautifully diversified with pleasing eminences and vallies," with a "range of lofty, rugged mountains that bounded the prospect."

This "park" is very nearly coterminous with the noted Pulgas [fleas] Rancho of Governor José Argüello, of the early years of the century. It had its name, probably, from the creatures infesting the large cattle corrals.

But as our travelers move over its wet sod it is still in solitude. Their way leads past the gate of the exquisite amphitheater of hills, early called one of the numerous "Cañons Diablo," but whose present name is Belmont. By the oak-lintel of this gate stands the modest and decaying country residence of one of California's earliest governors. Within the dreamy valley itself stands, in neglected grandeur, the residence built by Senator Sharon, but later famous as the scene of the baronial hospitalities of William C. Ralston, whose princely life and whose tragic death will always linger here in melancholy tradition.

The villa with its memories stands as a monument of that development of Saxon character, in this Western envi-

ronment, which is the ill omen of the race. This is said without disregard of the nobler native elements of Mr. Ralston. By reason of these he is a fitter type of the wasted wealth of nature, which Vancouver's race has bequeathed.

Happily we shadowy attendants of these pilgrims find near a stately monument of that other development of the free Saxon heart, which is the good omen of the race and of civilization. This monument is the noble pile of buildings,—splendid material foundation upon which the master builder is with very patient but scarcely erring wisdom laying his squared stones,—the Leland Stanford Junior University. Here is the material acquirement of the modern genius put, liberally yet judiciously, to the higher uses—almost the highest. This is the alchemy which changes gold.

Although this institution bears in its corporate and proper title the name of a young lad, it bears also, in usage, that of an old tree. Not uncommonly is the college called Palo Alto.

This old tree is the strange wanderer from the hill tribe of redwoods, which stands—erect, shaggy, superb—on the banks of the San Francisquito Creek, beside which Senator Stanford has built his country residence and his University.

Font, who saw this lordly tree from the San Bruno heights in 1776, gives its estimated stature as one hundred and fifty feet, and its girth as fifteen feet, I believe. It now lifts its frowsy head about two hundred feet, far above the oaks, and looks down, as a true autochthon, upon the emulous immigrants, the eucalypti, with easily imaginable disdain. Its circumference is about thirty feet, I think, including the stump of its twin or child tree, which fell some years ago.

A high bulwark guards the roots of the trees from the winter torrents of the stream. We like to think that a railroad company has so much corporate

soul as to build this for its nobler service. The creek on which the *palo alto* stands was originally called the Arroyo de San Francisco. And it was so named because, upon its bank where it leaves the cañada, the cross was planted which marked the consecration of that valley for the Mission of St. Francis. The peninsular history would read differently had this brook been perennial. For it was only the want of sufficient water that determined the establishment of the mission at the present San Francisco instead of this older site of that name. The cross set up by Padre Palou in 1774, which Padre Font found standing in 1776, may have remained until this time.

It was near its site that the party of Portalá, in 1769, had their melancholy camp for several days, "making themselves ill by eating acorns, while the sergeant and eight of the party are absent examining the country." On their return from the reconnoissance, the country is reported "sterile and the natives hostile." This was a little earlier in the winter than the time of Vancouver's visit, and the rains may have been later.

Crossing the San Francisquito, our travelers find themselves already within the Llanura de los Robles. This plain of oaks—now called the Santa Clara Valley, or forming the northern portion of it—is the one traversed by all the discoverers, the cañada route here opening into it.

Leaving now "this imaginary park, we advanced," the journal continues, "a few miles in an open, clear meadow, and arrived in a low, swampy country, through which we progressed very slowly, the horses being nearly knee-deep in mud and water for about six miles." The marshes along the bay have always been an occasion of misadventures. Sir Edward Belcher was compelled to spend a dreary night in them, with thanks—or other address—to the "bad pilot." Much of these tidal lands has been reclaimed, and is richly fertile.

The narrative continues: "Soon after night closed in we arrived at the Mission of Santa Clara. Our reception . . . by the hospitable fathers of the Mission was such as excited in every breast the most lively sensations of gratitude and regard."

It is a pleasant picture. The weary, chilled, and probably very hungry young Saxon resting by the hearth fire, — doubtless such was needed and supplied, — of these lonely pioneers of an alien race, and missionaries of an almost alien faith, who receive him not as a heretic, but humanly and Christly as "a stranger" whom they took in, and whom, hungry, they fed.

Such generous reception was, I think, usual to strangers that visited the early missions, and due to other impulse than merely pleasure at relieved loneliness and monotony. La Pérouse,—who represented a less friendly power, although a common faith,—was received at San Carlos with equal generosity. At a later date, 1824, Kotzebue was received at this same Mission of Santa Clara, he tells us, with "scarcely common civility." But that was in a degenerate period, when the mission was "fast falling into decay." Such incivility may also have had personal occasion. The Russian traveler saw things through very blue goggles, which fitted his nose ill, and kept him in habitual irritation, I believe. His harsh animadversions upon the Protestant missionaries in the Sandwich Islands were squarely contradicted by the more competent judge, Charles Darwin.

I refer to this to suggest much caution in taking the hasty and often unsympathetic impressions of some early critics of the Franciscan missions, and of later critics of other missions.

It is a relief, in looking beyond the merely money-getting immigration of later days, to feel critically justified in imputing a generally pure, if erring, philanthropy to those robed incomers,

with their crucifixes of a vicarious sorrow and their "scourges of small cords," with whose saving pains they thought to supplement those of the Vicar. They erred, but less in motive than in judgment. At first, at least, they chastised whom they loved.

The winter evening "passed very pleasantly" to the friars and their guests. Of the former, Father Peña was the head of the mission, and—with his nobler *confrère*, Murguía, the bosom friend of Junípero Serra—was its founder. Peña seems at this time passing under the cloud of melancholia, in the shadow of which his life ended. Such mental decay was not uncommon in these solitary missions. We may suppose, therefore, that the companionship of this genial and hale young officer was of peculiar delight to the moody friar. Perhaps some of the ship's grog remained to enliven the evening. Peña was a well informed man, and there was much to say of the affairs of that very critical day of modern history.

The tired traveler doubtless sought his rude bed early, and probably unreflecting that no other Englishman since Drake had slept on these shores, enjoyed the rest of the weary righteous.

"After a most excellent breakfast next morning, the 21st, on tea and chocolate," he writes, "we took a view of the establishment and the adjoining country."

The latter is "an extensive fertile plain, the soil of which is a rich, black, productive mould, superior to any I had before seen in America." The tilling of this is in primitive fashion. "By the help of a very mean and ill-contrived plough drawn by oxen, the earth is once slightly turned over and smoothed down by a harrow. In the month of November or December the wheat is sown in drills, or broadcast on the even surface, and scratched in with a harrow. This is the whole of their system of husbandry, which uniformly produces them

in July or August an abundant harvest." The wheat returns "twenty-five to thirty for one." Maize, pease, and beans are also raised. "Here were planted peaches, apricots, apples, pears, figs, and vines, all of which, excepting the latter, promised to succeed very well." Santa Clara fruits were early a luxury in San Francisco.

The buildings of the mission were "on the same plan as those of St. Francisco, built near and connecting with the church, but appearing to be more extensive, and to possess more comforts or rather less inconveniences," than those of the other mission.

There was the same cloistral system for the women, whose weaving Vancouver thought excelled that of the women of the other mission. Of their quarters, Kotzebue says that they "resembled a prison for state criminals." "I have occasionally seen the poor girls rushing out eagerly to breathe the fresh air, and driven immediately into the church by an old ragged Spaniard, armed with a stick." Some of the girls, he says, wore "bars of iron" on their legs.

Vancouver, however, detected nothing harsh in the administration of the mission. As to Kotzebue's aged Spaniard, he may not have been at fault for his "rags," he certainly was not for being "old," and his "stick"—which it is not said he used—may have been his cane. The "poor girls" could hardly have wanted for "fresh air" in their roofless quadrangle. The chains were humaner than a club to restrain the rebellious.

The system were more accurately compared to our reformatory institutions than to slavery. The selfish motive that dishonors slavery is here wanting.

The notable building of the mission was the chapel, with which the quadrangle connected. "This," says Vancouver, "was long and lofty, and as well built as the rude materials of which it

was composed would allow." This material was the common adobe, which, although so unstable, lends itself well to the type of architecture in use. Kotzebue thought the material was stone.

A pathetic interest attaches to this church—"the finest yet erected in California"—from the circumstances of its dedication. Designed by the saintly Murguia, who had some architectural training, it had been the object of his most devoted toil of brain and hand. At last he saw it ready for the solemn dedication by the aged Junipero, who, worn and diseased, was making his last itineracy. But when Junipero reached Santa Clara, the priestly builder had died, and lay buried beneath the work of his hands. This dedication, with the attending military pomp, on May 15, 1784, was the last such service done by Serra. At its conclusion he took his weary way through the mountains to the San Carlos Mission at Monterey, and there peacefully fell asleep in the late summer of that year, leaving to this Western Slope its noblest personal tradition. At the altar of this church, therefore, his larger labors may be said to have ended.

Of our party, it is of interest to note, the valiant Amador shall, after a sad and neglected age, find his grave here. Here Doña Martina Castro was wedded by proxy to Governor Alvarado, her marriage ring being of California gold. This church was, as Hittell believes, destroyed by earthquake. Bancroft, however, is of contrary opinion, believing it still preserved.

The Indians of this mission Vancouver found in "the same horrid state of uncleanness and laziness" as those of the Dolores Mission. "There is scarcely any sign in their general deportment of their being at all benefited, or of having added one single ray of comfort to their wretched condition," by the precepts and labors of the fathers. He

adds: "Further efforts are now making . . . to break through the gloomy cloud of insensibility in which at present these people are enveloped, by giving them new habitations."

The new habitations, containing each two rooms and a garret, had each a garden and a poultry yard in the rear. It was probably these that Kotzebue called "stalls," affording hardly room for their inmates to lie down in.

Vancouver does not mention the pueblo, two miles southeast of the mission, and on the opposite side of the Little Guadalupe River. He probably considered it part of the mission, but, except as under the spiritual cure of the fathers, it was wholly distinct from the religious establishment.

Founded in the same year as the mission, 1777, it is notable as the beginning of purely civil local government in California. The plan of the promoters of the settlement of California included—originally, I think; at least very early—the three distinct but administratively co-ordinated institutions: the religious *mission*, the civil and industrial *pueblo*, and the military *presidio*, the latter in effect the police adjunct of the others. The San Francisco bay settlements were the first to include all three of these.

The pueblo was a farming colony of Spanish immigrants, to each of whom was allowed "a tract of land that could be irrigated sufficient for planting about three bushels of maize, with a house-lot, ten dollars a month, and soldiers' rations." [Bancroft, Hist. Cal.—i:313.] Here were the material conditions for a flourishing community, the beginning of an enduring and controlling Latin civilization. We may compare it, as the first civil community of California, with that community founded upon the other shore of this elect continent a hundred and fifty years before. The Plymouth colonists of the Teutonic blood had far inferior natural elements of prosperity.

Yet if there had been an ordering Plan into which the details of our history fall, as the builder's details are in the architect's Plan, and we are now capable of broadly seeing that Plan, it was necessary that the Teutonic community should grow, and establish its faith and civil order as a nation's and a civilization's sure foundation stone. It was also necessary that this Latin community and its faith should decay, and this before it had cumbered the land with the debris of a really established order of affairs, as Mexico is cumbered.

And this came to pass. The pueblo never thrived. It soon became the prey of lawlessness and intemperance, which its alcalde of an early date, finding his jail and stocks constantly full, sought to correct by severe prohibitory regulations. The population soon decreased, and here, as elsewhere about this inland sea,—the natural heart of the coast and of any civilization founded on it,—the race and its order of things crumbled away like its adobes, leaving but dust.

If one may think he sees other lines of that Plan: it was well that a formal possession of the region should be held by just such a people—thus prejudicing or voiding the claims of stronger nations—until the colonists on the other side of the continent should be ready to possess this side. When Kotzebue visited the same pueblo in 1824, he remarks: "It is a great pity that we [the Russians] were not beforehand with them [the Spaniards]. *The advantages of possessing this beautiful bay are incalculable.*" [Kotzebue, *New Voyage*, ii: 123.]

Now the very expedition of 1769 which stumbled upon this bay had for one of its explicit objects that of securing this region against Russian encroachment. Had that party not blundered past Monterey, and possibly had not its deer hunters been led to the height from which the bay, so strangely

hid until that supremely opportune moment, was revealed, the possibility of the Slavic race, with its Aryan vigor and the Greek faith, securing this center would have been not an improbability. It assuredly would have been disastrous to the movement of civilization. We were able to purchase Alaska, but how hardly could we have purchased California. The considerable Russian colonies just north of the bay, made not long after Vancouver's visit, were a menace to larger interests than the territorial rights of Spain. One sees on early maps of that region such names as Kostromitinof, Khlebnikof, B. Rumiantzof, and R. Slavianska. But in 1841 these Slav colonists took their strange exodus, forever abandoning their territorial claims. But had they continued them another decade, would our arms and intrigue have availed to give us the full possession of this slope, or any possession on it? And had the gold veins been laid bare half a decade earlier, would England have yielded, even to our threats, the great region of the Columbia River, which Captain Gray this very year informs Vancouver he has entered? Without that concession our territory would have lacked its final symmetry and integral strength.

These are not all of the greater movements of history on this Coast that are strangely rhythmical. Conceivably they may not be more than this, but is it not a sober sight that sees within this rhythm the "secret sense" which makes it of the "poetry of events," which Daniel Webster thought marks our nation's history above others?

The writer has supposed this "spirit" of his story of more concern than its "letter" of incident.

The remainder of the story is brief.

"In compliment to our visit," the journal continues, "the fathers ordered a feast for the Indians of the village. The principal part of the entertainment was beef from a certain number of black

cattle which were presented on that occasion to the villagers."

The original herd of cattle was fifteen head, brought in 1778. On the rich plains they had increased so prolifically that now twenty-four cattle were every week slaughtered for this mission and pueblo. The herd also furnished the meat of the San Francisco and San Carlos missions, Bancroft states, although Vancouver saw cattle on the hills at the former place. As these herds ran nearly wild over the valley they had to be caught, as needed, with the riata. Vancouver rode out to witness the remarkable skill of the soldiers in the use of this. Each cow selected was pursued by two horsemen, who, riding one on each side of their game, at the same moment swung and shot their leather or horse-hair riatas, rarely failing to put both over the horns of the hurrying beast. The riatas being drawn taut, and hitched around the pommels, the animal was led helplessly to the slaughter.

Vancouver gives no details of the feast or other incidents of the day. The following, Thursday, morning they took their leave from the padres, having some difficulty in excusing themselves from the "pressing solicitation of these good people to prolong our stay."

That this visit, a charming diversion to the seafarer, was a grateful relief to the lonely fathers, whose least privations were those of physical comforts, is readily imagined. His sensitive, finely-grained nature would be to their chords of higher thought and feeling what its sounding board is to a harp. Doubtless the lingering tones of that brief intercourse made sweeter many days of their dreary, unrequited toil.

The return to San Francisco, which was by the same general route, was without especial incident.

It was late in the evening when they reached the harbor, in which Vancouver was gratified to find the *Chatham*, tender to his own vessel, commanded by Lieutenant Brougham, at anchor.

The commanders hastened the storing of their vessels. For those furnished by the commandante he would accept no payment, acting under advice from Vancouver's friend,—Señor Quadra, then at Monterey. He accepted, however, various gifts, including implements, ornaments for the churches, and a hog'shead each of wine and rum, to be distributed to the missions and the presidio.

All being in readiness, on Sunday morning the vessels weighed anchor and worked out on the tide to the sea, where, with a fair wind, they sailed to the south.

"Thus," Vancouver writes, "we quitted San Francisco, highly indebted for our hospitable reception, and the excellent refreshments, which, in a few days, entirely eradicated every apparent symptom of scurvy."

Of the port, he states that he had been able to obtain "no precise information," but adds: "Everything, however, that we were able to notice tended to confirm the original opinion that it is as fine a port as the world affords."

On his arrival at Monterey, on the following morning, Vancouver was shown utmost courtesy by all the officials. He was permitted to construct an observatory on shore, and in all ways given generous and indiscreet liberty.

For their incautious hospitalities, the authorities of Monterey and of San Francisco were called to stern account. When, therefore, Vancouver, in the following year, again dropped anchor before the Presidio,—which had been given ampler armament during his absence,—he was amazed to find himself placed under severest, and, he thought, "insulting" restraints, although Señor Sal in imposing them showed generous and considerate personal feeling.

So ended this short poem of events, which, although quite pastoral in its incident is, I think, almost epic in its "secret sense."

William H. McDougal.



FOUR FOR A CENT.

[To the "DEAR" Editor: Like the Sappho of Green Springs, I have given up writing and married a farmer. My farmer is not Bret Hartean. No spiritual diamond gleams amidst his dust. He chews 'baccy. He talks cow. But he goes to bed with the hens,—and I don't. My farmer got a poor bargain in me. He buys his cows with better judgment. But he cannot complain. For I told him beforehand that he had got all the work due him from his three dead wives, and that I had toiled, moiled, suffered, if not unto death as they had, at least all I ever intended to.

He did not believe me. He does now! He has to hire "a help," and do the chores himself, while I, sure of food and shelter for the first time in my life, sit by the fire, *and think*.

Do I weep then that dreams are flown, strength gone, and youth dead? Do I mourn that,—rent and weatherbeaten,—I lie a dingy wreck upon a stagnant shore? Or do I chuckle, while the wind wails down the chimney, and tears fall from the black sky, that I have got my pottage at last, having never had a birthright save to famine. Marry, go to! Whose business is it but my own?

When I destroyed my MSS this one somehow escaped. I send it to you, *Dear Editor*, whose race I unutterably

loathe and abjure, that perchance some desperate sister sailing life's troubled main may destroy her's also, and espouse Hayseed—or Death.]

LET the clangor of life's battle music be hushed for a moment. Hushed be bugle and drum, flute and bassoon. Let the glad clarion cry be mute, while upon the cold bosom of silence a cracked little pipe wheezes its one mean tune.

Nobody can call me a penny-a-liner! For when was I ever paid so much! The ooze of my brain is not often paid for by its specific gravity,—or levity. Rather is it dealt with by dry-goods rule, as if I peddled tape or dress-braid. I am not even paid upon so noble a scale as the yard-stick, but by a mysterious calculation of "inches," which resolves itself into about one-quarter cent a line!

I have never been a journalistic free-booter, with thus the blessed privilege of "sassing back" when ill used. I am a mere hopeless, helpless drudge, forced into life without a chance to say "nay," obliged to eat and drink and to cover my nakedness now that I am here, yet with no fiber of capacity for doing any work on earth better than I am doing every day,—selling my strength, yea, my very substance, flesh, nerve, marrow, brain, by the "inch," at half a farthing a line!

"Go out into the sweet country," say you, "and enter some sunny kitchen"?

Prithee, how thus better myself? I could n't lift a farmer's kettle of "boiled dish" to save my life. A country lass of fourteen can turn off more work in an hour than I in twelve. I should faint at the washtub, and weep at the ironing table. I love dawns and sunsets, to be sure; but I hate pigs, I am indifferent to hens, and of cows I am afraid. Besides I am forty-three years old, and if pride did not reject the title "servant," certainly I could not have the face to offer myself as a "girl."

As a writer, I am strictly confined to the current journals, and such precarious earnings as I can entice from them. I am, in fact, a mere hawker of cheap wares from office to office. These wares are vastly in demand,—the public is greedy for the stuff,—but then, alas and alack, swarms of just such as I besiege every newspaper door.

"Tricks in all trades but ours," we say. Certainly "poor but honest," this trade of inking fingers and pages, yet are there no "tricks" in it? One who watches the whole press gang as I must, to see what each member is up to, and how it pays, how I may imitate "Clover Pink's" remunerative picturesqueness, or perchance filch some of her profitable electricity from "Di Dashaway," might soon come to believe that few trades have more.

That ridiculous goose, the Public! Sometimes I wonder if the whole world is n't an idiot asylum for the castaways of happier planets.

The Public fancies it reads fresh matter every day. It never suspects that it so seldom gets anything better than it deserves; stale old stuff hashed over, or spiced to take the taste of the preserving pickle out.

The massive majority of us farthing-aliners have a very limited stock of ideas to work with. We have no time to read even if we wanted to, which the most of

us don't, having a distaste rather than otherwise for printed matter not our own. Besides, how can we spare time from fighting that fanged beast sniffing and snarling forever at our doors? Does man read in the tiger's mouth? Or woman in the anaconda's caress?

In fact, we work more swiftly with but few ideas. We know just how to make our old soldiers run, trot, and canter. With new ones we might become confused: lose the word of command, even perhaps get trodden upon and kicked out of the line by our new recruits. We can continue to deploy our veterans with less expenditure of vital energy, for the trick becomes easy in time, almost as easy as making shirts for six cents, and trowsers for twelve.

The style of some of the Sunday papers is our style. We wriggle in those papers like mites in antique cheese. We push and squirm to get there, and once there are sure of our lives for another week, unless something other than famine smites us. We are flippant there as "skippers," but is it our fault that the Public has a taste for skipping cheese?

If traces of that same flippancy appear in this over-true tale, written with tears in eyes that I dry with a Japanese napkin as cheaper than a mouchoir, know ye, know ye, that I would write like Mrs. Browning or George Eliot if I could. Would it not be prettier to write of moonlight and love, to murmur of the sheen of midnight rivers and the matin chant of virginal souls? Would I, think you, gyre and gimble in the wabe of print as I do, could wishes make me a sweet little unspankable cherub, grown moon-cheeked upon a diet of air?

We liners, whose name is Legion, all gabble each in his or her little manner. One of us is strong on matters of the toilette, cosmetics, depilatories, and the influence on the complexion of all things in the heavens above, the earth beneath,

and the waters under the earth. Twenty-five years ago that woman was writing precisely the same stuff in precisely the same words, except that where then she would have said, "spun locks of bygone harvests," she now says "straw." One's reason totters on its throne to realize how many thousand times she has rearranged her venerable advice to girls concerning coarse bread and towels, cold cream and cucumber water, of bathing in buttermilk or not bathing at all. So far as I can see, not a shadow of change has passed over her in the last quarter of a century. I reach again for my tear-dryer of Japan, remembering her cruel disappointment and mine when she failed once upon a time to exchange her farthing-a-lining for a secretaryship requiring ten hours' hard labor a day, and paid \$40 a month.

"When I get it," she made rainbow promise, "we will have a square meal, if it costs a dollar."

The reason Selina is able to continue in this changeless way is that she is read now by chits of girls as always, but the daughters of the chits she wrote for originally. If she lives, I have no doubt she will pour forth the same unchanging flood for still other chits, grand-daughters of her first ones.

Once we questioned Planchette in a pious parlor. Whether our foolishness disgusted the oracle or not, I can only suspect. It suddenly reared upon its hind legs, and cantered wildly over the paper.

Thus we read,—
*Better go home, and put your heads in
soak!*

I sometimes wonder if Selina, in the utter weariness of her deadly struggle for bread, does not long to cry out to her chits in the same manner.

Another of us started out twenty years ago, when St. Eastlake was in vogue, and Morris and Marshall choired his praises. She started out in the household decorative line. She is trot-

ting its mazes yet, worn, and gray, and weary, but with exactly the same active trot, sometimes in the sublime aisles of tidies and splashers, sometimes in the picture galleries of merchant princes. She has never advanced a single theory or idea of art of her own in all that time. She has never had one to advance. She can only describe things that already exist, theaters, club-rooms, summer cottages, and winter mansions. She "reconstructs" exactly as some write history, by re-arranging old facts. She makes new cottages, new mansions, new maidens' boudoirs, on paper, and she is known all over the city for the skill with which she idealizes into new copy the same old office decorations, and ornamental desks and railings.

Dear, witless Public, for whom I have such loving contempt, know ye another of us (there are several of her) who goes about among unliterary professionals, singers, actors, cyclists, base-ballists, politicians, cooks, and borrows their names to masquerade under? It is she who writes all the fine and foolish things these unlettered people are supposed to say over their own names, in the public print.

"O yes, you may have my name, and write up any amount of my experiences and opinions," a well-known actress said to me. "But I want you to read the manuscript over to me, to see if you have managed to stick pins enough into old Jezebel without naming her."

Jezebel was, of course, sweet Candida's bosom friend. Their loving embraces were photographed even then upon the mantel.

Others have no decided specialty. They grind all grist into chaff alike. One has an enormous horror of fatness. She writes nearly all the "copy" on the fat question that you see swimming about. She will tell what to do, and what not, to keep your flesh down, and, wish you so, you may read also what she writes about increasing one's weight.

She makes about two hundred dollars a year out of human fat, and calls it journalism!

Nobody can suspect me of vanity, even though I say that of all our press gang, none so versatile as I. I write book reviews, editorials, fashion articles, stories, picturesque advertisements, sensational items, poetry, advice to readers, contributors' columns, questions and answers, art criticism, yea verily, even sermons. I'm a jack at all these branches of our trade. I have a finger in many pies. I never was led to the altar, yet as a liner on domestic and nursery subjects I feel myself a distinguished success.

How do I get my ideas?

Were I flippant in my literary style I might reply, "I bone them." Not being flippant, I sadly explain, "I assimilate them."

I go to the library, turn over bound volumes of the domestic journals and trundle-bed literature, for an hour. Then I go home and spin out a three-dollar or so article from my notes, while my chocolate is warming over my kerosene lamp.

It takes much longer to dispose of my "copy" than to make it. I have never been able to secure any regular engagement, and Luck only is my patron saint. I often prefer to send my stuff to editors by post, postage costing no more than car fares. Often my manuscript makes half a dozen journeys before finding its haven of rest. Thus out of the three or four dollars it brings me I lose from ten to fifty cents in postage money, but no more than car fare would cost me, and I save time. Naturally, I am solicitous always to have thin paper, — we liners would fall into squalor the most abject, were we compelled to use the thick stationery of society women.

With all my airy squeaks and gibbers and my desperate strainings, I cannot possibly make more than \$300 a year. I live on this. Do not ask me how.

Never will I reveal the secrets of the charnel house.

With every recurring spring I turn off from half a dozen to a dozen articles of "Advice to Travelers." Only we and the public know what an appetite the public has for these vernal articles. That appetite comes with the first March sunshine, like a hanker for rhubarb and dandelion greens. The bile-burdened public does n't ask that the greens and rhubarb of this year be different from those of last, nor does it ask that our advice be.

I am strongest on advice to European travelers, even though I was never nearer Europe in my life than the Battery. More than once I have received letters from admiring readers, begging me to tell them more about waterproofs and foot-warmers for crossing the sea.

Once upon a time many years ago, never then having seen the inside of a studio, I wrote an article upon art study from the nude for women. I was amazed at the success of this trifle, and moved out of my hall bedroom into a square garret room on the strength of it, and studied milliners' advertisements, and took pie for dinner. The article was copied all over the land. I received \$5 for it originally. Derivatively, I have since made at least \$150. At judiciously chosen seasons and intervals ever since I have written it over and over again, and still make from \$3 to \$5 with every re-writing.

That seems easy enough, does n't it?

But who thinks farthing-a-lining a bed of roses, errs widely. For our hardships, we women count men-dabblers in the same work largely to blame. Those creatures have no sense of honor in business. Do you hint that women have no great burden of it? I will only answer that Woman (with a capital) is what Man (with another) has made her.

A man-liner will light upon a feminine subject like a bee on clover. He will reel off a page upon the Complexion;

upon Woman as a Cyclist or, a Factor in the Domestic System; upon Woman's Wages in Literature, or Advice to Mothers, with dauntless cheek and a feminine name. These epicene objects are sublime in the Nursery, and I know one with fifty feminine *nom de plumes* who makes at east \$100 a year by tricky re-arrangement of two articles popular in the "Households" of the semi-religious weeklies, "The Secret of the Wife's Power" (good cooking), and "How to Clean House Gracefully," that is, in your best gown and with kid gloves on. I know another, mighty upon "Dress Reform for Women," and cooking articles for the *Epicure*, and the annual advertising pamphlets of the large grocery houses.

These men in petticoats do their best to imitate both the snipperty-snapperty style, and the languorous-moony-murmur supposed to be characteristically feminine. Here is a genuine specimen taken from a Sunday paper:—

Imagine a head, small, exquisitely poised, the crown caressed by blue-black hair that reflects a purple tint on every wave, growing soft and thick above a wonderfully low but arched forehead. Two great eyes [only two! good gracious, why spoil all his lushness by chill numbers?] of hazel-brown are guarded by brows of velvety black. [The velvety-arch is a favorite figure of this school.] Long, mysterious lashes shade an olive cheek. [Only one? dear, dear!] A small Grecian nose, beautiful, sensitive mouth, and radiant, laughing teeth, complete this perfect face. [Lacks a chin!] She has the full figure, with the ample lines of a Greek Minerva [Minerva, ample!], and dresses in gracious [*sic*—graceful,] half-flowing robes, which take away from her amplitude [the idea of detracting from the "lines" of a Greek Minerva!], and clothe her with a double grace and softness. Her head is so beautiful in exterior you cannot all at once realize that it is but a casket which contains a gem of still rarer beauty. [And now comes the great anvil-crash of farthing rhetoric] Her brain power would not disgrace a

Gladstone; her marvelous and varied talents would not have discredited the gifted Edgar A. Poe. In language she is a Mezzofanti, in science she is a Huxley, in simplicity a true Woman [With a capital!].

She was born, must I say when? No, but I will tell you about when. It was perhaps nearly three decades ago, [in fact it was in 1840,] and she so little looks it that the freshness of eighteen summers lights her eye and blooms on her cheeks.

This is the chaff the dear idiotic Public feeds on. Does any one suspect me of caricature? Then I am wronged, for I quote it word for word.

If only a dozen or so of us were grinding chaff into this other chaff, we might possibly make butter for our crusts. But we are thousands, and go butterless to bed.

The above is one specimen of farthing-a-lining. Here is another, and an exact copy:—

Listen to the throbbing strains of the Sea-shore Band; gaze upon the fluffy thing [he means a woman,] that looms and fades in star-like pureness, whirling and glad, and her hair moist from exertion. Then note her dash into the foamy sea, list the glad shout of her, study her round, supple firmness. Then walk along the midnight shore and list to the waves come in sobbing, just as they sobbed a year ago, when all was well, and the girl with the great golden hair walked with us.

Except for its mumbling, *sotto-voce* voluptuousness, this might pass for the real feminine gush. But women are not given to study of each other's "supple firmness," no matter how round, nor are they inspired by each other's perspiration, even though under "great golden hair."

And all this fine writing at a farthing a line.

Of course, we might do better as hewers of wood and drawers of water. If only we knew how to hew, and to draw.

Malheureuse.



SPINNING SONG.

TURN, wheel, turn! while the hours are going and coming,
And the fast thread flies, and shadows grow on the wall;
Turn, wheel, turn! and still like a honey-bee humming,
With slow, drowsy drone, in a dream, let thy soft sounds fall.
Steps pass in the street, and curfew rings, and the neighbors
Smile as they meet, in the light of the sinking sun;
Poor weary feet, ye soon shall rest from your labors!
Sleep comes for all, when the toils of the day are done.

Turn, wheel, turn! the great sea echoes your whirring,
All wide and blue, outspread on its shores below;
Murmuring still with a ceaseless panting and purring,
Filled with a song that never the tongue may know.
Boats slide in, and the waves in a whispering chorus
Croon to the strand, with laughter and lisp of spray:
Cold green caves are filled with the throb sonorous
Of pouring tides that pulse from the far-away.

Turn, wheel, turn! I spin my thoughts in the spinning,
Sun, and sea, and skies, in the whirling thread,
Like a line of life without an end or beginning,
Formed of the deeds that are done, and the words that are said.
Faint, sweet hopes, and the faiths by love befridnded,
Each dim light in the depth of the heart that burns,
Here assembling, softly together are blended,
While ever slower and slower the slow wheel turns.

Turn, wheel, turn! while the hours are coming and going,
And the fast thread flies, and shadows grow on the wall;
Turn, wheel, turn! and still like a honey-bee humming,
With slow, drowsy drone, in a dream, let thy soft sounds fall!

M. C. Gillington.





"THESE TIRELESS 'SURF-LINES ROLL"

NOT UNTO US ALONE.

Not unto us alone, to every soul,
 This splendid inappropriable sea.
 To think that round the earth unceasingly,
 Year after year, these tireless surf-lines roll
 Upon the arid shore their silver dole.
 Not unto us, not unto you or me,
 The dawn's display, the purple pageantry
 Of sunset, nor about the distant Pole
 That mighty and mysterious diadem
 Which men have named the Morning of the North.
 Not unto us alone, but unto them
 Thrice happy, who perceive the dateless worth
 Of beauty, touch with awe her garment's hem,
 And strive to read the message she speaks forth.

Julia Boynton Green.





BRANDER'S WIFE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

IT was a little after seven o'clock ; the most quiet hour of a winter day in the editorial rooms of the great morning paper. The rooms of the managing editor were still dark. A single editorial writer scribbled away at his shabby desk in a little den assigned to him. The local room, which but a moment before had been brisk movement and confusion, was silent and deserted. The big detail book, lying open on the shelf before the city editor's window, had issued its orders, and in obedience to them the small army of reporters had filed out : Jones to a wedding, Brown to secure the latest reports from the chamber of a dying man, Robinson to probe the vitals of the newest scandal, Smith to the city prison ; Tom, Dick, and Harry, to the various churches, to take note of the festivities in progress ; for the night was Christmas Eve, and rich and poor, the gay and the sorrowing, joined in homage to the babe who lay in the manger nearly nineteen centuries before.

In an ante-room that led to the main hallway lounged Simpson, a general utility man, ready to serve in case of emergency. The only occupant of the local room was Brander, the city editor.

Brander sat in his small private office, separated from the main room by a glass partition, through which he could see every man and every movement in it. It was not particularly pleasant to be under Brander's eye, and there was scarce a member of the local staff who had not freely cursed the little glass office and its point of vantage at the end of the long apartment, where its tenant could focus every corner and cranny. If Jones essayed to have a quiet chat with Robinson, there was sure to come a courteous summons from the glass office, calling his attention to an error in the copy he had just given in ; and if Robinson, in passing Smith's desk, halted to laugh with him over the latest joke told by Chirkup, the clown in local politics, he would receive a gentle reminder that when he had finished the story he had in hand there was another detail that he might work on ; and everybody knows that a second detail in the same evening, to a staff man, who has done his full duty by the first, is an indignity that no man who respects himself will patiently endure, and that no man who is not an ogre will inflict.

Brander did not look as if the milk of

human kindness flowed in his veins that night. He was a tall, raw-boned fellow, with a broad forehead and a face that could be kindly, but that wore an habitual frown. The strength and grace of the man lay in his sparkling, dark eyes, and a certain awkward dignity, that asserted itself in his shambling, loose-jointed gait and his hesitating speech. He sat looking out of his window into the crowded street, where happy crowds jostled on the narrow sidewalks with smiles and cheerful salutations; and shame and woe fought for the mastery in his heart. His mind again and again rehearsed the scene that had taken place at his home before he had come down for the night's work.

"I asked her not to go. That should have been enough. How could I explain to her the hints and insinuations I had heard? Or define to her the sort of man I know Carew to be? He never plays the 'squire to a pretty woman without a dastardly object. She believes in him; more than she believes in me. Considers him a proper escort because there is a distant cousinship; or she affects to. How far has it gone? How far has it gone?"

He arose to answer a whistle for "copy," stuffing a bundle of sheets into a little hole in the wall, and jerking a cord that sent them spinning up to the composing room in the top story. He turned back to his desk, and tried to busy himself with the papers there, but his gaze traveled again to the brightly lighted street, and his thoughts wandered.

"I was a fool to have married her. She, young and pretty, fond of society, of music. I, getting old and gray, detesting these things, caring only for home and her, and yoked to this juggernaut that crushes those who draw it as well as those who are dragged under it. I haven't any time for idling, and I believe I've forgotten how. She taxed me with it tonight, and said Carew was

bright and agreeable, and she enjoyed his society. Talked of the matter with perfect indifference, her needles clicking in the most exasperating way while she worked steadily on at some fluffy pink thing, one of those bewitching scarf-like hoods, I'll be bound, that pretty women like to wrap around their heads when they go out at night, for fellows like Carew to admire. And she said it was cruel for me to misjudge her, and to try to spoil her pleasure at this time. *At this time!* By the Lord Harry, if Christmas time is n't a fit season for a wife to be true to her husband, I should like to know what is.

"She is off with him by the time it's to be a swell affair. Jenkins, whom we've sent over there, is a thorough man; he'll have the name and costume of every pretty woman there, and he's not likely to miss her. I shall have the pleasure of editing his copy, and of learning how she looked and dressed. How far has it gone? God in heaven, how far has it gone?"

The door of the local room opened. A young special reporter, who had been hanging around for a month to secure a detail, walked briskly in, and seated himself at a desk, with a look in Brander's direction that invited attention to his dispatch in discharging his mission. Brander scowled cordially at him. He did not approve of a fellow who took only half an hour to execute a commission that would have justified half the evening. There was a jingle of the telephone bell in the ante-room, and a man's voice assenting to some message whispered over the wires. Then Simpson, the emergency man, strode through the local room, and flung open the door of the glass office.

"My soul, Brander! The most horrible accident—"

"Ah, is it possible? What is it, Mr. Simpson?"

Brander always resented familiarity. The emergency man accepted the re-



THE SEARCH-LIGHT ON THE WRECK.

proof, and changed his style of address, laying sarcastic emphasis upon the prefix, as he again addressed his superior.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Brander. The *Water Nymph*, 7:30 boat from the San Francisco side, has blown up. Loaded with city people going over to the entertainment of the Philharmonic, in Oakland. What's the matter, Brander? Are you sick?"

Brander's face was ghastly. It was the boat his wife and Carew were to have taken; but he met the other's inquiry with icy resentment.

"You are deviating from your text, Mr. Simpson. What else have you learned?"

"The accident is attributed to some new cheap fuel experiment they were trying with the engines. The bay is strewn with wreckage—and bodies."

"Very well. Telephone the wharfinger at Broadway to charter the tug *Dolphin*, and make your way there as fast as you can. Leave that rubbish, and join Mr. Simpson," added Brander, stepping out of the office and addressing the amazed special, who was slyly consult-

ing a thesaurus. "I'll have two or three other men there before you're off. Get every item you can. Don't let anything escape you."

He followed the departing men into the ante-room, and rung the telephone, calling up a reporter strong on description, who had been sent to the Grand Opera House to write an account of an amateur spectacular exhibition; and he sent a special messenger to another reporter who was a walking directory of names and faces, ordering him to take up his post at the morgue and see every body as it was brought in.

At this moment the assistant city editor made his appearance. He had been let off for the evening, but had made his way to the office at the first tidings of the disaster, led by that strange fascination that draws every newspaper man to the center of action when any great calamity is announced.

"You may take charge of the office, Harry," said Brander quietly. "Hurry the men up on this Christmas stuff; have them boil down every item. Send the men down to the water front as fast

as they turn off the work on hand. Run every line they bring in that is n't repetition. People will want to read nothing else tomorrow. You'll have to fight Bangs." Bangs was the business manager. "He's been laying himself out on Christman ads, but if he wants to get them all in he'll have to get out an extra sheet. He can arrange that for himself. Better send somebody down to the morgue, to see that Sterling keeps straight. He's probably got a jag on already. It's Christmas Eve; but he'll have to sober up and keep his head tonight, and save his good time for tomorrow."

"He has a cool head," commented the assistant, looking after the retreating figure with hearty admiration. "He's going to be in the thick of it, and keep the boys up to their work. We'll sell

a hundred thousand copies tomorrow. The other papers will be nowhere."

David Brander was in the thick of it; but his direction of the local staff terminated with his parting instructions at the office. Those who stood on the decks of tugs and steamboats and viewed the scene of the awful catastrophe, noticed a small boat carrying two men,—one at the oars, the other, silent and watchful, at the helm, which glided about the locality, threading its way between the larger craft, in perilous proximity to them. More than once the tiny shell narrowly missed capsizing, as it made a sharp turn to avoid floating wreckage. But it had an advantage that was not possessed by the larger boats. Its passenger was close to the water, and he looked into dead faces that went floating past, and which smiled to him a



BRANDER AT THE MORGUE.

ghastly greeting. Men and women and little children,—a ghastly throng, borne up by the preservers they had grasped before the second and most fatal explosion, and swaying with the pulsing tide. He reached out his hand and touched long, wet locks, the color of her hair. And he gathered from the crest of a wave that tossed his little boat like an egg-shell a shred of some light cloak, embroidered with pearly beads, and looked at it long and closely, in the glaring search-light of a government steamer that had joined the sorry work of rescue. When boat-hooks grappled insensible forms that might never again know pain, he turned away, sick at heart. Once, with a glow of joy that overmastered his own black grief, he took from a dead mother's stiffening arms a little child that was still warm and breathing, and handed it to one who stood on a steamer's ladder to receive it, while the passengers sobbed and cheered. Off, again, through the floating debris. Brander was steering for the shallows near Goat Island, where the larger boats, drawing more water, did not dare to venture. His keen ears had heard what sounded like a husky cry, off in the darkness. The boatman, for the first time, entered an objection.

"Sharp rocks under water; makee hole in boat; water come in; boat go down; me drown."

Brander tossed him a purse.

"My friend, you can swim like a duck," he said. "All you will have to do will be to paddle over there a little ways, be picked up for a survivor of the disaster, and be a hero among your fellows for the rest of your life."

It is doubtful whether the boatman understood this glowing prospectus, but he knew the heft of gold, and grinned a cordial appreciation.

They had reached the shadow of the island, where a steep ledge of rock dipped into the water. Something was clinging there, spent, exhausted, feebly

moaning. They shouted to the shivering creature to release its hold, but only a muttering response reached them. Against the Italian's warning cry, with a quick twist of the rudder, Brander shot the boat into the little cove and caught at the clinging figure, throwing his own weight back upon the other side as it lurched and spun about, a trick that he had learned in black bass fishing down South. The boatman, calling on all the saints and fiends to witness that he protested against this suicidal proceeding, but being nevertheless a human being, reached out a hand and helped him, and between them they landed their game. The fellow—for Brander knew by this time that his salvage wore bifurcated garments—sank shivering into the bottom of the boat. In very pity for his plight Brander flung his overcoat to him. The rescued man stammered his thanks, and sat up to wrap it about him. The boat swung into the search light of the war vessel, and they saw each other's faces. He had saved Carew.

When the little boat was seen with its human freight, a glad cry rang again over the water. A tug hailed them, and offered to relieve them of their passenger. It was the Dolphin, chartered by Brander on behalf of his paper. The emergency man gave a shout when he saw his chief.

"This is a big thing for the *Anvil*; we'll make the welkin ring with it to-morrow," he said to Brander as he hung over the rail.

"All right," coolly returned Brander, in whom the instinct of the newspaper man seemed to survive every other emotion, and who was not slow to see the advantage it would be for his paper. "All right. Use it as you like, only no names. Remember that."

"By the great horn spoon! What's the good of it, without names?" demanded the emergency man, aggrieved.

"Credit it to the staff at large,"

called Brander, as he disappeared down the ladder.

He looked back to give a parting signal to the boys, but the only man he recognized was Carew, still wearing his overcoat, bending over the rail, searching the waters with ghoulis expectation, and a wan face that to his rescuer seemed to bear the brand of sin. The pure exaltation of the moment was swept away by a sudden tide of passion that might have made him a murderer, had not opportunity been denied him.

There was no longer any hope of finding other living souls among the wreckage. They rowed once more to the island and skirted its shores, but no cry for help sounded over the waters that sobbed and flung themselves at its feet. Spreading a little sprit-sail, the skiff fled like a bird to its haven on the shore of the great city.

Nobody was surprised to see Brander at the morgue. Sterling appealed to him at once with maudlin pathos, his brogue getting the mastery of his education, as it always did when he was a bit convivial.

"The paper's impōsing on me, indeed it is, Mr. Brander. It's worse than the terrors — a whole regiment of thim. Give me a drink, and I'll wake the whole crowd in beautiful style. They do these things better in the ould country :—

"Oh, well I rimimber the day
Whin we waked ould widdy Machree.
We waked her with rum, an' we waked her
with gin,
An' we waked her handsome-ly."

"Be silent, Sterling. Have some respect for the heartbroken people about you, if you have n't any for yourself," sternly commanded Brander. "How far have you got with your identification?" he inquired, addressing Sterling's guardian.

"I've named ivery one that is dacent-ly dressed," put in Sterling eagerly, for his mind was clear on everything that

pertained to his profession, except his own representation of it. "And those that were taken off the upper deck that was blown off in a lump from near the engine : the legs, and arms, and heads : there is a miscellaneous lot, and I'll be dashed if I'm anatomist enough to assort them. Mr. Brander, I'll just be after steppin' round the corner a minute,—

"Oh, we waked ould widdy Machree—"

"Were there any people — that we knew?" asked Brander of the youthful reporter who had Sterling in tow.

"There is M., the lawyer, Mrs. L., the rich widow, and quite a number of reputable business men. And there is one girl I used to go to school with—"

Brander respected the boy the more for the tear that stood in his eye. The young fellow was a protégé of his wife's. But Sterling was breaking out again :—

"We waked her by day, an' we waked her by
night,
An' we waked her swate in the bright moon-
light."

"Drop that lunatic at the nearest saloon, Fred," he said kindly to the boy. "There is no message to deliver for me at the office, thank you. I shall not be down again tonight."

He was at last on his way to the empty place he called home, and grief and shame walked beside him. Every block seemed a league, but when he reached his doorstep he would fain have been back at the beginning of his journey. He put his key in the latch, and turned it softly, as he had been in the habit of doing when he came in late, lest he might disturb her slumbers, and he stepped lightly on the stairs, and opened and shut the door of their little sitting room with a stealthy touch, like one who comes as a thief in the night, looking upon that to which he has no title.

How pretty the rooms were, with their warm-hued draperies, their modest but

comfortable furnishings, the books and magazines scattered about, the glowing embers in the grate. They had made the best of it, although neither of them had ever approved of life in a flat. The dream of their early married life had been the possession of a little cottage across the bay. For upward of two years he had been striving to make the dream a reality, keeping up a special correspondence with an Eastern daily, turning off an occasional paper for a magazine, denying himself cigars, gloves, the books he wanted, going so shabby that she had noticed it, and had poutingly declared that she was ashamed to be seen on the streets with him. The deeds to a little home in Oakland were at that moment in his breast pocket, and they were to have been her Christmas gift.

Now all was changed. Tonight he wrestled alone with the loss that before another day had passed would be heralded throughout the city; but the humiliation and grief that underlay it would be forever locked in his own heart. He was not the same man that he was yesterday. The whole current of his life was changed, and his fool's dream of happiness was over. Yet so familiar and undisturbed were all the objects about him, that he could almost fancy the events of the day to be some hateful vision, and that he could hear the sound of her breathing, low and regular, in the darkened room beyond, whose door stood ajar.

For his thoughts kept returning to her. Strive as he might to think of his future plans, or the effect this would have on his position among men, or what story he had best give the boys to-morrow, he found himself perpetually dwelling upon her, and recalling little unheeded circumstances in their married life. What did it matter how the public took it, or what comments it would make? What did he care for Carew's silly vanity, or the base purposes he might have

harbored? The one thing that absorbed him was the thought of his wife, and the relation between her and himself. And in agony of spirit he asked over and over again the question that had haunted him since sundown: How far had it gone? How far had it gone?

Her work-basket stood on the mantel. The cover was slightly lifted, and he saw half thrust into it the filmy pink web and the glittering needles whose persistent click had so annoyed him. He reached out his hand and drew the little roll of worsted toward him with a fierce movement, dropping the ball on the hearth. He smoothed the work out on the mantelshelf, and straightened it into shape with his great hands, scarred and gashed with the work they had done that night. And it was a tiny shirt, fleecy and rose-tinted as the clouds of dawn upon which little new-born souls come sailing in their strange voyage from the great unknown.

"*At this time.*" So cruelly misjudging her "*at this time.*" Oh, blind, blind, blind that he had been! At last his eyes were opened, and he saw her soul in all its purity and innocence. He groaned aloud, and a scalding tear baptized the tiny garment.

"David!"

Do ransomed souls ever come back from paradise, bringing comfort and healing to the stricken hearts they leave behind? With such divine tenderness might they speak. He raised his head, and saw her standing there in the doorway that separated the two rooms, clad in some light wrapper, her cheeks flushed with sleep, her eyes loving and trustful.

"I tried to sit up until you came home, but you were so late that I thought I would lie down for a little time, and I fell asleep. You could n't think I would go, David, after what you said? I thought it over after you were gone; second thoughts are best; and I saw that you were right. I will never let you be

troubled in that way again, for — oh, David!”

The confidence that trembled on her lips, so long held in reserve by a young wife’s instinctive delicacy, remained unspoken, for she saw the gossamer web crushed beneath his hand, and with a cry and a blush rescued it from him.

He took her in his arms, to make sure that she was flesh and blood, and he prayed that she might never know how cruelly his thoughts had wronged her.

“But you are so strange and silent, dear,” she murmured. “And your clothes are damp. Where have you been, David, and what have you been doing?”

“Tomorrow I will tell you, dear. Not

tonight. This is Christmas Eve,” he replied, in a choked voice.

Even as he spoke, a peal of bells announced the day.

“Do you hear their message, dear? ‘Glad tidings! Glad tidings of great joy!’ That is what they are saying to us.”

The young wife, looking up, was impressed by the solemn rapture in his face. His thoughts had traveled over nineteen centuries, and halted at a manger, where shepherds watched and a holy baby lay.

For the coming of a little child once gladdened and redeemed mankind; and day by day the miracle is re-enacted in our homes.

Flora Haines Loughhead.



ORIGINAL RESEARCH.

THEY say the music of the crystal spheres
Is only heard by philosophic ears;
But I have heard it fifty times as well
Watching the moon with Lady Isabelle.

THE SILVER QUESTION, FROM THE INTERNATIONAL STANDPOINT.

[The article was written last June, in the City of Mexico. The meeting of the International Monetary Congress at Brussels has since modified the situation, but Mr. Brooks's foresight as to what that Congress would do seems to have been correct, and his article is of value as giving the view of the question from the standpoint of the exclusively silver countries. Ed.]

THE silver problem has come to be considered an American question, principally, let us hope, because as a nation we have been more thoroughly educated to its importance than others. It is undeniable, at least, that "America" is almost the sole active champion of silver. It is one of the consequences of the bitterness of modern commercial competition that England has hitherto opposed the rehabilitation of silver, though it is gradually coming to be understood that Great Britain is much more largely interested in its restoration than even the United States. It is a misfortune that in Europe the masses of the people pay little or no attention to the subject. On questions of finance they allow their legislators to think for them. Whereas, with us, nearly every intelligent man has an opinion upon the matter, and great effort has been made to place all the facts bearing upon it within easy reach. Scarcely a day but some paper or magazine has an article in relation to it. The very diversity of opinion, and the extremely antagonistic views, all have a tendency to unearth the facts, and shed light upon their obscurest details.

Great efforts have been made to epitomize it, as a question of honesty or dishonesty. The gold advocate scorns to pay his debts, or the debts of the nation,

in silver worth only some seventy cents on the dollar. The silver man, entangled in the mysteries and intricacies of the question, cannot deny that silver is depreciated and degraded, notwithstanding the fact that the silver certificates in his pocket are just as good as the gold bills, and are in fact paid and received entirely without discrimination. Still the gold man insists upon the issue. "If," he says, "you force a depreciated currency upon the country and compel your creditors by law to accept it, that is fraud! it is repudiation!" Undoubtedly it is, and with this admission let us leave what may be called the national aspect of the case for a few moments, and consider it from the *international* standpoint. There are two sides to the medal. We have read one, let us interpret the other.

At the present moment, three fourths of the population of the world use silver as the sole standard. It is safe to say that they always have been, and always must be, silver monometallists, for the very sufficient reason that there is not gold enough for all. Comparatively few nations have the single gold standard. The rest have, or are trying to have, the double standard. Until quite recently gold and silver had a certain fixed relative value, at which they were interchangeable all over the world. So long as this was the case, the difference in standards occasioned no loss or inconvenience. There were certain periods when the precious metals, either or both, were scarce; other periods when they were abundant, or even superabundant. It was with the product of gold and silver as with the crops: sometimes a bountiful harvest, sometimes an approximate famine; and with similar re-

sults: men were happy and prosperous during abundance, and suffered during periods of scarcity. We are apt to think our bonanzas of the precious metals the only bonanzas. We might as well think there were no bountiful harvests before our time. If we refer to Bible history, or to uninspired ancient history,—to the history of the middle ages, or to time bordering upon our own,—we find the harvests of the treasures of the earth yielding scarcity or abundance. Above all, it is not on record that people ever complained of having too much. During hundreds of years, the world produced its treasures, the nations using both silver and gold finding no serious embarrassments in consequence of fluctuations in the product, wisely adjusting them by occasional modifications of standard.

It has been reserved for this age, the age of intense commercial activity, energy, enterprise, and invention, to discover that we have too much!—that God is too bountiful!—that our harvests of the precious metals are too abundant; so great, in fact, that one must be demonetized! Yet, within the last century, America alone has given birth to forty-four great States, some of them equaling or surpassing the second-rate nations of Europe in activity and importance,—States at this moment growing as the newer European states never grew. Then consider the enormous colonial expansion of Great Britain during the same period, which has caused the mother country to be sometimes called “lesser Britain,”—States and colonies needing during the period of their extraordinary growth every facility which the bounteous harvests of the precious metals have provided for them; which the bounty of God has furnished, but which the folly or the greed of men seeks to deprive them of.

Let us remember that this silver question is entirely modern. The nations of the world entered upon the nine-

teenth century in complete ignorance of it. The countless millions of the East, of China, India, Africa, the many states of South and Central America, Mexico,—in fact, three fourths of the world, peaceably enjoyed an independent silver standard, while England, France, and the principal commercial states of Europe used the double standard, so-called, the relative value of the two precious metals being established by international law and custom.

During the early part of the century, England occupied a masterful position as the greatest manufacturing and commercial nation of the world. Europe, suffering from the prolonged Napoleonic wars, was a smoldering ruin, dejected and bankrupt. France, her greatest competitor, had suffered nearly as much as the nations she had overrun. “America,” or to speak more correctly, the United States, was a narrow strip on the Atlantic seaboard, her people struggling and poor. England controlled the commerce of the world; she was the great creditor nation of the world. As such, she decreed the single gold standard, and by that decree annulled the heretofore existing law and custom relating to the precious metals,—an act which attracted little attention at the time, but the consequences of which have been more momentous than any decree, ancient or modern. These consequences would have been felt more immediately but for the extraordinary discoveries of gold in California, and later in Australia and elsewhere. For a time these occasioned considerable alarm, and a single *silver* standard was talked of. Silver actually advanced to a premium, but the silver discoveries of Nevada followed, and subsequently those of Utah, Montana, Colorado, and the great central West.

Meanwhile the American civil war ensued, resulting in the suspension of specie payments. The Franco-German war followed, and Germany, elated by

her victories, and emulous to make Berlin rival London or the great financial center of the world, followed the English precedent, demonetized silver, and threw her enormous stock upon the market, thereby causing the fatal depreciation which speedily ensued. Other nations followed, or still seek to follow suit. As one after another of the great creditor and manufacturing nations of the world deliberately seceded from the ancient international standards, the whole financial world became alarmed. Silver, thus ignored and debased, became a commodity, alternately raised or depreciated in the interest of speculators. It became a favorite *stock*, listed upon the stock-board of nations: enormous combinations were made—still are made—to raise or depress it, regardless of national or international loss, of the ruin of commercial interests in the silver standard countries, or of the suffering and starvation of the poor. Let it be remembered that the silver monometallic nations are the poor nations of the world. Three fourths of their people are constantly, in fact, on the verge of starvation. To force the still further depreciation of their standard, is to consign countless thousands of them to perish. The demonetization of silver was a “deal” of the rich nations against the poor,—a grand international deal. At this moment, on the very borders of the United States, people, inhabitants of a silver monometallic state, are in a condition of semi-starvation, in consequence of a prolonged drought. Corn, their principal staple, which ordinarily sells at one dollar and a half a *fanega* of 160 pounds, is now twelve dollars and a half! Corn is consequently being exported from the United States to relieve them. The poor things pay for it in silver dollars, at *thirty-five per cent discount*! That is the other side of the medal, and its interpretation! Let us compare both sides, and try to arrive at just conclusions.

This article is written in Mexico, where silver is the one only standard. Certainly it must be called a standard, fluctuating as it is, since the prices of all articles here conform to it. Mexico is a silver-producing country, the greatest in the world next to the United States. Two thirds of all its product, estimated by value, is silver. Of silver it produces annually about thirty-five million dollars, and of gold seven hundred and fifty thousand. The country has few manufactures, no rivers to furnish cheap transportation or water power, little or no coal. Thus it is, comparatively speaking, a large importer,—a small exporter, of raw material principally, and the balance of trade is heavily against it. As with most silver monometallic countries, it is practically *impossible* for it ever to adopt a gold standard. All importations have therefore to be paid for in silver, at a discount at the present time of from thirty-five, say, to forty per cent.

Business is done in Mexico at long credit. It has been heretofore almost altogether in the hands of European houses, who buy of the European manufacturers at from one to two years' time, and sell at from eight months to a year, taking notes therefor. As the value of silver has depreciated twenty per cent since some of the merchants last purchased of the European manufacturers, and they have to remit silver, or buy drafts, which is the same thing, they *lose twenty per cent*! It is, of course, practically impossible to mark their goods up or down to correspond to the constantly fluctuating value of silver. Think of the disadvantage under which the commerce of a great country labors while such a state of things exists! Yet all the silver standard countries are suffering the same, and it does not appear that they are to have any voice in the coming international conference. That is a conference of creditors who are to sit in judgment upon their own

acts ; of victors to distribute the spoils ! —among themselves, of course. Try to realize what a discount of thirty-five or forty per cent really means in the case of a nation—of all silver nations—that must remit in silver. Think of great commercial houses, with branches in most of the large cities, remitting in payment of their annual purchases at a loss of twenty per cent ! But that is not all by any means ; it is the uncertainty, the unceasing dread of still further depreciation, the certainty of continual fluctuation. Mexican dollars are now selling at sixty-eight cents. They have been still lower. Should nothing be done at the international conference, as the best informed predict, Mexican dollars will decline to fifty cents, perhaps even lower ! If such a state of things continues, it must ruin every commercial house in Mexico, and in all silver standard countries. India is not excepted—fortunately, perhaps, considering the great questions at issue. It is almost impossible for the officers of the Indian civil and military service to support their families in Europe, in consequence of the enormous discount. Nearly all South and Central America, and all the great nations of the East, suffer correspondingly, no doubt. The voices of most of those suffering people will be unheard at the congress ; or, if heard, will probably be ignored.

The mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind sometimes more than is sent to the mill. He is an unwise creditor who ruins his debtor. He is also an unwise merchant or manufacturer who so treats his poorer customers as to discourage the sale of his goods. Assuredly these buyers from the silver nations will try—are now straining every nerve—to manufacture their own raw material, in their own land, with cheap labor, payable in silver at par, rather than to import from England or Germany, paying in silver at an ever increasing discount. It may in fact be accepted as an

axiom, that the depreciation of silver acts *pari passu* as a premium to have manufactories in all silver standard countries. England kicks at “protection,” but every unit which she depreciates silver is equivalent to a corresponding export tax upon her own manufactures, at least so far as the silver standard countries are concerned. At last,—*at last*, they are beginning to see this ; hence the recent action of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce in favor of silver, and hence the change of attitude on the part of some British bankers and economists. It is a fact that in the silver monometallic countries the poor cannot at present buy any imported articles. They go barefooted, or wear sandals of hide. Homespun linen and cotton suffice to clothe them ; native straw to cover their heads ; native corn, crude sugar, and cheese, to feed them, except during seasons of drought like the present, when they starve and die like flies in response to the European decree, which depreciates their silver, taxing them thirty-five or forty per cent upon the importation of food and clothing from more favored countries. England, the apostle of free trade ! The demonetization of silver is doing more to destroy free trade than all the tariffs which have been invented from the *alcabalas* of Spanish colonial times to the McKinley bill !

In India, England herself is straining every nerve to develop home, that is Indian, products, thereby decreasing the necessity of silver payments. But under her astute direction it is the product of the raw material which is encouraged. Their neighbor, the Chinese, however, are “catching on” to have manufactories. They are shrewd enough to realize all that is at stake, and being independent can develop their industries on their own lines.

There is still another aspect of the question—another source of leakage to the trade of all European manufacturers

who sell on long credits. The fluctuations of silver tend to encourage small and frequent purchases for cash, as opposed to large purchases on long credit. Already in Mexico and South and Central America, the system of "expeditions," of imports by cargoes, is practically at an end. The risks of having to pay such large sums in silver at an enormous discount are too great;—the trade is in fact gradually but surely passing from Europe to the United States. The Hon. M. Romero, in an article recently communicated to the *North American Review*, gives the imports into Mexico from the United States at sixty-six per cent of the whole! It is true, several factors are responsible for this,—the fluctuations in silver which make it safer to buy for cash or short credit, the superior quality of many articles of American manufacture, and the facilities for speedy delivery afforded by the extension of railroads through all portions of Mexico. But those very railroads, initiated for the most part by American capital, have passed, or are passing, into English hands, and this is true of the majority of enterprises initiated by Americans in Mexico. Yet the dividends upon these investments are being sadly decreased by the depreciation of silver;—in fact, some are being carried on at the smallest possible margin of profit, some at a loss, and some are entirely suspended. So that from all standpoints the grinding of the gods is merciless as just!

But after all, the greatest, the most convincing, argument in favor of silver is the scarcity of gold. There is in fact hardly gold enough for the use of the few nations which have declared the single gold standard. The writer was in Europe, in London, during the great crisis consequent upon the failure of the Barings. Had the Bank of France not contributed its gold in aid of the Bank of England at that time, the whole commercial and banking fabric of Great

Britain would have gone to pieces. The crisis was no sooner averted in England, than the gold had to be exported to Germany. The struggle was compared to that of half a dozen men out in the cold, trying to cover themselves with a single blanket! As one would pull and haul, another would be uncovered. After all, with due respect for the acknowledged great ability of European bankers, economists, and statesmen, it appears under such circumstances to be contrary to the dictates of common sense to demonetize silver,—or rather not to remonetize it, since its demonetization has been the cause of such world-wide tribulation. It is now proposed, if we can believe report, to put Austria and even India on a gold basis. Of course the more they try to cover with the blanket, the less completely will they all be covered, and the harder somebody will kick.

There has been a slight but steady decrease in the product of gold during the past ten years, with the exception of the year last past, when there was a small increase over the preceding year. It is a well known fact, that the yield of gold is steadily decreasing at present, while its use in the arts, etc., is constantly on the increase. The yield of silver has steadily increased ever since the discovery of the great silver mines of Nevada, but during the long history of the world these variations in the relative product have always existed. It is quite sufficient proof of the fact, as well as sufficient comment upon it, to remember that silver not very long since reached a premium over gold, I believe as high as four and a half per cent. The steady decrease in the product of gold, and its acknowledged scarcity, coupled with the increased demand for use in the arts, certainly lend no encouragement to its sole use as a standard, or to the further demonetization of silver; nor does the temporary increase in the silver product, judg-

ing from the fluctuations of the past. All nations coined silver money free up to 1819, when England first demonetized it. If the earth has endured six thousand, or six hundred thousand years, we have no record of a superabundance of either of the precious metals, or of the necessity of a gold standard. It has been reserved for this age of unprecedented development, of extraordinary commercial activity, to discover that we have too much, and that one must be demonetized, notwithstanding the fact that three fourths of the world must ever depend upon the silver standard alone,—and that the rest are constantly alarmed over an unequal and insufficient supply of gold.

It is curious and painful to witness the attitude of the great English merchant princes, bankers, and others, relative to this question. An American cannot be in their company many minutes, without being attacked and made to feel that the knowledge of his countrymen in matters of finance is not highly esteemed in Great Britain.

“Do you expect that you can establish the value of a commodity in the market by decree,—by legislation?”

It is true we cannot, but what we have done and seek to do is, at least, a step toward undoing the wrong and repairing the follies which have been committed; and if our example shall lead other nations to join us, that which has been done can be undone, and silver restored by withdrawing it from the list of “commodities.”

But the *ton de maitre*, as though Americans were infants,—at least as regards matters of finance,—“Can you lift yourself by the waistband?”

No; but it is an attempt which the English also made, when they altered the laws which have forced themselves by ages of experience on the world’s acceptance, when they decreed by *law* the value of land in Ireland, and ignored the proverb of *caveat emptor*! Neither

nations or men are always equal to themselves in wisdom. It is human as well as American to err. Has American legislation in regard to silver been a mistake? Certainly it has not proven a success so far; but efforts which fail temporarily, or even permanently, are not necessarily mistakes. So far as sustaining the price of silver in the outside market is concerned it is a failure. Silver is selling in London today, June 27, 1892, at 40 d. per ounce. That is nearly as low as it has ever been. But if the example of the United States shall finally induce other nations to re-establish silver by restoring a fixed ratio between silver and gold, then American legislation will have proven a success. It is probable that we have gone as far already as it is safe for us to go *alone*. If we throw our mints open to the free coinage of silver, while the principal commercial nations refuse to do so, we certainly must become one of the silver monometallic nations. Practically, there is not a gold coin in Mexico, except in the windows of the money brokers. An American \$100 silver bill is worth at this moment \$149 in Mexican money. A gold bill has exactly the same value. They are received alike; nobody questions concerning them. So far, then, American legislation in regard to silver is a decided success. But if we decree free coinage, the United States will be swept as clean of gold as Mexico is today, and American silver bills will cease to command a premium in Mexico or in other countries.

When, not long ago, we passed the law to coin four and a half millions a month, silver advanced rapidly and steadily from 94 cents to \$1.20 per ounce. A portion of the American press thought it was then going to par, which is \$1.29 29-100. The Mexicans did not think so. They are a people who rarely make mistakes of that character. On the contrary, at that critical moment every great bank and all the rich com-

mercantile houses rushed their silver into the American market. Probably, had a financial panic ensued, not a bank in Mexico could have paid ten cents on the dollar, so completely had they stripped themselves in order to realize the advance which they knew must be only temporary. No doubt the same took place in all silver monometallic countries. The movement could be compared only to a stream of water seeking to find its level. The level had been disturbed in the United States, and every stream, great and small, at once discharged into it. Nothing short of draining the sources could have stopped it until the level was restored. We now understand what happened, and what must happen again and again under similar conditions.

Are the sources of silver inexhaustible? Not by any means. But they are sufficient to flood the United States, when the flood-gates are lifted without due precautions. Should the United States declare free coinage tomorrow, every ounce of silver that could be spared from the silver of every nation would be poured upon her. Every nation which, like Austria and India, seeks to establish the single gold standard would also hasten to change its silver for gold. In a few months we should find ourselves among the silver monometallic nations, while others obtained a gold basis at our expense. We should have relaxed correspondingly the ties which bind us to the great commercial West, and find but slender compensation in the increased intimacy of other associations. We should have to buy for gold, and sell for silver. The loss of our gold would inevitably occasion contraction. Years would elapse before the disturbed currents could settle to a calm. In short, it would be fatal!

It is rumored that the result of the coming International Conference will be determined by England. Little confidence is expressed of its success; but

it is the only way in which silver can be restored at present. If a ratio between silver and gold could be agreed upon, the flood-gates *would not be opened*, or the current disturbed. It would re-establish a constant relative price all over the world, as existed before 1819, and for some time after. The argument that this cannot be done is answered by the fact that it has been done.

It is unfortunate that the restoration of silver is considered an "American" policy. England is not friendly at present to American commercial policy. As Lord Salisbury has said, there is a veritable "war of tariffs" all over the world. That war is very bitter, and necessarily produces hostility. There is a growing sentiment, even at home, that American protection has perhaps been carried too far. A purely selfish policy may not prove politic for nations or men. It is doubtful whether any *policy* which produces *war*, whether of arms or tariffs, is wise. Every effort which we have made to exclude British manufactures has been repaid by efforts to exclude our raw material, by gigantic developing in India and elsewhere. But, right or wrong, the hostilities of such a war have been engendered, and we must expect to suffer from them at the conference. The consensus of educated opinion is at present that England will oppose us, and that nothing will come of it. England has only just awakened to the fact that she has been killing off a large proportion of her silver customers. At first she gained enormously by the single gold standard, buying for silver, and selling for gold. If not convinced that she will hereafter be a loser by a continuation of that policy, she will not consent to a change.

In that event, silver will no doubt go much lower than it has ever been, at least for a time, and its complete restoration will be relegated to the remote future. It will be our policy to continue to coin only our own product, which amounts to about the sum of the present

Treasury purchases. This will keep silver at par with gold within our own limits. Other silver-producing and silver monometallic nations will gradually be forced to still further contract their purchases abroad, and to develop their own resources, both of products and manufactures.

It remains to consider the probable output of the mines under these circumstances,—or under any circumstances. Of course, the product of silver will increase if encouraged, and decrease if discouraged. There is a certain dread that the product is at present too large, and that as it has increased steadily for a number of years past, it will continue to increase. A writer recently declared that it is produced at a cost of fifty-five cents, and that the present agitation is nothing but a conspiracy of the "silver barons" to enable them to sell at a dollar!

That is a grave mistake. No doubt there are certain bonanza mines in Colorado,—and perhaps elsewhere,—which can produce silver at fifty-five cents; but for every mine which so produces it, a dozen, or perhaps twenty, produce it at a loss. It is probable that every dollar of silver and gold produced in the world has cost a dollar—that is, striking a balance of the general mining account. Even during the great bonanza on the Comstock it was publicly asserted that, taking the losses with the gains, that was the case, although two of the mines declared two millions a month apiece in dividends for some years. But the consequent excitement was indescribable; thousands upon thousands of "wild-cat" and unproductive mines were opened, worked for a time, and abandoned at a great loss. It is believed now that the balance sheet of the mining upon the Comstock would show a profit; but if a doubt existed as to the Comstock at the period of its greatest production, no doubt can exist as to the average cost of mining on inferior lodes.

It is well known that, as a rule, there is not more than one,—or at most two,—paying properties, even in the richest mining district. The Comstock may be said to be worked out, though no doubt the upper levels of some of the mines will be worked at a small profit for some years to come. But in all the great State of Nevada there are now only some 30,000 people! As it has been with Nevada, so it will be with Utah, Montana, Colorado, and elsewhere. Some of these States have already skimmed the cream; some are still gathering it. But even at this moment experienced miners and mining men will sustain me in the opinion that every dollar produced, whether of gold or silver, summing up the average total of losses and gains, costs at least a dollar.

This is, of course, the fundamental fact which sustains the use and relative valuation of the precious metals. The greater the bonanza, the greater the number of unproductive mines. Though there is no more legitimate business than mining, in a certain sense it may be compared to gambling, where the percentage in favor of the bank always wins in the long run. Perhaps five per cent of all mines produce a profit; ninety-five per cent a loss!

If this be true, why is there an "overproduction" of silver? There is not overproduction. Like any other harvest it will prove a glut in the market if it be not distributed, or unequally distributed. Its distribution has been artificially disturbed by demonetization on the part of several of the greatest commercial nations. The remedy lies in its restoration. Of course, having been so long partially discountenanced in its use as a precious metal, there is now a superabundance. Some change in its relative value to gold will probably be necessary, such as has been decreed in former times, when the yield of one metal seemed to be temporarily in excess of

the other. It is this compensation of scarcity and disturbance guaranteed by the use of the two metals which accentuates the folly of the disuse of silver. To how great an extent the constantly recurring commercial crises of our day may be attributed to it, is an interesting subject of further enquiry.

The one undeniable fact that three fourths of the nations of the world now use, and always must use, silver as the sole standard, is alone sufficient to determine that its use as a precious metal can never be discontinued, and that consequently some permanent standard of

value between silver and gold must ultimately be re-established. The United States may urge it in vain at present. England, and perhaps other nations, may refuse it. But truth is mighty and will prevail. They say there cannot be two standards. But there are two standards. There always have been, and always must be two standards. It only remains to readjust their relative value. Why do they oppose the logic of facts?

"For why? Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them : the simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

Henry S. Brooks.



THE WAITING RAIN.

THE armored sun breaks swift
His shining lance of gold,
His brazen shield he rests
Upon the mountain's breast ;
His helmet's burnished crest
Gleams like the knights' of old.

Upon her bare, brown hills
My California lies,
A bronze-brown goddess rare,
Her gleaming limbs and sun-dried hair
Flash back the naked light
Of fervid southern skies.

The slumbrous eyelids' droop
Belies her heart's hot beat;
Her throbbing pulses leap
To murmured secrets, deep,
Of teeming life in hidden cells,
Where occult forces meet.

Bathed in the sunlight's glow
Her veins secrete the wine
Of purpling grapes' rich flood,
The secret of the lily's bud,
The petalled sheen of poppies' gold,
The glints of tasselled pine.

She waits the vintage of the dew,
The heat's hot ministry;
Her ear against the earth,
She knows the season's birth,
The stir of Eden's gifts renewed,
The still of Nature's alchemy.

A thrill within the cell,
A stir in silk cocoon,
In linnet's throat a softer strain;—
She calls the waiting rain,
And bids unlock the cells of life,
And make the brown earth bloom.

Glow then, ye flushing hills;
Bloom soft, ye valleys wide.—
A song, through all the air,
A glowing pageant rare!
The noiseless noise of growing things,
The purpling mountain's side!

O, then my goddess, brown,
My California,—queen,—
What gifts of bloom, and fruits of gold,
What vintage rare, thy presses hold!
Thy girdle's clasp is virgin light,
Thy robe, the morning's purple sheen.

Eleanor Mary Ladd.



A LIMITED MARRIAGE.

It was early in the present century of grace and gift, when the new régime had been only some thirty years in operation, and many of the angles wanted smoothing and rounding. Many of our ancient garments of honor and probity had had to be refitted to new needs, and not all of us managed to make a success of these things.

Amongst many other appalling changes was the limited marriage, which bound people, not in the old, slow, thick-headed fashion, "till death or divorce did them part," but made each affair binding for three years, with a privilege of renewal for five; and after that for the remainder of the virile portion of life. After old age set in, it mattered nothing to the State what arrangements were made; each person being pensioned according to the number of children which it had been his or her fortune to produce.

It was about this time that my daughter Kate experienced the great disturbance of her life. I ought to say that Kate was not her name; but the one which happened to fall to her in the State List had such disagreeable associations for me, and the mode of assigning names savored so of the ancient foundling asylums, that we had called her Kate in private.

Her trouble was naturally about another woman. It had happened that, when she married young Mallory, that she really had no right to him, there being another girl, a Grace Stocton, on the list ahead of her. But as Kate and Mallory had fallen in love in quite an old-fashioned way, I had bestirred myself, and visited the Superintendent of Marriages about the matter. He was an old acquaintance, and no more of a friend to the new order than I; and

somehow, I don't know how, he arranged the affair.

Miss Stocton, or Mrs. Meigs, as she had become, had felt herself aggrieved, having a penchant for Mallory; and now that the three-year limit of his marriage was at an end, she made it clear to him that, as her own first marriage period was ended too, she would like to try the experiment with him.

Now, if Kate had not been silly, she need not have been at all alarmed. Mallory was fond of her and little Dick, and did not wish the child to be educated by the State, as he would have to be if the marriage were dissolved. But Kate was foolish enough to be jealous, and to goad Mallory to the last extreme of patience, and I was very anxious about the result. I liked Mallory, and was sorry for him. He would have been much happier could he have been an architect, and had applied for the necessary training when he left the Intermediate School; but the official in charge could only send a limited number to the architects' class; he had a protégé of his own for the place, and poor Mallory had to suffer. He was made a surgeon, and never was a contented man afterwards. It seemed to me that Kate should have made allowances for him, and managed so as to keep what little happiness people succeed in gaining nowadays.

I was going to their house and pondering to this effect one morning, only a few days before the dissolution of partnership, and my surroundings added to my dissatisfaction. I never could get used to the new streets, numbered instead of named; the rigid, unvarying rows of houses, or the uniformed passers-by. The hardest thing for one to bear in silence was the modern flag,

which flaunted over the government buildings. The splendid stars, the glory of the ancient banner, were effaced, lest the sight of them should move men to desire to shine like them. The stripes had been retained because of their beautiful parallel lines, but red being too sanguinary a hue, the colored stripes had been metamorphosed into a decorous black. It was all quite typical of the dead level in which we found ourselves.

Kate was at home, in her pretty boudoir, which was homelike to me because of the old-world relics her mother and I had hoarded for her. We had managed to secrete them during the time when the great confiscation and re-division of property was made; and now that the mother was long ago dead, these trifles were my chief reminder of the happy old days. Kate was in tears as usual at that time. She had no news except that Dick was more unkind than ever; which I took the liberty of doubting. At last I grew weary of her complaints, and I could not wonder that Mallory was also weary.

"Well," I said, rising and buttoning my coat, "I'll go to see Grace, my dear, and have a sober talk with her. She may see reason," and I escaped with a decided feeling of relief.

It was a brief walk to Mrs. Meigs' house. She was at home, and as I had known her from childhood, I entered upon my mission without delay.

"See here, Grace," I said. "What is this all about you and Mallory?"

She raised her great brown eyes lazily and smiled.

"You do not finesse, Major," she said. "But what have I done?"

Now I was only a captain in the good old days before fighting was taboo, and

it was now rank treason to be called even by that modest title; but "major" was not only treasonable, it was delightful.

"My dear," I said severely, "I never got that step, as you are well aware. Let us stick to facts. Why won't you leave Kate and Mallory alone?"

"Now, Captain Marion," she replied, with a smile, "Is n't it Kate's own fault? Would Dick ever have thought of me, or I of him, but for her silliness? I assure you I care nothing for Dick, except as a fellow-workman," (her enforced trade was that of hospital nurse). "No, the man I love cares nothing for me, and never will. He is too wise to trouble with me, and as I hate Mr. Meigs, I am making the best exchange I can."

"It is a brutal system!" I cried hotly. "But no man is too wise to be attracted by you, my dear. Tell me in confidence who he is, and I vow he will be at your feet in no time at all."

She looked at me, laughed a little, and blushed. And as she lounged there in all her brown young beauty, something flashed to my head that I had forgotten was in the world; and before I knew what I was doing I was down on my knees before her, pouring out a foolish old heart that I did not know existed.

Well, that was ten years ago, and we are finally and happily settled. But to prove to you the unfairness of the so-called fair sex, Kate never will believe to this day that I was not inveigled into marriage with her charming step-mother. She is no longer jealous of Mallory, and, there being no further crisis in their fate, they cannot certainly expect to make marriage an affair strictly limited to themselves.

Florence E. Pratt.

THE GUARANY.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF JOSÉ MARTINIANO DE ALENCAR.

[Many books have been printed in America, from those of Máyne Reid and yet earlier writers, to that of Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins, giving the impressions of travelers in Brazil, though even these chiefly confine themselves to the neighborhood of Rio and the course of the Amazon. But very few books have been published in English written by Brazilians, or giving any view of their life as seen from within. This is the OVERLAND'S warrant for giving space to a translation of probably the most popular of Brazilian stories. How little Brazilian literature is known to the English-speaking world is shown by the fact that in none of the American or English cyclopædias or biographical dictionaries, save Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia for 1877 (p. 591), and Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography (in the latter more briefly and with a misspelled name), is mentioned at all the most shining light of Brazilian letters, José Martiniano de Alencar. He was the son of a priest, and was born in Ceará, in 1829, was educated for the law at São Paulo, and established himself at Rio, where he gained distinction as a jurist and contributor to the journals of the day. He was in 1868 elected deputy from Ceará, and continued such to the end of his life, in 1877, at one time in the Government as Minister of Justice, but more often in the opposition. As deputy he spoke seldom, but with great effect. His principal works are a poem, "Iracema," and two romances, "Urabiara" and "The Guarany." The latter has been translated into German, and an opera founded on it has been played in New York. It has never been printed in English till

now, it is believed, when we present it to our readers, translated by James W. Hawes.—ED.]

PART FIRST.—THE ADVENTURERS.

I.

SCENERY.

FROM one of the summits of the Organ Mountains glides a small stream, which flows northerly, and enlarged by the springs which it receives in its course of ten leagues, becomes a considerable river. It is the Paquequer. Leaping from cascade to cascade, winding like a serpent, it dozes at last in the plain, and empties into the Parahyba, which rolls majestically in its vast bed. Vassal and tributary of that king of waters, the little river, haughty and overbearing to its rocks, bows humbly at the feet of its sovereign. It loses then its wild beauty; its waves are calm and peaceful as those of a lake, and do not rebel against the boats and canoes that glide over them. A submissive slave, it feels the lash of its master. It is not at this point that it should be seen, but three or four leagues above its mouth, where it is still free. There the Paquequer rushes rapidly over its bed, and traverses the forests foaming and filling the solitude with the noise of its career.

Vegetation in those regions formerly displayed all its luxuriance and vigor; virgin forests extended along the margins of the river, which flowed through arcades of verdure, with capitals formed by the fans of the palm trees.

In the year of grace 1604, the place we have been describing was deserted and uncultivated; the city of Rio de

Janeiro had been founded less than half a century, and civilization had not had time to reach the interior.

However, on the right bank of the river stood a large and spacious house, built on an eminence, and protected on all sides by a steep wall of rock. The esplanade on which the building was placed formed an irregular semi-circle, containing at most two hundred square yards. On the north side there was a stairway of freestone, made half by nature and half by art.

Descending two or three of the broad stone steps, one found a wooden bridge solidly built across a wide and deep fissure in the rock. Continuing to descend, one reached the brink of the river, which flowed in a graceful curve, shaded by large *gamelleiras* and *angelins*, that grew along its banks. On each side of the stairway was a row of trees, widening gradually, enclosing like two arms the bend of the river; between the trunks of these trees a high hedge of thorns made that little valley impenetrable.

The house was built in the plain and simple style of architecture that our ancient dwellings still show. It had five windows in front, low, wide, and almost square. On the right side was the principal door, which opened upon a courtyard, enclosed by a stockade, covered with wild melons. On the left a wing, with two windows overlooking the defile of the rock, extended to the border of the esplanade.

In the angle that this wing made with the rest of the house was a garden, a pretty imitation of the rich, vigorous, and splendid nature that the sight embraced from the top of the rock. Wild flowers from our forests, small tufted trees, a grass plot, a tiny stream of water simulating a river and forming a little cascade,—all this the hand of man had created in the scanty space with admirable art and beauty.

In the rear, entirely separated from

the rest of the dwelling by a wall, were two storehouses or porches, which served as an abode for adventurers and dependents.

Finally, at the end of the little garden, on the brink of the precipice, was seen a thatch cabin, whose supports were two palm-trees that had sprung up in the crevices of the rock.

Now that we have described the locality where most of the events of this story are to take place, we may open the heavy rosewood door, and enter into the house.

The principal room displayed a certain luxury, which seemed impossible at that period in a wilderness like this. The walls and ceiling were whitewashed, but ornamented with a wide border of flower-work in fresco; between the windows hung two portraits representing an aged nobleman and an elderly lady, and over the center door was painted a coat of arms. A large red damask curtain, on which the same arms were reproduced, concealed this door, which was rarely opened, and which led into a chapel. Opposite, between the two center windows, was a small canopy, closed by white curtains with blue loops. High-backed leather chairs, a rosewood table with turned feet, a silver lamp suspended from the ceiling, constituted the furniture of the room, which breathed a severe and gloomy air.

The inner apartments were in the same style, save the heraldic decorations. In the wing of the building, however, this aspect suddenly changed, and gave place to a fanciful and dainty one, which revealed the presence of a woman. Indeed, nothing could be more beautiful than this room, in which silk brocatels were mingled with the pretty feathers of our birds, entwined in garlands and festoons around the border of the ceiling, and upon the canopy of a bedstead standing on a carpet of skins of wild animals. In a corner an alabaster crucifix hung upon the wall, with a gilt bracket at its

feet. At a little distance, on a bureau, was seen one of those Spanish guitars that the gypsies introduced into Brazil when expelled from Portugal, and a collection of mineral curiosities of delicate colors and exquisite forms. Near the door was an article that at first sight could not be defined; it was a kind of bedstead or sofa of variegated straw, interwoven with black and scarlet feathers. A royal heron impaled, ready to take flight, held in its beak the curtain of blue taffeta that concealed this nest of innocence from profane eyes, opening it with the points of its white wings that fell over the door. The whole breathed a sweet aroma of benzoin.

II.

LOYALTY.

THE dwelling we have described belonged to Dom Antonio de Mariz, a distinguished Portuguese nobleman. In 1567 he had accompanied Mem de Sá to Rio de Janeiro, and had aided in founding the city, and in consolidating the dominion of Portugal in that captaincy.¹ He also served as superintendent of the royal revenue, and afterward of the custom house at Rio de Janeiro, and showed in all these employments his zeal for the public good, and his devotion to the king. A man of valor and experienced in war, accustomed to combats with the Indians, he rendered great services in explorations. In reward for his deserts the governor, Mem de Sá, had granted him a square league of land in the interior.

The defeat of Alcacerquibir² and the Spanish domination that followed it changed his life. A Portuguese of the old school, he considered that he was

bound to the king of Portugal by the oath of nobility, and that he owed fealty and homage to him alone. When, then, in 1582, Philip II. was proclaimed in Brazil as the successor of the Portuguese monarch, the aged nobleman sheathed his sword and retired from the service. Afterward, finding his arm and valor of no avail to the king of Portugal, he swore that he would at least maintain his fidelity till death. He took his family, and settled on that land which Mem de Sá had granted him. There, standing on the eminence where he was about to fix his new home, and looking proudly over the vast region that opened around him, he exclaimed:—

“Here I am a Portuguese! Here a loyal heart, which has never proved false to its oath, can breathe at ease. In this country, which was given me by my king and conquered by my arm, in this free country, thou shalt reign, Portugal, as thou shalt live in the souls of thy sons. I swear it!”

This had taken place in April, 1593; on the following day they began building a small dwelling, which served as a provisional residence, until the artisans from Portugal had constructed and decorated the house with which we are already acquainted.

Dom Antonio had gained a fortune during the earlier years of his life as an adventurer, and not merely from the caprice of nobility, but in consideration for his family, sought to give to this dwelling, built in the midst of a wilderness, all the luxury and conveniences possible. He not only made periodical expeditions to the city of Rio de Janeiro, to purchase goods from Portugal, which he obtained in exchange for the products of the country, but he had also ordered from the kingdom some mechanics and gardeners, who employed the resources of nature, so bountiful in that region, in providing his family with every necessary. Thus the house was a genuine castle of a Portuguese noble-

¹The ancient territorial divisions of Brazil were called *capitanias*, captaincies.

²A town in Morocco, where in 1578 Dom Sebastian, King of Portugal, with his whole army perished in battle against the Moors. This disaster was followed by a Spanish domination in Portugal of 60 years (1580-1640).

man, except for the battlements and barbican, which were replaced by the wall of inaccessible rocks, which offered a natural defense. Under the circumstances this was necessary, because of the savage tribes, which, although they always retired from the neighborhood of places inhabited by the colonists, nevertheless frequently made incursions and attacked the whites by stealth.

In a circle of a league from the house there were only a few cabins, in which lived poor adventurers, eager to make a rapid fortune, who had settled in that place in companies of ten and twenty, in order more easily to carry on the contraband trade in gold and precious stones, which they sold on the coast. These, in times of danger, always sought refuge with Dom Antonio de Mariz, whose house took the place of a feudal castle in the middle ages. Thus, in case of attack by the Indians, the dwellers in the house on Paquequer could count only on their own resources, and therefore, Dom Antonio, like a wise and practical man as he was, had provided against every occurrence.

He maintained, like all captains engaged in discoveries in those colonial times, a band of adventurers, who served him in his explorations and expeditions into the interior. They were brave, fearless men, uniting with the resources of civilized man, the cunning and agility of the Indian, of whom they had learned; they were a sort of guerrillas, soldiers and savages at the same time. Dom Antonio, who knew them, had established among them a rigorous but just military discipline.

When the time for selling the products arrived, which was always prior to the departure of the armada for Lisbon, half of the band of adventurers went to the city of Rio de Janeiro, made the sale, purchased the necessary articles, and on their return rendered their accounts. Half the profits belonged to the nobleman as chief; the other was

divided equally among the forty adventurers, who received it in money or in kind.

Thus lived, almost in the midst of the wilderness, unrecognized and unknown, this little community, governed by its own laws, its own usages and customs; its members united together by ambition for wealth, and bound to their chief by respect, by the habit of obedience, and by that moral superiority which intelligence and courage exercise over the masses. For Dom Antonio and his companions, into whom he had infused his own fidelity, this region of Brazil was only a fragment of free Portugal; here only the Duke of Bragança, the legitimate heir of the crown, was recognized as king; and when the curtains were drawn back from the canopy in the hall, the arms of Portugal were revealed, before which all foreheads bowed.

The nobleman's family was composed of four persons: his wife, Dona Lauriana, a lady from São Paulo,¹ imbued with all the prejudices of nobility and all the religious superstitions of that time; for the rest, a good heart,—a little selfish, yet not incapable of an act of self-sacrifice; his son, Dom Diogo de Mariz, who was later to follow the career of his father, and who succeeded him in all his honors and privileges; still in the flower of youth, who spent his time in warlike excursions and in hunting; his daughter, Dona Cecilia, a girl of eighteen, who was the goddess of that little world, which she illumined with her smile and cheered with her playful disposition and attractive ways; Dona Isabel, his niece, whom Dom Antonio's companions, though they said nothing, suspected of being the fruit of the aged nobleman's love for an Indian woman whom he had taken captive in one of his explorations.

¹A Brazilian province on the coast, south of and bordering on that of Rio de Janeiro. The first white settlement in Brazil under the auspices of the Portuguese government was made within its present limits. Its inhabitants are still noted for pride of origin.

III.

THE BANDEIRA.

It was midday. A troop of horsemen, consisting, at most, of fifteen persons, was pursuing its way along the right bank of the Parahyba. They were all armed from head to foot; besides his large war-sword, which struck the haunches of his animal, each of them carried two pistols at his girdle, a dagger at his side, and an arquebuse slung by a belt over his shoulder.

A little in advance two men on foot were driving some animals laden with boxes and other packages covered with tarpaulins, to protect them from the rain. As often as the horsemen, who were proceeding at a gentle trot, overcame the short distance that separated them from this group, the two men, not to retard the march, would mount on the haunches of their animals and again obtain the lead.

At that time those caravans of adventurers that penetrated into the interior of Brazil in search of gold, brilliants, or emeralds, or for the discovery of rivers and lands yet unknown, were called *bandeiras*. That which at this moment was following the bank of the Parahyba was such an one; it was returning from Rio de Janeiro, where it had been to sell the products of its expedition into the gold region.

On one of the occasions, when the horsemen approached the pack-animals, a good-looking young man of twenty-eight, who was riding at the head of the troop, managing his horse with much grace and spirit, broke the general silence.

"Come, boys!" said he cheerfully to the drivers, "a little exertion and we shall soon reach home. We have only four leagues farther to go."

One of the troop, on hearing these words, put spurs to his horse, and advancing some yards, placed himself at the young man's side.

"You seem to be in a hurry to get home, Senhor Alvaro de Sá," said he with a slight Italian accent, and a half-smile whose expression of irony was concealed by a suspicious air of friendliness.

"Certainly, Senhor Loredano; nothing is more natural when one is traveling than the desire to get home."

"I do not say it is not; but you will admit, too, that nothing is more natural when one is traveling than to spare his animals."

"What do you mean by that, Senhor Loredano?" asked Alvaro with an angry movement.

"I mean, cavalier," replied the Italian in a mocking tone, measuring with his eye the height of the sun, "that we shall reach home today before six 'oclock."

Alvaro colored. "I do not see why you take special notice of that; we must get there at some hour, and it is better it should be by day than by night."

"And so it is better it should be on a Saturday than any other day," replied the Italian in the same tone.

A new blush overspread Alvaro's cheeks, and he could not disguise his confusion; but recovering himself, he gave a loud laugh, and answered: "Zounds, Senhor Loredano! you are talking to me in riddles; on the faith of a cavalier, I do not understand you."

"So it should be. Scripture tells us that none is so deaf as he that will not hear."

"Ah! a proverb, I see. I wager that you learned this but now in São Sebastião.¹ Was it some aged nun, or some doctor of divinity that taught you it?" said the cavalier jokingly.

"Neither the one nor the other, cavalier; it was a trader in the *rua dos Mercadores*, who at the same time showed me costly brocades and pretty pearl ear-rings, very appropriate for a present from a gallant cavalier to his lady."

¹ The city of Rio de Janeiro, the full name of which is *São Sebastião do Rio de Janeiro*.

Alvaro blushed for the third time. Clearly the sarcastic Italian found means of connecting with all the young man's questions an allusion that disconcerted him; and this in the most natural tone in the world.

Alvaro wanted to end the conversation at this point; but his companion proceeded with extreme good nature,—

“You did not, perchance, enter the shop of this trader of whom I have spoken?”

“I don't remember; I think not, for I scarcely had time to transact our business, and not a moment was left to look at ladies' gewgaws,” said the young man coldly.

“It is true,” asserted Loredano with pretended frankness; “that reminds me that we only remained five days in Rio de Janeiro, while at other times it was never less than ten or fifteen.”

“I had orders to act with all haste; and I believe,” he continued, fixing a severe look on the Italian, “that I owe an account of my actions only to those whom I have given the right to command them.”

“*Per Bacco*, cavalier! You understand everything contrarily! No one asks you why you do whatever you like; and you will also find that everyone thinks after his own manner.”

“Think what you please!” said Alvaro, shrugging his shoulders and quickening the pace of his horse.

The conversation was broken off. The two horsemen, a little in advance of the rest of the troop, traveled in silence side by side. Alvaro now and then glanced along the road, as if to measure the way they still had to go, and at other times seemed lost in thought.

On these occasions the Italian would cast upon him a furtive glance, full of malice and scorn, and then continue to whistle between his teeth a song of the *condottieri*, of whom he exhibited the true type. A swarthy face, covered by a long black beard, through which

his contemptuous smile permitted the whiteness of his teeth to glisten; sharp eyes, a wide forehead, which his broad-brimmed hat falling upon his shoulders left uncovered; a tall stature, and a strong, active, and muscular constitution: these were the chief traits of this adventurer.

The little cavalcade had left the river bank, which no longer afforded a passage, and had turned into a narrow path in the forest. Although it was little after two o'clock, twilight reigned in the deep and shady vaults of verdure; the light in passing through the dense foliage was entirely absorbed, and not a ray of the sun penetrated into this temple of creation, for which the ancient trunks of *acarís* and *araribas* served as columns. The silence of night with its vague and uncertain noises and its dull echoes slept in the depth of this solitude, and was scarcely interrupted by the step of the animals, which made the dry leaves crackle. It seemed that it must be six o'clock, and that declining day was enveloping the earth in the dark shadows of evening. Alvaro de Sá, although accustomed to this illusion, could not help being surprised for an instant, when, roused from his meditation, he found himself suddenly in the midst of the clare-obscure of the forest. He involuntarily raised his head, to see if through the dome of verdure he could discover the sun, or at least some ray of light to indicate the hour.

Loredano could not repress a sardonic laugh. “Have no anxiety, cavalier; we shall be there before six o'clock; I assure you of it.”

The young man turned toward the Italian with a scowl. “Senhor Loredano, it is the second time that you have spoken that word in a tone that displeases me; you appear to want to tell me something, but you lack the courage to speak out. Once for all, speak openly, and God keep you from touching on subjects that are sacred.”

The Italian's eyes flashed, but his countenance remained calm and serene. "You know that I owe you obedience, cavalier, and I shall not be wanting. You wish me to speak clearly; to me it appears that nothing I have said can be clearer than it is."

"To you, no doubt; but this is no reason why it should be so to others."

"But tell me cavalier, does it not seem clear, in the light of what you have heard from me, that I have divined your desire to get back as soon as possible?"

"As to that, I have already avowed it; there is no great merit in divining it."

"Does it not also seem clear that I have observed with what celerity you have made this expedition, so that here we are, in less than twenty days, at the end of it?"

"I have already told you that I had orders, and I believe you have nothing to say against it."

"Certainly not; an order is a duty, and a duty is fulfilled with pleasure, when the heart is in it."

"Senhor Loredano!" said the young man, placing his hand on the hilt of his sword and gathering up the reins.

The Italian, pretending not to have seen the threatening gesture, continued: "So everything is explained. You received an order; it was from Dom Antonio de Mariz, doubtless?"

"I do not know that anyone else has the right to order me," replied the young man haughtily.

"Naturally, in pursuance of this order," continued the Italian politely, "you set out from the Paquequer on Monday, when the day appointed was Sunday."

"What! did you notice that, too?" asked the young man, biting his lips with vexation.

"I notice everything, cavalier, and have not failed to observe likewise that you have made every exertion, in pursu-

ance of the order of course, to arrive just the day before Sunday."

"And have you observed nothing more?" asked Alvaro, with a tremulous voice, making an effort to restrain himself.

"Another little circumstance has not escaped me, of which I have already made mention."

"And what is it, if you please?"

"O, it's not worth the trouble of repeating; it's a matter of little consequence."

"Nevertheless, tell it; nothing is lost between two men who understand each other," replied Alvaro with a threatening look.

"Since you wish it, I must satisfy you. I notice that the order of Dom Antonio,"—and the Italian emphasized that word,—"*directs you to be at the Paquequer a little before six o'clock, in time to hear the evening prayer.*"

"You have an admirable gift, Senhor Loredano; it is to be lamented that you employ it in trifles."

"On what would you have a man spend his time in this wilderness, if not in looking at his kind, and seeing what they are doing?"

"It certainly is a good amusement."

"Excellent. Look you, I have seen things occurring in the presence of others which no one else perceived because no one would take the trouble to observe as I do," said the Italian, with an air of pretended simplicity.

"Tell us about it; it must be curious."

"On the contrary, it is the most natural thing possible; a youth gathering a flower, or a man walking by night in the starlight. Can anything be simpler?"

Alvaro turned pale this time.

"Do you know one thing, Senhor Loredano?"

"I shall know it, cavalier, if you do me the honor to tell me."

"It appears to me that your cleverness

as an observer has taken you too far, and that you are playing neither more nor less than the part of a spy."

The adventurer raised his head with a haughty gesture, placing his hand on the handle of a large dagger which he carried at his side; at the same instant, however, he controlled this movement, and resumed his habitual good nature.

"You are joking, cavalier."

"You are mistaken," said the young man, spurring his horse, and placing himself by the side of the Italian. "I speak seriously; you are an infamous spy! But I swear by God, that at the first word you utter I will break your head as I would crush a venomous serpent."

Loredano's countenance did not change; it maintained the same immobility; but his air of indifference and sarcasm disappeared under the expression of energy and malice that lent force to his powerful features. Fixing a stern look on the cavalier, he replied: "Since you take the matter in this way, Senhor Alvaro de Sá, it is proper for me to tell you that it does not belong to you to threaten; between us two you ought to know which it is that should fear."

"Do you forget to whom you are speaking?" said the young man haughtily.

"No, sir, I remember everything; I remember that you are my superior, and also," he added in a hoarse voice, "that I have your secret." And stopping his horse, the adventurer left Alvaro to go on alone, and joined his companions.

The little cavalcade continued its march along the path, and approached one of those openings which occur in virgin forests, resembling vast vaults of verdure. At that moment a frightful roar made the forest tremble, and filled the solitude with harsh echoes. The drivers turned pale, and looked at each other; the horsemen cocked their arquebuses, and proceeded slowly, looking cautiously through the branches.

IV.

THE HUNT.

When the cavalcade reached the border of the opening, a curious scene was passing there. Standing in the center of the great dome of trees, and leaning against an aged tree riven by lightning, was seen an Indian in the vigor of youth. A simple cotton tunic, which the aborigines call *aimará*, fastened at the waist by a band of scarlet feathers, fell from his shoulders down to his knees, and revealed his figure, delicate and slender as a wild reed. Upon the transparent whiteness of the cotton his copper-colored skin shone with a golden light; his short, black hair, smooth visage, and large, oblique eyes, with black, active, sparkling pupils, his powerful but well-shaped mouth, and white teeth, gave to his somewhat oval face the rude beauty of grace, force, and intelligence. His head was encircled by a leather band, to the side of which were fastened two variegated feathers, which, describing a long spiral, touched his neck with their black points. He was tall of stature; his hands were delicate; his agile and nervous leg, ornamented with a bracelet of yellow berries, rested upon a foot, small, but firm in walking, and fleet in running.

He had his bow and arrows in his right hand, while with his left he held vertically before him a long fork of wood blackened in the fire. Near him on the ground were lying an inlaid carbine, a small leather bag for ammunition, and a rich Flemish knife.

At that instant he raised his head and fixed his eyes on a tree some twenty paces distant, which was imperceptibly agitated. There, through the foliage, were distinguished the cat-like undulations of a black and shining back, spotted with gray; at times two pale and glassy rays, like the reflections from some rock crystal struck by the sunlight, were seen shining in the gloom.

It was an enormous ounce.¹ The animal was beating his flanks with his long tail, and moving his monstrous head as if seeking an opening through the foliage to make his spring. A sort of sardonic and ferocious smile contracted his black lips and showed the line of yellow teeth; his dilated nostrils breathed forcibly, as if already enjoying the smell of the victim's blood.

The Indian, smiling and indolently leaning against the dry trunk, lost not one of these movements, and awaited his enemy with the calmness and serenity of one contemplating an agreeable scene; his fixed look alone revealed a thought of defense.

Thus, for a brief moment, the beast and the savage eyed each other; then the tiger crouched and was about to make his leap, when the cavalcade appeared on the border of the opening. Then the animal, casting around a glance full of blood, hesitated to risk an attack.

The Indian, who at the movement of the ounce had bent his knees slightly and grasped the fork, straightened himself up again. Without taking his eyes from the animal, he saw the troop, which had halted on his right. He extended his arm, and with a kingly wave of the hand, for he was king of the forests, motioned the horsemen to continue their march. Then as the Italian, with his arquebuse at his face, was trying to get aim through the leaves, the Indian stamped on the ground in token of impatience, and pointing to the tiger and putting his hand on his breast, exclaimed, "It is mine! mine only!"

These words were spoken in Portuguese, with an agreeable and sonorous pronunciation, but in a tone of energy and resolution.

The Italian laughed. "By my faith, an original claim! You do not want your friend offended? Very well, Dom Cazique," he continued, slinging his

arquebuse over his shoulder; "he will thank you for it, doubtless."

In answer to this warning, the Indian pushed contemptuously with his foot the carbine lying on the ground, as if to signify that had he wished he might already have shot the tiger.

All this passed rapidly, in a moment, the Indian never for an instant removing his eyes from his enemy. At a signal from Alvaro the horsemen proceeded on their march, and entered again into the forest. The tiger uttered a roar of joy and satisfaction. A noise of breaking branches was heard, as if a tree had fallen in the forest, and the black form of the beast passed through the air; at a single leap, he had gained the other tree, and placed a considerable distance between himself and his adversary.

The savage comprehended at once the reason of this; the ounce had seen the horses. Quick as the thought, he took from his girdle a little arrow, slender as a porcupine's quill, and drew his great bow, which exceeded by a third his own height. A loud whiz was heard, accompanied by a cry from the beast; the little arrow discharged by the Indian had penetrated his ear, and a second, cutting the air, struck him on the lower jaw.

The tiger turned, threatening and terrible, and with two leaps approached again. A death-struggle was to ensue. The Indian knew it, and waited calmly as on the first occasion; the disquiet that he had felt for a moment lest his prey should escape him had disappeared.

This time the tiger did not delay; scarcely did he get within some fifteen paces of his enemy, when he gathered himself up with extraordinary elasticity, and sprang like a fragment of rock riven by lightning. He struck on his great hind paws, with his body erect, his claws extended to rend his victim, and his teeth ready to devour him.

But before him was an enemy worthy

¹The jaguar, called also *onça* (ounce) and *tigre* (tiger) by the Brazilians.

of him in strength and agility. The Indian had bent his knees a little, and held in his left hand the long fork, his only defense; his fixed look magnetized the animal. Just as the tiger sprang he bent still more, and shielding his body presented the fork. The beast felt it close around his neck, and struggled.

Then the savage straightened himself with the flexibility of a rattlesnake making its thrust, and placing his feet and back against the trunk, sprang upon the ounce, which, thrown on its back, its head fastened to the ground by the fork, struggled against its conqueror, striving in vain to reach him with its claws.

When the animal, almost choked by the strangulation, made only a weak resistance, the savage, still holding the fork, placed his hand under his tunic and drew out a cord of *ticum*⁴ that was wound around his waist in many coils. At the end of this cord were two nooses, which he opened with his teeth and passed over the fore-paws, binding them tightly together; then he did the same with the hind legs, and ended by tying the jaws together, so that the ounce could not open its mouth.

At that moment a wild and timid agonti appeared on the border of the forest. The Indian sprang for his bow, and stopped the little animal in the midst of its career. He then broke two dry branches of *biribá*, and drawing fire by rubbing them rapidly together set about preparing his game for dinner.

In a little while he had finished his savage repast, which he accompanied with the honeycombs of a small bee that constructs its hives in the ground. He then went to a brook that flowed near by, drank a little water, washed his hands, face, and feet, and prepared to take his departure. Passing his long bow between the tiger's legs, he suspended it to his shoulders, and bending under the weight of the animal, which

struggled with violent contortions, took the path along which the cavalcade had gone.

Some moments afterward the thick shrubbery opened and an Indian appeared upon the now deserted scene, completely naked, except for a mantle of yellow feathers. He cast an astonished look around, cautiously examined the still-burning fire and the remnants of the game, and then lay down with his ear to the ground, and thus remained for some time. Rising, he entered again into the forest, in the direction the other had taken a short time before.

V.

BLONDE AND BRUNETTE.

Evening was approaching. In the little garden of the house on the Paquetquer a pretty maiden was swinging lazily in a straw hammock fastened to the branches of a wild acacia, which, as it was shaken, let fall some of its small and fragrant flowers.

Her large blue eyes, half closed, at times opened languidly as if to drink in the light, then the rosy lids drooped again. Her red and moist lips were like the wild lily of our fields, bedewed by the vapor of night; her sweet and gentle breath exhaling formed a smile. Her complexion, white and pure as a tuft of cotton, was tinged on the cheeks with rose-color, which, gradually fading, died out on the neck in pleasing and delicate lines.

Over her white muslin dress she wore a light sack of blue velvet gathered at the waist by a clasp; a kind of pearl-colored ermine, made of the soft down of certain birds, bordered the neck and sleeves, setting off the whiteness of her shoulders and the harmonious contour of her arm arched over her breast. Her long fair hair, negligently twined in rich tresses, left bare her white forehead, and fell around her neck confined by a delicate loop of golden straw, braid-

⁴A species of palm, of the fibers of which the Indians make nets, ropes, etc.

ed with admirable skill and perfection. Her slender little hand was playing with a branch of the acacia, which bent beneath the weight of flowers, and which she grasped from time to time to give a gentle oscillation to the hammock. This maiden was Cecilia.

What was passing in her mind at that moment it is impossible to describe; her body, yielding to the languor produced by a sultry afternoon, allowed her imagination to run at large. The warm breath of the breeze that came laden with the perfume of honeysuckles and wild lilies excited still more that enchantment, and conveyed perhaps to that innocent soul some undefined thought, one of those myths of the girl's heart at eighteen. She dreamed that one of the white clouds that were passing through the blue sky, coming into contact with the rocks opened suddenly, and a man appeared and fell at her feet, timid and suppliant. She dreamed that she blushed, and a bright spark kindled the rosy hue of her cheeks, but little by little this chaste embarrassment disappeared, and ended in a gracious smile which her soul brought to her lips. With palpitating breast, all tremulous and at the same time pleased and happy, she opened her eyes, but turned them away in disgust, for, instead of the handsome cavalier of whom she had dreamed, she saw at her feet a savage. She then as she dreamed exhibited a queenly anger, contracting her fair eyebrows and stamping with her little foot upon the grass. But the suppliant slave raised his eyes, so full of grief, of mute prayers and resignation, that an inexpressible feeling overcame her, and she became sad, and ran away and wept. Then her handsome cavalier came, wiped away her tears, and she felt consoled, and smiled again; but ever kept a shade of melancholy, which her cheerful disposition only succeeded little by little in driving away.

At this point in her dream the little

inner door of the garden opened, and another maiden, scarcely touching the grass with her light step, approached the hammock. She was of a type entirely different from Cecilia; the true Brazilian type in all its grace and beauty, with its enchanting contrast of melancholy and sportiveness, of indolence and vivacity. Her large black eyes, dark and rosy complexion, black hair, disdainful lips, provoking smile, gave her face a seductive power quite irresistible.

She stopped in front of Cecilia, and could not disguise the admiration that her cousin's delicate beauty inspired; and an imperceptible shadow, perhaps of envy, passed over her countenance, but vanished at once. She sat down on one side of the hammock, leaning over the maiden to kiss her, or see if she was asleep. Cecilia, awakened from her reverie, opened her eyes and fixed them on her cousin.

"Lazy girl!" said Isabel smiling.

"True!" replied the maiden, seeing the great shadows cast by the trees; "it is almost night."

"And you have been sleeping since the sun was high, have n't you?" asked the other playfully.

"No, I have n't slept a moment; but I don't know what is the matter with me today, that I feel so sad."

"You sad, Cecilia! It would be easier for the birds not to sing at sunrise."

"You won't believe me then?"

"But pray, what reason have you to be sad,—you who the livelong year wear only a smile?"

"It's apparent enough! Everything tires in this world."

"O, I understand! You are tired of living here in this wilderness."

"Nay! I am so accustomed to seeing these trees, this river, these mountains, that I love them as if they had witnessed my birth."

"Then what is it that makes you sad?"

"I don't know; I lack something."

"I don't see what it can be. . . . Yes, I see now!"

"See what?" asked Cecilia with wonder.

"O, what you lack."

"But I don't know myself," said the maiden smiling.

"Look," replied Isabel, "there is your dove waiting for you to call it, and your pretty fawn watching you with its soft eyes; you only lack the other wild animal."

"Pery!" exclaimed Cecilia, laughing at her cousin's idea.

"The same! You have only two captives to frolic with, and as you do not see the ugliest and most ungraceful you are unhappy."

"But now I think of it," said Cecilia, "have you seen him today?"

"No; I don't know what has become of him."

"He went away day before yesterday afternoon; I hope no accident has befallen him," said the maiden with some alarm.

"What accident do you suppose can happen to him? Does he not all day long roam the woods, and run about like a wild beast?"

"Yes; but he never stayed away so long before."

"The most that can have happened to him is to have been seized with longings for his old free life."

"No," exclaimed the maiden with vivacity; "it is not possible that he has abandoned us so."

"But then, what do you think he can be doing in the forest?"

"True!" said Cecilia pensively. She remained a moment with her head down, almost in sorrow; in that position her eye fell upon the fawn, which had its dark pupils fixed upon her with all the soft melancholy that Nature had embodied in its eyes. She held out her hand and snapped her fingers, at which the pretty animal leaped for joy, and came and laid its head in her lap.

"You will not abandon your mistress, will you?" said she, passing her hand over its satin hair.

"Never mind, Cecilia," replied Isabel, observing her tone of melancholy; "you can ask my uncle to get you another to domesticate, and it will prove tamer than your Pery."

"Cousin," said the girl with a slight tone of reproof, "you treat very unjustly that poor Indian, who has done you no ill."

"But, Cecilia, how would you have one treat a savage that has a dark skin and red blood? Does not your mother say that an Indian is an animal, like a horse or a dog?"

These last words were spoken with a bitter irony, which the daughter of Antonio Mariz comprehended perfectly.

"Isabel!" exclaimed she, offended.

"I know that you do not think so, Cecilia, and that your kind heart does not look at the color of the face to learn the soul. But the others? . . . Do you think I do not perceive the disdain with which they treat me?"

"I have told you again and again that it is a suspicion on your part; all like you and respect you as they ought."

Isabel shook her head sadly. "It is very well for you to console me; but you, yourself, have seen whether I am right."

"O, a moment of aversion on the part of my mother. . . ."

"It is a very long moment, Cecilia," answered the girl with a bitter smile.

"But listen," said Cecilia, putting her arm round her cousin's waist. "You know that my mother is a very severe mistress, even to me."

"Don't trouble yourself, cousin; this only serves to confirm still more what I have already said: in this house you are the only one that loves me; the rest despise me."

"Well then," replied Cecilia, "I will love you for all; have I not already asked you to treat me as a sister?"

"Yes; and that gave me a pleasure which you cannot imagine. If I only were your sister!"

"And why will you not be? I would have you so."

"To you, but to him. . . ." This *him* was murmured in her soul.

"But, look you, I demand one thing."

"What is it?" asked Isabel.

"It is that I shall be the elder sister."

"In spite of your being the younger?"

"No matter! As elder sister, you must obey me?"

"Certainly," answered her cousin, unable to keep from smiling.

"Well then!" exclaimed Cecilia, kissing her on the cheek, "I don't want to see you sad, do you hear? or I shall be displeased."

"And were you not sad a little while ago?"

"O, it's all gone now!" said the girl, springing lightly from the hammock.

In fact, that sweet melancholy that had possessed of her a little while before, as she was swinging and thinking of a thousand things, had entirely disappeared; the spirit of joyous and bewitching childhood had yielded but a moment to the enchantment, but had returned again. She was now as ever, a laughing and attractive girl, breathing all the grace and beauty, combined with innocence and unrestraint, which open air and life in the country impart.

Rising, she gathered her red lips into a rosebud, and imitated with an enchanting grace the sweet cooings of the *jurity*; immediately the dove flew from the branches of the acacia, and nestled in her bosom, trembling with pleasure at the touch of the little hand that smoothed its soft plumage.

"Let's go to bed," said she to the dove, with the tenderness of a mother talking to her babe; "the little dove is sleepy, isn't it?" And leaving her cousin for a moment alone in the garden, she went to take care for the night of the two companions of her solitude with

so much affection and solicitude that the wealth of feeling existing in the depths of her heart, hid in the infantile charm of her disposition, was clearly revealed.

Soon the tread of animals near the house was heard; Isabel looked toward the river, and saw a troop of horsemen entering the enclosure. She uttered a cry of surprise, joy, and fear at the same time.

"What is it?" asked Cecilia, running to her cousin.

"They have arrived?"

"Who?"

"Senhor Alvaro and the others."

"Ah!" exclaimed the girl blushing.

"Do you not think they have returned very quickly?" asked Isabel, without noticing her cousin's agitation.

"Very; who knows but something has happened!"

"Only nineteen days!" said Isabel mechanically.

"Have you counted the days?"

"It is easy," replied she, blushing in her turn; "day after tomorrow it will be three weeks."

"Let's go and see what pretty things they bring us."

"Bring *us*?" repeated Isabel, emphasizing the word with a tone of melancholy.

"Bring *us*, yes; for I ordered a string of pearls for you. Pearls ought to become you. Do you know that I enjoy your dark complexion, cousin?"

"And I would give my life to have your fair skin, Cecilia."

"O, the sun is almost setting! Let us go."

And the two girls passed through the house toward the entrance.

VI.

THE RETURN.

WHILE this scene was taking place in the garden, two men were walking on the other side of the esplanade in the shade of the building.

One of them, of tall stature, was recognized immediately as a nobleman by his proud air and his dress of a cavalier. He wore a black velvet doublet, with loops of coffee-colored silk on the breast and the openings of the sleeves; breeches of the same stuff, likewise black, fell over his long boots of white leather, with golden spurs. A ruffled collar of the whitest linen bordered his doublet, and left uncovered his neck, which sustained with grace his handsome and noble head. From his dark felt hat, without plume, his white locks escaped, and fell upon his shoulders; through his long beard, white as the foam of the cascade, shone his rosy cheeks and his still expressive mouth. His eyes were small but piercing. This was Dom Antonio de Mariz, who, in spite of his sixty years, showed a vigor due perhaps to his active life; his body was still erect, and his step firm and secure as in the strength of youth.

Walking by his side with his hat in his hand was Ayres Gomes, his esquire and former comrade in his life as an adventurer: the nobleman placed the greatest confidence in his zeal and discretion. This man's face, whether from the restless sagacity which was its ordinary expression, or from his elongated features, bore a certain resemblance to that of a fox, a resemblance enhanced by his odd dress. He wore over his doublet of deep chestnut-colored velvet a sort of waistcoat of fox skin, and the long boots that served him almost for breeches were of the same material.

"Although you deny it, Ayres Gomes," said the nobleman to his esquire, slowly pacing the esplanade, "I am certain that you are of my opinion."

"I by no means assert the contrary, cavalier; I confess that Dom Diogo committed an imprudence in killing that Indian woman."

"Say a barbarity, a madness. Do not think that because he is my son I exculpate him."

"You judge with too much severity."

"And I ought to, for a nobleman who kills a weak and inoffensive creature does a mean and unworthy act. Accompanying me for thirty years, you know how I treat my enemies; but my sword, which has struck down so many men in war, would fall from my hand if, in a moment of insanity, I should raise it against a woman."

"But we should consider what this woman was,—a savage—"

"I know what you would say; I do not share those ideas that prevail among my companions: For me the Indians, when they attack us, are enemies whom we must fight; when they respect us they are vassals of a land that we have conquered; but they are men."

"Your son does not think so, and you know well what principles Dona Lauriana has instilled into him."

"My wife?" replied the nobleman, with some sharpness. "But it is not of this that we were speaking."

"True; you were mentioning the alarm that Dom Diogo's imprudence caused you."

"And what do you think?"

"I have already told you that I do not see things so black as you do, Dom Antonio. The Indians respect you, fear you, and will not dare to attack you."

"I tell you that you are deceiving yourself, or, rather, that you are seeking to deceive me."

"I am not capable of such a thing, cavalier!"

"You understand as well as I, Ayres, the character of these savages; you know that their dominant passion is revenge, and that for it they sacrifice everything—their life and their liberty."

"I am not ignorant of this," answered the esquire.

"They fear me, you say; but from the moment when they think they have been injured by me they will suffer everything to avenge themselves."

"You have more experience than I, cavalier; but God grant that you may prove to be mistaken."

Turning at the edge of the esplanade to continue their walk, Dom Antonio and his esquire saw a young cavalier crossing in front of the house.

"Leave me," said the nobleman to Ayres Gomes, "and think on what I have said: in any event, let us be prepared to receive them."

"If they come!" retorted the obstinate esquire, as he was going away.

Dom Antonio proceeded slowly toward the young nobleman, who had taken a seat some steps distant.

Seeing his father approaching, Dom Diogo de Mariz rose, and uncovering himself, waited in a respectful attitude.

"Cavalier," said the old man sternly, "you infringed yesterday the orders that I gave you."

"Sir—"

"In spite of my express directions you have injured one of these savages, and brought down upon us their vengeance; you have put in jeopardy the lives of your father, your mother, and our devoted men. You ought to be satisfied with your work."

"Father—"

"You have done an evil act in assassinating a woman, an act unworthy of the name I gave you; this shows that you do not yet know how to use the sword you wear in your belt."

"I do not deserve this wrong, sir. Punish me, but do not degrade your son."

"It is not your father that degrades you, cavalier, but the act that you have perpetrated. I do not wish to humiliate you by taking away that weapon which I gave you to wield in the cause of your king; but as you do not yet know how to use it, I forbid you to take it from its scabbard, even to defend your life."

Dom Diogo bowed in token of obedience.

"You will start soon, immediately

upon the arrival of the expedition from Rio de Janeiro, and will go and seek service with Diogo Rotelho in his explorations. You are a Portuguese, and must maintain fidelity to your legitimate king, but you will fight like a nobleman and a Christian for the advancement of religion, conquering from the heathen this country, which will one day return to the dominion of free Portugal."

"I will obey your orders, father."

"Until then," continued the aged nobleman, "you will not stir from this house without my order. Go, cavalier; remember that I am sixty years old, and that your mother and sister will soon need a valiant arm to defend them, and a wise counsellor to protect them."

The young man felt the tears start in his eyes, but did not utter a word; he bowed, and kissed his father's hand respectfully.

Dom Antonio, after looking at him a moment with a severity under which appeared signs of a father's love, turned, and was about to continue his walk, when his wife appeared on the threshold.

Dona Lauriana was a lady of fifty-five; thin, but robust, and well preserved like her husband; she still had black hair, interspersed with some threads of white, which were concealed by her lofty head-dress, crowned by one of those ancient combs so large as to encircle her head like a diadem. Her smoke-colored dress, long-waisted and a little short in front, had a respectable train, which she swept with a certain noble grace, relic of her beauty long since departed. Long, gold ear-rings, with emerald pendants that almost grazed her shoulders, and a collar with a golden cross around her neck, were her only ornaments.

In character, she was a combination of pride and devotion; the spirit of nobility, which in Dom Antonio served to set off his other qualities, in her became a ridiculous exaggeration. In the wilderness in which she was placed,

instead of seeking to diminish the social distinction that existed between her and the people among whom she lived; she, on the contrary, took advantage of the fact that she was the only noble lady in that place, to crush those around her with her superiority, and to reign from the elevation of her high-backed chair, which for her was almost a throne. In religion it was the same, and one of the greatest griefs of her life was not to see herself surrounded by all those paraphernalia of worship which Dom Antonio, like a man of robust faith and sound judgment, had known how to dispense with perfectly.

In spite of this difference in character, Dom Antonio, either by concession or sternness, lived in perfect harmony with his wife. He sought to satisfy her in everything, but when that was impossible, expressed his will in such a manner that the lady knew at once it was useless to insist. Only at one point had his firmness been baffled; he had not been able to overcome the repugnance that Dona Lauriana had for his niece; but as the aged nobleman felt, perhaps, some twinges of conscience in this regard, he left his wife free to do as she pleased, and respected her feelings.

"You were speaking too severely to Dom Diogo!" said Dona Lauriana, descending to meet her husband.

"I gave him an order and a punishment which he deserved," replied the nobleman.

"You always treat your son with excessive rigor, Dom Antonio!"

"And you with extreme indulgence, Dona Lauriana. Therefore, as I do not want your love to ruin him, I find myself obliged to deprive you of his company."

"Mercy! What do you say, Dom Antonio?"

"Dom Diogo will start, in a few days, for the city of Salvador,¹ where he will

live like a nobleman, serving the cause of religion, and not wasting his time in wild conduct."

"You will not do this, Senhor Mariz!" exclaimed his wife. "Banish your son from his father's house!"

"Who spoke of banishment, Madam? Do you want Dom Diogo to pass his whole life tied to your apron-string?"

"But, sir, I am his mother, and I cannot live away from my son, full of anxiety for his lot."

"Nevertheless it must be so, for I have decided it."

"You are cruel, sir."

"I am only just."

It was at this point that the tread of animals was heard, and Isabel saw the troop of horsemen approaching the house.

"O, here is Alvaro de Sá!" cried Dom Antonio.

The young man with whom we are already acquainted, the Italian, and their companions dismounted, ascended the declivity leading to the esplanade, and approached the cavalier and his wife, whom they saluted respectfully. The aged nobleman extended his hand to Alvaro, and answered the salutation of the others with a certain amiability. As for Dona Lauriana, the inclination of her head was so imperceptible that she scarcely saw the faces of the adventurers.

After the exchange of these salutations, the nobleman made a sign to Alvaro, and the two stepped aside to converse in a corner of the esplanade, seating themselves on two large trunks of trees rudely wrought, which served as benches. Dom Antonio wished to learn the news from Rio de Janeiro and Portugal, where all hope had been lost of a restoration, which only took place forty years afterward, when the Duke of Bragança was proclaimed king.

The rest of the adventurers proceeded to the other side of the esplanade, and mingled with their comrades

¹Bahia, the full name of which is *São Salvador da Bahia de Todos os Santos*.

who came out to meet them. There they were received by a volley of questions, laughter and jests, in which they took part; afterward, some desirous of news, others eager to relate what they had seen, they began to talk all at once, so that no one could be understood.

At that moment the two girls appeared at the door; Isabel stopped trembling and confused; Cecilia descending the steps lightly, ran to her mother. While she was crossing the space that separated her from Dona Lauriana, Alvaro, having obtained permission from the nobleman, advanced, and with hat in hand bowed blushing before the maiden.

"Here you are back again, Senhor Alvaro!" said Cecilia somewhat abruptly, to conceal the embarrassment which she also felt. "You have returned quickly."

"Less so than I wished," replied the young man stammeringly; "when the thought remains, the body hastens to return."

Cecilia blushed and fled to her mother.

While this brief scene was taking place on the esplanade, three very dis-

similar looks were accompanying it, starting from different points and meeting on those two heads, which shone with youth and beauty. Dom Antonio, seated not far off, contemplated the handsome pair, and a heartfelt smile of happiness expanded his venerable face. At a distance, Loredano, a little withdrawn from the groups of his companions, fastened upon the young couple an ardent, hard, incisive look, while his dilated nostrils inhaled the air with the delight of a beast scenting its prey. Isabel, poor child, fixed upon Alvaro her large black eyes, full of bitterness and sadness; her soul seemed to escape in that luminous ray and bow at the young man's feet. Not one of the mute witnesses of this scene perceived what was passing beyond the point where their looks converged, except that the Italian saw Dom Antonio's smile, and understood it.

Meantime Dom Diogo, who had withdrawn, returned to greet Alvaro and his companions. The young man had still on his countenance the expression of sadness that his father's severe words had left.

James W. Hawes.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]



A STORY OF THE NORTHWEST.

STANDING under the low porch of an old, time-painted, New England-looking house, we glanced up at the venerable, ivy-clad oak, whose branches nestlingly shelter the mossy roof above, and at the honeysuckle, clambering at its own sweet will, and reaching out dainty fingers for clinging-places along the porch. We knocked again, and waiting still, turned to look at the bewildering mass of color, and drink in the fragrance of the thousands of flowers in the carefully kept beds, through which we made our approach,—wonderful even in this land of flowers. If there was anything lacking of old favorites or modern novelties we did not miss them. The exquisite thrift and taste that distinguished the garden made a striking contrast with the decadence of the house.

But our rap was answered, and 'we turned again, and entered the low-ceiled front room. The contrasts here were quite as marked as without. The furniture of the apartment was a bewitching mingling of elegance and plainness, of native and foreign, of past and present. In front of the home-made lounge on which we were seated lay a rug of which a prince might be proud, in the deep, soft fur of which our feet nestled restfully. On an old-fashioned square stand in the corner were a miniature Chinese pagoda and other curios; while at the farther end of the room a beautiful modern writing desk hobnobbed with an old Franklin stove, surmounted by a dragon, in whose open, upturned mouth were half a dozen Chinese incense sticks.

But more interesting than all these is the little woman who admitted us, and who hovered about us like a very angel of hospitality. Nor was the law of contrasts that governed everything else

broken here. The mouth told a story of age that was flatly contradicted by the eyes, which snapped in repartee or twinkled with mirth, just as they must have done three score and ten years ago.

Seven sons and one daughter have called this house "home," and the little woman "mother." Four of the sons have at one time or another been engaged in Indian school work. One other, his father's namesake, Reverend Elkanah Walker, is a missionary in China. The youngest, one of the four mentioned above, a man in middle life, whose passion for flowers is perhaps second only to his filial devotion, stays with his widowed mother, refusing every inducement to leave her.

"Grandma Walker," as we call her, was a schoolma'm in far away Maine when Neal Dow began his life battle with intemperance, and helped him to "sow Maine knee-deep with temperance literature."

She talks familiarly of the early days of Daniel Webster.

"There's one story," she said, "about Daniel Webster, that I don't believe was ever in print. A girl was the making of him."

The poor farmers' boy had proposed marriage to one who perhaps felt above him, and when she refused him, with his pride stung to the quick, he turned away vowing, "*I'll make her sorry!*" He had a purpose now! Whether the girl was ever sorry or not, Webster, the great statesman, was a man of whom any woman might be proud.

Coming in at the back door of the Walker home one day, I said:—

"Grandma, why is that big box on the back porch all marked over with Cyrus Hamlin's name?"

"O, that's Cy's work! He was always writing his name everywhere. You see Cyrus Hamlin was Mr. Walker's chum in the seminary. When they graduated he was under appointment of the American Board for Constantinople, and we for South Africa. But the war that broke out in Africa just then made it unadvisable for us to go there, and so they decided to send us to the Indians in Oregon. And Cyrus Hamlin would not start for Turkey till he had seen us off for the West. Cyrus Hamlin Walker was the first white child born west of the Rockies."

One day she brought out the waterproof she had worn "all the way from Maine," and the saddle upon which she had ridden the long journey from the Missouri to the Columbia,—both now long past service. Putting the saddle on the big box on the back porch, she girlishly mounted upon it, and gaily told again the story:—

"Our bridal tour was a bridle tour. We went from Portland, Maine, to the Missouri River by public conveyance. But that was the end of the lines of travel. That was in the spring of 1838. At Frontier we set out to cross the plains in company with traders of the Northwestern Fur Company, for protection. I had a pony at first, but in a few days the Indians stole that, and then I took a pack mule, and rode it all the rest of the way, fording on it every stream between the Missouri and the Columbia. I was the first white woman to ride horseback the whole distance. Mrs. Eells, Mrs. Gray, and Mrs. Smith, of our company, rode in wagons as far as Fort Hall, and so did Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spaulding, who had made the trip two years before. Mrs. Spaulding was feeble, and they extemporized an abridged sort of vehicle for her, from Fort Hall on. Those were the first wheels that ever went over the mountains. It was said that a wagon could not go farther west than Fort Hall. But

Doctor Whitman taught them better than that."

The scrap that she tore from the old waterproof, and gave to me, is put away among our choicest treasures.

Mrs. Walker was evidently the life of the company on this long, tedious journey. But one night her cheerfulness deserted her. Rain had come like a flood, and was pouring in on the ground around the sides of the tent. She had gathered everything together into the middle, placed her saddle on the heap, and climbed upon it. There she sat, crying, when the other ladies came in.

"Why, Mrs. Walker!" they exclaimed; "what is the matter?"

Her sense of fun could not yield even to the blues, and she replied, sobbing:—

"I was — just thinking — how comfortable — my father's hogs are — at home!"

The missionaries found no buffalo west of the mountains. The Indians have a legend that there used to be large herds there, but the Great Spirit had warned them that a certain one was not to be killed. This was accidentally done, and the buffalo left, never to return. Neither were deer plenty. The richer chiefs used to take large parties and go to the "Buffalo Country." Of them the missionaries bought supplies of dried buffalo. But they "lived on 'horse beef.'"

Referring to this, Grandma Walker laughingly affirms, "Nice, tender cayuse is good. I'd like some now."

And so with ready mirth she beguiles the listener, and brightens all her stories of the trials and privations of their early years in Oregon,—all save one. I never heard from her a light or merry word concerning the long, terrible winter after "the Whitman massacre," when they were shut in by deep snows, never daring to have a light after night-fall, always on the watch, and terrified at the slightest alarm. But with the

winter went the terrors; and her eyes twinkle as she tells how volunteer soldiery was sent up to bring them down to the white settlements. The soldiers—merely a band of frontiersmen—had been off on an expedition “to punish the Indians,” and on their return volunteers were called for from their number to go for the Walkers and Eellses.

“Two things,” she says, “were necessary; first a willingness to go,—they were all willing; second, clothing sufficient to enable them to appear in the presence of ladies,—and that was a requirement not so easily met!”

But a force was finally made up and the two missionary families were escorted down into the Willamette Valley.

The place that I liked best in the old house was “grandma’s room.” Here were old-fashioned, straight-backed chairs, mysterious drawers and pigeon holes, a cosy fire-place, and a high-post bedstead, which “one of the Gulick boys” had brought from the Sandwich Islands, when he came to the United States for his health.

One day I sat down beside the Gulick bedstead, with a little old trunk open on a chair before me, and looked over the contents. There were papers, and letters, and diaries, all yellow with age. More than one letter bore on the outside the simple inscription:

Rev. Elkanah Walker,

Beyond the Rocky Mountains.

But that which possessed for me the most interest was the “journals,” from which I was permitted to copy extracts. Here was the account of that fateful meeting of the three stations of the mission, at which the other missionaries gave a somewhat reluctant consent to Doctor Marcus Whitman’s purpose of going to Washington to attempt to save Oregon to the United States, as the Hudson Bay Company’s men had just brought the report to Fort Walla Walla

that it was in a short time to be transferred to Great Britain. Oregon embraced at that time all the territory north of California and west of the Rocky Mountains. It was represented at the East as practically worthless and inaccessible.

“Tell me all about it,” I said. “What was the treaty that the United States was about to make?”

“Ask Doctor Geiger,” was her reply. “He knows more about it than any one else. He stayed at Doctor Whitman’s station, and took charge of his school while he was gone. He was there when he came back, and heard him tell the story over and over again.”

Doctor Geiger lives in this same town of Forest Grove, and is an encyclopedia of information regarding the history of those early days. Circumstances brought him into better acquaintance with the intentions and plans of the British at that time and with Doctor Whitman’s undertaking, than any man now living. It is a rare privilege to listen while he tells again the story of Doctor Whitman’s ride to Washington.

Doctor Whitman was not a man to dally when once his mind was made up. Summoning the young Mr. Geiger from the Willamette Valley to take charge of his school, but not awaiting his arrival, he left his wife alone, and with a single companion for his journey was off and away on a swift horse before the Hudson Bay Company’s men could be apprised of the fact or its significance. He directed his course as far south as Taos on account of the rapidly approaching winter; for it was now autumn, and snows come early on the mountains that lay across his path.

At one point a river that must be forded was frozen at both margins. Without hesitation he forced his resisting horse into the icy flood, and swam him to the farther side. There he threw himself off, scrambled upon the ice, and

throwing his lariat around the animal's neck, drew it tight till he was choked and rolled on his side floating on the water. Then hauling him upon solid footing, he helped him up, mounted him, and in his frozen clothes rode on again.

Thus, brooking no delay, he pressed forward. For just one day, one hour, one minute too late, and the great, fair Northwest would be lost to the country. He *must* reach Washington before that treaty was ratified. Sheridan's ride was nothing in comparison with Whitman's. No sound of artillery reached Whitman's ears to fire his zeal, no clouds of battle smoke spurred him on. Only the echo of a far-away report came to him, and he was four thousand miles away! From morning till night, as the days grew into weeks, and the weeks into months, with long swinging gallop his horse told off the distance behind him. Three thousand miles away! Two thousand! One thousand! The race grows exciting, and yet the silence beyond it is unbroken. What sublime patriotism nerved this man to undertake that long, lonely ride, and sustained him through all its sufferings, and desolation, and dangers! His companion deserted him, and he pushed on alone. Climbing the mountains, threading the valleys, swimming the rivers, then sweeping the vast plains, he tarried not.

At St. Louis he met again the report that had started him on his perilous undertaking. Availing himself now of the more rapid means of public transit, he took the shortest route for Washington. We catch one glimpse of him at this point. On the boat that is to take him to Pittsburg he stands, a strange-looking, unshaven man, in the greasy buckskin clothes in which he had ridden, and cooked, and eaten, and slept all these months, surrounded by an eager, curious crowd, full of earnest questioning about the wonderful country beyond the mountains. At Pittsburg the boat was exchanged for the stage, and

in the shortest possible time he was in the presence of the President of the United States.

Just in time! The treaty ceding to Great Britain our Northwest territory, in return for certain Newfoundland cod-fisheries, had been signed by Daniel Webster, then the Secretary of State, and only awaited the signature of President Tyler and ratification by the Senate. The result of his interviews with Tyler was the promise given by the President and emphasized by a familiar slap on the knee of the buckskin trowers:—

"If you will pilot a wagon train over the mountains next summer, I will not sign that treaty!"

"I will do it," was the reply.

With the gaining of the President's promise, the first part of Doctor Whitman's work at the East was accomplished. He could now turn his steps towards Boston, and report himself to the American Board, whose missionary he was. Their first astonished greeting was, "What are you here for?" The next word, "Go and buy yourself a suit of clothes."

He not unwillingly obeyed, and soon presented himself again in their rooms, clad like a civilized man. If at first they thought that he had exceeded the bounds of his commission as their missionary, they, as well as his missionary associates, long since ceased to have any other feeling concerning it than one of pride in the man whose far-sightedness grasped the importance of the crisis, to whom considerations of personal ease counted for nothing when the public good was at stake, and with whom to decide was to execute.

During the remainder of the winter, Doctor Whitman was busy writing pamphlets and newspaper articles to induce emigration. Spring found him ready to fulfill his promise to the President. For the fifth time he crossed the plains and mountains, this time accom-

panying a train of emigrants and rendering them every service in his power.

The codfish treaty never received the President's signature, was therefore not presented before the Senate, and so found no place on the government records at Washington. But it has played too large a part in the lives of those missionary pioneers and their children, for one of them willingly to see it relegated to the realm of doubtful tradition. History would be meager enough if we should eliminate from it every event that cannot be verified by records made at the time and on the spot.

Emigrants poured into the newly opened country. With them came the measles, which spread with fatal results among the Indians, and brought the horrors of an Indian massacre upon Doctor Whitman's station and settlement in the autumn of 1847. It came like a thunderbolt and fell first upon his own head. He was dealing out medicine for an Indian, when the treacherous savage dealt the blow that was the signal for the wholesale slaughter that followed. Mrs. Whitman defended herself and a company of women and girls for hours in an upper room, by pointing an unloaded musket down the stairway. She finally surrendered, under promise of protection, only to be murdered a short time later.

The news spread like wild-fire,—east to the station of the Spauldings and Grays at Lapwai,—away north to the home of missionaries Walker and Eells at Tshimachain, near Spokane Falls. The plan of the Indians embraced the

whole mission. But those at Lapwai escaped, and at Tshimachain the snow fell so deep that none could go out or come in.

The Indians here were friendly, and promised the missionaries protection and safety. The chief collected his warriors, who, all armed and mounted, on any sign of danger rode to their dwellings, surrounded them, and became a body-guard to them, till spring made it possible for them to seek temporarily the stronger help of the Hudson Bay Company. In the early summer the company of volunteer cavalry came to rescue and bring them out.

Doctor Whitman's station was blotted out; the other two were abandoned. One family went here, another there, carrying with them a sacred and tender memory of a man whose gentleness was equaled only by his firmness of purpose and indomitable spirit. Doctor Marcus Whitman's name is enshrined in the sanctuary of those households, and children's children speak it with loving reverence.

His work was done. But the wagon train was started across the continent, and from that time the tide of emigration poured on incessantly with horse and wagon, until the steam engine and emigrant car superseded the more primitive means of conveyance.

The missionaries have almost all gone the long journey which each must make alone. A few yet remain, and Grandma Walker is still waiting her time in the old house among the flower-beds.

L. A. M. Bosworth.



IN LINCOLN'S HOME.

MORE than forty years ago, I, then a mere lad, set foot, unknown and unheralded, in the unassuming little village of Springfield, Illinois, there to find myself in very truth a stranger in a strange land; though for that matter most that I had seen since leaving home had been cause for constant wonder and surprise to me.

The thing, perhaps, which impressed me as most wonderful of all was the seemingly illimitable expanse of the region then known as "out West," as day after day we journeyed on towards our destination. Not very long thereafter it was my way to speak of all the land between sunrise and the Rockies as "away back East."

But then one measures distances quite differently when traveling in the mode I did, than when seated in a flying palace car. True, the start was made by rail, but the road came to an end at Harrisburg. From thence we journeyed by canal to the foot of the Alleghanies, which range we crossed by a cable road worked by a stationary engine on the summit, then by canal again to Pittsburg. Boat number one next carried us to Cincinnati; number two, to Louisville; number three, to St. Louis; number four, to Alton; and from thence to Springfield over the the only completed railroad in the entire State. Six days of constant travel, and we were told we had made an unusually quick trip for that season of the year!

Doubtless I had many times heard the name of Lincoln spoken, and also seen it in print; but it had been to me a name only, and had made no lasting impression on my mind; in fact, I think it had not once occurred to me that Springfield was his home until I was introduced to him in the store in which

I found employment, and in which I enjoyed at least a liberal share of his patronage.

Later he told me that when he took my hand that day an unmistakably homesick look monopolized my features. Great cause for thankfulness have I that that homesick look made itself so conspicuous at the moment. It served me royally, grandly. It caused his great heart to warm in sympathy towards me, and his lips to give me a kindly welcome to old Sangamon. Certainly, no adventitious circumstances paved the way for me to his friendship; and yet I thereafter walked therein to my infinite comfort and enjoyment.

I imagine those great-hearted Westerners knew not how to do anything by halves. When bearing down upon you to confer a kindness they never touched foot to the brake, but came on at full tilt. Telling and direct, in fact, were all their methods, as if there had been something fatal to conventionality in the very air they breathed, as in resistless fashion it swept over their wondrously beautiful prairies.

Lincoln's first great kindness to me came in the form of an invitation given while he yet held my hand that first time, to "Come around to the house this evening and see my folks"; of course I went, and there met the members of his immediate family. Presently, however, a young couple came straying in, by chance, as I supposed; a little later, two or three young men also "chanced" to drop in upon us; but when the door quickly opened again to admit still others, I realized the true state of the case,—that I had been neatly trapped into being made a sort of show or exhibition of; and the young people of the town kept trooping in, until I felt con-

vinced that they were about all collected beneath that hospitable roof. Spurred on by the example of our host, we were soon in the high tide of hilarious enjoyment; my kind friend and entertainer finding opportunity to say to me, "I thought it best to resort to a trifle of strategy to make sure of your coming, for I knew that when once you had met our boys and girls, you'd quickly feel at home here in our lively little settlement."

No need for me to attempt to formulate here the nature of my feelings towards Old Abe—as some even then called him—from that day on. They suggest themselves to the reader much better than I could hope to express them. The priceless treasure of his friendship even to the end has brightened all my after life. The times have been—I use the plural rightly—when adversity rained cruel blows upon me, almost to my undoing. Perhaps with blankets on shoulder, weary and footsore, I would be tramping over unfamiliar mountain trails, having long been vainly striving to discover Dame Fortune's hiding-place, when my mind would providentially revert to some happening in which Lincoln took a part; then instantly pleasurable feelings would dispossess certain undesirable ones, and though my stomach and purse might both be empty, my heart would be throbbing joyously, and vocal echoes would be sounding through the forest aisles.

On one such memorable occasion, when my untrained voice was murdering a tune in shocking fashion, a loud "Hallo, there!" reached me from the stream far below, followed by an invitation to "Come down and sample our trout and venison."

In the evening, as we all lay stretched out on a thick carpet of pine leaves before a roaring camp fire, one of the party told me how it came about that I was their guest that night. Said he:—

"When you first broke loose up there, I grabbed my rifle and ran out in the clear ready for fun; but when you hove in sight I called out to Bill here, and says I, 'It's only a prospector, Bill, and he limps in both legs; but Lord, how he sings! There's nary a limp in his voice sure, and as I'm thinking a hot supper would taste good to him, I'll call him down.'"

Pardon the digression, whosoever reads; but I find it impossible to let slip my opportunity to tell of the old miner's way of dealing with practical Christianity, even though he had quite forgotten or ignored all of its forms. He never prated of creeds or doctrinal mysteries to the hungry wayfarer, if indeed he knew the meaning of the terms, but for all that there was a blessed uplifting sermon, with a benediction thrown in, in a little speech of half a dozen words which he was ever making, said speech being,—

"Draw up, stranger, and take hold."

Lincoln's kindness to me knew no abatement during my entire two years' residence in Springfield. When at home he quite often dropped in at the store, for a few minutes' chat with some of us, and occasionally came up into the counting room,—where I had him all to myself,—bringing his mail with him, to be there examined in quiet and freedom from interruption which his office but seldom afforded him. At these times he seemed to derive much amusement from answering my numerous questions concerning leading Western characters; questions which his close analytical observation of most with whom he came in contact made him better fitted to answer than perhaps any other man then living.

On one occasion, however, he called purposely to question me concerning a trivial happening which I cannot resist the impulse to relate here; a trifling, unimportant incident, but one which has somehow ever since occupied quite

extensive quarters in my mind, with its every detail vividly impressed thereon, while at the same time public events of much importance which my position gave me inside views of have been crowded away into cobwebbed corners of my memory, and now seem to me to be little more than indistinct shadows of a dream. Then also I think the incident will afford the reader some share of entertainment; for nothing connected with Abraham Lincoln's life can be quite devoid of interest to any one who ever truly knew him, nor do I think its recital at this late day can possibly give offense in any quarter.

One quiet Sabbath summer morn I was seated at the open window of the second story of our store, when two boys, each probably about six years of age, rounded the corner. When directly under the window, one said to the other, "Say, Bob, let's have a game here."

Bob's terse reply was simply, "It's Sunday."

"O pshaw, that's nothing," was the rejoinder; and the tempter continued, "You're afraid! I dare you!"

Now there was something in that little fellow's make-up, inborn there doubtless, which rebelled against the mere thought even of taking a dare; he looked up and down the street, and felt sure the coast was clear; had he glanced skyward he would probably have postponed the game. But he neglected taking that precaution, and drawing the ubiquitous fragment of chalk from his pocket, he commenced to make a regulation ring on the shady sidewalk. In another minute he was scoring some masterly shots, and pocketing the other's marbles.

Then very quietly, in absolute silence as it seemed, there came a certain pompous deacon upon the scene, closely followed by two lady companions. The deacon was directly upon the boys before either knew of his approach, and he at once proceeded to launch a species of anathema upon their heads in his

customary harsh and overbearing manner.

I remember some said of him that he never could have been a boy at all, so little consideration did he ever show for children's feelings; but that he must have come into the world a full-fledged deacon, and a fussy, crusty old bachelor at the same time; a most deplorable, miserable combination, truly, as every real live boy knows.

I had noticed a flush of indignation on little Bob's face when first he tackled that dare, but the deacon's cruel reprimand and his after-questionings had robbed said face in full war regalia. But he bided his time; his adversary's last marble was there in that inner ring, and he wanted it; he took good, deliberate aim, and zip! the marble was his; and as he stooped to pick it up he relieved his mind in a few semi-respectful words, so apropos to the occasion as to hint at inspiration.

There was no disguising the fact, however, that he was rather frightened when he noticed the deacon was not alone; he cared not for further parley, but beat a hasty retreat, though not forgetting to remove his little cap as he withdrew.

At that moment the deacon was, and probably knew he was, just about the maddest man alive; as angry as any one could be and continue to be a Christian; and yet he grew a few degrees hotter upon noticing that the ladies were fairly convulsed over his complete discomfiture. To cap the climax, one of them did just then glance skyward and bowed a laughing recognition to me. The deacon's glance following hers, he promptly took on the appearance of a confirmed imbecile. If he could have followed the traditional habit of the woodchuck, crawled into his hole and drawn the hole in after him, he certainly would have done so.

Of course I could not keep this happening to myself, nor did I feel it in-

cumbent upon me to do so. Most likely I made the most of it in the telling, nor spared that ancient church prop in the least, not feeling especially friendly toward him, as may perhaps have been surmised by the reader. It needed but a few hours for the story, grotesquely contorted, to find its way to many ears, to Lincoln's among the number; hence he called upon me on the following day to obtain a correct version of it.

I then regretted having permitted my tongue to wag as freely as it had done. It did not follow that because I was on Bob's side in the matter, his father would also be there, and if any unpleasantness should now occur between them, the blame therefor would all be on me; and so in fear and trembling I told the story, taking much pains to bestow a few hard blows upon the deacon.

I was sure I had never seen Lincoln looking more serious than while listening to me. Throughout the telling no least hint of a smile showed on his face to reward me for my efforts in that direction; and when at last in sober mood he thanked me and rose to go, a sense of having been guilty of treason in some sort towards my little friend was my dominant feeling.

While yet his hand was on the latch, however, he turned again towards me, and requested me to repeat the deacon's exact words, and the replies thereto; this I gladly did, and now in hopeful mood. Then appeared the welcome smile, broadening and deepening, until it gave place to a hearty, ringing laugh that would no longer brook restraint, and grasping my hand he exclaimed,—

"How I wish I had been here at the window with you, and could have seen and heard it all!"

I borrowed no further trouble concerning Bob's continued comfort and peace of mind, and the echo of that hearty laugh remaining with me, I pictured Lincoln that night bending over

the form of his sleeping child, and thinking the while:—

"And so you downed the deacon, did you, Robert? You did wrong to answer him in that way, and yet it was neatly, beautifully done, my boy."

One thing they had at that time in almost too great abundance in Sangamon County, and that was the ague; few appeared to be exempt from it, and more than my fair share, I thought, was apportioned to me. So also said my doctor, who counseled flight; which decided me upon climbing still others of those Western hills, and to climb on and on until my feet should press the region "where rolls the Oregon."

Little time was lost in completing my preparations; three roving lads were found who would accept me as a partner for the journey; and one Saturday morning, that being our market day, when the place was always thronged with farmers, they came to town with our just purchased outfit, consisting of five yoke of young cattle, attached to a new regulation emigrant wagon.

They were not there, however, on business connected with our trip, but only to have some, perhaps considerable, fun at my expense; for a challenge had been received and accepted by me from some of my brother clerks, to drive our new team around the State House square at such time as they might name; and they had selected a day when the unusual noise and bustle would be most apt to entail disaster upon the undertaking.

Even to myself it seemed inevitable that my foolhardy attempt would come to grief; or at least until I had talked with the boy of whose father we had purchased our leaders; for questioning the lad concerning the docility of John and Bill, he assured me that no whip was needed for them, and that he could drive them anywhere by merely whispering to them, while the others would follow along all right. The appraise-

ment I instantly put upon that boy's services for the day was a joyful surprise to him.

The stores then all faced the square, and when the hour for the trial arrived every one was on the street to have a hearty laugh at my expense; and derisive laughter quickly sounded when, whip in hand I took position on the off side of the team and loudly called to them "to come up there."

It was not verdancy, however, as every one believed, that located me on that side; I wished to concentrate the attention of all upon myself, and away from my whispering ally, and perfectly succeeded in so doing. Some no doubt noticed the boy near by the leaders, but had no thought of his being in any way connected with the outfit, while in truth he was head manager, for I did no more than use my voice freely, and now and again make a feeble demonstration with the whip, being kept busy in dodging the heels of one of the oxen who savagely resented my presence in his vicinity.

I only mention the incident for the reason that it gave Lincoln an opportunity to write a long, humorous letter concerning me, which I would hold as invaluable were it still in my possession; but an ice-encrusted log on which I one day attempted to cross Trinity River is responsible for its loss to the world.

On the morning of my departure by train from Springfield to join our team then *en route* for St. Joseph's, Lincoln made his appearance at the station but a moment before the train started, his errand there to hand me three very kind letters of introduction to old-time friends of his, who had become residents of Oregon. In the letter alluded to, which he requested me to read before delivering, I remember he wrote that though my business was really that of an accountant, he imagined I would prove equally expert at almost anything I undertook, this belief founded on the

fact that only a few days before he had seen me assume entire control of a team of young cattle, then for the first time hitched together; and while walking on the *wrong* side thereof I succeeded in driving entirely around the State House square without damage to life, limb, or property, of any description, though the presence of a boisterous crowd of amused spectators rendered the feat a hazardous one even for a practiced hand at the business.

And now that I had gone on my way from out his sight and knowledge, one would quite naturally suppose that not only my name but even my existence would be forgotten by him; at least, that is what would have happened with almost any busy public man,—say with all but one or so out of a million. Abraham Lincoln was not one of the forgetting kind, however.

The election was over, and in his keeping had been placed the destiny of millions. The day being near at hand on which he was to take this crushing weight of empire upon his shoulders, he bade goodby to friends and neighbors, and humbly, hopefully journeyed on towards the Capital.

But conspirators, it was feared, were abroad, who with lead or steel would attempt to stay his march,—so said his friends, and with much reluctance he relinquished the order of his advance to them.

They decided that a brief reception should be held in Philadelphia, and then away to Harrisburg, from which point a secret forced march, as it were, would be made under cover of darkness, that would, it was hoped, land him in safety in Washington.

What busy thoughts must his have been, as standing there in old Independence Hall he grasped the hand of stranger after stranger, as they filed by. Is it likely, say you, that at that trying hour he gave least heed to them, or even heard their names when spoken?

Abraham Lincoln's thoughts were always on his work.

The little procession halts, and while retaining the hand of the stranger just introduced, he says to him : —

"That name sounds very familiar to me. It is that of a young friend of mine who years ago left our town for Oregon in search of health,—and by the way, he was a Philadelphian too."

On being told of the relationship, he expressed much pleasure at the meeting, made several inquiries concerning

me, nor forgot to send me precious greetings of remembrance.

Who with such a priceless heirloom as this of mine could help being a veritable Tapley? The load may be heavy, and the trail at times somewhat rugged and trying, while the night's stopping place seems a long ways ahead,—when, unbidden, certain thoughts come to me, that flash my heart all aglow with happiness, and the listener in the valley soon has reason to exclaim : "There's nary a limp in his voice, sure."

William S. Hutchinson.

ETC.

PERHAPS the fact that most of the magazine editors had to write their Christmas editorials about the middle of November had something to do with the deprecatory tone of the Christmas editorial of the year. To work one's self up to the exuberant geniality, the "God bless us, every one" spirit of the holiday week, long before any one else is beginning to think seriously of Christmas shopping, and about the time housewives have their whole minds on Thanksgiving, is one of the difficult things the editor is called on to do in the name of timeliness. Not as difficult, perhaps, as to draft two editorials the day before election, one of triumph and one of resignation, to be put in type in case the final result should be announced about ten minutes before the paper goes to press, as our friends of the daily and weekly press are popularly supposed to do,—but still not an easy thing to accomplish with freshness and spontaneity. In this matter the daily editor has an advantage : he need not begin to talk Christmas until Christmas is already in the air. A smell of newly cut pine and cedar up and down the street is a great inspirer of holiday feeling.

BUT it is not fair to attribute to this small practical embarrassment all the reluctance to write a holiday editorial that we have commented on before, and are freshly impressed with this year in reading such as have already seen the light. It may be that Americans are more self-conscious than other people, or it may be they have more of that subtle insight,—usually apparent as a sense of humor,—that makes it impossible to surrender one's self in a whole-hearted way to ceremonial or formal illusion of any sort ; and there is an element of ceremonial and of illusion in the observance of anniversaries.

The behavior of foreigners among us on this day, and indeed their attitude toward anniversaries in general, is much more naïve than that of our own people. Yet we are capable now and then of surrender to the spirit of such an occasion, as was shown in New York by the unexpected and genuine feeling called out by the Columbus celebration. The difference in the feeling toward Christmas is probably partly because it is a regularly observed anniversary, and it somehow strikes the mature American as perfunctory to adopt once a year, when the fixed time comes around, a given frame of mind and a given set of thoughts ; partly because all honest Christians live the year through in more or less consciousness of the events that Christmas commemorates and the lessons that it teaches,—while to dishonest Christians, and unbelievers in Christian doctrine it is not a day of much value as an anniversary in any case ; and partly, it cannot be doubted, because a great many people feel that luxury and extravagance have so invaded the day as to spoil it. The gift-giving feature, a mere symbol, and an adjunct of the other ceremonies, has become the main thing, and has reached among rich people, and among those poorer ones that are easily moved to follow the ways of the rich, the proportions of a real tax. It is peculiarly a holiday of childhood, and children are its saviors from much that would spoil it ; yet even for the little ones foolish and lavish parents can undermine its pleasure and good. The worst form extravagance in gift-giving can take is the destroying of childhood's simple and easily satisfied tastes. Every one has seen children made fretful and exigent by having too many things, and too much entertainment ; even worse, made greedy, calculating, and envious. But it is

worth while to remind ourselves very often that though folly and extravagance make the most show, we have over and over again had reason to believe that plain and sturdy folk are in the majority after all, and that there is a great deal of saving common sense in the world.

ONE difficulty that besets the editors, and the novelists, and the essayists, is that most of them get at least their current impressions from city life; if they were once of the country, they have lost touch with it. And country life—the life of plain, middle-class country people—has great weight in making up the balances of national character and opinion. The country family of comfortable but limited means does not live in sight of the luxury and display of the very rich as a general thing, nor under the temptation of the city's display of merchandise and convenience of buying, as a similar family in the city does. One sees and bears little in the country of onerous standards of expense in Christmas gift-giving. And how simple a thing it is, after all, anywhere, for families of sturdy sense to keep the genial custom within the limits of good taste and sincerity, by the exercise of a little independence. There must be a great many people, and these mostly people of a solid and inherited social influence, who hold to a good old-fashioned unwillingness to receive over-costly presents.

AND what unbounded opportunities the annual holiday of peace and goodwill really does offer for simple joyousness, especially among children; for the infusion of geniality into a wise charity; for the recapitulation of those principles of human brotherhood which, we are glad to believe, more and more rule men's minds throughout the year. If the opportunities are sometimes mismanaged,—the joyousness perfunctory, the charity for advertising purposes, the preaching conventional,—no one can doubt that every year sees them in many a case well used. It is impossible to estimate what has been the total effect on modern civilization of an annually recurring day, devoted to the demonstrations of human goodwill and to reverence for childhood,—for whatever its original significance was, these two things are what Christmas now symbolizes. The sentiment of the day has overshadowed its character as a celebration of the birth of Jesus of Nazareth,—perhaps on account of a continuing influence from its semi-pagan origin,—so that it is not a strictly religious festival; and unless one goes to church for it he may be in the thick of Christmas-keeping all day, and hear nothing about the Nativity. It is noticeable how small a part the symbols of that event bear in Christmas decorations, and how secular in general cast Christmas stories are. Holding as its chief meaning the thought that was half of Christianity, yet no secret to any creed in which devout men of any race or

tongue ever lived—the brotherhood of man—the holiday, one may almost say, has merged its Christianity in a creedless humanity.

Correction.

I AM sorry to learn that in the closing paragraph of my article on the University of California, in last month's *OVERLAND*, I inadvertently—yet by fault of my own memory alone—misquoted Mr. Melvil Dewey. I quoted him as saying that the four great university centers of America would ultimately be Harvard, *Johns Hopkins*, Chicago, and the University of California. Mr. Dewey in fact named Harvard, *Columbia*, Chicago, and the University of California,—Columbia rather than *Johns Hopkins*, because of its metropolitan location.

Milicent W. Shinn.

Three Voices.

The First Voice.

Great is the woe of the world! Sin, grief and physical agony forever range over the earth, sending dark shadows before them, leaving black gloom behind them. They cast a hideous blight upon beauty, love, and strength, making of them a threefold curse instead of a blessing; they force into the service of evil all the powers of the universe.

All good is but a mockery. A man seeking to do good suffers much in his own soul for the sake of what he shall accomplish, and lo! when his work is done he finds that he has been deceived; the good he thought to accomplish proves to be but evil in a strange guise. Or again, he labors long for a real good, and ere he has quite ended his task Death comes, and he is laid low; his work to be left undone, or marred by other hands. Or even yet again, his work is noble and his soul is exalted, when Temptation with strong hands drags him down; he is caught in the mire of disgrace, from which, struggle fiercely as he may, he cannot rise.

The Spirit of Unrest passes to and fro among the sons of men. It breathes upon the soul of a king, and straightway the longing for conquest seizes him. He musters his armies; he calls the peasant from his plow, the merchant from his desk; he calls the young man from his sweetheart, and the middle-aged from his wife and children; he calls them all together, and sends them out to kill and be killed. They go forth as innocent men; but the scent of battle maddens them, and soon, red-handed and black-hearted, they do the work required of them with an awful faithfulness.

Again, the Spirit of Unrest passes over the soul of a man, and straightway he longs for wealth. One by one he sacrifices peace, honor, and love, until at last he finds that all semblance of joy has left him. Then the gold that he has gained becomes a heavy burden, and maddened by the knowledge of his

errors, he plunges deeper and deeper into mercenary sins. He is sold into slavery for a bag of gold; he too has become the servant of Evil.

The murderer, hurrying towards his victim; the robber, lurking in his den; the smart man of business, scheming to succeed by the ruin of others; the hypocrite, ostentatiously saying his prayers; are not these, the workers of Evil, numerous on the earth? Yea, and yet even they are not altogether happy in their wickedness; remorse gnaws at their hearts, and in the fear of hell their souls tremble and grow faint.

Great is the woe of the world! Wheresoever it turns, suffering of body, mind, and spirit greets the storm-wearied soul. Who shall dare to open his eyes and look out upon such misery? What soul is strong enough to behold the awfulness of its surroundings, and yet retain its sanity?

Few, indeed, are they who desire to see such sights, and fewer still are they who can behold them and live. Nevertheless, blessed are they who see clearly, and fear not; who, looking with awed eyes upon the tumult, stand steadfast, resisting the tempest that sweeps round them, compelling peace to dwell within their souls.

The Second Voice.

Great is the joy of the world! Love and truth, holiness and peace, these are born in the soul of man, and their beauties are made manifest by him. In the very midst of misery he finds peace, and even in degradation he shows forth the beauties of holiness; out of falsehood he brings forth truth, and over the dark places of earth he sheds the radiance of love.

Death is no curse. Over the graves of those whom we have loved bright flowers wave, and the memory of the dead is sweet with recollections of their virtues; all evil is forgotten of them, and only their good deeds are enshrined in our hearts.

The Spirit of Love passes over the souls of men, ever strengthening them in good works, ever urging them forward to the goal of perfection. The rich man, spending his wealth in noble projects; the poor man, laboring faithfully at his daily toil; the musician, sounding the harmonies of the world; the artist, showing forth the beauties of the world; the poet, proclaiming the truths of the world, all these are moved to their work by the Spirit of Love; for the Spirit of Love is the Spirit of God, the source and inspiration of all that is good.

Blessed is man in the days of his strength. He walks upon the earth like the demi-gods of old; the beasts of the forest, the flowers of the field, all things that are upon the earth, minister to his enjoyment. Nevertheless, blessed is he in the days when strength has failed him. Then the nobility of

his nature is made manifest; his spirit battles with the flesh, and conquering lifts him high above the earth, even very near into the heavens. Physically weak, he becomes spiritually strong; he loses communication with the pleasures of earth, to partake of the joys of a higher sphere.

Blessed is man in the day of prosperity, when all the glories of this world are laid at his feet. Nevertheless, more blessed is he in the day of adversity, when the stings of ingratitude are sharp, when sordid poverty and petty cares unite to drag him to the earth. Then shall he show forth the mighty strength that is in him; by sheer force of will he shall put his troubles behind him, and go bravely forward to the better things that await him.

Great is the joy of the world! Look where we will, we find beauty of color and sound, noble aspirations, strong souls fulfilling the will of God; everywhere Evil overcome and Good triumphant; Love forever leading the souls of men, even unto Him from whom they came, and losing none.

Dazzling in its intensity is the joy of the world, and few there are who can behold the full light thereof without shrinking. For one brief moment a man will say, "Lo, I see!" Then the glory of the vision overcomes his soul; he turns away from the light, he shuts his eyes, and says that all is dark. Or, confused by what he has seen, he becomes dissatisfied with the place assigned to him in the scale of creation, and running wildly hither and thither, proclaims himself first god, and then devil.

Verily, blessed are they who see clearly, yet shrink not; who in the very moment of ecstasy keep their hold on the facts of life, and are not swept away by the whirlwind of their own imaginations.

The Third Voice.

The light of the world and the darkness thereof: whosoever hath seen these two, hath seen the throne of God.

The song of the world, and the wail thereof: whosoever hath heard these two, hath heard the harmony of God.

The joy of the world, and the grief thereof: whosoever hath known these two, hath known the Spirit of God.

Thine own light or darkness; thine own wail or song; thine own joy or grief: these must be merged into the fuller life of the Universe, if thou wouldst lead the highest existence. So shall a man lose his life to save it.

Good or evil may be thy place, and thy time; the wise man looks out upon the Universe, and away into Eternity, and says that it is well.

Look forth, O sons of men, and fear not; the order of the Universe is excellent, the sum of all things is good.

Geraldine Meyrick.

Two Letters.

I.

My trusted friend, long years have passed away
 Since we have met. Your letter strongly stirred
 Old instincts, as when girls, no thought of mine
 Arose by you, dear friend, unshared, unheard.
 And now, since you have written lovingly
 To know my life, and happiness, and woe,
 The old strings vibrate, and I bare my heart
 That you may sympathize as long ago.

You say that happy lot is surely mine
 With friends, and wealth, and husband. Yes, I
 know.

And do I love my husband? Surely, yes,
 With love as true as found on earth below :
 And he loves me.

But O, at times, strange fear
 And chilling sadness fill my soul. I hear
 Dim warnings in the silent midnight drear.
 Dear friend, I doubt that I can make it clear,
 But questions come. What life is this I lead ?
 Ah, to be sure, I do no conscious wrong.
 I give to charities ; and many times
 The poor have blessed my name. I also long
 Have helped sustain the church—attended prayer—
 Been faithful every way. I have the name
 Of purest Christian ; and my husband smiles
 On all my works,—is proud of my fair fame.
 In fact, for pride of me he toils and gains
 Whereby my clothes may well become my face,
 My house and all may well become me ; and
 That I may live as well becomes my grace.
 But, O, dark mutterings have reached my ears
 Of iron grasp for money day by day,—
 Of struggling ones deprived of daily bread,—
 Of widows wronged, and orphans turned away.
 Do you not see what causes me such pain ?
 For I, who love each creature God has made
 Am cause of sorrow,—I, who e'en to die
 For human kind would scarcely be afraid.

What is this life ? Why live it ? What in store
 Does that unknown beyond earth's journey hold ?
 O, pray for me, my dearest friend ! Entreat
 That God may help me,—guide me to his fold.
 And pray for him, my friend, the man I love.

I long to see you, dear. I cannot tell ;
 But maybe I shall visit you ere long,
 Since you 'll not come to me, my love. Farewell.

II.

Dear fellow, thanks ! In truth I know
 Congratulations are the proper thing.
 But coming, as they do, from you,
 They seem to lose convention's hollow ring.
 Strange, is n't it, that such a rake as I
 Could win a girl like her ? I know
 I should have thought one surely going mad
 To hint as much six months ago.
 It happened thus : Her heart, of erst toward all
 Quite cold, to my entire surprise
 Succumbed at my first glance. I knew enough
 Of womankind to read her eyes,
 And I, of course, felt flattered much,
 As who would not ? and drifted with the tide.
 'T was easy, Jack, to ask her hand
 When all the world would envy me my bride.
 But, Jack, do you recall that little girl
 With wavy hair, who lived down town ?
 I love her yet. Don't be too hard, old chum,
 Nor hit a fellow when he's down.
 Of course I am the only one to blame ;
 But, since affairs have happened in this way,
 I've half a mind to do a shabby thing
 And break entirely with my fiancée.
 Of course, the world will disapprove
 And everyone will shake his head and frown,
 But very little will I care
 If I can win my pretty Daisy Brown.
 And as for Hilda, why you know they say
 Her talent needs but sorrow's touch
 To blossom into genius. Surely, Jack,
 Then sorrow will not harm her much.
 It seems to me that worthless I
 Can never do a better deed on earth
 Than furnish tribulation where 't will serve
 To bring about fair Genius's birth.
 By all means write, old fellow, soon,
 And give a friendly word or two
 Of wise advice to this down-hearted chap
 Who knows his argument is lame. Adieu.

Jessie Norton.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Sleeping Princess, California,¹ is an unusually pretty and appropriate gift-book just brought out in San Francisco. It is an illustrated poem, in which, as the title implies, the figure of the Sleeping Beauty

story is carried out, "The free-born Manhood of the Atlantic Shore" being the Prince who comes at last. The verse is refined and intelligent, and never below a good poetic grade, while some passages have a quiet and suggestive beauty. Thus—

Its valleys filled with tremulous oaten seas
 Broken by rainbow crests of flower foam ;

¹ *The Sleeping Princess, California*. By Alice Edwards Pratt. Illustrated by E. Mabel Dillaway. San Francisco : William Doxey : 1892.

Its foothill slopes, soft-rounded, overgrown
 With dimpled pastures such as wild bees love;
 Its rugged mountain monarchs, range on range,
 Here wooded to the peak, there crowned with snow;
 Its placid sapphire lakes, and living streams.

The illustrations, bits of California scenery, and studies of wild flowers, are exceedingly pretty, and far superior to the usual ones in such books in appropriateness and illustrative quality. There is an absence of perfunctoriness in them, a sympathy with the text, that is unusual and pleasing. The artist, Miss Dillaway, is not a Californian, but has rendered California, with the help of photographs, very well. The author is a Californian, and writes of the State with love,—and still more with high purpose and aspiration for the State's future in the things of the spirit.

THE pretty calendar by Pauline Sunter that comes out annually under title *All Around the Year*, appears as usual promptly,—a dozen tinted cards, with quaint child and bird figures, strung together with ring and chain. The figures as usual are in delicate and unusual colors, and original designs. They improve from year to year in drawing, and make a very pleasing little group.

It is pleasant to note that a second edition has been called for of *Jack and Jill*,¹ the pretty gift book of last year written by W. E. Brown, and illustrated by Elisabeth Curtis. It was published for the benefit of the Silver Street Kindergarten, and is still to be sold for that good object. Mr. Brown's verses wear well, and the book with its dainty pictures and fitting dress ought to sell as well this year as last, and on into the future. The second edition has added to it a number of full-page half-tone cuts from photographs of the Boys' Free Reading Room, a branch of the Kindergarten, the fruit of last year's sales of this book, a tangible proof of the good it has done. These pictures are commented on in an introductory essay by the poet, Joaquin Miller.

People that have attended the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco, have had frequent occasion to comment on the taste with which somebody had selected the matter for the little leaflets that have been scattered in the pews. They were selected and printed by the ladies of the Channing Auxiliary Society, and have now been gathered into a pretty little volume.² They cover a wide range of subjects, and include selections from Emerson, Ruskin,

Browning, Bryant, Whittier, and other English classics, as well as pages written by local lights of the liberal faith.

The most sumptuous of the books printed this year by San Francisco writers is *Atlina*³. Mrs. Toland has deeply felt the mystic charm that hovers around the Atlantis legend, and has clothed it in three cantos of verse, that gives, by its picturesque lines, many happy opportunities to the artists. They have improved these chances well. There are titles and decorative bits through the text by Jaccaci, and ten landscape and figure studies by Bloomer, Weir, Church, Dielman, Jones, Denman, Du Mond, Twachtman and Jaccaci. These are full-page photographs on Japan paper. "The Fruit Offering," by Weir, and "Atlina and Diotheus in the Barge," by Du Mond, have pleased us most. The dolphin design on the cover is appropriate and pleasing.

Books Received.

An Artist in Crime. By Rodrigues Ottolengui. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons : 1892.

The Old English Dramatists. By James Russell Lowell. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. : 1892.

The Story of Mary Washington. By Marion Harland. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. : 1892.

Mr. Billy Downs and His Likes. By Richard Malcolm Johnston. New York : Charles L. Webster & Co. : 1892.

Illustrated Sketches of Death Valley. By John R. Spears. Chicago : Rand, McNally & Co. : 1892.

Best Dressed Man. Boston : J. G. Cupples & Co. : 1892.

The Real and Ideal in Literature. By Frank Preston Stearns. Boston : J. G. Cupples & Co. : 1892.

Atlina, Queen of the Floating Isle. By M. B. M. Toland. New York : J. B. Lippincott & Co. : 1892.

Under Summer Skies. By Clinton Scollard. New York : C. L. Webster & Co. : 1892.

The Chosen Valley. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. : 1892.

Ten Selections from the Sketch-Book. By Washington Irving. New York : American Book Co. : 1892.

The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar. By William Shakespeare. New York : American Book Co. : 1892.

The Sir Roger De Coverley Papers. By Addison, Steele, and Budgell. New York : American Book Co. : 1892.

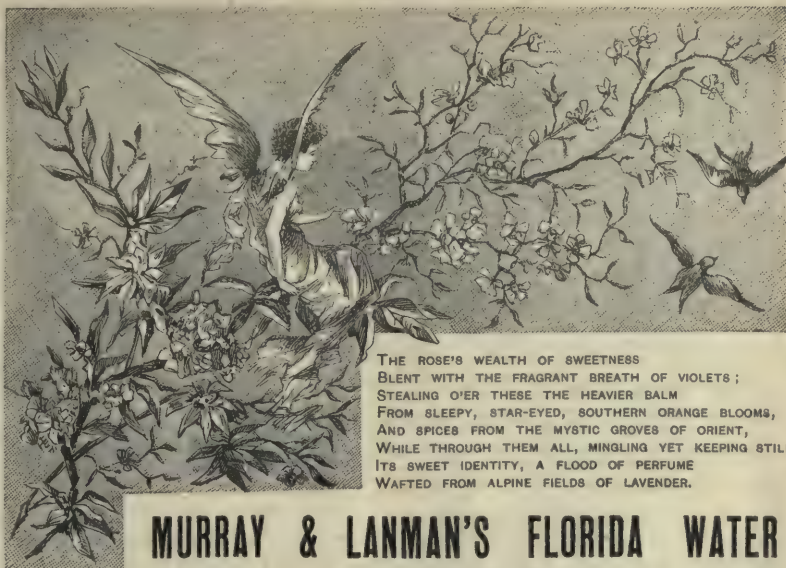
Ivanhoe. By Sir Walter Scott. New York : American Book Co. : 1892.

³Atlina. By M. B. M. Toland. Philadelphia : The J. B. Lippincott Co. : 1893.

¹ Jack and Jill, a Poem in Aquarelles. By W. E. Brown, San Francisco. Doxey & Co : 1892.

² Scattered Leaves. Essays in Little, on Life, Faith, and Work. San Francisco : C. A. Murdock & Co : 1892.

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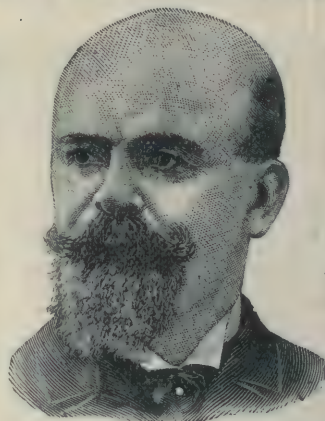
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A Physician's Story, *Theoda Wilkins*.

The Sea-Fern, *Seddie E. Anderson*.

George William Curtis, Citizen, *Warren Olney*.

Love's Legend, *Lenore Congdon Schutze*.

Etc. and Book Reviews.

DECEMBER.

The Restaurants of San Francisco, *Charles S. Greene*.

With 12 illustrations.

The Sacking of Grubbsville, *Adah Fairbanks Batelle*.

Indian Traditions of Their Origin, *William E. Read*.

Aged, *Juliette Estelle Mathis*.

The University of California. III., *Milicent W. Shinn*.

With 9 illustrations.

A Peninsular Centennial. Vancouver's Visit in 1792 to the Bay and Peninsula of San Francisco, with Map, *W. H. McDougal*.

A Last Walk in Autumn, *Neith Boyce*.

Mexican Art in Clay, *E. P. Bancroft*.

With 6 illustrations.

Point Lobos, *Virna Woods*. Illustrated.

Congressional Reform, *Caspar T. Hopkins*.

A Mexican Ferry, *A. D. Stewart*.

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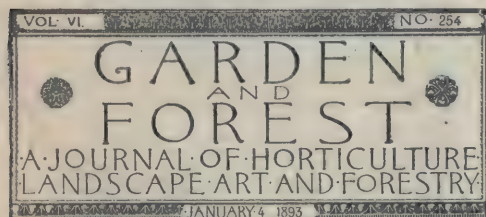
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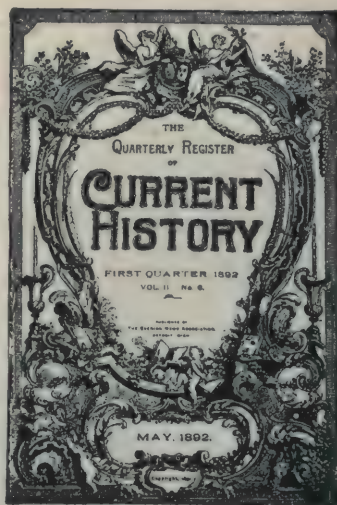
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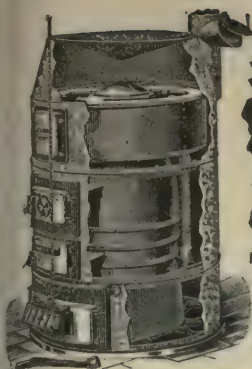
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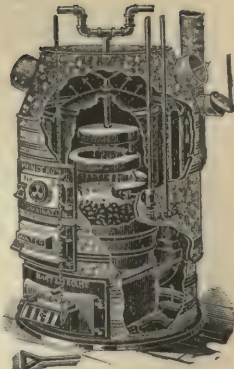
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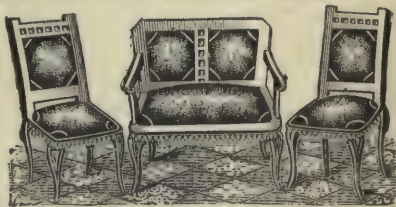
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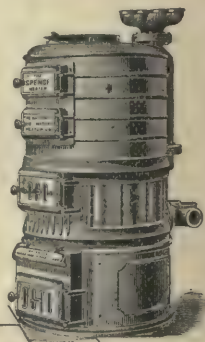
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SHE: No, sir, our own laundry, if you please, and by the use of **Greer's Washing Ammonia** Bridget uses in the water, which renders it soft as rain water, saves her labor and soap, and the clothes come out snowy white.

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SHE: Yes, Paul. I am using **Greer's Toilet Ammonia**; it makes a delightful and refreshing addition to water for the bath and toilet, keeps the skin clean, soft and healthy, which is the secret of a good complexion. It is commonly used by English girls, and you know what fine complexions they have.

HE: Well, Virginia, we must recommend **Greer's Washing Ammonia** and **Greer's Toilet Ammonia** to all our friends.

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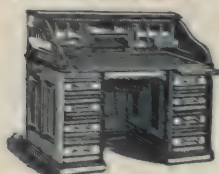
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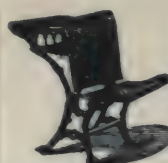
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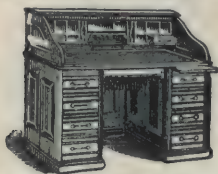
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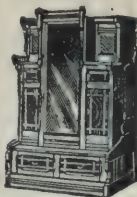
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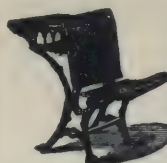
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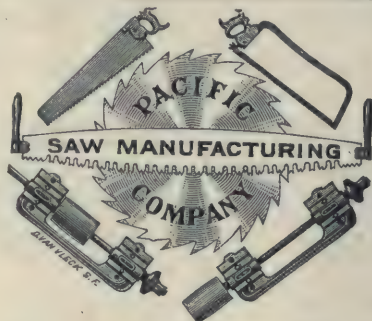
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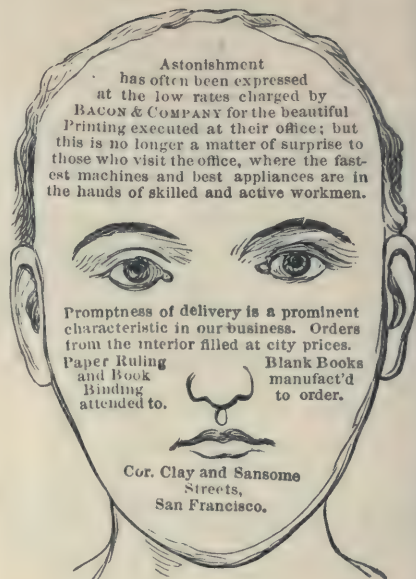
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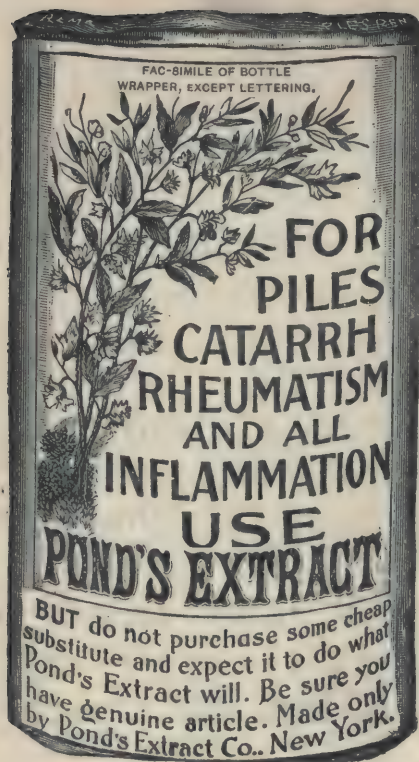
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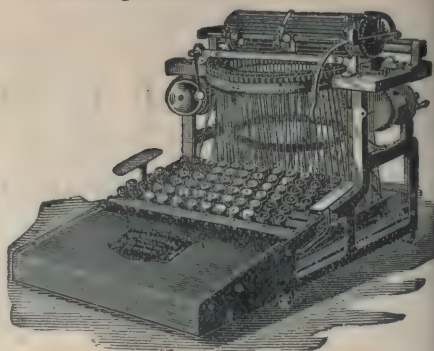
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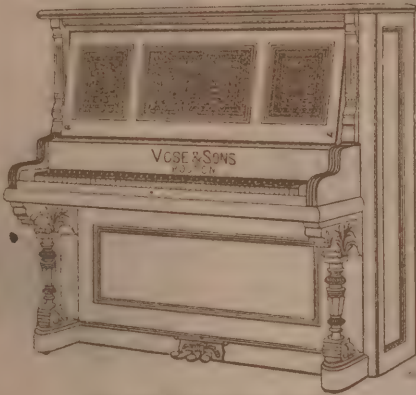
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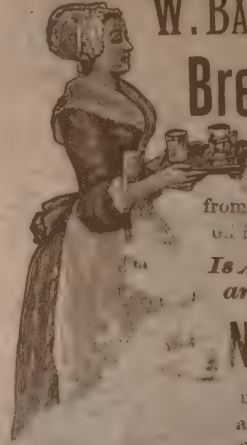
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The Overland Monthly

VOL. XXI

No. 122

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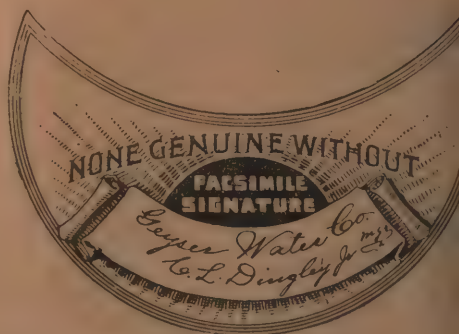


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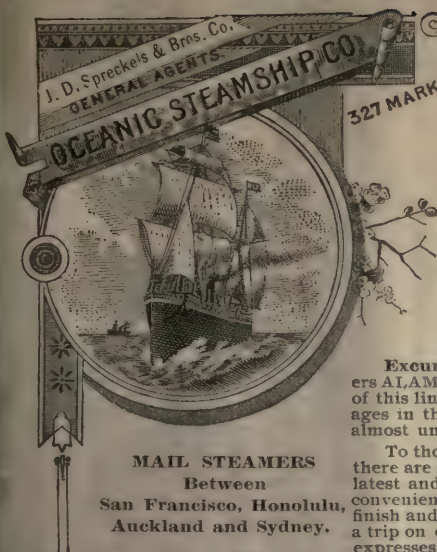
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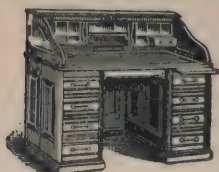
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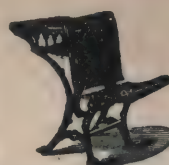
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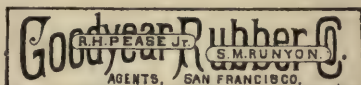
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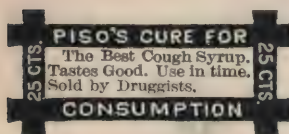
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THE
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Vol. XXI. (Second Series).—February, 1893.—No. 122.

INTER-COLLEGIATE FOOT-BALL ON THE PACIFIC COAST.



NLY those who have sat for hours on a hard bench and watched Felton Taylor or Leroy Hunt "buck the center" for a fifteen-yard gain, or a Hittell or a Clemans run around the end, only those who have seen Henry get down under a punt by Oscar Taylor, or seen a long return by Tobin, while cold chills chased each other delightfully up and down the thousands of vertebral columns to the accompaniment of a pandemonium band of anything that will blow, ring, or rattle, and the air is filled with red and white, cardinal, or blue and gold,—only those who have been there can understand the strong hold that football is taking on the fancies of the public on this Coast. It is an imported infection, whose germs have been carefully propagated by Camp and McClung, though the disease has long lurked in the blood, and broken out in more or less violent attacks for the last ten years.

The present inoculation bids fair to produce a mania. Since the last spasm between the University of California and the Stanford University, football teams are forming all over the Coast.

From the north comes word of a team at Seattle playing the Multnomah



FELTON TAYLOR, H. B.—OYLYMPIC CLUB TEAM.



Photo by Marceau.

JORDAN, 3D SUB. M. TAYLOR, 2D SUB. RICKETTS, F. B. TOBIN, R. H. B. SHERRARD, CAPTAIN, L. E. ROTTANZI, 1ST SUB.
 FRICK, L. T. F. TAYLOR, L. H. B.
 WILCOX, R. E. FLAGLER, R. G. CROFTON, G. WOOD, L. G. GRAHAM, L. T. PUGH, Q. B.
 THE OLYMPIC CLUB TEAM.

Athletic Club of Portland, and from Southern California that the local educational institutions and the athletic clubs have their football teams. News of the gathering rush-lines is coming from all parts of the State. High schools, academies and towns are throwing aside the baseball mask for the nose protector and the padded trousers. The tennis dude is substituting for his immaculate flannels the mud-stained canvas jacket and cultivating a football bang. In other words, football has become fashionable and popular beyond all precedent.

It has not always been so. The founding of a great rival to the old University of California, and to some extent, the appearance of the present strong Olympic team, have been the causes of the present boom. The rivalry of the

two universities and the consequent importation of famous Eastern coaches, has done more to attract attention to foot-ball than could have been done by a mere series of league games like that of 1886.

The men who have foreseen the pleasures of football and labored to develop the game amid little encouragement, deserve more credit than those who will hereafter step on to the grid-iron field before large and enthusiastic crowds to gain popularity. Felton Taylor is by far the oldest veteran on the Coast. Sutton, Turner, Hittell, Nourse, and Reed, have come and gone, but Taylor plays as hard a game as ever, with but one injury to tell of his ten years' experience. Taylor has grown up with football on this Coast, playing first in small school games, and later in

'83 with the Union team, made up of San Francisco High School boys, who won laurels in the spring of '83.

Football in California began to attract some attention on the part of those who were not interested in a school or university as early as 1882, when the old Phoenix team, composed of business men who needed Saturday afternoon exercise, was organized, and defeated the team of the University of California at the old recreation grounds in San Francisco. Up to this time it was played for the most part between rival schools, or between the Freshmen and Sophomores of the University of California, and excited no interest outside of their intimate circle of friends.

Within those circles however, the interest sometimes was considerable; as for instance, in the great game between the classes of '80 and '81 at Berkeley in '78, when the feeling between the two lower classes ran high. The contest

was arranged, as usual, to be played in Berkeley, with a ball paid for by both classes, and to belong to the winning team. The honor of the two classes was at stake, and the greatest of local interest was aroused. The game played was the old Rugby game. Buckley, '80, made the winning kick, amid the wild enthusiasm of his classmates, who carried the triumphant man off on their shoulders.

Tom Williams, '81, the horseman, was waiting with a buggy, when McGillivray, '81, also of the losing side, grabbed the ball and started toward the waiting team; but Enslow, '80, soon saw the trick and started so close on his heels that there was no time to reach the buggy. By this time the crowd saw the play, and dropping Buckley, the whole mob started in chase after the escaping half-back. It was the longest run in California football history. Half a mile through the village, the howling mob



Photo by A. A. Martin.

THE OLYMPICS STOP THE U. C. WEDGE.



Photo by Marceau.

WILDER, SUB. BENSON, Q. B. BRANN, M'G'R. HUNT CAPTAIN; R. H. B. BRADLEY, SUB.
 WILSON, SUB. O. TAYLOR, F. B. MORSE, L. H. B. HERRMANN, SUB.
 HENRY, R. E. BURR, R. T. A. B. PIERCE R. G. J. PIERCE, C. SHERMAN, L. G. WACHORST, L. T. HASKIN, L.
 THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA TEAM.

followed, until McGillivray attempted to get under a fence and escape, and was tackled in the ankle by the pursuing Enslow. McGillivray, '81, fumbled, and Enslow, '80, dropped on the ball, with four classmates on top of him to protect the ball. The scrimmage began there. Outside these four '80 men was the whole class of '81, and outside of them the whole class of '80. That was the greatest scrimmage on record. A solid mass of men, twenty feet in diameter, fought for two hours, tearing each other's clothes to pieces in a vain effort to get the ball, both sides mad.

There were at that time two judges at goal, two field judges, and a referee. They awarded the ball to '80, but '81 was a big class, and the fight continued. After nightfall the battered collegians, tired and torn, made a compromise by

which the holders of the ball cut it up and carried off only the worthless pieces. Enslow was thereafter known as the "Iron Duke" among his classmates.

As has been said, little interest was shown in foot-ball until '82, when the Phoenix team defeated the University team by a score of two tries to one goal, equivalent to 8 to 6 of the present counting system.

This defeat of the University was what they needed to stimulate practice and improve their playing, which was crude enough. After the defeat in the fall of '82 they were undefeated, until the Orions of Oakland surprised the supposed invincibles in the spring of '86, when a boom in foot-ball occurred, which subsided gradually until '90 when no games were played, to be revived in '91

and given an unprecedented popularity for this Coast in '92.

A glance at foot-ball history on this Coast suffices to show that a narrative of its development is a narrative of contests between the University of California team and various teams from San Francisco or Oakland. It is a manifestation of the spirit of the townsman against the gownsman. Anything to beat the University boys, has been the motive of the many clubs which have organized against them, only to be defeated for the championship, until '91 witnessed their defeat at the hands of



OSCAR TAYLOR, F. B.



CAPTAIN HUNT, R. H. B.

the San Francisco team, the only game that team could be induced to play.

The games of '82 and '83 were played at the Recreation Grounds, and it was deemed worthy of mention that a number of ladies witnessed the game, so little was the game attended by the general public; but '83 witnessed a growing interest in foot-ball matters, owing to the appearance of the Unions, rivals to the Phoenix and University teams. In the Unions were a few good players, notably Ed Foster, William Groth, and especially the well known Felton Taylor.

In 1883, only a few games were played, in which the Phoenix team was first tied

and then defeated by the University team, after which it never rose from its ashes. The Unions made it interesting for the University boys, but went down before them.

The play at this time was the old fifteen game, with a peculiar wedge-shaped rush line, and the half backs far out on each flank, much of the game depending on their runs around the end; "bucking the center" was unknown. The game was a sort of a cross between the present inter-collegiate game and the Association kicking game. The forwards, as



BENSON, Q. B.



HENRY, R. E.

they were then called, must get down with the ball on a long, low punt which was frequently used, and rely on capturing it if possible.

In the scrimmage, a good play of the forwards was to keep the feet together and push the other line and roll the ball along with the feet without letting it roll out of scrimmage. The seven forwards were not allowed to pick up the ball, and the two quarter-backs could only pass it after it came out of scrimmage. Twenty yards would sometimes be gained by these tactics. When the ball was kicked back out of the scrimmage, the nearest quarter-back must pick it up and pass it to any one behind



Photo by Marceau.

WHITEHOUSE,	WALTON.	FIELD,	HARRELSON.	ORCUTT,	CODE,	FRANKENHEIMER, C.	DOWNING,	KENNEDY,
SUB. C.	R. H. B.	SUB. G.	SUB H. B.	SUB. G.	Q. B.	L. E.	SUB. E.	F. B.
				BARNHEISEL, C.				

RICH, R. T. P. DOWNING, R. G. BRIGGS, L. G. CLEMANS, CAPTAIN L. H. B. WILSON, R. COCHRAN, L. T. PATTERSON, SUB. T.
STANFORD UNIVERSITY TEAM.

the line he chose, to whom no one knew, to either half-back with a long pass of ten or twelve yards, to be caught on the bounce, perhaps, or taken around the end and stopped by an ankle tackle. Good dodging was a feature long after this game, and so little had the play developed that the arm ward-off was considered a great innovation at this time.

Few games were played in 1884. The Merion team was organized out of the Merion Cricket Club, but it included many outsiders. They failed to score against the University team, notwithstanding the reckless dash of Ed Foster and the strong work of J. J. Theobald and Bob Gibson.

So with the Wanderers, a San Francisco club, who had a very good half-back in Nicholson, a splendid kicker in Pe-

terson, and a strong addition in Cohen, nicknamed "the Prince of Tacklers."



CAPTAIN CLEMANS, H. B.



CODE, Q. B.

They were no match for the Berkeley boys.

Sutton's dodging was a feature of these games, a trick made possible by the customary high tackling and lack of team work. Rothganger also, introduced a new play for that time, in getting through between the forwards and tackling one of the quarter-backs as soon as he had the ball. The University boys played together better than their opponents, and were quite skilful in their characteristic play of passing back the ball to a running mate when tackled. This play was made possible by frequent high tackles, often slow and inefficient. Blanchard's strength in the rush line of the University team and Woolsey's sure tackling were prominent features of those games.

In the play with the Merion Club, Will Magee made a touch-down after a "maul in goal." With a long run he had carried the ball behind the goal line, where he was tackled and held, but without touching the ball to the ground, as was then ruled necessary. His tackler was the only man allowed to try to prevent his

touching the ball down, while the teams stood around and watched the 'maul, which sometimes lasted as long as twenty minutes, in case the men were evenly matched; or, on the contrary, when an ordinary half-back got into a "maul in goal" with Felton Taylor and tried to compel him to make a safety touch-down, he has been seen to get up and walk out of danger with the tackler on his back.

The winter and spring of '85 were dull ones for foot-ball, though a new club called the Wasps was organized, which, with the Merions, played against the University team, and failed to score in two games each. The games were played on the old University campus, where the teams tossed up for the upper side of the sloping campus. Frank Hittell was the backbone of the Wasp team, whose playing displayed little but the remarkably strong and quick half-back work of their leader, on whom they depended. Hittell was a natural foot-ball player,—he was born with a foot-ball in his mouth.

With the adoption of the inter-colle-



WILSON, L. E.



Photo by James W. Hutchinson.

HUNT RECEIVING THE BALL TO "BUCK THE CENTER"—STANFORD VS. U. C., DEC. 17, 1892.

giate rules on this coast in 1886, a California Football League was formed, of which the old player, Felton Taylor, was president. This league was made up of five clubs, some old and some new. There was the Reliance Team with Taylor, captain, the Orion Team of well trained Oakland High School boys, with Fred McNear, Gamble, and Fred Lang, the baseball player, as stars, the Law College Team, the University Team with valuable additions, and the Wasps with Hittell.

With the change of rules all teams had cut down to eleven men, but still there were no signals, the quarter-back taking the ball on a snap-back and passing to whom he chose. The play was open, the forward line was scattered, and

the half-backs standing twenty or thirty feet out to each side of the quarter-back with the ball. Every play was made around the end, the center was passed only when a chance opening occurred. The business of the rushers was to get down the field on a long, low punt, and prevent a return, which was a frequent play.

The season began in January and continued to June, with two series of games. The games were played at Fourteenth and Center streets, Oakland, where crowds began to gather as the contest grew closer. The Wasps tried for the championship, but Hittell, with his slippery dodging, warding-off, impetuous dash, speed, and endurance, could not win with poor support against



From photo by F. A. Gabbis.

THE U. C. KICK OFF WEDGE.—STANFORD VS. U. C.

the more general excellence of the University team, poorly trained as they then proved to be, when the well-trained young Orion team taught them what good team work, for that period, could do against the superior individual play of a heavier team. The University, as usual, had great confidence and little practice, as before depending on match games for practice. Their play was marked by fumbling and careless passing.

The Orions, whose team work was as good as any ever seen on the Coast at that time, had early learned the value of pushing the forwards under a punt, and dropping on a fumbled ball, a play the importance of which Camp and McClung have emphasized. The play of the University men needed improvement, and the right man appeared in Shafter Howard, whose experience at Harvard enabled him to instruct it in

the methods of Eastern play. He introduced the line scrimmage and the high punt to enable the forwards to get down under the ball. He himself was a practiced punter, and used the play with effect later in the season; indeed, the play of all the teams was improved by the introduction of the new tactics, which they were quick to pick up from the University team. Even with the line scrimmage, blocking was not understood and Taylor went through the line to spoil Howard's punting.

The triumphs of the Orions, who had defeated the other teams as well as the University, only increased the excitement. The University had not been defeated in four years, and scored against only by Hittell's team, until defeated by this High School team.

Taylor, by this time, had worked the Reliance Club into excellent condition, with such men as Jim Snook for center,

supported by the good, all-round work of Charley Downey in a strong rush line, and the strong tackling of E. H. Breidenbach as half-back. In March he tied the University team, but was defeated two weeks later, 10 to 0, after considerable training on the part of the University, in a determined effort to win back their prestige, aided by Shafter Howard, who really introduced inter-collegiate football on the Coast. Taylor had to depend on comparatively untrained men, who got down under a punt, and rarely risked a pass on a down, which was the play of the Orions and the Uni-

uncertain tackling. Once in the game, the Orions managed, by putting three of their backs forward, to hold the University forwards and force a safety. Turner, the University half, managed to kick a goal from the field in this game, the first time it had ever been done on this Coast. The struggle was decisive, and Berkeley won amid wild enthusiasm.

Her triumph was not long, however, for a month later the University was defeated by the Reliance team, and the season closed with the championship for the University and Reliance second, each having won a game from the other



From photo by F. A. Gabbis.

STANFORD PLAYS THE FLYING WEDGE.—STANFORD VS. U. C.

versity team. His team was ready for a timely kick rather than a quick run, thus making the most of his skill with the least risk on account of fumbling.

Great crowds gathered in Oakland to see the return match between the Orions and the University, though nothing like the multitudes that gather since the formation of the Stanford University team.

The team work at that time, consisting mostly of passing back on a down, was well practiced. The playing was excellent on both sides, but the superior weight of the University told against the light Orions. Both sides played with precision; there was little fumbling, no chance kicking, no wild passing, little

besides a tied game. The Orions were finally defeated after a brief but brilliant record. Machine-like system had given them advantage over a collection of superior individual players. The Wasps with Hittell and Groth had defeated them by the end of the season, and gained third place. Thus ended the most enthusiastic foot-ball season ever known on this Coast supported entirely out of the assessments of the clubs, as no admission was charged. The league was never revived.

The year 1886 had its sad story behind its gay aspect. In March of that year there occurred the tragedy of foot-ball history on this coast, and happily the



From photo by George J. Henry, Jr.

THE WEDGE. — A CHARACTERISTIC PLAY OF THE U. C. TEAM.

only one. At a practice game on the Berkeley campus Michael E. Woodward of the Law College team tackled a University club player in the old fashion of low tackles below the knee, and struck his head somewhere between the knee and thigh of the runner. He dropped, rolled on his back, and never moved again, though he was able to talk and direct his comrades how to carry him off the field to a house in Berkeley, where he died three days later.

With the spring of '87 the Wasps and Orions did not appear. Hittell of the Wasps and McNear of the Orions joined the University team, leaving the Reliance of Oakland and the University to fight for championship honors. Only two games were played that year, but both were hotly contested. Downey

and Taylor were prominent on the Reliance team, and Reed came into prominence as a tackler and punter, aided by Gaillard Stoney. In the rush line were the old players, Woodhams, Blanchard, and Rothganger, with Turner and McNear back of the line. This combination proved too strong for the Reliance, and they were defeated in both games.

The season of '88 opened with bright prospects, for four teams appeared to dispute the championship. The Volunteers of Oakland took the place of the Reliance team to contend with the revived Wasps, the San Francisco team, the University team, and the Law College team.

The Volunteers were the most formidable rivals of the University, with

Nourse, an Amherst player, as captain, supported by the now well known end player, Sherrard, and Howard Conger, both of whom were very skilful tacklers and rushers.

The University team was ably handled by C. W. Reed, half-back, with a good support, most of whom were veterans. M. S. Woodhams, in the rush line, had played in that position ever since the games with the Merions in '84; J. H. White and J. H. Hely had come to college with reputations in the local school league. Hittell of the

Nourse, whose strength, speed and endurance, and the difficulty of downing him, made one of the best halves that has ever played here. His skill in warding off was noticeable. He had a peculiar way of getting down low with the ball when about to be tackled, placing his bent arm under a man, and then straightening up to throw the tackler over. Nourse was the man who brought the half-backs up near the line, and introduced on this Coast the play of "bucking the center" with great effect. He was prominent in most of the plays.



From Wash by Solly Walter.

A SCRIMMAGE.

Wasps and McNear of the Orion were familiar names; on the ends Roy Gallagher makes his first appearance, with the late Tom Eichbaum, a very hard tackler, on the other.

Signals began to be used in this year,—at first very simple ones, however. Words, and not combinations of numbers, were in vogue, such as "play hard," "get down low." It was not very difficult to learn the opponents' signals in this system, and numbers were not substituted till '91.

The Volunteers had a rare player in

The grand stand was filled with Oakland sympathizers of the Volunteers. Sometimes, when he would make a great gain through the center and go down under White's tackles, the crowd would shout, "Nourse, Nourse!" "What!" exclaimed a sympathetic young lady, who was viewing the game for the first time, "Is he hurt? Have they got a nurse? Well, they need one!"

The year's contests resulted in another championship for the University team, which had won two games and lost one with the Volunteers. The San

Franciscos had not scored in three games with the champions. The last game between them resulted in a score of 36 to 0, and foot-ball died for two years so far as San Francisco was concerned. Two years later, in the spring of '91, the revived San Francisco team caught Berkeley napping, and played a return match, reversing the score. This was due in great measure to the excellent work of Hittell and Gallagher of the Law Department of the University playing against their former comrades. Since the healthful rivalry between the two great universities has developed greater loyalty and college spirit, it is to be hoped that such desertions will never happen again. It is only right that Sherrard and his comrades should use any good players they can persuade to enter the contest, and the fault lies with the recreant collegians.

Early in '89, the San Franciscos prepared to play the Volunteers and the University team, but the Volunteers got new suits and changed their name to the Posens, whereupon the San Francisco team refused to play with them to help advertise their backer, the actor, Samuel Curtis. The Posens made it a *sine qua non*, and the San Franciscos withdrew, and left the Posens to the mercies of the University team in a series of three games, in which the Posens made but one touch-down.

In this series of games, Nourse and Conger maintained their reputations as dashing players with poor support. Gallagher and McNear showed their previous training, and the former proved himself an excellent half-back. Hittell worked well for the University, and White and Frick were excellent low and hard tacklers.

For some reason the season of 1890 witnessed an apparent dying out of interest in football, unless we consider a few matches between the classes at Berkeley or among the teams from preparatory schools. The signal triumphs

which the University had enjoyed in '88 and '89, perhaps, discouraged the formation of teams. At any rate, foot-ball had not fallen so low since its beginning, in '82.

The spring of '91 found Berkeley asleep, so far as foot-ball is concerned. Many good players refused to play again or were laid up in practice games, when a challenge came from the re-organized San Franciscos to play for the best two out of three. One game was played, with the result already spoken of, 36—0, against the college boys; and then the San Franciscos disbanded.

Early in the season, the Charlestons, made up of officers from the cruiser of that name, played the San Franciscos and defeated them. Many of the Charlestons were old hands at the game, notably Catlin, whose half-back work was remarkable for its activity in running and dodging through a crowd in addition to good tackling.

The San Franciscos played some hard games with the soldiers of the San Francisco Presidio, and were in good shape to do up the weakened team from Berkeley, in spite of the hard work of the old veteran, J. H. White, who had played for five years on the college team, the tackling of Eichbaum, and the support of the promising novices, Foulks, Taylor, and Hunt. Hunt broke his ankle early in the game, and with him retired the hopes of the Berkeley boys.

The spring of '92 marks an era in foot-ball history; for the Berkeley team now had another college team to play against, and their rivalry promoted the popularity of the game greatly. The Berkeley team improved their play and opposed a strong team to the Olympics, a re-organization of the old San Franciscos who had defeated them the year before. The team work of the University consisted in great part of line wedges, and a few end runs by Hunt with a slight showing of interference, which was yet to be developed. Hittell and

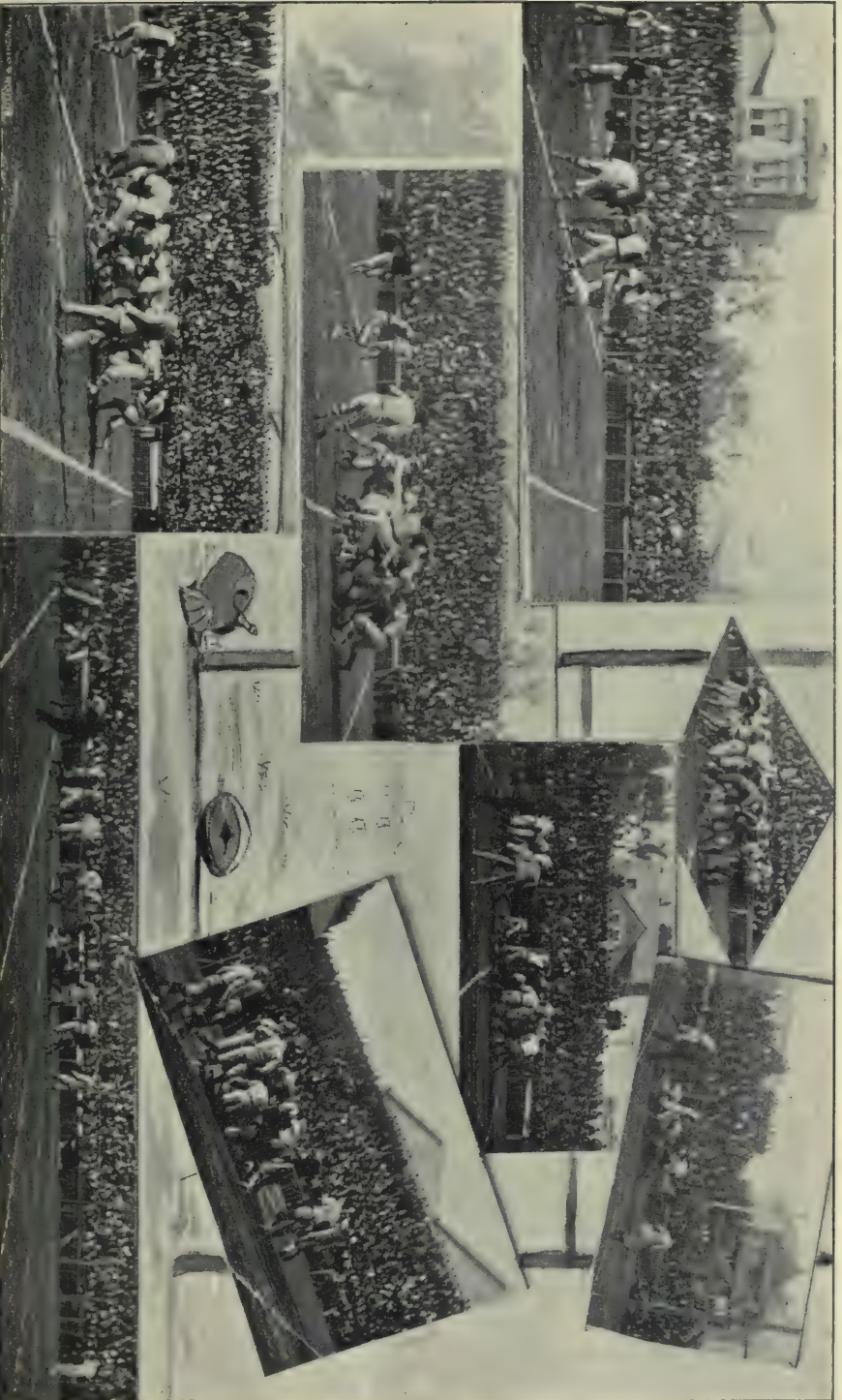


Photo by James W. Hutchinson.

SNAP SHOTS OF THE INTER-COLLEGIATE GAME, DEC. 17, 1892.

Tobin made beautiful runs, and the tackling of Sherrard and Henry were features of the game, score 6—0 in favor of the Olympics who defeated Stanford in the same season. Matters stood thus when the great contest between the two universities took place in the spring of '92, when the heavy rush line of the Berkeley team was opposed to the fast runners of the Stanford men, with the result of a score of 14—10, in favor of Stanford, after a close contest between slow wedging tactics and rapid end running. Code's quarter-back work, passing, running, and tackling, and Clemans's end running with interference, which first began to show its

as the Olympics was organized. It is safe to say that if his team of football veterans had the opportunity for training the college teams have, they would be an invincible combination, but the teams must depend upon individual excellence to make up for team work.

The match between the Stanford team and the Olympics was unsatisfactory, resulting in a tie, both sides claiming superiority. It is remarkable how Sherrard's team holds down the university elevens, and displays skill in double passes and some good team interference, despite a lack of team practice.

Under the cool-headed Code the Stanford team played their usual running



Photo by James W. Hutchinson.
A DOUBLE PASS BY THE OLYMPICS.—OLYMPICS VS. U. C.—FINAL GAME, BEFORE EASTERN COACHES' INSTRUCTION.

possibilities, were noticeable. Henry's work stopped any gains on his end, and Hunt's fierce tackling and endurance were remarkable.

The fall of '92 witnessed a new season between the two universities, and the Olympic Club, the time of playing being changed to suit the college students.

A series of games was played by the University of California with the Olympic team, resulting in a victory for Berkeley after a very close contest.

Captain Sherrard of that team delights his friends by his sure and hard tackling on the end. It is also due to him that such a remarkably good team

game, but Taylor and Wilcox, of the Olympics, were great ground gainers as well. Pugh as quarter was quick and sure, and his tackling good.

The fall game excited even greater interest than the previous game, owing to the careful training of both teams under the great Eastern players and coaches, Camp and McClung. Never before had a training table been established for any team. Stanford's praiseworthy efforts established a training table, and secured the greatest coach of the United States for two weeks' training. The University of California men, likewise, were hard at work as soon as college opened, to get into condition,

under the training of Walter Magee. They went to the training table under the instruction of the great half-back, McClung. Managers Champlin and Brann, though they receive little notice, spared no pains to give their teams every facility to get into condition. They worked as no managers ever have worked before, with the result that after unprecedented outlay the teams have cleared expenses, with a little to spare, in spite of the gate-keepers' sleight-of-hand or the poor interference of a mysterious missing picket that admitted about 2000 people unaccounted for. In this respect it resembled the first game of foot-ball in New York, told about by Camp, where there were four hundred people present and three hundred of those got through a hole in the fence.

The last match game at Haight Street grounds was witnessed by the largest crowd that ever attended a foot-ball match here. Experts place the attendance at from 9000 to 10,000 people, every one of whom wore the cardinal, or the old familiar blue and gold.

The game was played like the previous one under satisfactory decisions. This time the experts Camp and McClung acted as officials. The kick-off was chosen by the Berkeley team, and breathless silence was preserved by the great throng when the wedge of Berkeley formed to begin the play with a gain of fifteen yards. The game was started and played through with business-like regularity, and no protesting against decisions, which has been a weary feature of other games for many years. The play was slower than was expected after the incessant urging of the coaches in training. It developed no new characteristics in either team over the previous year except a development of interference, which was more evident on the Stanford side because of the pretty criss-crosses of Clemans and Walton, who were kept busy.

The first kick-off of the Stanford

team excited much interest. It was the first play of the Delland flying-wedge ever seen here, and gained twenty yards for them.

Berkeley again depended on her powerful rush line to repeat wedge plays which were not very successful, until her superior endurance showed in the second half. The Berkeley men had little opportunity to display their interference, which was not as good as Stanford's, though Oscar Taylor's long run was well protected. The features of the Berkeley play were the wedges, Hunt's irresistible rushes through the line, and Henry's swift end work in getting down the field on a punt, which he combined with tackling that was rivaled only by Hunt and Foulks on the Berkeley side.

Benson was cool and sure, and quick as a cat, in saving the ball on a fumble by his team. Code, of Stanford, served his team in the same way, for both teams fumbled. He had the same faculty of being omnipresent, which, combined with heavy tackling, made his reputation in the spring games. Wilson showed himself a sharp, quick player, a strong end and a hard tackler. Cochran's tackling was low and hard. Oscar Taylor of Berkeley had no rival as a punter, the Stanford team having lost Jones by a badly sprained ankle. It was the question of the spectators why the Berkeley team did not punt more on a third down.

It is a fault of all this Coast playing that the teams are afraid to punt, and do not practice it even on a third down. Tobin of the Olympics is the best exponent of this play.

Clemans elicited the usual admiration for his dashing end runs, in spite of the fact that he was laid off with an injury for some time, and could not receive all the benefits of Camp's instruction, and no time was allowed the team to block for his peculiar style of running. His tackling had lost none of its former vim.

Hunt was a marvel of endurance at continual bucking the center, which he did well with able support, playing as fiercely up to the last moment, when the continual strain of the advancing wedge was wearing out the Stanford boys.

A tie game with two teams of such entirely different abilities is a curious decision of fortune to make the Yale coaches go back contented. After a review, it seems that either team ought to have won with better strategy. Berkeley has no excuse for neglecting the cool punting of Taylor, supported by Henry's swift end play. Stanford is regretting the failure to use some reserve tricks, which they consider would have won the game for them, and the silver foot-ball awaits a winner, at the University Club of San Francisco.

Two urchins who must have reached the game on account of the missing picket, were heard to criticise it fairly:

First urchin (with a cardinal ribbon).—Say, Jimmy, Stanford played all'round Berkeley.

Second urchin (with a blue and gold flag).—Yes, Billie, and Berkeley went right t'roo der center.

As it is, the season's games have resulted in a tie between the universities, and between the Olympics and Stanfords; and the series between the old rivals, the Olympics, and University of California, resulted in the University's winning two out of three games.

Foot-ball was started in Los Angeles in 1888 by the formation of the Alliance Team, through the efforts of W. L. Stewart, J. Pitblado, and a few others. The first game played was with a team of Englishmen from San Pedro, who were badly defeated. The rest of the season was made up of games with the team from the University of Southern California, which proved superior to the Alliance Team that season, and also in the seasons of '89 and '90, the Alliance once tying the score.

Southern California has been given an exhibition of the real game by Stanford's team, which defeated the Los Angeles Athletic Club's eleven 72 to 0, and the Chaffey College team 68 to 0. The Los Angeles team were heavy men, but the game has progressed beyond the individual play, and nothing could be done against the well-trained interference and endurance of the Palo Alto boys with Harrelson's quick half back work.

Foot-ball was inaugurated in the north by a game on Thanksgiving Day, '90, with a club of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and a few Americans, calling themselves the Portland Foot-Ball, Cricket, and Athletic Club, which were defeated by the Bishop Scott Academy, in spite of the good work of Lipman, the quarterback, and Shipley, center, who were supported by a team unaccustomed to the inter-collegiate game. In December, '91, the team played an Astoria team under Rugby rules, and the Englishmen won with a score of 10 to 0.



From this club resulted the present Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club, founded in February, 1892.

The following fall J. R. Savage, a very powerful veteran from the University of Pennsylvania, coached a team which met the Academy boys and defeated them, after which they defeated a Tacoma team in Portland 36 to 0. Captain Savage was supported by two of the best half-backs ever seen in the Northwest, Mark Brooke and W. L. Kendall, backing a line in which there were many veterans. Glisan, L. G., and Garin, L. T., were Yale men, Greene, R. E., a Harvard man, and Montgomery, R. T., a Trinity man, who did not play in the second game. The others had had no training in college teams.

The Multnomah team of '92 was re-

organized and captained by Railey, an Amherst man, with six of the old men. They had lost Kendall and Brooke, but their captain was a very great addition.

A game with the Pacific University of Forest Grove resulted in another victory for Portland, 16 to 6. This team was substantially the same that played in the greatest game of the Northwest on January 2, '93, when the Multnomah team of Portland went to Seattle to play the team there.

The field was very muddy, and running was quite difficult. The game would have been surprising for its development of the latest tricks, were it not known that the Portland team had many men who had learned the game in Eastern colleges. The Multnomah team was a reorganization of the '91 team, captained by Railey, an Amherst man. The Seattles had a heavier team, but were not coached so well.

The Portland team's most effective plays were the revolving wedge, and her mass plays, while Seattle's individual work, Church's center work, Atkinson's punting, and Folsom's running, were brilliant. The game ended in a draw, neither side scoring.

The Eastern coaches have come and gone; they have treated us very fairly, pointing out our strength and our weakness. They have taught us what they could in a fortnight, but the fact remains that we have the whole game before us, for they found it necessary to lay the foundations of the game, as developed in the East, and were left little time to train team plays. The chief value of the instruction received has been to teach us how little we know about the game, which has cultivated a desire to improve until we reach the Eastern standard; a possibility more attainable since the preparatory schools of the Coast have caught the fever, and will cultivate the raw material to be fully developed later at the universities.

The rules need revision. Princeton has pointed out a defect in the present rules which it would be well to consider. In case the defensive team make an offside play just previous to a gain of fifteen yards by their opponents, the present rules require that the ball be brought back and five yards measured off for the offensive team from the place where the offside play was made,—a clear loss of ten yards by the offensive team through no fault of its own.

One of our own old foot-ball players makes another suggestion which is worthy of thoughtful consideration. J. H. White suggests that a change be made in the system of counting for a goal kicked. The present development of the game is all towards team play, and still the two points of a successful kick are made by two men, working but few moments, whereas only twice that number of points are made by more than five times that number of men, working an indefinite period; rarely, however, as short a period as it takes to kick a goal. The desire is that the score represent the comparative merits of the team, which will hardly be done unless the points made be in proper ratio to the number of men engaged in the two plays. A change in the counting for a touch-down should be made which would more closely approach the ratio of 11 to 2, as for instance, counting a touch-down five and a goal one. A goal, kicked from the field, might be left as it is on account of its difficulty. There is no reason for holding to the old system except precedent, and the reasons for that precedent have changed with the evolution of the old fifteen into a team unit of eleven.

Hereafter, it will be quality of games, not quantity, for the game has passed into the hands of experts and veterans. No longer can it be considered a Saturday afternoon pastime for bank clerks to go out and rub the college boys in the mud.

Phil Weaver, Jr.

SILENT PARTNERS.

A REMINISCENCE OF "DE DAYS BEFO' DE WAH."

I.

THE Black Tangle was not a spot to charm the eye, or, for that matter, any other sense. Nature did what she could, with foliage upon trees and underbrush, and with vines and creepers, festooning unsightly dead trunks, and screening dark, stagnant pools—to cover the naked hideousness of the swamp; but it still remained a black, dismal expanse, over which a ragged mist always hung. It was dense, foul, and treacherous. The place, too, had its secrets,—both base and pathetic,—relating to human life, and revolting human sentiment, as the spot itself revolted the senses.

It was in a sort of angle of this swamp that the old Ellerton plantation stood, quite by itself. The soil was very rich, and the stately house, with its orderly row of whitewashed slave cabins, had been placed as little within the baleful influences of their dismal neighbor as the limits of the plantation permitted. Mistress Judith Barnaby had spent her life on the place, keeping a sharp eye upon her property and its interests; but the last ten years of her life she had been an invalid, with no end of aches and pains, and after her the house was left vacant, and allowed to go out of repair.

It happened in this way. Mistress Barnaby's heir was her cousin, Mr. Josiah Wapham. That gentleman, on his way to inspect and take possession of the property, was set down at Burkville in fine spirits, greatly pleased with his new turn of fortune. In a short time his queer figure—with its round head, set closely upon a body that was likewise almost spherical, and mounted

upon a pair of short, round legs, so fat that their action was a little stiffened at the knees—was bustling about the village, in search of a carriage to continue his journey. Here he met the young Burkville doctor, who had brought a great deal of new-fangled wisdom to the town with him, and who happened to express to Mr. Wapham his opinion that Mistress Barnaby's death, and all her long aches and pains, were due to her residence so near the Black Tangle. Of the Black Tangle Mr. Wapham had as yet no very clear idea, but the young doctor's remark was a slight shock upon the blithe spirits of the heir.

The road from Burkville, passing at first within view of thrifty plantations, with their fine houses, perhaps, almost concealed among oak and magnolia trees, or bright with the glory of countless flowering plants, restored Mr. Wapham's spirits from their sight depression. But after a time the road forked. Neither fork was much traveled. Either might be taken to reach the Ellerton place, and the two were much alike. One was a little longer, and was graced by the presence of a negro burying ground, and the other was not so good a road.

Mr. Wapham went by the shorter road. The scene became less charming; plantations were fewer and more of the landscape was in a state of nature, the road at times passing among scattered trees with barren looking hills on the east; sometimes over vacant, lonely, monotonous tracts with almost nothing to arrest or please the eye. Near the end of the journey the Black Tangle rose upon Mr. Wapham's vision, and the road kept near to that dreary scene, so

that the traveler had opportunity to gather in all its charms. His spirit sank steadily as a stone might sink in that slimy ooze beside him. He felt at once that he had no taste for the weird in nature; no ear for the music of owls and frogs: his disposition shrank from the damp, misty atmosphere, and the peculiar odors of that region.

When with some uneasiness he had forded the slow waters of Snake Creek, and found himself within a short distance called upon to venture into the broader waters of Long Creek, his thoughts had already gone back, hovering about Burkville and a possible place in the neighborhood of that village to establish his residence. He was already a firm believer in the ideas of the young Burkville doctor about Mistress Barnaby and her fate, and anxious that his rotundities might escape the like miseries.

There was, of course, a good road to the Ellerton plantation, if one were always content to approach it from Markham. Markham was well enough as a shipping station, but it was nothing more than that. Besides, if the road difficulty could be arranged, there was still the Black Tangle with all its peculiarities, and there it was likely to remain.

So Mr. Josiah Wapham used part of the wealth that had now fallen to him to buy another plantation more to his mind among those beautiful homes in the neighborhood of Burkville, and the Ellerton Place with its twenty or thirty negroes, he placed in charge of an overseer.

When Mr. Wapham made this arrangement he intended to inspect the old place often, and look carefully to its interests: his visits were at first very frequent, but they fell off rapidly after the novelty wore away. For one reason, he felt less and less inclined to travel that bad and dreary stretch of road between his two plantations. Another reason was that the overseer he had employed

for the Ellerton Place proved to be a good manager,—at least, matters always appeared to be in fine shape, and returns quite as good as could be expected. Again, Mr. Wapham gradually settled down to the enjoyment of his wealth with a disposition to shirk its cares; he became too indolent, too fond of his ease and comfort, to make the trip unless there was some pressing reason for it.

For all this, as may soon appear, the owner of these two plantations was in a certain sense an iron man. Among his own negroes his will was obeyed in respectful silence, no matter how unreasonable it might be,—and he delighted to be unreasonable, as old Aunt Venus, the cook, could find a torrent of words to show. To be sure, Tad, the stable boy, took some liberties, but it was his nature, and nobody ever had quite curbed him. He had a merry, good-natured way, that disarmed anger and compelled good-will. He was a “likely little nigger,” apt and useful as well as mischievous. But if “Marse Si” was thoroughly roused and set, even Tad had to bend like the rest, or be broken. Nor would that gentleman spare even himself when his excitable nature was stirred up, or a set purpose was strong upon him; then his indolence left him, then his love of ease was forgotten, and his actions were as reckless as the spring of a tiger. When “Marse Si” sharply gave as a reason, “Because I’m a min’ter,” or, “Because I ain’t a min’ter,” that was the reason that commanded the most profound respect under his rule, and everybody was on the lookout for something stirring. In such moods he seemed to be tireless; his round head and fiery, evil eyes seemed to be peering everywhere.

It is an old story that nowhere will the master’s mind be exactly carried out without the presence of the master’s eye. It proved so to some extent at the Ellerton plantation. Changes came

slowly, but they came. The overseer was a cautious man, but left so much to himself and in a situation so out of the world, he did some things that could never have received Mr. Josiah Wapham's approval. For instance, twice a year, if the work of the plantation had been well carried forward, the overseer fell into the way of allowing the negroes under him to have a dance at night in the vacant house, and on these occasions he absented himself from the scene and left the hands to have things their own way. Mr. Wapham's idea was that "niggers should be worked 'nough by day so they'd want'er sleep come night, an' dancin' an that sort'er thing spoilt 'em."

There was another matter, too, which the overseer had no hand in. Of course the Black Tangle, dismal as it was, was sometimes the retreat of runaway slaves. There they could lie hid as long as they could obtain food. The hands on the Ellerton Place, left with little oversight at night, were often able to supply food and other necessities to blacks that were hiding in the swamp, and the fact was soon known among slaves far and near. This on the property of Mr. Josiah Wapham, to whom an act of aid and comfort to a runaway nigger was more infamous than a breach of the whole moral law! The secret was well kept, but secrets like everything else grow weaker as they grow old.

II.

IN the course of time Mr. Josiah Wapham formed in his mind a purpose to add another horse to those already in his stable, and set out one day to inspect an animal that was offered for sale at the Merton plantation. On this trip Tad rode a bay horse behind his master's carriage. It might be seen at a glance something of what Tad was. To begin with, he was dressed in a smart blue suit with bright brass buttons on

his jacket, and upon his head he wore a little round cap with a visor. These things and his sleek, well-fed appearance bespoke either the master's pride in the boy, or his favor, or both. For the rest, there was a soft, merry lurking gleam in the boy's eyes; it was always there,—sometimes subdued and quiet, but upon slight occasion intensified, and dancing with spirit. His lips too, even in repose, adjusted themselves so that they hinted at merriment,—or perhaps it was mischief; they were at their soberest in what might be called a sort of "unstable equilibrium."

At the Merton place, Uncle Luke, a slow, stooping, gray-headed negro, led from the stable the horse to be inspected, tied the halter through a ring in the door-post, and retired to the old red pump for a drink, while his master talked up the good points of the horse to Mr. Wapham. Tad wanted water, too, after his ride in the heat and the dust; he dismounted and joined Uncle Luke at the pump.

"Dat a good hoss?" asked Tad, jerking his thumb over his shoulder towards the group at the stable: his tone was low, as if inviting a confidence.

"Yaas," drawled Uncle Luke slowly, as he took the drinking cup from his mouth, and looked off under his eyebrows towards the horizon, "good hoss." The last words were spoken with a rising inflection.

Tad looked at the old man curiously. "Got no tricks, nor nawt'n?"

"Naw, not to say tricks," answered Uncle Luke in the same manner as before.

Then he turned his eyes slowly, and saw the boy's face full of question marks. "Good hoss, but yo' wantner know how ter han'le 'im, boy. Yo' cayn't put no whip onter 'im. Mighty fine saddle hoss, too. But I don' nebber wantner ride behind dat hoss, n'r be on his back, when er whip teches 'im; no, sah!"

"What yo' reckon he gwineter do?" Uncle Luke snorted a little. "I reckon his heels gwineter go up, an' his head gwineter go down, an' dey gwineter keep a gwine up an' a gwine down, an' he ainter gwineter wait fur yo' to git fixed fur it, an' no mo' he ainter gwineter stop it on 'count er perlitiness."

Merton was just saying to Wapham: "He's as kind and stiddy a horse as I ever drove, and he goes right along; but he won't bear the whip. That's all yo' got to look out for."

Uncle Luke heard the words. He was an important personage in his own eyes, and in that tender spot it touched him to have his communication so freely published, as if anybody could have told as much as that. An air of being able to tell more than anybody else when he set out to bestow a confidence came over him.

"Dar's anodder little ting," he said, in a moment or two, "but I reckon 't ain't much 'count. Yer cay n't git ole Rock inter water, n'r trough water, no way. I don't reckon Marse Merton knows dat hisself. Dis child found it out sorter permiscuous like; but it am a fac'. Mighty little need to git a hoss inter water, no how."

The horse was a bay,—a very good mate for old Pete, the horse Tad had ridden, and this was what Mr. Josiah Wapham wanted. The difference in the appearance of the two horses was very slight, except that there was a white spot on Rock's face.

Yet Mr. Wapham rode away as he had come,—that is to say, with Tad riding behind him on Old Pete, and without the horse he had been inspecting. Of course, he knew his own business. Perhaps he intended to buy the horse later; perhaps, for some reason, the horse did not suit him; perhaps that disposition in the animal to resent the whip was too trying to Mr. Wapham's masterful spirit. He was not always a harsh master, but the whip he was ac-

customed to use when he was "a min' ter," and he expected it to be submitted to gracefully until his mind changed. Perhaps he deferred buying the new horse until he could make careful trial of the animal's speed and other points. At any rate, an opportunity to do this soon offered.

III.

At the Ellerton Place the spring planting was all done, and the grand semi-annual "break-down" for the hands was to take place in the spacious old house. Word had been secretly conveyed to the hands on Mr. Wapham's home place, and after dark all of them that could be absent without risk of being missed — the field hands, chiefly — were to steal away and be in at the merrymaking. This they always did; they were careful to return before daylight; their trip at night, over an unfrequented road, involved no great risk; and there was zest enough in the occasion to tempt them to the long tramp and the sleepless night.

Nothing whatever could be done at the old house in the way of preparation for the merry occasion, until the near approach of evening made it reasonably certain that "Marse Si" would not come upon the scene.

As soon it was dark, lights began to flash from its usually mournful and forsaken-looking windows; the tramp of heavy, clumsy footsteps was to be heard, hastening through its deserted rooms and halls, and a loud babel of coarse voices, eager, excited, and happy, made its old walls ring. The preparations were few and simple; to sweep the floors, to arrange a place for the fiddler, and a few rude seats for an occasional rest, and to put up decorations, here and there, of green bougths, bouquets, and wreaths.

Among the merry-makers there were some strange faces,—some that wore amid the gayety an uneasy, sad expression. These were inhabitants of the

Black Tangle, seizing this occasion of seeming safety to mingle with their kind, and to get once more a touch of light and life, so rare to their hard lot. Of these, Merton's Clorindy was one, a small mulatto girl of very spare figure, whose hollow features, large, staring, vacant eyes, and painful expression of woe were almost enough to give an air of mockery to the merriment around her.

At Mr. Wapham's home place, before the evening was far advanced, Tad, who stood leaning upon the gatepost, heard the sound of horses' hoofs approaching, and in a few minutes was able to recognize the stooping, bony figure of the rider: it was old Uncle Luke.

"Marse Wapham done bought dis hoss?" asked Tad, as he noticed, by the aid of the starlight, a white spot in the animal's forehead.

"Some'n a heap bigger'n de hoss business ternight, boy," Uncle Luke answered in a quavering whisper. He dismounted and placed his lips near Tad's ear; he was trembling and excited. "Tings gwineter be shuck up mighty lively on dis yeah plantation onless dis chile am a yearlin'!"

"Yo' ain't fatched 'long no eart'quake 'bout yo' clothes?" inquired Tad pertly.

"It mought be an eart'quake an' den agin it mought n't; I ainter sayin' what it am, but I does say tings gwineter be shuck up; yo' heah me a' tarkin', boy!"

His trembling hand was tugging at his ragged coat pocket as he spoke, and at last came out with a letter, which he shook menacingly at Tad.

"Yo' see dis yeah?"

"Fo' Marse Si?" enquired Tad.

Uncle Luke could contain himself no longer; he moved nearer to Tad again and dropped his voice still lower; at the same time his huge, misshapen hand came up with an earnest gesture.

"Yo' know our yellor gal, Clorindy, done run away las' week?" he gasped out. "Reckon Marse Merton got he heart sot ter kill dat gal, an' dar war n't

no peace ob her life. I nebber see anyting like de way he kep' a-floggin' her des' fur not'n 't all. Wall, in co'se, she am in de Black Tangle; and Marse Merton he 'spicions dat. Den what should Clorindy's mammy do but tek sick an' go crazy ober it terday, a-hollerin' ter Clorindy ter get inter de Black Tangle an' keep herself hid away, an' a-tellin' her agin an' agin dat she can git viddles fum de Ellerton niggahs, an' a-sayin' it all right afore Marse Merton, 'r Missus, 'r any on 'em.

"Den ternight out comes Marse Merton, an' he says, 'Uncle Luke, put de saddle on Rock an' hab him ready fur me-in 'bout five minutes.' I seed Marse war kin'r stirred up, an' I got dat hoss out in partickler haste. Den comes Marse Merton, an' says, 'Heah, Uncle Luke, git onter ole Rock an' tek dis lettah to Mr. Josiah Wapham. I was gwineter see him, but I cayn't go ternight.'

"Now what yo' reckon gwineter be in dat lettah, boy? an' what yo' reckon yo' Marse gwineter do when he see it.

Tad was dumb; he stood immovable, watching the slow-moving form of the old man as it faded into the darkness on the path toward the house. He heard the door of the house open and shut; in a very short time he heard it open again and Marse Si Wapham's voice pitched in a high key and stammering with fury.

"Heah, tell Tad ter saddle ole Pete an' have him ter the gate fur me quicker'n lightnin'!" The order was given to Uncle Luke.

Tad felt himself grown suddenly weak at the words, and leaned heavily against the gate muttering hoarsely, "Lawdy, he cayn't be agoin' ter de Ellerton Place tonight! Lawdy! Lawdy! De oberseer am away, an' dar's de dance, an' dar's de fiel' hands dar, an' dar's Clorindy wid de res' of 'em, and mebbe dar's one er two mo' dat orter keep darselfs outer sight. Lawdy! Lawdy! Lawdy!"

In a few minutes Uncle Luke took form once more out of the darkness and came up with the order for old Pete.

Tad hurried to the stable, Uncle Luke going with him to help, for in this mood Mr. Josiah Wapham was not to be trifled with. The two negroes were too much hurried and frightened to talk. Aided by the feeble light of the lantern they moved nervously about the stable, and in spite of much awkward fumbling and blundering the horse was led out towards the hitching post at the gate before Mr. Wapham appeared.

Rock had been tied at the post nearest the gate, and it was now necessary to lead him away and hitch old Pete there for the greater convenience of "Marse Wapham." As Tad proceeded to do this, he heard the front door of the house open, and saw a stream of light flood a small section of the darkness among the trees; then he heard his mistress's voice pleading:—

"Why must yo' go ternight, Si? Yo' know what the roads is, an' thar's the creeks to cross. Why not wait till mawnin'?"

He heard, too, his master's reply, pitched in that high key of wrath.

"I'm agoin' ternight 'cause I'm a min'ter go ternight, an' I can't wait till mawnin' 'cause I ain'ter min'ter wait till mawnin'. Yo' jest go ter bed, an' I'll min' my own business!"

If the two listening negroes had had the least doubt before of what was on foot, this reference by the mistress to the character of the roads left no further chance for it.

At that moment Tad was just in the act of untying Rock; without any change of manner he changed his purpose and retied the knot. That done, he quietly took Old Pete from Uncle Luke's hands, and without a word led him to the next post, hardly a rod from where Rock stood. Then he walked away into the darkness and Uncle Luke hobbled off after him.

Immediately Mr. Josiah Wapham rolled into sight, stormed through the gate, and being in absent mood accidentally mounted Rock instead of his own horse, and so rode briskly away.

The two darkies stood together, out of sight, watching Mr. Wapham's departure; Tad with eager interest; Uncle Luke in a dazed way, his slow brain hardly grasping what was going on until it was over. He yielded to Tad's eager cautions to keep still and keep out of sight, without a thought of what they meant.

As soon as the last faint sound of Rock's hoofs had died upon the ear, Tad slapped his knee and began to laugh; his laughter increased though his prudence kept it from being too boisterous. He gave it vent instead by bending himself double; by lying down on the ground and rolling; by rising and bunting his kinky black head against the fence, and by every other antic that his rollicking nature suggested to him.

"G'long wid yo', boy," said Uncle Luke severely, when he found a chance to make himself heard, "what yo' foun' to larf at? In cose it's a heap o' fun to send Rock away an' make an ole nigger like me walk home!"

Tad's convulsions increased again. Uncle Luke's temper rose. "Yo' good fur notin' little black niggah," said he, savagely, shaking his gray head and spreading his distorted hands by way of gesture, "is yo' larfin' to tink what Marse Wapham gwine ter cotch at de plantation, an' all de shucking up dat's gwine ter come ob it?"

Tad was still unmoved to reply, or to cease his merriment, and Uncle Luke stooped stiffly, picked up a good, stout stick, and approached the boy as if he meant to apply it.

This move had a sobering effect, though Tad easily ducked away from the stick and was too frisky and spry to be in much risk of a blow from it in old Uncle Luke's hands.

"Marse Wapham say—he! he!—Marse Wapham say he go ternight 'cause he min' ter git dar ternight!" Tad staggered and fell to the ground again with laughter. Uncle Luke's stick came up, threateningly, and the boy added, trying to look very grave, "Marse Wapham gwine ter change he mind, des' dis once!"

"What he gwine to do dat 'fo'?" demanded Uncle Luke.

"Des ter save de seed, I reckon; dat kinder seed am skerse on de plantation."

Uncle Luke's stick came down to within a fraction of an inch of the boy's head, and the boy hastily dodged and scrambled to his feet again.

"Marse Wapham ainter change he mind," said Uncle Luke severely.

"Den mebbe he ride Rock to Snake Creek an' ter Long Creek, an' den git off an' wade, an' tote de hoss ober! Reckon he feelin' des about perlite 'nough fur dat ternight!" It would have been worth while to have seen the gleam in Tad's eyes as he said this.

Uncle Luke looked at the ground, while ideas slowly arranged themselves in his mind.

"Sho' 'nough, Marse Wapham gwine ter tek notice he ain't on ole Pete when he comes ter de creek! Dat he am. He cain't nebber git ter de Ellerton Place wid dat hoss!" Uncle Luke slowly shook his head as he spoke, and looked gravely at Tad, as if weighing the consequences of this rashness.

As for Tad, he again doubled himself up with laughter. "Lawdy! He no business a-cuttin' roun' nights wid de hosses. Break he neck sho', an' hab eb'ry niggah on de place in de spirit of mournin'! Look lak it would n't tek much to roll dat head off'n him, no-how." After delivering himself in this way the boy had another relapse of merriment.

"Yo' gwine ter larf dat way when Marse Wapham finds out 'bout dem

hosses?" drawled Uncle Luke, trying to put on an air of asking for information.

Tad turned a handspring and, putting on airs in his turn, came up with an innocent tone of surprise.

"What yo' mean 'bout dem hosses?"

"Reckon now dat boy want somebody to tell him as how Marse Wapham done rode off on de wrong hoss!" said Uncle Luke, as if speaking to a third person.

"Marse Wapham done rode off de wrong hoss?" repeated Tad, keeping up the pretense of surprise. "Dat'll nebber do. Mebbe he mighter be blamin' it on ter some po' little niggah! Reckon I bettah tek old Pete, an' go an' catch him, an' fin' out wedder he meant ter do it or done it a-puppus!"

Upon that Tad coolly mounted old Pete, and rode off in the direction his master had taken, recklessly trusting to Uncle Luke to give an account of the affair according to the outlines just merrily suggested, if need should be. The speed of his departure did not indicate great haste to overtake Mr. Wapham.

Perhaps Tad took no great risk in this adventure into which he had so hastily plunged; the peculiarity of Rock was probably known only to the negroes, or if otherwise, their knowledge of it was a secret, so that no motive could appear for purposely making the change. Mr. Josiah Wapham might be very angry, but he could not suspect anything more than a trifling thoughtlessness in the boy. Tad, too, had a gift at explaining away unfortunate facts and circumstances, which he had learned to consider very useful. But be the risk what it might, there was another side to the affair; it was the spirit of true heroism, under cover of his usual recklessness and love of mischief, that had induced the boy to attempt the defeat, for once, of his master's imperious will. He deliberately interposed himself to avert the awful consequences of such discoveries as his master would be

likely to make by a visit on that particular night to the Ellerton Plantation. His wits were already working at high pressure to devise a way of safety for himself.

IV.

MR. JOSIAH WAPHAM rode on at a smart pace, taking the shorter of the two roads at the fork. He had not ridden horseback for some years, but at night and on such roads that was the only method of travel to be thought of.

His mind was at first altogether taken up with revolving schemes of wrath and vengeance too awful to detail. As he jogged along his heated thoughts gradually cooled, and he became conscious of his unusual situation. He had no light but the stars; he felt the damp air of the night about him; the dreary, lonely road crept into his mood. Everything around and ahead of him looked black and shapeless; but soon his imagination quite too readily provided shapes for what appeared. Several times he thought he saw a dark form waylaying him; perhaps he did, for several dark figures had started out on that road before him. More than once his ear caught a sound like horses' hoofs, but the road was soft, so that such sounds would be faint at best, and when he listened he heard nothing but the creaking of a tree in the wind, or the dropping of twigs, or some other sound of nature. He thought about stories of phantom horsemen, and felt uneasy.

In a short time the dark expanse of the Black Tangle, with the haze that hung over it, became faintly visible, and the odor of it began to steal in upon him with his breath. He grew rather nervous;—not really frightened, for there was not much of the coward about him, to do him justice,—but a little stirred up by his own imagination. In his heated resolve to set out, he had given little concern to the journey itself; it was upon what was to come after that

his angry thoughts were fixed. Now he would not have been sorry for a chance to wait till morning, but he was too deeply in love with his own willfulness to change his mind.

The horse had settled down to a walk, and at that pace his footfalls were muffled by the soft soil of the road. Mr. Josiah Wapham at this stage of his journey seemed better satisfied with this noiseless travel, and the horse suffered no urging.

On the left of the road, beyond a couple of large oak trees, stood a long deserted negro cabin. There had once been a rude fence around it, but only part of the fence was still standing, and even that was nearly ready to topple over; one end of the cabin itself had fallen away, and the two little square windows looking upon the road were open entrances to the wind and weather. Mr. Wapham, as he passed this cabin, detected slight sounds coming from it, which did not interpret themselves; his eyes, too, seemed to catch some movement within the windows. No light was visible. If he had seen a light there, or if it had been by day, Mr. Wapham would have felt called upon to go and learn the meaning of these things; perhaps he felt the call strongly enough as it was, but if so he preferred to disobey it under the circumstances; in his present state of mind he liked the mystery better than the search for an explanation.

A few rods ahead the sky was faintly reflected in the broad, sluggish waters of Snake Creek.

As for Tad, he was chiefly concerned not to get too near his master. When he reached the place where the road forked he reined up the horse and hesitated a few minutes, and then he, too, took the shorter fork and went on cautiously. As soon as the way was clear for it, he turned off the road, to the left. After getting some distance from it he guided his horse so as to

keep trees, or bushes, or rising ground between himself and any spot Mr. Wapham's eyes might possibly command. Then he urged old Pete to his best speed.

When Snake Creek came in sight he turned towards the road again, advancing slowly and with great caution. In a few minutes he dismounted at the deserted negro cabin, and led his horse into it. From the windows he could see a short stretch of the road, and on ahead, before his eyes, lay the broad creek, silent and deserted. He knew to a certainty that his master could not have passed that point. There was a chance that "Marse Si" had gone by the other road, and in case he did not appear within a reasonable time Tad had his plans ready made. So here he stood, holding the horse's bridle rein and waiting for what might happen.

Of course; Mr. Wapham *did* appear. Tad was a little surprised at the slow pace of Rock as his master passed by. Old Pete was restive, and it required some patting and soothing to keep him quiet at the critical moment; but soon Tad's head was out at the window watching eagerly for the crossing of Snake Creek. Then it was that his eyes rolled, and his lips twitched, and his white teeth kept obtruding themselves upon the dim light of the night.

The creek was bordered on both sides by tall, waving weeds and grass, and by frequent clumps of trees and undergrowth. On the other side the road plunged at once among low branching trees that deepened the gloom upon the water over which they hung.

The approach to the creek did not at all soothe Mr. Wapham's nervous state; the horse went quietly enough to the water's edge, but there he stopped short, with his forefeet thrown a little forward. Mr. Wapham began to peer around him, and across the water; he had never known Old Pete to act like that! Had the animal seen something

unusual? There was no movement anywhere except the rustling of foliage and grass in the slight breeze that was blowing. The rider sat motionless upon his horse for a time that to Tad in his concealment seemed almost endless.

"Go on, Pete!" The voice was quite subdued; the tone lacked the stiffening of a command. The horse did not move.

"Go on, *Pete!*" This time it was a command.

The result was the same as before. Mr. Wapham's temper was rising again, and that temper brooked no opposition. He had no whip, but he was equal to the occasion.

"Go on, Pete!" It was again a command, and not only that, but Mr. Wapham's boot heels struck into the animal's flanks at that moment with fiery energy.

The next moment Mr. Wapham's temper was cooler, and the horse started, but it was upon the back track and riderless, while from the middle of the creek a puffing and blowing and snorting greeted Tad's ears that was too much for his sense of humor; he laughed outright, though the outburst was tempered with due caution.

"Golly! Marse Si rolled off dat easy, lak he war a punkin wid two stems ter it! He! he! no business on a hoss; it teks a little niggah to ride de hosses! Leastwise he orter got hisself tied on! Reckon he git cooled off dis time, sho'!"

Mr. Wapham crawled out of the creek and went pattering by on the road, puffing, blowing, and shouting, "Whoa, Pete! Whoa, Pete!" To which request, or command, Rock, if he heard it, paid no attention. Why should he?

V.

At the Ellerton Place the dance went merrily. As soon as the arrangements were completed the fiddle began to scrape, and it was allowed little rest. Care and labor-weariness dropped from

the dancers under the inspiration of the music.

The ball was not a dress affair, but the apparel was sufficiently picturesque and motley. The occasion was graced by a few bright bits of ribbon, and by several grotesque personal decorations. Dancers of the male sex were largely in the majority.

It was not far from ten o'clock when an outer door of the house opened upon the scene and Tad walked hurriedly in. The eyes of the dancers followed the boy with surprise and curiosity as he worked his way among them towards the fiddler's stand. In a few moments the fiddle stopped suddenly, and the little group that had gathered around Tad was swelled by the noisy dancers, as they flocked to learn the cause of the interruption. Speedily there was a change in the assembled company, voices dropped to a low tone or an excited whisper. There were hurried consultations, and preparations were at once begun to leave the house. Soon a little group of four or five separated itself from the others; in this group was Merton's Clorindy. These led the departure with anxious haste; once out of doors they turned towards the Black Tangle, which soon swallowed them up in its gloomy depths. For such as they, after all, *there* was the only safe hospitality the world had to offer. Others of the dancers stole off one by one to wards Mr. Wapham's home place.

Almost in the time it takes to relate these things the ballroom was deserted, the decorations and seats were removed, and the old house given over again to its wonted state of darkness and gloom. Then Tad mounted old Pete again and rode away.

His work successfully accomplished, there remained to the boy, as he rode homeward, the grave task of concocting such a story of the night's doings as should cover up all his tracks. He, if anybody, knew how to make crooked

things strike the eye of the observer as perfectly straight, and to transform even wanton mischief into devotion to his master's service.

As he rode on he rehearsed the story to himself, changing, correcting, improving as his ready wits inspired him. "Now, how come Marse Si ride ole Rock away? Why, Uncle Luke he come to me an' say, Marse Si done gone off wid Rock, an' left ole Pete a-standin' at de very identical post whar I hitch 'um, an' he say Marse Si must tink he ridin' ole Pete, an' Uncle Luke he say, 'What gwine ter happen if Marse Si tech a stick ter Rock. Git he neck broke, sho'.' Den Uncle Luke say, 'Whar yo' reckon Marse Wapham done gone wid dat hoss?' An' I say, 'I reckon, from what I hear Missus say at de do' about de roads, dat he bound for de Ellerton Place.' Den Uncle Luke start to walk home, an' I git onter ole Pete, all a tremble like fo' fear o' what might be a happenin' to Marse Si;—an' I rides him fit to break he neck to catch Marse Wapham befo' anyting happen to um. De fust ting I knows dar I is at de fork ob de road an' nobody dar ter tell which road ter tek. I bleege ter choose one 'r odder, an' I reckon Marse Si ainter gwineter mind de road bein' a little longer, he gwineter tek de bes' road at night, an' on I goes on dat road lak I racin' wid de debbil clar ter de Ellerton Place, an' I ainter fin' Marse Wapham nowhar. Den I goes in de dark, I does, an' finds Big Sam's cabin, an' I knocks until dat sleepy niggah opens de do'. 'Marse Wapham ainter been here ternight,' he say. Den I ride, like mad, back by de odder fork, an' still no Marse Wapham and no Rock. I des 'bout crazy by dat time. Seemed like I knowed ole Rock done played some ornery trick on Marse Si."

Here he chuckled a little as he thought over this complete and plausible statement of "facts." (The last one at least

was a fact!) 'But there were some things on ahead that he was not yet master of.

He soon reined his horse into a walk, and began listening and straining his eyes into the darkness before him. He was approaching again the place where the road forked, and was anxious about the risk of coming by evil chance upon the lost master he was so distractedly seeking. Probability favored the idea that that gentleman was a foot passenger along the road somewhere.

At length, under the deeper darkness of a spreading oak by the roadside, he drew up and listened several minutes for a sound of footsteps; hearing nothing he ventured on cautiously. He kept his horse moving at about the rate a man would walk—a *tired* man!—so that such a person, coming on behind, would not be likely to overtake him, and he for his part would not be likely to overtake such a person who might be on ahead.

He came soon to a cross-road, and turned off to the right. Here, after walking the horse a safe distance, he started into a brisk trot again. At the end of about half an hour's ride the shrubbery and buildings of the Merton Place rose dimly before his eyes. At the gate that opened to the drive-way of the stable a new fact awaited him. Rock was there, quietly nibbling the grass, and waiting to be admitted to his stall. The hour was near midnight. Tad had no idea of attracting attention to himself; he tied old Pete, caught Rock, and hitched him at the gate, then stole in towards the stable and disappeared around it. In a short time he returned; Uncle Luke was with him, and the two were in an earnest confab carried on in a very low tone.

It seems Uncle Luke had come home and stolen quietly to his bed unseen; he was not easy about Tad's performances, and what consequences might come to himself, and his simple plan was

to keep his own counsels as long as he could.

They hurriedly put Rock into his stall. So far the affair had gone well,—very well; but the situation still had some painful uncertainties about it. The smallest mistake might yet be serious. Tad drew Uncle Luke behind the stable and rehearsed to him the story he had prepared to tell on his return home. He studied it and turned it over and over carefully, as he repeated it to see whether it was sure to be right in all its parts and leave no loop-hole for discovery.

"'Pears like eberyting am all right," said Tad, sober and very anxious now. "Marse Merton ainter fin' out dat Rock ben away;" and then, as it flashed across him all at once he added, "no more Marse Si ainter fin' out dat he had Rock! I seed dem two part fur dis 'casion des when Marse Si change he mind 'bout go-in' to de Ellerton Plantation,"—his spirit of humor was getting the better of him again,—“fust Rock mek a bow, den Marse Wapham he mek a bow, an' den Marse Wapham call dat hoss Pete, an' he call dat hoss names dat de Missus don' nebber call 'um, but he ainter call 'um *Rock!*”

"Yo' gwineter *tell* him dat he had Rock," drawled Uncle Luke, "an' all dat 'bout ridin' Pete to cotch him like yo' racin' wid de debbil!"

Tad's face fell. "Marse Wapham mighter fin' he way home by dis time," he said anxiously, after a pause. "Reck-on I gwineter shuckle dem facts up a little mo' befo' I deals 'em out!"

The two negroes separated again, Uncle Luke to return to his bed, far easier in mind with Rock safe in his stall, and his part in the night's adventure in a fair way of concealment.

Tad mounted again and rode towards home; his mood was very thoughtful. After one or two turns in the road, his way lay along one side of an extensive cornfield, where the young corn was but

little above the ground. Just across the cornfield lay Mr. Josiah Wapham's stable. A storm was rapidly spreading over the heavens, and this, together with Tad's great anxiety to get home undiscovered, no doubt, here suggested a new plan, which he proceeded at once to put into operation. He dismounted again, left the bridle reins loose upon the horse's neck, and started him towards home alone round by the road. Then the boy himself climbed the fence into the cornfield, and struck across on foot towards the stable. He gave little farther thought to the horse, but upon arriving undiscovered he crept stealthily to his bed in the stable loft.

His case proved to be like that of the young lady in the novels, who, after some affecting scene "goes to bed but not to sleep." He was, of course, anxious and uneasy, although chances were now much in his favor. During his master's absence there was small danger that Tad had been missed from the stable by any one at "the house"; but whether his master had reached home first, and had been prowling round the stable before going to bed,—in which case he was likely to have missed Tad, and to know too much,—or whether that gentleman was still seeking his home in his unwonted character as a weary pedestrian, was matter for concern.

Again and again the boy rose from his bed, and went to the little front window to look for any signs of either of the two remaining wanderers, old Pete and his master. Meantime a quiet but heavy storm came on. On one of his trips to the window Tad detected, through the pouring rain, the head of old Pete thrust over the stable gate, and could hear above the storm his impatient call for admission. The call was in vain. Later there were new sounds without,

and from the window Mr. Wapham's peculiar form was distinguishable, and his sharp voice was to be heard as he led old Pete to the stable.

At this point Tad succeeded in going to sleep; in fact, Mr. Wapham had hard work to arouse the boy from the sound, careless slumber of youth. When he had accomplished that task, he ordered old Pete well rubbed down and cared for, remarking as he stood there, dripping forlornly with the rain, that "he never knowed befo' what a traveler that horse was!" A moment more and he had quietly gone to dispose of himself for the night.

Tad stood in amazement until he heard the door of "the house" close behind his master.

Then he broke out. "Hi! Hi! I reckon Marse Si gwine ter shuckle dem fac's hisself, an' 'pears lak dis little niggah ain't need ter mek no deal't all. Des keep he mouf shut! Golly! Nebber tought o' dat,—Marse Si's 'shamed ter tell, an' I's safe!" And then, after a moment's reflection, "An' I's afraid ter tell and he's safe. Reckon dis little niggah got de most to tell, but Marse Wapham got de mos' influence! Marse Wapham an' I des gwine inter partnership on dis job!"

Nevertheless, stories got abroad, in some mysterious way, that Mr. Wapham had taken an unwilling plunge from his horse's back into Snake Creek on that eventful night. That gentleman was greatly vexed at the report, and had no patience with it; he was alone during the ride, and who could vouch for the ridiculous story? It is always hard to imagine how secrets get out,—mere lonely accidents, in particular!

When the most rigid inquiries were afterwards set on foot about aid to run-aways at the Ellerton Place, nothing whatever could be developed.

C. A. Stearns.

FAMOUS PICTURES OWNED ON THE WEST COAST. II.

THE MAN WITH A HOE. BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET. OWNED BY MRS. WILLIAM H. CROCKER.

"THE Man with a Hoe" is not only by a famous painter, but was itself a famous painting long before it came to the Pacific Coast. No painting of modern times, perhaps, has provoked more discussion and more of bitter controversy. It was painted at Barbizon, where Millet lived from 1849 to his death in 1875, and where he fought out his long struggle with poverty and prejudice. Seven other paintings are credited to him in the year 1862, all of them important works. Up to that year there had been little of encouragement in the life of the great proto-martyr of the modern school of realism. He had painted peasants as he saw them, and would not falsify what he knew to be the truth by letting any touch of Arcadian prettiness creep into his work, in spite of the whole weight of the reigning authority. It is hard now to realize what a revolution this was in French art; how Millet was a proscribed man, abhorred as a "socialist" and a revolutionist, and working continually so in debt that the sheriff was in possession of his house.

When "The Man with a Hoe" was offered for the salon of 1863, the storm raged more fiercely than ever. This was a sign of promise; for it showed that friends were beginning to rise up in defense of Millet after the long, long time when there had been no strife, because there had been nobody to fight for him.

The decisive battle of two schools was fought over this picture. After 1863 there were yet ten years of constant labor and bitter poverty before the war was over, and then came the brief year or two of appreciation and reward that

made his last days bright. Yet it is almost pitiful to read in Sensier's life of Millet, how success only came when breaking health had robbed it of its helpfulness. In 1867 four hundred dollars had been a high price for him to receive for a picture. In 1873 \$9,500 was paid him for his "Woman with a Lamp," and in 1874 the government gave him a commission to paint the decorative paintings in the chapel of Sainte Genevieve for fifty thousand francs. These decorations were never finished; for Millet died in January, 1875.

It is unnecessary to relate the rise of Millet's fame since then, or to tell of the fabulous prices that his works have commanded. The "Angelus" was brought to America, and is counted among the greatest of modern paintings. The West Coast is fortunate in the possession of "The Man with a Hoe." This painting was brought from Paris by Mrs. William H. Crocker, in 1891, and is the gem of the many fine paintings owned in the Crocker connection. It was exhibited in the Loan Exhibition in the spring of 1891, and roused the discussion it always creates. This discussion, or the literary side of it, was summed up by Mr. W. D. Armes in a paper printed in the OVERLAND for June, 1891.

Artists are no less impressed with the picture than those that value it for its moral idea. They find it marvelous in its technique, its composition, its coloring,—the whole envelopment of the central figure. And so there is now no discord in the verdict of greatness. Every one that studies it, although he may find it a painful picture, is more and more impressed that Millet has painted the truth.



THE MAN WITH A HOE.

AMONG THE DIGGERS OF THIRTY YEARS AGO.

IN all California there is no fresher, prettier, or more fertile nook, than a little valley which lies hidden away among the high mountains of the Coast Range in Mendocino County. It is a thousand feet above the cold fogs of the coast, and a barrier of bristling peaks fifty miles wide protects it from the cold, bleak winds of the sea. There the sunshine is the brightest, there the clover smells the sweetest, and the water is the coolest; there the hottest rays of the noonday sun but feed the springs from Sanhedrim's snowy cap, and provoke the sweet zephyr that steals softly down the valley.

In 1856, the Potter Brothers, with their families, took possession of this lovely spot.

It was a conquest without resistance, followed by dependency without servitude. Captain John Be-lo-kia, and his tribe welcomed the whites as a superior race, and legitimate owners of the soil. At this time a natural road over the top of "Hell's Delight," and a few Indian trails, was all that connected Potter Valley with the outside world. With a strong, steady team it was possible to haul a few hundred pounds over this brushy, precipitous road, requiring a day to make the trip from Calpella to Potter Valley, a distance of ten miles. The necessities of life were brought in by "pack train," over the trail that lay deep down in the cool, shady cañon, through which flow the head waters of Russian river; or growing tired of the perpetual shade and noisy waters, this smooth little trail abruptly climbed the hill, and dashed off recklessly, over rocks and through the chemisal.

Spanish horses were used principally for packing, and they were so accustomed to the mountains, and so sure-

footed, that few accidents occurred,—seldom anything so serious that it could not be righted with a buckskin string. But once, when "Old Polly" was packing a keg of syrup and a sack of flour, she made a mis-step, and went down the side of the mountain, exciting much merriment, despite our anxiety for the safety of "Polly." Polly, syrup, and flour,—Polly, syrup, and flour,—over and over, down the mountain, a transformation scene that will long be remembered. We read of casting bread upon the waters, and that after many days it will return; here was not only our bread, but the syrup that was to sweeten it, cast upon the mountain, and all that returned was Polly, looking very demure and crushed in spirit.

My first caller after entering the valley was "Capitan John," chief of the tribe, a broad-shouldered, finely muscled Indian, near the meridian of life. He was clad in his very best, and I confess now that I was not much impressed with his greatness from a dress standpoint. A large gray blanket did duty for a full suit, and was kept neatly in place without hook, pin, or string.

He soon became the possessor of a pair of "pantaloonis" and a "viejo camisa," and these two garments were in his estimation quite sufficient for any dress occasions, but were carefully laid aside on rainy days for the blanket costume. Shoes he has never worn: if you ask the reason, he will put his immense foot on exhibition, saying, "*La mismo oso*" (like a bear's). "*Me no quiero zapato.*"

In after years he discarded the blanket, and did not scruple to make use of any cast-off garments that were procurable, hats meeting with less favor than any other article of dress. A

sombrero several sizes too small for his immense head and shaggy locks did make John look a trifle more civilized, but failed to improve his general appearance.

John is a born comedian and humorist; his friends get the benefit of all the humorous incidents of the valley; he makes a very enjoyable pantomime out of his encounter with a grizzly bear, which almost cost him his life, judging from the deep-seated scars that adorn his body. He is never low-spirited,

barely escaping a scalp wound from the hind foot of the unruly beast.

In the early settlement of the valley the Captain attached himself to a pioneer family, in a very quiet but persistent manner. He adopted the family name, and for years has been known as "Indian John Mewhinney." Day after day, and month after month found him at his post (the gate post), a good dinner fully compensating him for a walk of four miles and hours of waiting. But John was sure of much more, if the

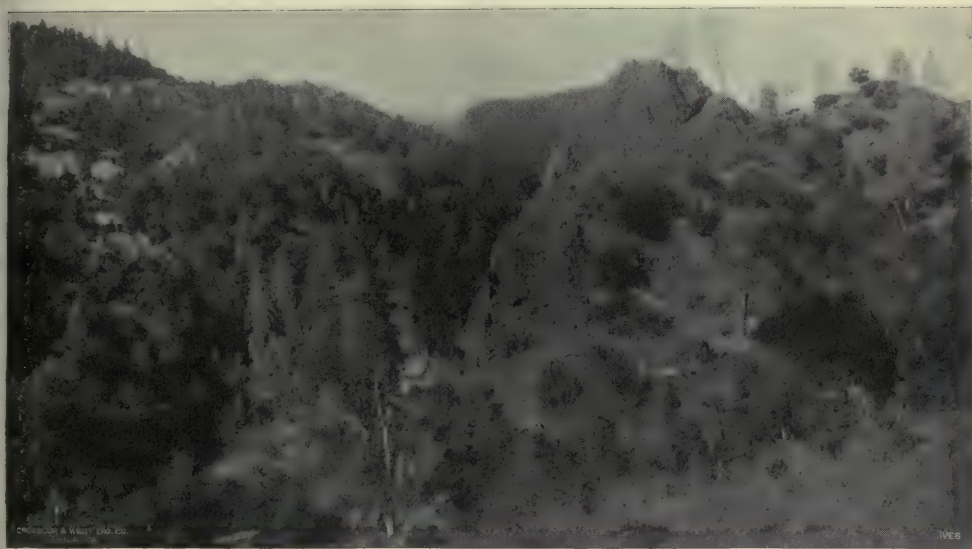


Photo by A. O. Carpenter.

HELL'S DELIGHT.

never morose, as most of his people are, and never too tired or worried with business affairs to joke and make merry at his own expense or that of his friends. One little incident will serve to show that dignity is not a predominating quality. A passing vaquero on a wild, ungovernable horse gave John an idea. Down on all fours he suddenly became a Spanish bronco of the very worst type, now here, now there, rearing, plunging, snorting, bucking to right and left, putting to flight some squaws who came near being run over, one

slightest duty was performed, for the good lady of the house never permitted him to go away empty-handed, and he allowed no account to run "one day after date." His usual method of accepting a favor was to ask for something additional. Upon one occasion he was presented with a full outfit of personal adornment for a Fourth of July celebration. After patting his necktie and looking himself over admiringly, he surprised us with a flourish of his linen duster and a profound bow, remarking, "Me all the same somebody."

At times when the granary was well filled, or the shocks of corn unusually large, John would appropriate some for his own use, and out of respect to our feelings would absent himself for several days; but if left alone to guard the premises he was strictly honest.

It mattered little to him whether he bowed his back in the harvest field, or over the wash-tub, his chief anxiety was to be paid and get home before sundown. In those days no Indian would willingly stay from home until sundown. I never could learn whether it was from fear of the wild animals, which were

then plentiful, or from superstition, or a sense of duty to assist in the "cry," which began at sundown and ended when they could screech no longer, out-doing in volume and tone a pack of coyotes.

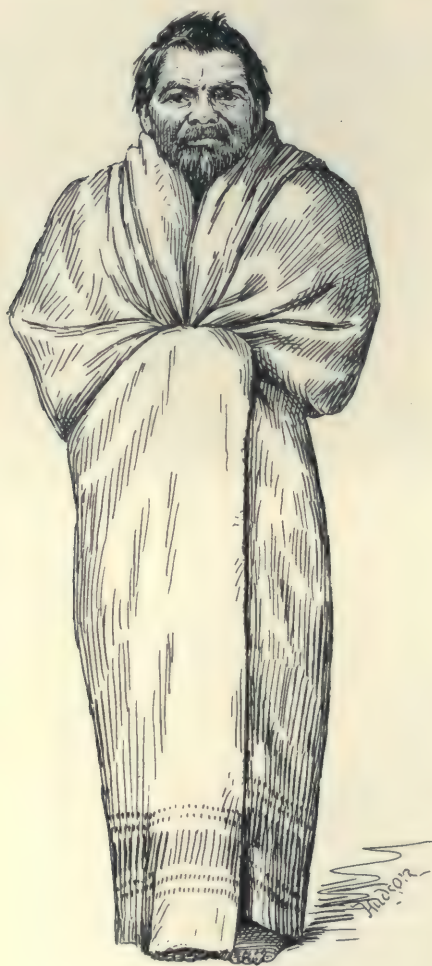
Once a wave of unhappiness swept into the Captain's casa, causing Anita, the mother of his family, many heart-aches and one tragic passion; but John, perhaps not unlike many of his white brethren under similar circumstances, lost neither his temper nor his jocularly, for he was master of the situation.

One cold, disagreeable morning, Anita took her basket and *muchacho*, and sallied forth to gather acorns, to increase their supply of pinole for winter use. Several miles were traveled before the basket was filled, and the poor little baby grew very tired of being laced tightly down in his basket, and dangling on his mother's back, almost blinded by the wind and bright sunshine.

When she reached the rancheria she was much fatigued, but quickened her steps as she saw the smoke rising from her casa, and thought of the one who had kindled the fire for her comfort, her own jolly John.

Upon entering the casa, she found John sitting cosily by the fire with a bride at his side. The beads that he had given to the choice of his youth, the simple giving of which made them husband and wife, had during her absence been given to another, and Anita was a divorced woman. John's only charge against her was, "Too mucho viejo!" and poor old Anita's wrinkled face plead guilty to the charge.

She looked at the two,— then unstrapping John's baby and taking it from the basket, she laid its naked body on the ground, and setting her heel upon its neck, kept it there until life was gone. Then with a look of undying hatred she departed, and took up her residence with the family of her son-in-law, Santa Ana.



MY FIRST CALLER WAS CAPTAIN JOHN.



From Painting by Grace Hudson.

CAPTAIN JOHN.

In after years she was much devoted to her little grandson, Samwy, and seemed a very affectionate grandmother; but she never forgave Captain John.

He was not ignorant of the sufferings of Anita, for he jocularly told me that "She mucho oulo, mucho meuah" (cried and talked much), and actually imitated the manner in which she killed the child, its writhing and gurgling beneath the mother's heel.

It is a well-known fact that the Indians often destroy their children, yet in my acquaintance with them, which extends over a space of thirty years, I

never but once saw an Indian child punished or corrected for any misdemeanor, and that was rather a pleasant punishment after all. Old Mary, busy at the wash tub, grew tired of the whining and snarling of her little boy, "Beel" (Bill), who was displeased because she would not or could not grant some childish request. She bore his noise patiently for some time, and then, without uttering a syllable, suddenly dashed a pan full of cold water in his face, and resumed her work. The day was warm, and the douche proved very soothing.



CAPTAIN JOHN MAKING WAMPUM.

Soon after Captain John's first call, numbers of the tribe came to our cabin; conspicuous among them were Legs, Colorado, and Chapo. A good dinner then, and many subsequent meals, have made lifelong friends of them.

I soon learned that a Digger Indian's capacity was too great for my store of jam. They were most fastidious, and again, quite the reverse. No bread was eaten without careful inspection, and only the crumb of it then; nice brown crusts were thrown away, regardless of the scarcity of bread at home; and a leaf of tea floating in the cup was a sufficient cause for leaving the tea untasted. Although very fond of meat, they could not be induced to taste bear, mutton, pork, or chicken, neither would they use butter or milk. Yet when given bread to take home, they rolled it in any filthy garment, would eat of the carcass of a cow that had been dead a week; or if something more appetizing was desired, it was easily prepared by throwing a handful of live coals into a basket containing a quart or two of nice plump caterpillars. A few moments of constant blowing to keep the coals alive, and shaking of the basket to bring each

caterpillar in contact with the coals,—and they were thoroughly singed, and ready to be made into a stew. I saw two old, infirm Indians anxiously watching a stew of this kind, while a majella kept up the fire, and stirred, and poked, that none might be underdone. As the pan was much too small for the amount being cooked, it required constant attention.

Another delicacy is prepared in much the same way out of fish-worms. The only difference is, they require no singeing. Captain John, pointing to his little basket of fish-worms, says, "*Este la mismo sugara.*" After the ground is thoroughly soaked with winter rains, a basket full can easily be gathered. A smooth, sharp stick, somewhat larger and longer than a cane, is forced down ten or twelve inches into the soft, wet earth, and pressed against it on all sides. The worms, disliking the pressure, make their way to the surface, and are at once captured.

Wild clover is eaten in great quantities without any preparation or condiment.

Their "pinole" (Indian bread) is made of the seed of tar-weed, or of acorns

hulled, dried in the sun, and then pounded in stone mortars until fine as flour. Buckeyes are also prepared in great quantities. The average Indian is not fond of them, but in case everything else gives out they can be eaten. After the buckeye is pounded into flour, it is put into a pan-shaped place that has been scooped out in the sand, near a stream of water. Water is poured over it for hours, until the poisonous quality has disappeared; then it is cooked by putting hot rocks into it

thumbs and great toes, and fastened to trees twenty feet away. Every few feet along the strings were "water-dogs" suspended by the neck, thus giving the evil spirit something tangible to leave on. When the medicine man made his appearance, the brush on which Chapo lay was fired, and the blaze was soon lapping around his helpless body. Big Oso performed a medicine dance around his patient with much agility, being but slightly encumbered with bodily adornments. He called loudly to the evil



Photo by A. O. Carpenter.

IN THE CAÑON.

until the whole becomes a very indigestible paste.

During the winter of 1860, before any crops had been raised in the valley, there was little in the rancheria to eat except acorns and buckeyes, and great numbers of Indians died for want of more wholesome food.

At this time Chapo was so sick that his life was despaired of. As a last remedy he was rolled up in a wet blanket and laid on the top of a small brush heap. Strings were tied to his

spirit to depart, and allow Chapo to come back to health and his friends. He recovered, whether owing to the departure of the devil, or to the novel steam bath, which helped nature to throw off the disease.

Chapo was at all times and under all circumstances the greatest beggar I ever met. If one could believe him, the Indians were always in a starving condition. Two fat little naked boys were his constant companions. In a very plaintive tone he would say "No hay



G. H. Johnson

"ANITA SALLIED FORTH TO GATHER ACORNS."

pread, no hay meat, no hay eatim Injuns." It was marvelous how the trio kept so plump with nothing to eat.

The Indians of the different villages often exchange visits, staying for weeks, or as long as the provisions last, cheerfully dividing the last crumb. Once while Chapo was making a visit to a distant village, Russian River rose to an unusual height, sweeping entirely over the low land on which "Bill Town" stood, driving out every inhabitant late in the afternoon of a cold winter's day. It was five miles to the nearest shelter, and poor old Chapo, with no clothing whatever, traveled this distance through

a blinding storm. His only protection from the cold was a potato sack held to the waist in the form of an apron. The exposure prostrated him, and a few months later he was off to the happy hunting grounds.

Prompted by friendship, and a desire to witness a "Digger Indian" funeral, we hastened to the village at an early hour the next morning. The funeral pile consisted of logs and dry wood, neatly piled about two feet high, with ample length and width. On this rested the blanketed form of our old friend.

The moment the sun appeared above the Eastern horizon, the torch was applied. At first the smoke rose lazily from the four corners of the pile, but in an incredibly short space of time it was one vast flame. We stood with eyes riveted to the spot, momentarily expecting and dreading a view of the charred remains. Such an unpleasantness was prevented by throwing on blankets and clothing. Bows and arrows, great quantities of beads and Indian money, and handsome baskets that represented months of labor, were thrown into the flames to accompany him on his journey. The Spirit Doctor with incantations performed his dances round



THE BRIDE.

and round the fire so closely that it was necessary to pour water on his head every few minutes, in order that he might proceed with the funeral service.

The wife of Chapo and Anita his sister sat with their backs so close to the fire that the flesh was badly burned. They screamed incessantly, tearing their hair and flesh, pleading and calling to the "Good Hombre."

The native words were not intelligible to us, but their grief to a sympathetic heart needed no interpretation. A score of others with downcast eyes assisted in the "cry." The scene was most affecting and blood-curdling.

When next I saw the chief mourners their hands were burned in a horrible manner. This was their mode of doing penance for any displeasure they had caused the departed. They were attired in deep mourning, which consisted of the ashes of the dead, mixed with pitch into a thick paste; this was put upon short cut bangs, in the form

of little beads, each bead holding firmly a little lock of 8 or 10 hairs. They varied in size from that of a pin head to that of a grain of wheat. A band of these gray beads, an inch and one half wide, reaching from ear to ear across the forehead, constitutes their mourning. It must interfere considerably with hair dressing, as it remains about the usual period for wearing mourning.

Hoping to learn something of their religious belief, I have asked many questions, but the only information elicited was that there is a "Good Hombre" above, and a "Bad Hombre" down in the earth; that good Indians go up, and bad ones go down; and then they invariably confessed their ignorance of the whole matter in the simple sentence, "No hay sabe me."

Thirty years have wrought a wonderful change. Where once the grizzly was wont to come and feed on clover, now stands the comfortable farmhouse and orchard. The home of the deer and jack-rabbit is converted into vineyards, and where once stood the native village of eight hundred or a thousand souls, not one casa remains. Legs, the terpsichorean artist, the high jumper and pride of the fandango, has long since gone to abide with his fathers; while Colorado, his rival, trudges on, with an appetite for bad whisky that causes him still to devote much time to his steps.

Captain John's visits are now at long intervals; his back is much bowed with age, his step has lost its elasticity, and his almost sightless eyes make it difficult for him to leave home unattended. Home, did I say? This poor, ignorant, improvident child of nature does not know the meaning of the word. The wolf has always been at his door. If he had ever possessed as much as fifty dollars at any one time in his life, it would have been more wealth than he could have managed. And now that youth and strength are gone, he and his





THE MEDICINE DANCER.

majella are mere hangers-on, taken care of in a very indifferent manner by relatives.

Anita lives with her daughter in an adjoining hut. She and her successor are both stone blind, and apparently on very good terms. She has not laid up against the woman the infidelity of the still unforgiven man.

If a Digger Indian is capable of gratitude (which I doubt), probably John is grateful for past favors, although no intimation of the fact has ever escaped him. But he is so much superior to his fellows in many ways that he is a general favorite regardless of his faults, and I will give him credit for feelings that may be only slumbering. For many years I have tried to teach him to say "thank you," but his accomplishments

in that line are a total failure; the nearest approach to it is, "this dinner good." The light heart and jocularly that were on occasion so unfeeling have nevertheless prevented much discord in his rancheria; and his total abstinence from intoxicants is a creditable quality which his people respect, if they do not follow his example.

"Speak of angels" is an old saying, and holds good in this remote corner, for there stands John, peering over the gate, gently coughing. "Come in, you old beggar, are we not friends? Will your Digger instincts never permit you to speak, instead of coughing to make me aware of your presence? And after our long acquaintance will you never enter my gate without an invitation? We are friends; come in; the lesson you



"WHERE ONCE THE GRIZZLY FED ON CLOVER."

have taught me in cheerfulness is worth more than all the bread you will ever eat."

He totters in, leaning heavily on his staff, and sinks upon the porch exhaust-

ed. In answer to inquiries concerning his health, his voice has the merry ring of old, as he laughingly says in his somewhat improved English, "Pretty soon die me."

Helen M. Carpenter.



NOCTURNE AND FANTASIA.

THE wharf was dark, gloomy, and silent. There were black heaps and masses that by day might be coal, and tarry timbers, and lumber, and hay; but now all had taken on a sombre mystery. The inky water swirled among the piles with a sucking sound, as if it had just seen a horrid sight down there in the ooze and slime. On each side a spectral maze of masts and rigging loomed against a cloudy sky. The stillness was not slumberous and peaceful, but seemed full of dire possibilities. The solemn city bells struck the hour of twelve. As the last faint boom died away, there seemed to mingle with the sob of the water a tremulous sigh.

A sable figure appeared coming out along the wharf,—the cowering, shuffling figure of a man. He reached the end of the pier, and stood looking at the sullen surface below, where one star gleamed balefully in the blackness.

"This is the end of it," he muttered, half aloud. "Damn the infernal luck! I won't stand it any longer." He spoke mechanically, as if the words had been often repeated; and drew back with a sudden motion, as if preparing to take a dreaded plunge. He glanced around at the dreary scene, and then stepped quickly to the edge, throwing up his hands as he did so.

At that moment a pair of arms were firmly thrown around him. Engrossed as he was with the frightful business of the instant, he started violently with astonishment and fright. Thoughts of robbers flashed through his mind, although he had nothing to lose. He began to struggle fiercely. But a minute before, he had been about to destroy himself: now, he instinctively began to fight for his life with an unknown assailant, whose intentions he did not at once comprehend.

All at once he ceased to struggle, and stood silently, with downcast gaze, as if ashamed. The embarrassing knowledge had come to him that the arms which held him so firmly were those of a woman. There was a strange silence.

"Who are you?" he murmured at last.

"Don't do it, sir. Don't do anything so rash," exclaimed a breathless and frightened voice, and the arms still retained their hold. "Promise that you won't," the voice continued, pleadingly.

"Well, I promise," said the man, with petulant despondency.

The arms were withdrawn, and as he slowly turned, he saw a woman sitting on a timber with her hand pressed on her heart. He could not see her features in the darkness. Presently he heard her sobbing, softly and pitifully.

"I've scared you," he said with compunction. "I'm sorry. I didn't know anyone was here. I didn't hurt you, did I?" he asked anxiously. The woman shook her head, and sobbed on.

The man was perplexed. The sight of a woman in tears conveyed to him the impression of deep trouble. He felt a desire to help one who had been so prompt to do him what she of course considered a service, and who now seemed to be in distress. So for the moment he forgot about dying.

"I'm awful sorry," he said again, awkwardly.

There was no answer, but his companion wept with less restraint at his kind and respectful words. He stood there puzzled and embarrassed, and gradually the sobs ceased. Some singular and unpleasant ideas began to occur to him. He looked at the woman sharply.

"How did you happen to be out here?"

he asked, in a queer tone. His companion held her handkerchief to her eyes and said nothing. There seemed to him to be a sort of piteous refinement in her attitude.

"This is no place for a woman at night," he said.

Still the other was silent. There was a long pause.

"Oh!" he broke out, in a changed tone, "p'r'aps you was waiting for someone."

The unconscious accent of disrespect stung her, and she rose hastily.

"No, no!" she cried, with agonized vehemence. "I came here—as you did—to stay!"

"Good God!" cried the man, deeply shocked. "Let's get out of here. Come, you sha'n't stay here another minute." He seized her arm and led her away, gently and firmly.

She did not resist nor speak, but walked beside him submissively, with her hands clasped before her. So they walked silently together away from the black, indistinct shapes and the sobbing water. Once the woman glanced quickly at him. She had noticed that he limped.

At the first street-lamp they paused, and looked at each other earnestly and with a certain solemnity. At the verge of death they had so strangely met,—preservers of each other. She saw a small man of about forty years, haggard and pallid. He wore a black mustache and imperial that in some way deepened the pathos of his face. One leg seemed shriveled. He showed no signs of dissipation, but had evidently suffered severe injuries. For his part, he saw a woman of thirty, who would have been comely had she not been so wofully emaciated and pale. Her fragile hands were almost transparent. She was attired in a neat black dress.

They gazed at each other for a time with peculiar interest. At last the man said:—

"My name is Phil Dobbs. I got hurt in the mines, an' come down here to git doctored. I've spent all my money, an' I'm dreadful weak yet, an' I got the blues, bein' as I had n't no money nor friends. That's why I happened to go down there," he added, apologetically.

Then the woman said:—

"I am, like you, without money or friends. I worked in a shoe-factory till I got sick. Then I got in debt for my room, and the woman who keeps the lodging-house talked so mean to me to-night that I left at once. Then the streets were so cold and cruel that I got desperate."

Dobbs looked at her, and saw nothing but honesty and suffering in her pale face.

"What's your name?" he asked, respectfully.

"Susan Zippercamp," she replied, after a moment's hesitation.

Dobbs held out his hand, and said:

"Bein' as we're both without friends and money, let's be friends to each other, an' p'r'aps we can make some money together. What do you say?"

Susan Zippercamp looked at him earnestly, and seemed to see in him a well-meaning, but unfortunate and lonely man. She replied simply:—

"Let us walk a little farther."

They walked on, until at last they found themselves in a bright street, lined with handsome residences. One of the largest of these was brilliantly lighted, and seemed to be crowded with company. They saw many men in uniform; a military reception was evidently taking place. A number of carriages stood in the street. A low wall of stone bordered the sidewalk, surmounted by an ornate iron fence. From the wall a beautiful green lawn sloped up somewhat steeply to the illuminated house. Marble steps led down this lawn from the entrance to the street, with two pale statues on a terrace half-way. They heard the inspiring music, and through

the open windows saw luminous electric bulbs in clusters.

Susan suddenly paused, and sat down on the marble steps.

"Here is a nice place to rest," she said, and her smile looked very wan in the cold, moonlight radiance projected down the street from an electric light.

"I must find you a place to sleep, someway," said Dobbs, anxiously.

"O no; this is very pleasant," she said.

As they sat there, two persons came down the steps and paused on the terrace above. One was a young man, in the handsome uniform of a field officer of the National Guard; the other, a young lady in elegant evening costume, wearing a white wrap. They were conversing in a light and joyous strain.

"Ah, Major Pondlily," said the young lady, "I have such a *serious* charge against you! You really should be tried by a court-martial. I could not have believed it of the gallant Major Pondlily. I was so hurt,—so *grieved*!"

"Now, ah, really, Miss Begonia, you shock me indeed! What is this terrible charge? I am uneasy,—alarmed. Tell me, at once."

"Do you remember the last night at the encampment?" asked the young lady, in a significant tone.

"Certainly I do. It was not so brilliant and pleasant as it might have been. I did not see you there, I remember."

"O, how deceitful men can be! Especially military men. Major, I *was* there on the last evening."

"You were there! You astonish me. I am agitated,—disturbed. Explain, I beg."

"Yes, sir. We went that evening to the headquarters of the — Brigade, and we saw you there, and bowed to you; and Major, you turned away, and would not notice us. There was such a crowd there, too! Just imagine our feelings!"

"What! I turned away? Impos-

sible? In the evening, did you say? Was n't it in the afternoon? Now Miss Begonia, relieve me by saying 't was the afternoon. It could n't have been I. I was away in the afternoon."

"No, indeed, sir; 't was in the evening. You cannot evade the charge in that way, Major Pondlily. We were all so grieved,—so *confused*."

"O now, Miss Begonia, there must be some mistake. It is simply ridiculous,—incredible. You say that *you* bowed to me, and I turned away? Impossible!"

"I bowed to *you*, sir, and you—*turned* away."

"O, come now. Colonel Hannibal was there that last night, and he and I are always being mistaken for each other. Ah, Miss Begonia, it was Colonel Hannibal you bowed to. Confess, now."

"No, *indeed*, sir. We saw Colonel Hannibal, too; but it was to you we bowed, and you took no notice."

"This is terrible, Miss Begonia. I am shocked,—appalled. Now let us reconsider the matter. You say that you entered the headquarters of the — Brigade, and saw me there, and bowed —"

"O no, we did not enter. We were in a carriage, and did not get out."

"O-o-o! Now I am reassured, Miss Begonia. You were in a carriage and did not stop. That explains it. That is why I did not see you. Ah, that lifts a great weight from my mind."

The brave soldier raised his plumed chapeau emblematically.

"But you cannot imagine, Major Pondlily, how disconcerting it was. We were so perplexed,—so embarrassed."

"I shall never cease to regret it, Miss Begonia. What an awkward, stupid dolt I must have seemed. Really, I feel like hiring someone to — to *kick* me, in fact."

"O, not so bad as *that*, Major. Of course we *thought* that perhaps you didn't see us."

"Well, of all the blunders I ever did

make, that is the worst. Really, I feel like — like — sweeping the streets with myself, in fact. I am thoroughly embarrassed,— *overwhelmed!*”

Phil Dobbs turned to Susan, and whispered with a weak laugh:—

“I’d forgot that there was any fun left in the world.”

An elderly gentleman and lady now joined the young people on the terrace, and they all came down the steps to the street. The old gentleman and two ladies entered one of the carriages, talking meanwhile merrily to the young officer. At last, with cheerful “Good-nights,” the vehicle drove away. The Major remained for a minute or two, gazing after it with a look of pleased interest on his face. When he turned to ascend the steps again, he met Phil Dobbs face to face.

“Good evening, sir,” said Dobbs, in a low tone. “I want to ask a small favor. I’m a cripple, as you see, and I’m out of luck, an’ hain’t got a cent of money; an’ my—hem—that lady you see sitting on the steps is sick, and had n’t ought to stay out in this night air. Now, lend me a dollar for a month, an’ I’ll pay you back with interest. I mean what I say. Can you accommodate me?”

The Major’s state of mind just then was one of pleasant exhilaration. The influence of the fair young girl with whom he had been conversing, was still upon him; generosity seemed the easiest thing in the world. He took a dollar from his pocket and gave it to Dobbs, saying:—

“Certainly. Glad to be of assistance, I’m sure.”

Then he ascended the marble steps again. Dobbs went back to Susan.

“Come,” he said, “you must n’t stay out in this night air. Take this money. You must git a room at a lodging-house, an’ to-morrer I’ll see you again.”

She looked up at him with pained surprise.

“What! Did you ask him for money?” she said, indignantly.

“Yes; he loaned me a dollar.”

She looked at him sharply.

“He loaned it to you!” she repeated, severely. “Do you think he ever expects to see his money again?”

“I don’t know,” said Dobbs, rather sullenly; “but he’ll get it back all the same.” He had a dim perception that his companion was a woman of shrewdness and principle.

“I don’t like that way,” she said. “You asked for it; you can keep it all yourself. I don’t want it.”

“Well, you need n’t be so hard on me,” he said, with a hurt expression. “I wouldn’t have asked for it if it had n’t been for you. You ain’t well, and you had n’t ought to stay out all night. I’m a-going to pay this money back. I don’t beg for myself or anyone else. If you’d only ‘a’ let me alone down there to-night, I would n’t ‘a’ had any need to borrow.”

“Don’t talk so,” she said; “you frighten me. I believe what you say. I thank you. But—I’d rather not use the money to-night. Let us walk on; we can keep warm that way. Keep the money, and perhaps you can make more with it to-morrow.”

He still tried to persuade her, but she was firm. So they walked on until Susan was tired again; she sat down under a small, depressed tree that had seemingly struggled up through a round hole in the sidewalk. Presently Dobbs saw that she had fallen asleep. He took off his coat, and gently wrapped it about her. Then he leaned against the tree with folded arms. In a few minutes a policeman approached. He halted, and looked at them.

“What are you doin’ here?” he asked.

“Sh—sh—sh” replied Dobbs, with a warning gesture. “She’s asleep.” Then he took the bright dollar from his pocket and showed it to the policeman.

"That's our capital," he said, "and we're waitin' for morning."

The policeman walked on.

About a month after, a young man in a fashionable business suit and derby hat was hurrying along Montgomery Street, when he met a cheerful, well-dressed stranger, who, to his surprise, called him by name.

"Major Pondlily," said the stranger, "my name is Dobbs. I borrowed a dollar of you one night, about a month ago, as you may remember. I'll pay it back now,—and here's a quarter for interest, and I'm much obliged, besides."

The Major's face expressed perplexity at first, but, finally, he seemed to remember the circumstance, and then his

expression changed to one of astonishment.

"The devil!" he said. "I never ex— O well, it's of little consequence. Thank you. Never mind the quarter. That's all right. Thanks."

"'T was a good deal of consequence to me," asserted Dobbs, laughing. "I was toler'ble hard up, about that time, but that dollar set us up in business. My wife and I started a little coffee stand with it. We begun with a kerosene lamp and a tea-kettle, but we got a good stand, and now we're clearin' ten dollars a day. Here's our circular. Call around and see us. Best coffee in the city—buckwheat cakes—home-made doughnuts. In a hurry? Well, so long."

Charles E. Brimblecom.





LIFE IN AN INSANE ASYLUM.

CONSIDERED poetically, an insane asylum is like a ruined temple, where the moonlight plays on broken arches and crumbling walls, and goblin faces peer out at the windows, and strange creations flit in fantastic flight through gloomy recesses. In fact, it is a sepulchre of living dead, a monument to ruined hopes and saddened lives.

If one ever is thankful for unimpaired mental health, it is after he has passed through the corridors of an insane asylum. The thought is especially impressed upon him that the mind is a wonderfully delicate and complicated mechanism. For some time he unconsciously looks with suspicion at the strange characters that pass him on the street, and wonders if their brain machinery is out of order. Every individual is said to be more or less insane. The crank is a harmless kind of lunatic, whose peculiarities fill us with no apprehension; but between the "peculiar" person and the raving victim of insanity there is so gradual a transition that only a specialist can trace it. It may be supposed that all the insane of our country are confined in the asylums, but such is not the case. More insane people walk the streets of our great cities, and are restrained in their homes, than

are to be found in these public institutions. In their cases the disease does not manifest itself dangerously.

When we recall the indignities to which the insane were exposed in the madhouses of a few decades ago, the awe and apprehension with which they were regarded, and their peculiar treatment at the hands of superstitious people, surely we may rejoice that the heart of society has so enlarged as to comprehend this unfortunate class within its sympathies, to provide them with comfortable accommodations, nourishing food, and reliable medical treatment.

A modern insane asylum is a small city, enclosed by four walls. It has a grocery store, machine shop, drug store, bakery, kitchen, gas works, laundry, mending room, infirmaries, and, perhaps supports a weekly paper, while surrounding the institution are the stables, orchards, and vegetable gardens.

The Napa State Insane Asylum, one of the finest of these public institutions in the United States, is a type of an asylum furnished with all the essentials for a correct treatment of the insane. The institution is under the management of Dr. A. M. Gardner. The system of management is the best that has

thus far been perfected. The late Dr. E. T. Wilkins, while superintendent of the asylum, made an especial study of the principles on which the prominent public institutions for the insane in the United States and those in England, Germany, and France were conducted. He visited the asylums of these countries, stopping long enough to make himself thoroughly conversant with all the details of their management. Upon his return, Doctor Wilkins was enabled to make such improvements in the administration of the asylum as his investigation convinced him to be needed. The system as now used, with slight alterations, by Doctor Gardner, is certainly one of the finest in the world.

The asylum building was erected in 1873-80, at a cost of \$1,300,000. It was then intended to accommodate six hundred patients, and contained twenty-six wards. Since that time, five wards more have been added, and the whole now gives room for fourteen hundred patients. The wards of the asylum are about 100 feet long and 25 feet broad. Each ward has twenty-five single rooms, a dormitory, dining-room, pantries, bath-room, wash-room, and clothes-room. The rooms of the patients are neatly but plainly furnished. Each one is well ventilated and lighted by a window, a feature not to be found in any other large asylum at the time of its erection. Two infirmaries, built lately, stand at the eastern and western ends of the building. Each is conveniently fitted for the accommodation of thirty patients.

An admirable characteristic of the building is the provision that has been made against the spreading of fire. The wards are principally of brick and stone, and so arranged that they may be shut off from each other by large, fire-proof doors. Systematic preparation is made for fighting fire by the weekly drill of an efficient fire company of assistant attendants. "So faultless and expedi-

tious is this system, that, from the instant an alarm is sounded, two full streams can be turned upon a fire, in any portion of the building, in two and a half minutes." In case of fire, the general alarm is given by the rapid and continuous ringing of the bell in the clock tower. Attendants in charge of wards are reminded that their first duty is to their patients and their safe removal. Special and immediate attention is to be given to the early removal of sick and infirm to places of safety. Attendants must invariably remain with their patients and attend to the immediate removal of these to the yards through the nearest available tower. All room doors are to be unlocked, and before he leaves the ward the attendant must be positively certain that all his patients are out of it.

After an insane person has been arrested and tried before the Insanity Commissioners, he is taken by the sheriff, or his deputy, to the asylum. Sometimes friends accompany him, and the partings are often very sad. He is first assigned to the receiving ward. If he be quite violent his clothing is removed, and a suit furnished by the State is given him. If not, he is allowed to wear his own clothes or to preserve them for special occasions. He remains in the receiving ward for a short time, and is then assigned to a suitable ward. The daily routine of the patient's life is as follows:—

At six o'clock he arises and prepares for breakfast, served at six-thirty; it consists of oatmeal or cornmeal mush, bread and butter, molasses and coffee. The food is given to the convalescents in heavy crockery ware, and to the violent patients in tin ware. After breakfast, each one cares for his room, and perhaps helps to sweep the corridors or attend the sick. Then the time is occupied as he pleases until nine A. M., when the patients are in favorable weather permitted to enjoy

the freedom of the yards. The refractory ones are confined in bare yards, surrounded by a ten-foot wall, while the convalescents wander about the pleasant grounds in front of the asylum, under the care of the attendants. At the same time the physicians visit the wards and prescribe for those who are not able to go out.

The patients return to the building at eleven o'clock and prepare for dinner, which is served at eleven-thirty.

tients go to the yards for their afternoon recreation. A walk among them at this time is decidedly interesting. Dickens has not pictured more grotesque or fanciful characters than are assembled here, under the trees and along the paths. The grounds are well filled with patients, either walking,—slowly, briskly or sedately,—or sitting on the benches and under the trees, or sprawling, in various positions, on the lawns. Here are ministers, doctors, law-



THE ASYLUM FARM.

The noon meal consists of either stew or soup, with boiled meat, potatoes, and either cabbage or carrots, bread and butter, molasses and tea. Roast meat is provided once a week. After dinner the patients lounge in the wards. Some of the men indulge in a pipe. Few seem inclined to engage in any form of amusement, while many do not read on account of the scarcity of reading matter. Such periodicals and newspapers as they have are from private donations. These few hours of interim grow quite monotonous.

When the bell strikes two, the pa-

yers and judges, skilled engineers, mechanics and farmers.

Old men are here, infirm and white-bearded, young men and middle-aged. There is something strangely sad about the scene, which affects ladies, and others of a sympathetic nature, to tears. When we consider how many darkened homes and broken hearts these people represent, how many tears and never-healing wounds, how many lives of possible usefulness lost to the State and society, we may, indeed, turn with sadness from the sight.

Starting from the western end of the

male yard I pass a well-dressed, corpulent young man, walking like a sentinel though the hot sun, from one end of the path to the other. His face is red and perspiring, but he perseveres with a martyr's devotion, and walks on with his eyes fixed before him.

My attention is next directed to a bearded man, who sits on the grass beside his out-spread handkerchief, and is closely occupied in the consideration of a wooden toy gun, about four inches long, which he views from all sides and ponders as if he were an Agassiz, examining a new fossil, or a Newton, working out a great mathematical problem.

Here is a man who looks like a character from Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. He is a large man, past fifty years old, dressed in a long black overcoat. A pair of steel-rimmed spectacles recline on the farther end of his nose, and a sea-captain's hat, tipped back on his head, gives a juvenile look to his wrinkled face. He saunters past and takes his seat under a tree.

Just beyond this man I see a long, attenuated patient, constructed on the plan of Ichabod Crane. His suit is short and tight, and he ambles by in a disjointed fashion, wearing on his head a small straw hat, cocked up in the old Continental style, and ornamented with a rooster feather in front, and a big bow of newspaper behind.

A little farther on I hear a sound proceeding from my right; turning, I see a thin-faced, red-bearded little man, crouched under a tree and softly repeating, "He's a Japanese. He's a Japanese," but so rapidly that his utterance would rival a most glib auctioneer's. I listen for some moments, but still he continues the elevating theme, rolling it off in regular cadence, now soft, now loud, breaking out at intervals with "You're all a crowd of—" the last of the sentence is indistinguishable.

Moving on a short distance, I am accosted by an affable German, who has

something confidential to tell me. He begins a discourse, punctuated by earnest gestures, as he peers sharply into my face. In the midst of his talk I distinguish such remarks as these: "Praying's no good, but then it's better than swearing," and "You must be wise, like snakes," from which expression I conclude that he has been a Bible student. He seems demented on the subject of social purity, and in the course of his remarks presents me with a written slip of paper, containing three by five inches of solid advice. I see that it ends with a bit of original poetry.

"When there is no tins nor pans
There's no demand for tinkers,
Where there is no sick man found
There's no demand for doctors
for
Ignorance and neglect
Brings one to the sick bed
and
Doctors are never sick
Except when everybody
is well."

Beyond this patient an attendant stands, to prevent anyone from passing without his permission. I am allowed to pass and enter the female side of the grounds.

Here the sight is more striking still. A yard of crazy women, with the stamp of their insanity upon them in dress and feature. They sit under the trees, and while some engage in knitting, others talk, and a few walk slowly in the paths; some recline in ungraceful attitudes on the grass; a few solitary women droop in the sunny recesses of the basement windows. The attitudes of many of the patients, in connection with their homely dresses and the peculiarities noticed upon a closer sight, combine to make a strange picture, that is indelibly stamped upon the memory.

The attire of some of the women is the peculiarity that first attracts the visitor's attention. A few of them are slovenly, and seem to have lost all pride in their personal appearance; others

look quite tidy in the rough garments. Some silent characters cut an uncommon figure in the short gray dresses, slippers, gray stockings, and cavernous hoods, which they pull over their heads until only two eyes and the tip of a nose are visible. As they sometimes sit in threes in the shade of a tree, they would make excellent figures for the opening scene of *Macbeth*.

Gray-haired old grandmothers are here, and little idiot girls, sullen women and others of pleasant aspect, whose faces light up as they converse with you. There are mothers whose children are forgotten, and others in whom the maternal instinct is deathless; many times the visitor, in passing, is greeted by remarks concerning absent children, or his resemblance to them. Often patients beg the visitor to release them from the asylum. In connection with many cases it is a sad feature that the patient believes that he is confined through the malice or cupidity of heartless relatives, who desire his property or are eager to be rid of him.

I have not described all the singular people confined in the asylum, but there are a few eccentric patients prominent on account of the strange trend of their insanity, of whom I must make mention. There is the "Tin Hat Man," who wears a tall hat decorated with little tin patterns of birds and mechanic's tools; the "Button Man," whose coat is covered with all kinds of buttons; the "Queen of England and the World," who believes that she is Queen Victoria, and carries a British flag. These are noted characters, without whom a description of the patients would not be complete.

At four o'clock the asylum bell strikes. The patients return to the wards, and are at leisure until supper. The spare time of some is occupied in the manufacture of lace and embroidery, in painting, or cutting ingenious articles from broomsticks or other soft wood.

There are a few patients who are out of doors most of the time. Those patients who are willing are permitted to work about the grounds or on the farm under the direction of a foreman. A few of those who work as farm hands live in neat white-washed cottages. These are located a half-mile to the rear of the asylum, in a pretty spot much frequented by visitors.

The place received its name from that of a tiny cottage near by, where a convalescent patient, called the Hermit, lived. The Hermit told me that when he first came to the Hermitage the ground about his cottage was bare and rocky. Now, by his unfaltering perseverance, it meets the visitor with the odor of honeysuckle and choice flowers, and is green with moss and ferns. In one corner of the yard is a rustic pulpit, and a bell that he used to ring on Sabbath to call the patients to religious service. The Hermit built his cottage from scraps of boards that he picked up by the roadside and from pieces that were given him by friends.

I have presented a fantastic side of the patient's character. It is but just to say that in the asylum are confined men of brilliant intellect, who give no evidence in their external appearance of the disordered state of the mind, who converse intelligently on the whole range of subjects a well read man should be acquainted with, and yet there is always some one point at which their insanity is revealed. The *Asylum Appeal*, a four-paged weekly, published in 1882 by the patients of the asylum, contained poems and literary articles that were meritorious and gave not the slightest intimation of their source.

If one is not satisfied by walking through the yards, a good opportunity of seeing all the patients is afforded in a tour of the wards.

The floors of the wards are of polished wood. The windows and all the wood-work are kept scrupulously clean.

At one end a sunny part of the ward is reserved as a sitting-room for the attendants, and in the female department these are very cosily furnished with flowers, pictures, and easy chairs.

A chill comes over one's spirits while passing along the corridors, as if he were in the solemn interior of a vault. You do not know what causes this strange sensation. The wards are well kept, the beds are neat and clean, and the patients look like other people. But no, not quite like other people; there is a subtle something in their manner, a sullen discontent, a melancholy aspect, unnatural laughter, moody silence, and a furtive gleam in the eye, that reveal the fires of insanity within. I passed with depressed spirits through the various wards, —the "pay ward," the receiving, the convalescent, and the violent.

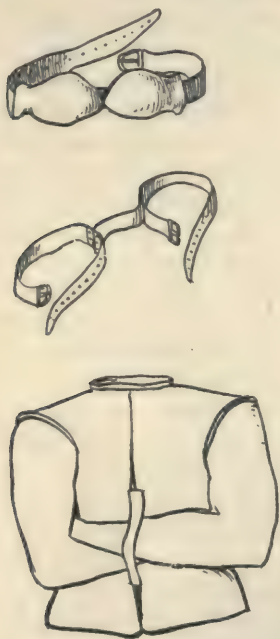
The last to be visited was a ward on the lower floor where some idiotic, sick, and feeble patients were confined. What a sight! Mind and body both enfeebled. A mere animal nature surviving. Four

or five attendants stood behind the chairs of the patients, who were at dinner. They were not served with separate articles of food, but all was made into a cake-like hash, otherwise the patients would choke themselves in greedy efforts to satisfy their hunger. Knives and forks are not given to this class of patients, who, consequently, are compelled to eat with their fingers.

It sometimes happens that a patient is taken with a strange determination to abstain from food; a tube is then forced into the throat, and gruel or other liquid food administered by means of the stomach pump. A few days of this treatment generally decides the patient to take his food, but cases are known where patients persisted until death ensued. One instance is recorded of a patient who lived nineteen days after the ulcerated condition of her stomach rendered it necessary to discontinue the use of the stomach pump.

To return to the regular routine of the ordinary patient's day: For supper, only a light meal is served of tea and bread and butter. The patients go to bed at an early hour, half past six in winter, and seven in summer. If the patient be convalescent, he goes to his room at this hour, undresses, folds up his clothes, and places them outside the door. It is probable that a refractory patient is also confined in the room with him; this one the attendant undresses with the help of the convalescent, puts him into a strait jacket, and securely fastens him to the bed by straps. If he is inclined to kick, two straps are passed around his feet and fastened to the foot of the bed. The spread is brought low on either side of the bed and then securely pinned at the foot by the edges, which meet in a perpendicular line.

The strait-jacket is a simple canvas garment, laced in the back and provided with long, closed, pointed sleeves. When it is in use the arms of the pa-



STRAIT-JACKET, MITTS, AND ANKLETS

ient are placed in the sleeves, which are folded in front and held down by a short strap. The ends of the sleeves are then brought around the sides to the back, and there securely fastened. Two other methods of restraint, the anklets and the mittens, are illustrated. Patients confined in a dark room alone have been known to release themselves from the strait-jacket in an unaccountable manner.

A notable instance of this occurrence was lately given in the escape of a patient from the Napa Asylum. A man named B— became violently insane. He was brought to the asylum, where particular care was taken to prevent his escape. A guard visited his room every fifteen minutes during the night. During the intervals of the guard's visits he freed himself, obtained possession of a metal cuspidor, filed through two iron bars, pulled them apart, lowered himself to the ground by his bedclothes, and escaped. He was soon recaptured, however.

After the patients have gone to bed and the doors are locked, the duties of the attendant are over. A night watchman now comes on duty, beginning at 9 P. M. and ending at 5 A. M. The watchman is assigned five or six wards, which he visits frequently in the night.

At 5:30 A. M. the attendants arise, unlock the patients' doors, pass in their clothes, and dress those who cannot or will not dress themselves.

The brief history of an ordinary day in a patient's life has now been told. Its monotony is seldom varied, except by an occasional visit from friends, or a participation in the Friday evening dance.

The clothing in which the patients are dressed is stout and comfortable, but not expensive, or cut according to the latest style. The male garments consist of red or blue flannel underclothing, gray socks, and tweed suits of the same color, which cost six or seven



THE "QUEEN OF ENGLAND AND THE WORLD."

dollars; low-crowned black felt hats, and heavy shoes complete the attire. The clothing of the female patients is largely cut from calico, gingham, and in winter Scotch plaid. Their heads are protected by sun-bonnets or winter hoods of waterproof, lined with flannel.

The position of an asylum attendant does not seem to be an enviable one; nevertheless, it is a singular fact that many of the attendants who have left the asylum are anxious to return again. The work required is not hard, but it is confining. The day is passed in company with the insane, but this soon ceases to be a serious objection. Two attendants, at least, are in charge of every ward, the senior and the assistant. Some wards have as many as five. If the patients be quiet, the attendant has at certain seasons of the day opportunity to read and write, or idle; but in the more violent wards his leisure is at any moment liable to be broken by scuffles among the patients.

The attendant cannot be a coward. He must be determined, and respected by the patients. When a quarrel occurs the attendant kindly but firmly interferes to separate the combatants, or place them under restraint. Any abuse

that he receives must be accepted without retaliation. Very lively affrays sometimes take place in the different wards, and require all an attendant's strength and shrewdness to come out first in the encounter.

Two recent instances that occurred in the Napa Asylum will illustrate this. While the patients were at dinner in one of the male wards, a quarrel began at the farther end of the table. The attendant stepped up to separate the disputants, when he was promptly struck between the eyes with a tin cup, his nose broken, eyes blackened, and a large gash cut in his forehead. In another case, a woman attendant went to the room of a patient, who seized her by the hair with a lunatic's strength, and proceeded to beat her about the face. The attendant's position would have been critical had not a convalescent patient, attracted by her cries, rushed to her help. As it was, she did not regain consciousness until two or three hours later.

The attendants do not take their meals with the patients, but are served at later hours in a general dining-room. I have already mentioned the duties of the attendants in connection with the rising and retiring of the patients, and their walk in the yards.

They are allowed a half day in the week to go to town, and also every other night after their duties have been performed. They are privileged to walk in the grounds after the patients have gone to bed, until ten o'clock; if not in the building promptly on the hour they are reported and censured. The responsibility connected with the care of fourteen hundred fickle patients makes it necessary to enforce strictly the rules of the institution.

Every Friday evening a "crazy dance" is held in the chapel of the asylum, in which attendants, people from Napa, and convalescent patients participate. It is a strange sight, that hall thronged with patients, dressed in such fantastic

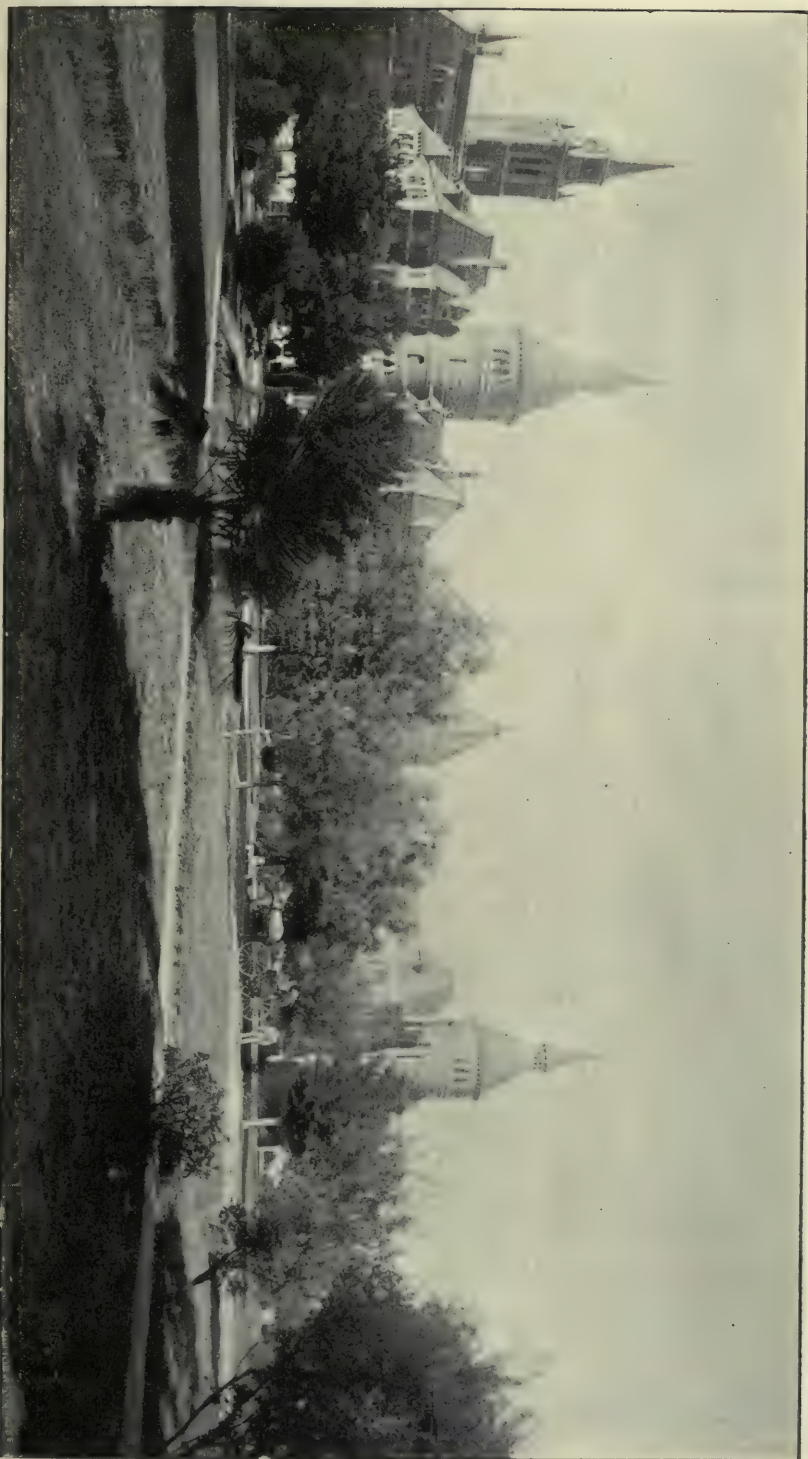
costumes as only a disordered fancy could arrange.

Religious service is conducted in the chapel each Sunday afternoon, by Napa clergymen of different denominations, and attended by the better class of patients, whom it would be difficult to distinguish from a decorous congregation of a city mission church.

The attendants support an excellent orchestra and band. At favorable seasons the men practise base ball. Those attendants who fancy the stage give an annual dramatic entertainment in the chapel.

These are the usual events in an attendant's life; but it sometimes happens that their prosy succession is enlivened in an unexpected manner, by the excitement attendant upon the pursuit and capture of patients. The incident presently to be related, which occurred three years ago, is unique in the history of the Napa Asylum, and can hardly be paralleled in the annals of the insane of this State. It illustrates the strange hallucinations of insanity, and the dangerous character the disease sometimes takes. When a patient escapes, the grounds and surrounding fields are thoroughly searched. If the patient is captured within an hour or two, the searchers are recalled by the asylum bell; if not, a posse of attendants is organized, which scours the country, visiting railroad stations, and all probable points of escape.

About eight years ago a patient escaped, and diligent but fruitless search was made for him. Three or four months after his flight, in an almost inaccessible part of the mountains north of the asylum, a corpse was found beneath a tree, in a cramped condition. The face was somewhat decomposed and eaten by wild animals. The weather at this time was very hot. It was supposed that the man had reached the shade of the tree in an exhausted condition, and died from the effects of exposure. The body was



THE NAPA INSANE ASYLUM.

hauled down the mountain on a sled and an inquest was held, where on account of the marked correspondence in height, build, clothing, etc., to the patient who escaped, it was decided that the body was his. Accordingly it was interred in the asylum graveyard, and the effects of the patient, including three hundred dollars, sent to his relatives.

Five years after this burial, at twelve o'clock P. M., the inmates of the asylum were aroused from sleep by the loud explosion of a bomb; an hour later another; and at an hour's interval, still another was heard.

The physicians and attendants became alarmed. The bombs were exploded on the grounds. For three or four successive nights these explosions were heard; always three, and at intervals of an hour exactly.

One night when the excitement was at its height, Miss M—, the daughter of the asylum engineer, heard the click of their front gate latch. She thoughtlessly arose and put her head out of the window, when a terrific explosion occurred, which shook the house. Through the smoke she saw a man hastening from the yard. An armed posse was soon in pursuit, and the man was seen crossing a field.

When hailed, he replied, "If you pay what you owe me I won't bother you any more." He soon disappeared and the pursuit was abandoned.

The superintendent was now thoroughly alive to the danger, and made strenuous efforts to capture the offender. A double line of attendants was arranged at night in strategic positions on the asylum grounds, and furnished with a password. Rifles, shotguns, and pistols were in demand.

A little later than the hour at which the explosions usually occurred, just as the morning light began to break, a man with a gun was seen within the asylum inclosure. He was called upon to halt and give the countersign, but refused

and ran. A chase then began, and thirteen shots were fired over his head. Beyond the asylum inclosure an attendant with leveled gun confronted him, and commanded him to halt. He looked behind and saw the barrel of another gun, and satisfied his case was hopeless, laid down his arms.

The man was conducted to the asylum, examined, and found to be the patient who had escaped five years before. In conversation he told the following story:—He had traveled in Northern California and Oregon; but Miss M— and Mr. A— (an attendant), he said, had followed him continually, driving him from profitable positions and causing his misfortune; they were always at his back, and when one slept the other watched, until finally he grew desperate and resolved to return and kill them both.

He had made an unsuccessful attempt to kill Miss M—. On the evening of a political speech in Napa he walked the streets with a shot gun heavily charged, and awaited another opportunity to kill her; he thought she would attend the meeting. The young lady was in fact present at the meeting, but unconsciously avoided the insane fiend by driving in a hurry directly to the building where the speaking was in progress, instead of stopping first at the postoffice, as was her custom.

The patient had a game bag on his back, containing bombs. These were formed of three broken pieces of a giant powder stick, tied with string, provided with a fuse, and all tightly wrapped with baling rope. Their explosive power was tested and found to be tremendous.

In addition to the attendants, there are two matrons for the female department, and two officials for the male department, called supervisors, who exercise a general supervision over their sections of the wards.

There are four physicians connected with the institution, all courteous gen-

tle men,—the resident physician or superintendent, Doctor Gardner (who is intrusted with entire charge of the institution); the first assistant, Doctor F. L. Dozier; second, Doctor Boles; and third, Doctor Dresbach Smith. The first and second assistants visit the wards once a day, one taking the male, the other the female ward. The third physician visits all the wards in the evening.

Little can be done in the present state of medical science to cure this mysterious disease. Certainly, much yet remains to be learned about it. Four cases out of every five may be traced to these causes, heredity, use of liquors, and excesses of various kinds. Those who become insane through sickness or mental strain are very few.

The common notion that there is little hope for a lunatic who becomes violently insane is not founded on fact. The violent patient more frequently recovers than one who is silent, moody, and morose or of a religious turn of mind.

About three-fourths of the patients are released once, many are set at liberty twice; but there are few who obtain their freedom thrice. The patient's

last acquittal is issued by the kindly hand of death.

The grim-visaged visitor seldom finds a mourning group of friends about the patient's bedside or a funeral procession ready to follow him to the grave. In fact, the funeral of a "crazy" is not marked by much grief or great expense. When a patient dies the body is composed and attired either in a muslin gown or the best suit of clothes he had. The corpse is taken to the deadhouse and remains there for a short time. The coffin is a rough pine box; an uncovered spring wagon answers for a hearse. Three persons at least are present at the funeral, the supervisor, the driver, and the gravedigger. Any sympathetic person so disposed may climb into the wagon and take his seat upon the coffin, while the procession trots off to the graveyard. Here the service is quite brief, in fact begun and ended by the stoic gravedigger. The memory of the patient quickly fades when his body has been buried, and the boards set up to indicate that Number So-and-so has passed away; and his vacant place within the wards is soon possessed by another sufferer.

Chas. W. Coyle.





A SANTA BARBARA DAY IN WINTER.

O DAY of days, I sing thy passing grace ere time has marred
Thy liquid sunshine in its perfect glow, or barred
One tender, radiant vista of its searching length,
Or stolen from one throb of joy its wild, sweet strength.

The black-wreathed tempest past, the long, wild struggle past and o'er
Of angered elements in cloud-locked, ceaseless war,
Great winds arose, and aired and dried the whole drenched world,
On which the heedless fates had floods of waters hurled.

"Come out," I cried, "O come!" opening my arms, my windows wide.
"We are new-born, we and all the sweet world beside.
No roof of hands shall hide my happy head today;
But God shall shield it under His, that waits alway."
Out through the shining, flowery streets with joy we swiftly passed,
Out till the clear, wide, winding road was reached at last.
Softly the rounded hills piled 'gainst the drooping sky,
Long lay the marshy sweeps where rush and willow lie.



Like one great olive branch the whole earth smiled and shone, and shook
 In the wide wind heaven-sent, that kindly swooping, took
 All beaten, storm-crushed things, and brushed, and smoothed, and swept,
 Whilst out from shaded nook and crease all scared things crept.

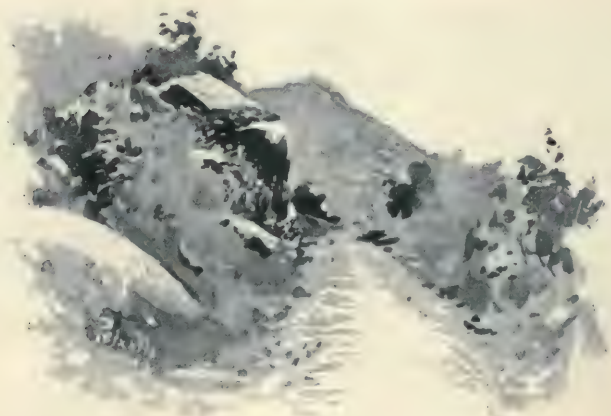
Salt airs play gently over slender rush and rustling leaves ;
 Warm mountain breath tangled 'mid eucalypti grieves ;
 And the trim, taper blackbird leaping to the stile,
 Stands dressed in blues and blacks, swift shoaling sheen the while.
 Mark well how slender wings like jeweled draperies backward fall ;
 Hark to the liquid jocund sweetness of his call !

Still on through cañons' mottled shade we thread our way,
 Great walls of green shadowing the radiant day.
 Whilst tiny, lissom lizards dart and flash in rainbow light
 From out the moss-grown, creviced rock, then back to night.
 Clear water runs, and here the faint flushed virginal bloom
 Of pale, wild lilacs lights the odor-haunted gloom.



Photo by Taber.

Into the broad, bright, traveled way slowly we drift at last.
 On either sloping side, ribbons of springing grass,
 That gently bring us to a sadly darkening door,
 Where waving eucalypti stand around, before,
 Guarding the silent city of the dead full well.
 Mounting the cliff-top 'neath the gleam and gloom, then fell *
 A pall of silence o'er us, chill and dull,—when lo,
 The noble height was gained, we drew keen breath, for O,
 Wide, wide, a heaving sea of sapphire rolled ablaze,
 A baptism of new life and power and sweet amaze.



Wide, wide, the purpling sapphire sea before us spread.
 Dreaming, fair islands lay rocked in their cradling bed.
 A great ship, strong, white-winged, swept toward us like a hope!
 The baptism of the sea made all things new; and scope
 For fullest being smote each nerve. Tall mountains rose
 Behind, around, their brows full bound to light that glows
 But once in life. Swinging in air as crystal clear,
 The earth one great, revolving jewel did appear,
 Set in the wondrous blue. And listening, breathless, one could catch
 The pulse-beats throbbing to the harmony. And snatch,
 An so they willed, a blissful moment's swift release.
 And soaring, disembodied, share in sacred peace
 The airy movement of one great, transfigured orb.
 O sea! O day! what glory may we motes of time absorb!



So through the flickering sunset glow, along the cliff-bound shore,
 We wind our homeward way back to the town once more.
 On Mission arches gray the changeful light glows warm.
 No stark and noisy chimneys lift a blackening storm ;
 No roar of traffic comes to greet the tortured ear,
 As waving pine and palm and scent of flowers draw near.



Photo by Tasheira.

They say this idle town knows not its hour,—its need
 Of the nineteenth century's push and hot unrest and greed.
 O idle town, still let the yellow gain slip by,
 Still may thy golden rest, thy peace about us lie,—
 That peace so hard to win, that peace how few that find.
 Sweet riches of sweet health, dower of the tranquil mind!
 Let kindly plenty reign, well earned and gently got,—
 No curse of swift-formed wealth to breed its social rot.

O rose-blown city, sleeping by the azure sea!
 O quiet, quaint old town, that grows so dear to me!
 To thee I sing, as song is given, my heartfelt lay,
 This simple story of a Santa Barbara day.

Harriet W. Waring.

JARDIN DE BORDA.



Photo by A. D. Stewart.

A MEXICAN DILIGENCIA.

TOURISTS that take advantage of the admirable traveling facilities which make the City of Mexico of such easy access (and happily, the number of such tourists is increasing every year) should not fail to include among their expeditions in the environs of the Mexican capital a trip to Cuernavaca. To strengthen this advice by specific reasons, it may be remarked that the trip affords an opportunity to test the enjoyments and the discomforts of a ride in a *diligencia*, one of the characteristic methods of travel in Mexico, now rapidly being replaced by railways. Even this diligencia route is likely to succumb to railway and tramway extension before many years, and the tourist will have to go a long way from the capital, or forego the romance of the diligencia ride.

Then, again, there is scarcely a more picturesque road to be selected from among those which are open to the hasty tourists who find themselves in the City of Mexico with, say, a week at their disposal, than that which runs out from the San Antonio,—a bad quarter of the city,—over the road by which Cortéz first entered Tenochtitlan; through Tlalpam; across the mountain ranges which shut in the valley of Mexico on the south, and on to Cuernavaca, the capital of the State of Morelos. The scenery along the route embraces all the varieties which characterize that wonderful land and make it the sightseer's paradise. Snow-clad mountains, extinct volcanoes, sheer precipices, dense forests of the hardier timber, tropical foliage, cultivated valleys, broad meadows,

lava beds, quaint little towns, rude hamlets, and scattered jacals, all to be seen in the course of a ride of ten hours over forty-seven miles of road.

And Cuernavaca when reached, is discovered to be a most picturesque place, with an interesting history back of it. It was a pueblo of the Tlahuico Indians before the advent of the Europeans, and bore the name Quauhnhuac, meaning "a stopping place for the eagle," and this name became humorously corrupted in the mouths of the Spaniards into Cuernavaca, meaning "the horn of a cow." It was captured by the Spaniards in 1521, before Tenochtitlan was finally taken.

With the title "Marques del Valle de Oaxaca," and with a large tract of surrounding country, it was conferred upon Cortéz by the Emperor Charles V., in 1529, in recognition of his services in Mexico. In 1530 the Conquistador took up his abode there, built him a stately residence, (since the Revolution rebuilt and now used as the government buildings of the State of Morelos,) and introduced from the West Indies the cultivation of sugar cane, which has since grown to be such a wealth-producing staple in that portion of Mexico. Thence he projected his expeditions of discovery along the Pacific Coast, and in 1540 set out upon his final journey to his native land.

In the present century Cuernavaca became the favorite resort of the Emperor Maximilian and the charming Carlota, who heartily commended the wisdom of Cortéz in selecting it as his residence. The villa in which the Emperor and Empress resided from January to October, 1866, is now used for a school. Probably its former Imperial occupants wished for it no better use.

Surely this should justify a trip, which need take no more than four days of the tourist's time, but which will afford a lifetime of delightful recollections.

And the tourist will be sure to visit

the Jardin de Borda in Cuernavaca, for in interest it ranks next to the government buildings, the monument of the great Conquistador; and in beauty it far exceeds all else in this picturesque town of narrow, crooked streets, red tile roofs, and tropical vegetation. Yet does it give but a vague hint of its splendor, more than a century ago, after Don José de la Borda had expended a million of dollars upon it, and before the armies of revolutionists had overrun it, in 1811 and 1821, while struggling for the independence of Mexico, leaving it to the tender mercies of gradual decay. The tourist will be sure to hear, furthermore, something about the man to whom the now departing beauties of this garden were due.

Joseph de Laborde was a poor French boy who came to New Spain, as Mexico was then called, in 1716, at the age of sixteen. He soon became so thoroughly Mexicanized that he was quite reconciled to the change which his name underwent, and was content to be known as José de la Borda. He illustrated what a poor foreigner might become in the New Spain of that day, and furnished a type of character that was then quite common.

Those were the palmiest days of the Spanish Viceroy, when the wealthy in Mexico were very wealthy, and the poor were poor, indeed. The country was sending annually to Europe ten millions of its mineral wealth alone. Such a thing as "Mexico for the Mexicans" had never been heard of, and was only remotely dreamed of, and Borda soon discovered that it was the foreigner who got wealthy in New Spain. What were the Viceroy's who were paid \$40,000 (and subsequently \$70,000) per annum, and yet could spend a million upon an aqueduct or build a costly church at their own charges,—what were they but foreigners? And Borda determined that he would be rich,—and philanthropic,—for the two went together in those days

His first fortunate venture was in the mine of the Cañada del Real at Talpujahuá, where both gold and silver are yet to be found, and whence he acquired an immense fortune. And following the example of the wealthy foreigners all around him, he gave a part of his wealth to the church. Half a million he spent in the erection and adornment of a beautiful parish church (still standing) in Tasco, an ancient mining town about fifty miles southwest of Cuernavaca. This was about the middle of the eighteenth century.

But the millionaires of Mexico in the eighteenth century seemed not content with wealth that was obtained by the simple process of digging the precious metals directly from the earth, as Borda was able to do at Talpujahuá. Mining speculation was rife, and Borda was involved in it. Suddenly he experienced a reverse of fortune and was reduced to sore straits. In a very practical way he realized the wisdom of making the church his savings bank, for the Archbishop of Mexico permitted him to dispose of a golden chandelier, ornamented with diamonds and other precious stones, which he had given to the church at Tasco, and from this he realized nearly a hundred thousand dollars.

The mining enterprises of Zacatecas were about to be abandoned, but Borda set out to revive them with the capital thus obtained. At first he succeeded: then in working the famous Quebradilla mines he lost all that he had made and nearly all his capital. He persevered, however; struck the *veta grande* or great vein of La Esperanza mine, regained his former wealth, and at his death in 1778 was estimated to be worth over forty millions.

No man of his time knew Mexico throughout its length and breadth better than Don José de la Borda. He knew where its mineral wealth lay hid. He knew also where that wealth, once obtained, could be best enjoyed. A cen-

tury later Carlota, in a letter to Gutierrez de Estrada, referred to Cuernavaca as "the most beautiful jewel of the country." By his actions, Borda expressed the same opinion. The whole country was before him, but he chose a certain slope of the Cordilleras on the western edge of Cuernavaca as his home. There he proposed to establish his family and his name, trusting that both would endure for ages.

The house he built, a marvel of magnificence in its day, was destroyed during the wars for independence. It was not only money, but a sybaritic taste also that he expended upon the grounds. His million of dollars went a long way in those days of cheap labor, and we may see even now, in what remains of its past splendors in the Jardin de Borda, how unrestrained he was in carrying out his plans. There are successions of terraces and a flight of marble steps connecting one portion of the garden with the other; there are tanks of water-fowl and running streams; there are luxurious groves of forest trees, forming dense and delicious shade over basins of cool water, where fountains once played incessantly; and at one end of the grounds a summer-house extended nearly the whole width of the garden upon arches, its walls painted in fresco to resemble a garden of flowers filled with birds of rare plumage, which gave the appearance of the extension of the garden in that direction indefinitely. Over the western wall rose a belvedere, from which a view — unsurpassed anywhere in the world — might be enjoyed.

Borda hoped that this might ever be the home of a family which should bear his name, and to favor this plan he induced his daughter to take the veil and enter a religious house. The property could then be given unembarrassed to his only son, José. But the son inherited none of his father's worldly ambition, and defeated all his plans by embracing the monastic life. One of the

churches in Cuernavaca (Guadalupe) was built at his expense, and a religious order for a while occupied the house and grounds upon which his father had lavished his wealth.

The "family" that Don José de la Borda had sought to found, existed but a few years after his death in the person of a religious celibate, and then the church in Mexico obtained the

greater part of the millions that he had acquired with so much difficulty. And his name is perpetuated by the Jardin de Borda, beautiful even in its decay. Perhaps the wily old Archbishop had some premonition of the course events would take, when he consented to have Don José take back a part of his offering to the church in Tasco and repair his shattered fortunes.

Arthur Howard Noll.

MERIT.

GIVE success its measured glory,
Laurel crown and martial story :
Wealth of wisdom, weight of power,
Genius like a wondrous flower,
All shall have their meed of praises,
Famous song and deathless phrases.

But a sweeter incense render —
Born of pity, human, tender —
Fated unsuccess, whose striving
Gained no crown of man's contriving ;
Heard no plaudits, wrought no wonder,
Rent no mystic veil asunder.

Like the box of alabaster
That the woman brought the Master,
Bring the finest intuition,
Know dead hopes and vain ambition ;
While the world of victors prattles,
Enter thou another's battles.

Feel the strife and know his weakness,
Bear defeat in noble meekness ;
Then a sympathy he sought not
Give to him, O ye who fought not !
Like the precious ointment give it,
And a blessing shall outlive it.

Elizabeth S. Bates.

IN VESPERO.

COME to the Evening Land, weary one, loved one,
Come, for the day with its turmoil is done;
Far through the pepper trees' low-drooping branches
Glows the deep red of the fast-sinking sun.

Quickly he drops from the cleft in the mountains,
Chased by night's crimson and gold, he has fled.
Lift thy dear face to the air's benediction,
Soft falls the twilight like peace round thy head.

Faster and thicker 't is falling around us;
Now in the east shines a star, only one.
Still is the world, save one nightingale singing,
Mourning in requiem low for the sun.

Far o'er our heads stretch the infinite heavens
Cloudless and deep. Ah, they lighten! Behold
Star after star, peering forth through the darkness;
Cluster on cluster its beauty unfold!

Here Ariadne's crown, star-jeweled, glistens,
There Ursa Major climbs over the hill,
On to Olympus goes Pegasus flying,
Meteors shoot through the heavens at will.

Jupiter proudly rides high towards the zenith,
Venus' soft light sparkles low in the west,
Scorpio, chased by the untiring Archer,
Flees with Antares' red light in his breast.

There gleams white Vega, there blazes Arcturus,
There flies the Swan down the Milky Way's maze;
Now the whole firmament throbs with the glory
Of stars, singing silently anthems of praise.

But see! In the eastward the mountain tops brightening,
Fainter is growing the Pleiades' gleam.
Look at the Galaxy! Slowly 'tis fading,
Passing, as passes a beautiful dream.

Steadily spreads the faint light in the eastward;
Still growing brighter, and ever more bright;
Forth bursts the moon, in her silvery glory,
Earth's gentle guardian, queen of the night.

Isabel E. Owens.

ASYMA.¹

FROM THE MODERN GREEK OF A. D. KARKAVITSAS.

THE people of the village of Lechena rose from their beds to devote themselves to their hard day's work, when they were alarmed by hearing the distant beat of approaching drums. "Can it be Turks?" asked the village magistrate of his brother.

"How do I know?" replied the brother, listening to the noise.

"Is there a fire on Philokali?"

"No, there is not."

"Then they are not Turks," said the magistrate more calmly, arranging his gold-embroidered gaiters.

However, the beating of the drum grew in course of a little time louder and more distinct.

"I am afraid it is the Turks, and a good many of them, too," remarked the brother after a little hesitation; and addressing his family, still lying on the ground slumbering, he called out: "Women, children, maids, rise! we

must flee! the Turks are coming upon us!" His voice trembled with fear as he spoke.

That same moment voices were heard in the streets of the village shouting, "Turks! Turks!" followed by an indescribable noise of knocks against doors, yelping and barking of dogs, screaming and weeping of children, voices of men and entreaties of women.

The women threw all their valuable house utensils into the wells, and half clad thronged after their husbands, carrying in their arms their little children, the younger women carrying away with them their best attire and their holiday fineries. In a short while all the people of the village crowded together at the house and in the courtyard of the village magistrate, and tried to find out from him what all this was about.

"I don't believe that the Turks are upon us, but let us go and see what unexpected things may happen," was his reply.

"Let us go!" was the unanimous decision of the crowd, the men seizing their knotty sticks and some their long-barreled muskets.

¹ This pathetic little story will be better appreciated if we remember the terrible sufferings of the Greeks under Turkish dominion before the uprising of 1821. The history of this revolution affords some of the most thrilling chapters of heroism, suffering, and patriotism in history. The best account is to be found in the "History of the Greek Uprising," by S. Trikoupy.

Thus they left the village, directing their steps to the east, the women and children constituting the rear guard.

When they had reached "the spot of the bridges," they saw with terror and consternation, in the indistinct dawn, Turkish cavalry moving on in a broad line along the ridge of St. George, to the left as far as Androvida, to the right along the whole shore as far as the old monastery of St. Athanasius.

As is well known, all the Turks inhabiting the valley districts had, at the beginning of the revolution, left their homes to seek security in the fortress of Patrae. From here they sallied from time to time, and pillaged the Greek villages, whose inhabitants, being unarmed and inexperienced in warfare, fled as often as they approached.

High up on the western slope of the Olenos there was a monastery, the name of which I do not remember. Whenever the monks became aware of the intention of the Turks to undertake one of their pillaging expeditions into the plains, they warned the villagers by kindling a large fire on the peak of a mountain visible in all directions. Not infrequently you might hear in the middle of the night, the alarm, "Fire on Philokali!" and although it had become quite familiar, it always startled the sleepers from their rest; and beside themselves with terror, they left their houses to take to flight, either in the direction of the forests of Droselys, or the stronghold of Klomootsy.

When the villagers this time saw the Turks they wished to escape by the public highway, but their plan having been discovered, they were fearfully pursued and scattered every which way over the craggy and uncultivated fields. Now their endeavor was to reach the wood of Droselys, distant something like a mile, where the underbrush and dense shrubbery offered insurmountable obstacles to the Turkish cavalry.

Women with their babies in their

arms, little bare-footed children, handsome girls carelessly dressed, with hair disheveled, ran in all directions, over brambles and amidst bushes, leaving shreds of their garments here and there, and wounding their feet till they bled,—all this in order to escape from the lariats of the Turks, who were wild with desire for prey. The old men and the white-haired women, who were too weak to fly far, fell upon their knees before the savage Turk, bestowing upon him reverent titles of "Bezeeri" and of "Sultan," and imploring to be spared from murder. Some of these crawled down into the crags, or into dense thickets, hoping thus to escape from death or imprisonment; but the bloodhounds, which the Turks always brought with them for these frightful chases, did not fail to scent the poor hidden creatures, and to make known their presence by their howls.

A woman clad in mourning, holding a two-year-old child in her arms, was seen to make desperate efforts to escape from the bloodthirsty pursuit of three mounted Turks. This woman, who, from her husband's name, was called Yannia in her village, seemed hardly eighteen years old, and was certainly very beautiful. Being the daughter of the wealthiest magistrate of the village, she had attracted the attention of all the young men. But she loved desperately, and in spite of the opposition of her parents and relatives, Yanno, a handsome, honorable, but poor young fellow, whom she married when scarcely sixteen years old. This marriage, the result of such sincere devotion, was not destined to be a happy one for Asyma, for only a week later Yanno, while trying to subdue an untamed horse, was thrown and remained with a broken neck on the spot. At first beside herself with grief, Asyma seemed gradually to grow calmer, while in reality her heart was consumed with sorrow. She stayed alone in her desolate home, not wishing to see any

of her relatives, because, as she thought, these by their meddling had made the marriage "of evil omen."

After some months Asyma gave birth to a charming, fair-haired child, who, at her request, was called by the godfather after his unfortunate father, to whom, indeed, he bore great resemblance. Thus she lived alone with her baby,—the precious token of conjugal love,—delighted whenever she heard his voice, or his sweet laugh. "O my Yanno!" she was wont to exclaim, while she embraced the child fervently, trying to deceive the deep grief which she felt for the loss of her beloved husband.

Yannia, her hair flying in the wind, holding her cherished child in firm embrace, was flying from the savage Turks, hurrying hither and thither, fear and hatred in her eyes, like a deer frightened from its lair. The three Turks surrounding her were throwing lariats to capture her, but she, by clever dodging, kept them off. Now she crawled on the ground; then she bent low; again, she rose up; now she leaped; all of a sudden she would stop, while the Turks, swearing and cursing, foamed at the mouth with fury and lust. By her maneuvers she was enabled to make some headway, and to approach, with her pursuers close at her heels, the western border of the woods. Here she gathered the last remnants of her strength, to reach the woods more quickly. When success had almost crowned her efforts, Asyma, while stooping to evade the lariat of the nearest pursuer, became entangled in the network of tendrils formed by a creeping plant, and fell to the ground. The Turks, shouting with joy, threw themselves upon their prey; but as one of them bent over her, and endeavored to seize with vile hand the beautiful woman, a bullet fired from the interior of the forest stretched him dead by the side of her. While the other two were standing aghast at the death of their companion, Asyma, gath-

ering new strength, arose, and crossing herself ran off, and reached a thicket some distance from the edge of the woods. Meanwhile, the bloodthirsty pursuers had dismounted and ran after her, and her fate would undoubtedly have been sealed, had not one of those inspirations that sometimes come in greatest danger, brought her help. Asyma carried with her some costly head-gear, which now, to save her darling child, she threw back to the Turks, who at once stopped their pursuit, and began a quarrel for the possession of the prize. This gave Asyma time to disappear, and find shelter within a cluster of trees, closely grown together, where some thirty other persons—men and women—had found refuge.

"O, save me! save me!" she cried, as she entered, raising her child aloft.

"Keep still, miserable woman!" said the oldest of those within, in a stern voice.

The silence of the grave immediately prevailed in this heap of humanity, and only their heart-beats could have been discerned by an attentive ear. The calm of the forest was only interrupted from time to time by the outcries and blasphemies of the Turks, the barking of the dogs, the sighs of some one in agony, and by the reports of firearms. The wind gently whispered in the foliage of the trees, and the snake sought her remotest nest.

All of a sudden there was heard in the sad and silent crowd the cry of a weeping babe. Asyma's little son, having awakened from a momentary slumber, was the unfortunate source.

"Silence the child, wretched woman, or we are lost!" commanded the old man.

Poor Asyma began to rock the child in her arms, and made every effort to silence it, but all in vain. Turkish voices were now heard near by, as they encouraged their dogs to penetrate into the various hiding places. Now you

might hear distinctly their very remarks, and the consequent terror of our fugitives may be imagined, but cannot be described.

"Either silence the child, or I shall kill it," whispered again the angry leader. "So many souls shall not be lost on his account. Hark! The Turks are close by."

But as the little child continued to cry, the old man reached out his hand to seize it.

"O, don't take him from me, I love him so! Pray, leave him to me. He will keep still." These were the words of the ill-fated mother, spoken while she clasped her hands in prayer.

But it was all in vain. The child kept on crying, and the Turks came ever nearer, and their voices became ever more distinct. One of the people in the hiding-place stooped low, and could look through an opening in the roots of the trees of the palisade, and see the terrifying scene outside. Hardly thirty paces away, at another hiding-place, the dogs had scented and dragged forth two women—an old, decrepit little mother and her beautiful daughter, who appeared sixteen years old. While one of the savage heathen made ready to bring down his sword upon the old woman, her daughter with supernatural strength and courage wrenched the dagger from another one of the Turks, and buried it in the twinkling of an eye in the strong breast of the murderer. Hereupon the other Turks threw themselves with madness upon the young girl, and the watcher, since he could not offer help, withdrew from the place of observation to save himself from the horror of seeing Christian blood shed.

Already the steps of Turkish soldiers were approaching the thicket, and still the child continued its sobs.

"Brethren," whispered the old man, addressing himself to his companions, "we are thirty of us. We came here to save our lives from the Turkish blade,

but we shall not succeed, if this child is permitted to cry. Either we must kill him, or we shall be killed. You have your choice; what will you do?"

All those who heard him expressed horror in their faces. The wretched mother, with tear-worn eyes, watched the faces of those around her to learn the fate of her darling. Her suspense was that of the prisoner who expects to hear the death-sentence from the lips of his judge. The men and women of the crowd looked at each other, and then, with one terrible whisper,— "Kill it!" was the awful verdict. "Here with the babe, Asyma," said the old man, sternly, while he extended one hand, and produced a short dagger with the other.

Asyma watched his movements as if dazed, and as he was about to seize the child she withdrew convulsively, and buried the baby in her bosom, at the same time uttering the most horrible scream of distress.

"Give me the child, Asyma," commanded the old man.

"O don't take him from me! I have no other. What will become of me without him? Let me flee!"

"You shall not flee," retorted the old man. "The Turks are close by. Your leaving would betray us. You must stay and the child must die," he added angrily, at the same time seizing the child by one of its little legs.

"O my darling chick! What do they want, Yanno, what do they want? O, still! You are fatherless; you were born ill-fated. Keep still!"

Thus she spoke, and, as if in a fit of insanity, she pressed the child close to her breast to smother its crying.

All of a sudden the child moved spasmodically. Asyma seemed petrified. Her eyes stared vacantly; her hair stood on end; a deep smothered sigh came from her lips. The child was silent. Asyma fell in a fainting fit to the ground, holding her darling in tight embrace. All those in the hiding-place let their

heads fall low on their breasts in mourning.

Little by little the voices outside and the yelping of the dogs were heard at greater distance, and finally died away. Deep silence prevailed in the forest ; only the birds that had fled at the approach of the fugitives came back to sing once more their songs while they were merrily fluttering from branch to branch.

The Turks moved on in the direction of Patrae, taking with them as captives the beautiful girls, and leaving their unfortunate victims dead without tears of loving mourners, unburied in the woods. The sun rose resplendent and warm ; the birds unconcerned raised their sweet music.

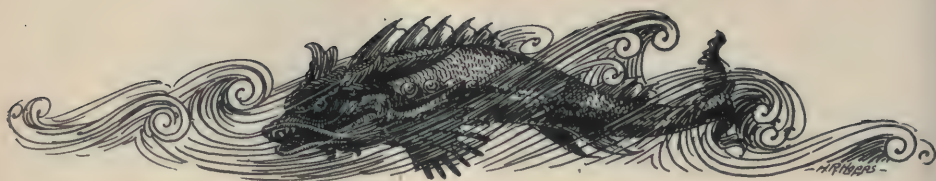
Today the wanderer may see at the spot of the thicket a wooden cross that marks a little grave, and a tall cypress that sheds sadness all about. Rose-bushes and frankincense trees planted around the little grave fill the air with their fragrance, and offer their flowers for the uplifting of the little soul. Not far from here there is seen a little cone-shaped thatched hut, on one side of which there is a niche consecrated to Mary, mother of God, with her child Jesus in her arms. Here dwells a poor, sorrowful woman, removed from the turmoil of the world, leading a life embittered with the indifference of men. The little grave covers Yanno, the little sav-

ior who had to sacrifice his short life for the lives of others. The woman that occupies the hut is Yannia, the unfortunate wife and still more unfortunate mother, she who had sacrificed her only hope for the safety of her fellow-beings. Embittered by the indifference of those whose lives she had saved, without hope, without a loving soul in her village, Asyma preferred to live near her beloved child. Time seemed to be powerless to lessen her love for her child and for her husband. In consequence of the devastation during the uprising and the subsequent changes in things, not a trace of the cemetery of Lechena is left. Asyma, however, who with her little mule of a Sunday brings sometimes some snails, at other times some willow-ware, to town in order to earn a penny, having entrusted her things to some little boy, invariably directs her steps to the spot where the grave of her husband used to be, and there she loses herself in thoughts of love and sacred prayer.

To a young huntsman who chanced past her hut, she once exclaimed, "O, my beloved child ! Had he lived, he would now be a man and a comfort to me, but it does not matter. All you people must envy his fate who died for his people," and there was some expression of pride in her words. "One of these days I, too, shall die in these woods," she added with a bitter smile, "and who knows whether there will be anybody to bury me."

Albin Putzker.





CODRUS.

THIS is the way to win the dagger-thrust,
 Garbed as a simple rustic of the fields,
 They'll never dream they kill the king in me,
 While all their hopes go down my way to death;
 Or so it will be, if the Delphian god
 Has spoken truly,— and what man may doubt
 The oracle's decree that only they
 Who lose their king shall conquer? Be it so:
 I never yet have feared to look on death,
 Nor shall I now: but yet I well have wished
 To die in battle, boldly facing odds,
 Not thus like prowling thief, whose coward heart
 But puts on boldness with the darkening night.

My father,—when a boy I first was taught
 To wield the sword and throw the javelin,—
 Would say that more than any strength of arm
 For striking terror deep among the foe,
 And better than the bull's-hide set with brass
 For warding off the arrow and the spear,
 Was in the breast a high and daring heart
 That longed for battle as a hawk for prey,
 And thought of danger only as the meed
 Of noble spirits that were worthy of it.

I know not if the gods so will or no;
 Perchance the nobler spirits whom they deem
 Most fit to be companioned with themselves
 On high Olympus, they give entrance there,
 But only thro' the door of dangers met
 And mastered with the spirit of a god.

It must be so; th' eternal ones themselves
Must once have been as mortals. Then how else
Than by the braving of unnumbered ills
Have they become immortal? When the soul
Subdues the cringing terror in the flesh
And laughs at what can make the sudden pulse
Send fevered tumult thro' the startled veins;
When nothing but the thought of being touched
By some infirmity, however slight,
Yet lessening the soul's nobility,
Can bring pale fear to darken o'er the heart;—
What more of godlike can there be than this?

By any other way I cannot think
That they have climbed Olympus, and for me
This path that leads from Athens, howsoe'er
I travel it as other than a king,
May bring me to the selfsame end at last.
But if it do not—let no thought of that
Assail me; noble deeds are noble deeds,
And nobler as they have the less reward.

What! two to one? right glad am I.
Strike hard, for I am more than common man.
Well done! and now one last avenging stroke,—
No, live to tell your king that by your hand
Is Codrus dead, and gone to seek the gods,
While Athens laughs his gathered power to scorn.

Lewis Worthington Smith.



THE GUARANY.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF JOSE MARTINIANO DE ALENCAR.

VII.

THE PRAYER.

NIGHT was at hand. The sun was setting behind the great forests, which he illumined with his last rays. The soft, dim light of sunset, gliding over the green carpet, rolled like waves of gold and purple along the foliage. The wild thorn-trees opened their white and delicate flowers, and the *ouricory*¹ expanded its newest palms to receive in its cup the dew of night. The belated animals sought their lairs; while the *juryty*, calling to its mate, uttered the soft and mournful cooings with which it takes leave of day. A concert of deep notes hailed the setting sun and mingled with the noise of the waterfall, which seemed to break the harshness of its descent and yield to the sweet influence of evening.

It was the Ave Maria. How grave and solemn in the midst of our forests is the mysterious hour of twilight, when nature kneels at the feet of the Creator to murmur the evening prayer! Those great shadows from the trees, stretching along the ground; those infinite graduations of light in the mountain ravines; those chance rays that escaping through the network of leaves play for a moment upon the sand; all these breathe a boundless poetry that fills the soul. The *urutáo*² in the depth of the forest utters its deep and sonorous notes, which, echoing through the long archways of verdure, sound in the distance like the slow and measured tones of the angelus. The breeze, moving the tops of the trees,

¹A species of palm.²A night bird.

brings a feeble murmur, which seems the final echo of the voices of day or the last sigh of the dying evening. All those on the esplanade felt more or less the powerful impression of that solemn hour, and yielded involuntarily to a vague sentiment, not indeed of sadness, but of awe. Suddenly the melancholy tones of a clarion were borne through the air, interrupting the evening concert. It was one of the adventurers playing the Ave Maria. All uncovered. Dom Antonio, advancing to the edge of the esplanade toward the west, took off his hat and knelt down. Around him grouped his wife, the two girls, Alvaro, and Dom Diogo; the adventurers, forming a great arc of a circle, knelt some steps distant. The sun with his last reflection lighted up the beard and white hair of the aged nobleman, and heightened the beauty of that bust of an ancient cavalier.

It was a scene at once simple and majestic that was presented by that half Christian, half savage prayer. In all those countenances, illumined by the sunset rays, was reverence. Loredano alone maintained his disdainful smile, and followed with the same malignant look the least movement on the part of Alvaro, who was kneeling near Cecilia, absorbed in contemplating her as if she were the divinity to whom he was addressing his prayer.

During the moment when the king of light, suspended on the horizon, was casting his last glance on the earth, all surrendered themselves to a deep meditation and said a mute prayer, which scarcely moved their lips. Finally the sun went down. Ayres Gomes extended his musket over the precipice and a shot

saluted its setting. It was night. All rose; the adventurers took their leave, and one by one retired.

Cecilia offered her forehead to her father and mother for a kiss, and made a graceful courtesy to her brother and Alvaro. Isabel touched with her lips her uncle's hand, and bent before Dona Lauriana to receive a blessing given with the dignity and haughtiness of an abbot. Then the family, going toward the door, prepared to enjoy one of those short evening conversations that used to precede the simple but nutritious supper.

Alvaro, in consideration of its being the first day of his arrival, had been summoned by the nobleman to join in this family collation, which he regarded as an extraordinary favor. The great value that he attached to so simple an invitation was explained by the domestic regulations that Dona Lauriana had established in her house. The adventurers and their chiefs lived on one side of the house, entirely separated from the family; during the day they were in the woods, occupied in hunting, or in various operations of rope-making and joinery. It was only at the hour of prayer that they assembled for a moment on the esplanade, where, when the weather was good, the ladies also came to make their evening devotions. As to the family, it always kept retired within the house during the week; Sunday was consecrated to repose, diversion, and gayety; then sometimes occurred an extraordinary event, such as a walk, a hunt, or a canoe trip on the river.

The reason then is apparent why Alvaro had such a desire, as the Italian said, to reach the Paquequer on Saturday and before six o'clock; the young man was dreaming of the happiness of those brief moments of contemplation, and of the liberty of Sunday, which would perhaps offer him an opportunity to venture a word.

The family group being formed, the

conversation was carried on between Dom Antonio, Alvaro, and Dona Lauriana; Diogo had remained a little aside; the girls modestly listened, and hardly ever ventured to say a word, unless they were directly spoken to, which rarely occurred. Alvaro, desirous of hearing Cecilia's sweet and silvery voice, for which he had longed all through his absence, sought a pretext to draw her into the conversation.

"I forgot to tell you, Dom Antonio," said he, taking advantage of a pause, "an incident of our trip."

"What was it? let us hear," replied the nobleman.

"Some four leagues from here, we found Pery."

"Good!" said Cecilia; "we haven't heard anything of him for two days."

"Nothing simpler," replied the nobleman; "he is running up and down the forest here."

"Yes," returned Alvaro, "but the way in which we found him will not appear so simple to you."

"Well, what was he doing?"

"Playing with an ounce as you with your fawn, Dona Cecilia."

"Goodness!" exclaimed the girl with a shriek.

"What is the matter, my child?" asked Dona Lauriana.

"Why, he must be dead by this time, mother."

"No great loss," responded the lady.

"But I shall be the cause of his death."

"How so, my daughter," said Dom Antonio.

"You see, father," answered Cecilia, wiping away the tears that came to her eyes, "I was talking Thursday with Isabel, who is very much afraid of ounces, and in jest I told her that I should like to see one alive—"

"And Pery went to get one to gratify your desire," replied the nobleman laughing. "There is nothing strange about it; he has done the like before."

"But, father, can such a thing be done? The ounce must have killed him."

"Have no fears, Dona Cecilia; he will know how to defend himself."

"But why did you not help him, Senhor Alvaro, to defend himself?" said the girl sorrowfully.

"If you had only seen how angry he was because we were going to shoot the animal!" And the young man related part of the scene.

"No doubt," said Dom Antonio, "in his blind devotion to Cecilia he sought to gratify her wish at the risk of his life. To me one of the most admirable things that I have seen in this country is the character of this Indian. From the first day that he entered here, after rescuing my daughter, his life has been a single act of self-denial and heroism. Believe me, Alvaro, he is a Portuguese cavalier in the body of a savage."

The conversation continued, but Cecilia had become sad and took no further part in it. Dona Lauriana retired to give her orders; the aged nobleman and the young man conversed till eight o'clock, when the sound of a bell in the courtyard announced the hour of supper.

While the others were ascending the doorsteps and entering the house, Alvaro found an opportunity of exchanging a few words with Cecilia.

"Are you not going to ask me for what you ordered, Dona Cecilia?" said he in a low tone.

"O, yes! Have you brought all the things that I asked you to?"

"All and more—" said the young man, stammering.

"And what more?" asked Cecilia.

"And one thing more that you did not ask."

"I do not want it!" replied the girl with some annoyance.

"Not even if it belongs to you already?" answered he timidly.

"I do not understand. It is something that belongs to me already, do you say?"

"Yes; for it is a keepsake for you."

"In that case keep it, Senhor Alvaro," said she smiling, "and keep it carefully."

And escaping, she went to her father, who was approaching the balcony, and in his presence received from Alvaro a small box, which the young man had directed to be brought, and which contained her orders,—jewelry, silks, edgings, ribbons, galloons, hollands, and handsome pair of pistols skillfully inlaid.

Seeing these weapons, the girl uttered a suppressed sigh and murmured to herself: "My poor Pery! Perhaps they will no longer avail you, even to defend yourself."

The supper was long and leisurely, as was the custom in those times, when eating was a serious occupation and the table an altar that was respected.

As soon as her father rose, Cecilia retired to her room, and kneeling before the crucifix said her prayers. Then, rising, she raised a corner of the window curtain, and looked at the cabin that stood on the summit of the rock, deserted and solitary. She felt her heart oppressed with the idea that by a jest she had been the cause of the death of that devoted friend who had saved her life, and every day risked his own merely to make her smile.

Everything in that apartment spoke of him: her birds, her two little friends, sleeping, one in its nest and the other on the carpet, the feathers that ornamented her chamber, the skins of animals beneath her feet; the sweet perfume of benzoin that she breathed, all had come from the Indian who, like a poet or an artist seemed to create around her a little temple of the masterpieces of Brazilian nature.

She remained thus looking out of the window for some time; all the while she had no thought of Alvaro, the elegant young cavalier, so gentle, so timid, who blushed in her presence as she in his.

Suddenly she started. She had seen

by the starlight a figure pass which she recognized by the whiteness of its cotton tunic and by its slender and flexible form. When it entered into the cabin she no longer had the least doubt. It was Pery.

She felt relieved of a great weight, and could then give herself up to the pleasure of examining one by one, with the greatest care, the pretty things she had received, which afforded her a keen enjoyment. In this way she spent certainly half an hour; then she went to bed, and as she no longer had any inquietude or sadness, she fell asleep smiling at the image of Alvaro, and thinking of the grief she had caused him by refusing his gift.

VIII.

THREE LINES.

ALL was still; the only sound, heard when the wind lulled, was a noise of subdued voices from the side of the building occupied by the adventurers.

At that hour there were in that place three men very different in character, in position, and in origin, who nevertheless were controlled by the same idea. Separated by manners and by distance, their minds broke that moral and physical barrier, and united in a single thought, converging to the same point like the radii of a circle.

Let us follow each of the lines traced by those existences, which sooner or later must intersect.

In one of the porches that ran in the rear of the house thirty-six adventurers were seated around a long table, on which in wooden porringers some pieces of game were smoking, already disposed of in a manner that did honor to the appetite of the guests. The Catalan did not run so freely in the earthen and metal jugs as was to be desired, but by way of compensation large jars of cashew-nut and pineapple wine were seen in the corners of the porch, from which the

adventurers could drink their fill. The meal had lasted half an hour: at first only the grating of the teeth, the smacking of the jugs, and the ringing of the knives in the porringers were heard. Then one of the adventurers made a remark which immediately ran around the table, and the conversation became a confused and discordant chorus.

It was in the midst of this hubbub that one of the guests, raising his voice, uttered these words:

"And you, Loredano, have n't you anything to say? You sit there mute, and we can't get a word out of you!"

"Certainly," chimed in another, "Bento Simoes is right; if it is not hunger that makes you silent, something is the matter with you, Sir Italian."

"I wager, Martin Vaz," said a third, "that it is grief for some girl that he courted in São Sebastião."

"Away with your griefs, Ruy Soeiro; do you think Loredano is a man to be troubled by things of that sort?"

"And why not, Vasco Affonso? We all wear the same shoe, though it pinches some more than others."

"Do not judge others by yourself, Sir Lover; there are men who employ their thought on things of more value than love and gallantries."

The Italian remained silent, and let the others talk without taking any notice of them. It was plain that he was following out an idea that was at work in his mind.

"But, in faith," continued Bento Simoes, "tell us what you saw on your journey, Loredano; I wager something happened to you."

"Listen to what I tell you," interrupted Ruy Soeiro; "My Lord Italian is in love."

"And with whom, if you please?" asked several.

"O, there's no difficulty in seeing: with that jug of wine there before him; do you not see what looks he gives it?"

The adventurers burst into a loud laugh, applauding the joke.

Ayres Gomes appeared at the door of the porch. "Come, boys!" said he, in a tone that he tried to make severe, "stop your noise!"

"It is an arrival, esquire, and you ought to take that into account," said Ruy Soeiro.

Ayres sat down, and began to do the honors to a remnant of vension in front of him. "You there," cried he, with his mouth full, to two adventurers who had risen, "go and stand watch, now that you are refreshed, and the rest will be ready for their turn."

The two adventurers went out to relieve those on duty, for it was the custom to stand sentry at night; a necessary measure at that time.

"You are very strict today, Senhor Ayres Gomes," said Martin Vaz.

"He who gives the orders knows what he is doing; it is for us to obey," replied the esquire.

"Ah! why didn't you say that at once?"

"Well, you will understand now. A vigilant watch, for perhaps we shall shortly have something to do."

"Let it come," said Bento Simoes, "for I am tired of shooting the guinea pigs and wild hogs."

"And in honor of whom do you think we shall shortly burn some pounds of powder?" asked Vasco Affonso.

"Can there be any question? Who but the Indians can afford us this amusement?"

Loredano raised his head. "What sort of a story are you telling there? Do you suppose the Indians will attack us?" asked he.

"O, here is My Lord Italian waking up; it was necessary for him to smell powder," exclaimed Martin Vaz.

The presence of Ayres Gomes checking the free hilarity of the adventurers, caused them one after another to forsake the table, and leave the esquire alone with the jugs and porringers. Loredano, rising, made a sign to Ruy

Soeiro and Bento Simoes, and the three went together to the center of the yard. The Italian murmured in their ears a single word, "Tomorrow!" Then as if nothing had passed between them, the two adventurers went each his own way, and left Loredano to continue his walk to the brink of the precipice.

On the opposite side the Italian saw dimly reflected on the trees the light from Cecilia's room, the windows of which he could not distinguish, because of the angle formed by the esplanade. There he waited.

Alvaro, upon leaving Cecilia, had come away sad and hurt at her refusal, although her last word, and above all the smile that accompanied it, consoled him. He could not reconcile himself to the loss of the great pleasure on which he had counted, of seeing among the maiden's ornaments some favor from himself, some memento to tell him that she thought of him. He had cherished this idea so much, had lived so long upon it, that to tear it from his mind would be torture.

While on his way to his room, he formed a project and made a resolution. He put in a small silken purse a little box of jewels, and wrapping himself in his mantle proceeded along the side of the house, and approached the little garden in front of Cecilia's room. He also saw the light reflected opposite, and waited till the night should advance and the whole house should be wrapped in sleep.

In the meantime Pery, the Indian, had arrived with his burden, so precious that he would not exchange it for a treasure. He left his prisoner in the enclosure on the river bank, secured to a tree. He then ascended to the esplanade, and it was at this time that the girl saw him enter his cabin. What, however, she could not perceive was the manner in which he left it almost immediately. Two days had passed since he had seen his mistress, received an order from her,

or anticipated a desire. The first thought of the Indian then was to see Cecilia, or at least her shadow. Entering his cabin he saw, like the others, the glimmer of light that escaped through the window curtains.

He suspended himself to one of the palm trees that served as supports to the hut, and by one of those agile movements that were so natural to him, at a single bound reached the branch of a gigantic *oleo*, which, rising on the slope opposite, threw out some limbs on the side toward the house. For a moment the Indian hung over the abyss, swinging on the frail branch that supported him; then he regained his equilibrium, and continued his ærial journey with the security and firmness with which an old sailor walks the maintop and climbs the shrouds. He reached the other side of the tree, and, concealed in the foliage, gained a branch opposite Cecilia's windows, and about two yards from them. It was at this moment that Loredano arrived on one side, and Alvaro on the other, and stationed themselves alike at a little distance.

At first Pery had eyes only to see what was passing in the room; Cecilia was still examining the articles she had received from Rio de Janeiro. In this silent gaze the Indian forgot everything; what mattered to him the precipice that opened at his feet to swallow him at the least movement, and over which he was suspended by a frail branch, which bent and might break at any moment? He was happy: he had seen his mistress; she was joyous, pleased, satisfied; he could now seek sleep and repose.

A sad reflection, however, assailed him; seeing the pretty things the maiden had received, he thought that he might save her life, but that he had no such beautiful things as those to offer her. The poor savage raised his eyes to heaven with a look of despair, as if to see whether, placed a hundred and fifty feet above the earth, on the top of

the tree, he could not stretch out his hand and gather the stars, and lay them at Cecilia's feet.

This, then, was the point at which those three lines, starting from such different sources, intersected. As they were situated, the three men formed a literal triangle, whose center was the dimly lighted window. They were all risking, or were going to risk their lives, merely to touch the lattice, and yet not one of them weighed the danger that he was to incur; not one of them valued his life in comparison with so great a pleasure.

Passions in a wilderness, and above all in the bosom of a grand and majestic nature like this, are true epics of the heart.

IX.

LOVE.

THE window curtains closed; Cecilia had gone to bed.

Near the innocent girl, asleep in the freedom of her pure and virgin soul, were watching three deep passions, were palpitating three very unlike hearts.

In Loredano, the adventurer of low extraction, this passion was an ardent desire, a thirst for enjoyment, a fever that burned his blood: moreover, the brutal instinct of his vigorous nature was heightened by the moral impossibility that his condition created; by the barrier that rose between him, a poor colonist, and the daughter of Dom Antonio de Mariz, a rich nobleman of rank and fame. To break down this barrier and equalize their positions, some extraordinary occurrence would be necessary; some event that should change completely the laws of society, at that time more rigid than today: there was demanded one of those situations in presence of which individuals, whatever their rank, noble or pariah, are leveled, and descend or ascend to the condition of men. The adventurer knew this

perhaps his Italian penetration had already sounded the depth of that idea. At all events he hoped, and hoping watched his treasure with a zeal and constancy equal to every trial. The twenty days he had passed in Rio de Janeiro had been a real torment.

In Alvaro, a courteous and refined cavalier, the passion was a pure and noble affection, full of the pleasing timidity that perfumes the first flowers of the heart, and of the knightly enthusiasm that lent so much poetry to the loves of that time of faith and loyalty. To feel himself near Cecilia, to see her and exchange a word, stammered with difficulty, both blushing without knowing why, and avoiding each other while desiring to meet,—this was the whole history of that innocent affection which surrendered itself carelessly to the future, balancing on the wings of hope. Tonight Alvaro was about to take a step which in his habitual timidity he compared almost to a formal request of marriage; he had resolved to make the maiden accept in spite of herself the gift she had refused, by laying it on her window; he hoped that when she found it on the following day Cecilia would pardon his boldness and keep his present.

In Pery the passion was a worship, a kind of fanatical idolatry, into which entered no thought of self; he loved Cecilia, not to feel a pleasure or experience a satisfaction, but to dedicate himself wholly to her, to fulfill her slightest desire, to anticipate her very thoughts. Unlike the others, he was not there either from a restless jealousy or a ridiculous hope; he braved death solely to see whether Cecilia was contented, happy, and joyous; whether she did not desire something that he could read on her countenance, and go in search of that same night, that very instant.

Thus love was so completely transformed into those organizations that it assumed three very different forms; one

was a madness, the other a passion, the last a religion. Loredano desired; Alvaro loved; Pery adored. The adventurer would give his life to enjoy; the cavalier would brave death to deserve a look; the savage would kill himself, if need were, merely to make Cecilia smile.

Meanwhile neither of those three men could touch the girl's window without running an imminent risk, in consequence of the position of Cecilia's room. Although this side of the house was only two yards from the precipice, Dom Antonio, for the purpose of fortifying it, had had an inclined plane constructed from the windows to the edge of the esplanade, which it was impossible to ascend,—its smooth and polished face offering no point of contact to the firmest and surest foot. Under the window opened the steep rock, forming a deep palisade, covered by a green canopy of climbing plants and shrubs, which seemed a dwelling-place for all those reptiles that breed in darkness and moisture. Any one precipitated from the top of the esplanade into the broad and deep fissure, if by a miracle he was not dashed in pieces on the points of the rock, would be devoured by the venomous snakes and insects that filled the cavities and the slopes.

Some moments had passed since the window-curtain was closed; only a dim and fading light reflected on the dark-green foliage of the *oleo* the outline of the window. The Italian, who had his eyes fixed upon this reflection as upon a mirror where he saw all the images of his mad passion, suddenly started. In its light a moving shadow was depicted; a man was approaching the window.

Pale, with glowing eyes and clinched teeth, hanging over the precipice, he followed the slightest movements of the shadow. He saw an arm stretched toward the window, and the hand leave

on the sill some object so small that its form was not discerned. By the wide sleeve of the doublet, or rather by instinct, the Italian divined that this arm belonged to Alvaro, and comprehended what the hand had laid in the window.

And he was not mistaken. Alvaro, steadying himself by one of the posts of the garden-fence, placed one foot on the inclined plane, pressed his body against the wall, and leaning forward succeeded in accomplishing his purpose. Then he returned, divided between fear at what he had done and hope that Cecilia would pardon him.

No sooner did Loredano see the shadow disappear and hear the echoes of the young man's footsteps, than he smiled, and his eyes shone in the darkness like those of a wildcat. He drew his dagger and buried it in the wall, as far around the corner as his arm would reach. Then supporting himself by this frail prop, he was able to climb the inclined plane and approach the window; at the least indecision and the slightest movement it was enough that his foot should fail him, or that the poniard should move in the cement, to precipitate him headlong upon the rocks.

In the meantime, Pery, seated quietly on the branch of the *oleo*, and hidden by the foliage, witnessed without a movement the whole scene. As soon as Cecilia closed her window-curtains, the Indian had seen the two men standing on either hand and apparently waiting. He waited also, curious to know what was to occur; but resolved, if it were necessary, to hurl himself at one pound upon the one that should offer the least violence, and to fall with him from the top of the esplanade. He had recognized Alvaro and Loredano; for a long time he had known the cavalier's love for Cecilia, but of the Italian he had never had the least suspicion.

What could these two men want? What came they to do there at that si-

lent hour of the night? Alvaro's action explained part of the enigma; Loredano's was about to make plain the rest. For the Italian, who had approached the window, succeeded with an effort in pushing the object that Alvaro had left there off, over the precipice. This done, he returned in the same way, and retired enjoying the pleasure of that simple revenge,—the result of which, however, he foresaw.

Pery did not move. With his natural sagacity he had comprehended the love of the one and the jealousy of the other, and reached a conclusion that for him, with his savage understanding and fanatical adoration, was very simple. If Cecilia thought this ought to be so, the rest mattered little to him; but if what he had seen caused her a shade of sadness and dimmed for a moment the lustre of her blue eyes, then it was different. Quieted by this idea he sought his cabin, and slept dreaming that the moon sent him a ray of her white and satiny light to tell him that she was protecting her daughter on earth.

And in reality the moon was rising above the trees, and illuminating the front of the house. Then anyone approaching one of the windows at the end of the garden would have seen in the obscurity of the room a motionless figure. It was Isabel, watching pensively, wiping away from time to time a tear that trickled down her cheek.

She was thinking of her unhappy love, of the solitude of her soul, so bereft of pleasing recollections and bright hopes. All that evening had been a martyrdom to her; she had seen Alvaro talking with Cecilia, and had divined almost his very words. Within a few moments she had seen the shadow of the young man crossing the esplanade, and knew that it was not on her account that he passed.

From time to time her lips moved, and some imperceptible words escaped, "If I could make up my mind!"

She took from her bosom a golden phial, under whose crystal lid was seen a lock of hair coiled in the narrow metal ring. What was there in this phial so powerful as to justify that exclamation, and the brilliant look that lighted up Isabel's black eye? Could it be a secret, one of those terrible secrets that suddenly change the face of things, and make the past rise up to crush the present? Could it be some inestimable and fabulous treasure, whose seduction human nature had not power to resist? Could it be some weapon against which there was no possible defense except in a miracle of Providence? It was the fine dust of the *curari*, the terrible poison of the savages.

Isabel pressed her lips upon the crystal with a sort of frenzy. "My mother! My mother!" A sob burst from her breast.

X.

AT DAWN.

ON the following morning, at break of day, Cecilia opened the little garden gate and approached the wall. "Pery!" said she.

The Indian appeared at the entrance of his cabin, and ran joyfully, but timidly and submissively.

Cecilia sat down on a mound of grass, and with much difficulty assumed an air of severity, which from time to time was almost betrayed by an obstinate smile that sought to escape from her lips. She fixed upon the Indian for a moment her large blue eyes in gentle reproach, and then said in a tone more of complaint than of sternness: "I am very angry with Pery!"

His countenance became clouded. "You, mistress, angry with Pery? Why?"

"Because Pery is bad and ungrateful; instead of remaining near his mistress, he goes off hunting, imperiling his life," said the girl, exhibiting displeasure.

"Cecy wished to see an ounce alive."

"Can I not joke, then? Is it enough for me to desire a thing, to set you running after it like a mad man?"

"When Cecy thinks a flower beautiful, shall not Pery go and get it?" asked the Indian.

"Certainly."

"When Cecy hears the *soffrer*¹ sing, shall not Pery catch it?"

"What of that?"

"Since Cecy wished to see an ounce, Pery went to get one."

Cecilia could not repress a smile at hearing this rude syllogism, to which the simple and concise language of the Indian gave a certain poetry and originality. But she was resolved to maintain her severity, and to scold Pery for the anxiety he had caused her the evening before.

"That is no reason," said she. "Is a savage beast the same thing as a bird, and can you gather it like a flower?"

"Everything is the same that causes you pleasure, mistress."

"But then," exclaimed the girl, with a sign of impatience, "if I should ask you for that cloud?" And she pointed to the white vapors that were passing over, still enveloped in the pale shades of night.

"Pery would go and get it."

"The cloud?" asked she with astonishment.

"Yes, the cloud."

Cecilia thought that the Indian was out of his head. He continued:—

"Only, as the cloud is not of earth, and man cannot reach it, Pery would die, and ask the Lord of the sky for the cloud to give to Cecy." These words were spoken with the simplicity that marks the language of the heart.

The girl's feigned severity could no longer resist, and suffered a divine smile to play upon her lips. "Thank you, my good Pery! You are a devoted friend."

¹ A pretty bird of a golden color, with wings of a brilliant black. It derives its name from its note.

But I do not want you to risk your life to satisfy a whim of mine ; on the other hand, I wish you to preserve it, that you may defend me as you have already once done."

"Mistress is no longer angry with Pery."

"No ; although she ought to be, because Pery yesterday made his mistress unhappy, thinking that he was going to lie."

"And was Cecy sad?" exclaimed the Indian.

"Cecy cried," replied the girl, with a charming frankness.

"Pardon me, mistress!"

"I not only pardon you, but I am going to make you a present also."

Cecilia ran to her room, and brought the rich pair of pistols which she had ordered by Alvaro.

"Look! would n't Pery like to have a pair like these?"

"Very much."

"Well, here they are! you will never part with them, will you? because they are a memento from Cecilia."

"I will sooner part with life."

"When you are in any danger, remember that Cecilia gave them to you to defend and save your life."

"Because it is yours, is it not mistress?"

"Yes, because it is mine, and I want you to preserve it for me."

Pery's countenance became radiant with a boundless joy, an infinite happiness; he put the pistols in his girdle of feathers, and held his head up, proud as a king who had just received God's anointing.

For him this maiden,—this fair, blue-eyed angel,—represented divinity on earth: to admire her, to make her smile, to see her happy was his worship; a holy and reverential worship in which his heart poured out treasures of feeling and poetry that overflowed from his virgin nature.

Isabel entered into the garden; the

poor girl had been awake all night, and her face appeared to still wear traces of those hot tears that scald the bosom and burn the cheeks. The maiden and the Indian did not notice each other; they entertained a mutual hatred; it was an antipathy that had begun with their first meeting and had increased daily.

"Now, Pery, Isabel and I are going to take a bath."

"May not Pery accompany you, mistress?"

"Yes; but on condition that Pery is very still and quiet."

The reason why Cecilia imposed this condition could be fully understood only by one who had witnessed one of the scenes that used to occur when the two girls took a bath, which happened almost always on Sunday.

Pery, with his bow, his inseparable companion, and a terrible weapon in his skillful hand, would take his seat at a distance on the river bank, on one of the highest points of rock, or on the branch of some tree, and would not let anyone approach within twenty paces of the place where the girls were bathing.

When an adventurer crossed by chance the circle that the Indian traced around him with his eye, Pery, from his commanding position would discover him at once. Then if the careless hunter felt his hat suddenly ornamented with a red feather that flew hissing through the air; if he saw an arrow snatch from him the fruit he had stretched out his hand to pluck; if he stopped affrighted before a long plumed shaft, which, discharged from above, stuck two paces in front of him, as if to arrest his progress and serve as a limit, he was not astonished. He understood at once what this meant, and from the respect that they all entertained for Dom Antonio and his family, retraced his steps, hurling an oath at Pery, who had pierced his hat, or compelled him to draw back his hand in flight.

And he did well to return, for the Indian with his ardent zeal would not have hesitated to put out his eyes, to prevent him upon reaching the river-bank from seeing the maiden bathing in the waters. Cecilia and her cousin were accustomed to bathe in a garment of light woolen stuff, that completely concealed their forms under its dark colors, while leaving their movements free for swimming. But Pery thought that notwithstanding this it would be a profanation that anyone should see his mistress in her bathing dress, even though it were only her slave, who could not injure her that was his only god.

While the Indian, by the sureness of his rapid vision and the discharge of his arrows, thus kept this circle impenetrable, he did not cease to regard with scrupulous attention the current and the banks of the river. The fish that kissed the surface of the water and might injure the maiden; an innocent green snake, coiled in the leaves of the water-lilies; a chameleon basking in the sun, its prism of brilliant colors sparkling in the light; a white and shaggy monkey making naughty grimaces, suspended by his tail to the branch of a tree,—everything that might frighten the maiden he drove away if it was distant, and if it was near he transfixed the animal to a tree or to the ground. If a branch borne by the current was passing, if a little grass became detached from the pebbly margin of the river, if the fruit of a *sapucaia*¹ hanging over the Paquequer snapped and fell, the Indian, fleet as the arrow from his bow, sprang and caught the nut in the midst of its fall, or leaped into the water and picked up the floating objects. Cecilia might be injured by the tree brought down by the current, by the falling fruit; she might be frightened by the contact of the grass, thinking it a snake; and Pery would not have forgiven himself if the maiden had suffered the slightest dis-

comfort through lack of his care. In short, he extended around her a watchfulness so constant and untiring, a protection so intelligent and delicate, that she might be at ease, certain that if she suffered anything it would be because all power of man had been impotent to prevent it. This then is the reason why Cecilia ordered Pery to be still and quiet; she knew, nevertheless, that this order was always vain, and that the Indian would do everything to prevent even a bee from kissing her red lips, mistaking them for a flower of the *pequiá*.²

When the two girls crossed the esplanade, Alvaro was walking near the steps. Cecilia saluted the young cavalier in passing with a smile, and descended lightly, followed by her cousin.

Alvaro, who had sought to read in her eyes and on her countenance the pardon of his last night's rashness, and had found nothing to calm his fear, concluded to follow the maiden and speak with her. He turned to see if any one was there to observe what he was about to do, and found the Italian a few feet distant, looking at him with one of his sarcastic smiles.

"Good morning, cavalier."

The two enemies exchanged looks that crossed like blades of steel.

At that moment Pery approached them slowly, loading one of the pistols that Cecilia had given him a few minutes before. The Indian stopped, and with a slight, indefinable smile took the pistols by the barrel, and presented one of them to Alvaro and the other to Loredano.

Both understood the act and the smile, both felt that they had committed an imprudence, and that the sagacity of the savage had read hatred in their eyes and perhaps the cause of that hatred. They turned away, pretending not to have seen the movement.

Pery shrugged his shoulders and put-

¹A tall tree producing fruit similar to the cocoanut.

²A tall tree, bearing in September and October a small, bright scarlet flower.

ting the pistols in his girdle passed proudly between them, and accompanied his mistress.

XI.

AT THE BATH.

WHILE descending the stone steps from the esplanade, Cecilia asked her cousin :

"Tell me one thing, Isabel ; why do you not speak to Senhor Alvaro?"

Isabel started.

"I have noticed," continued the girl, "that you do not even respond to the bow that he makes to us."

"That he makes to *you*, Cecilia," replied the maiden gently.

"Confess that you do not like him. Have you an antipathy against him?"

The girl was silent.

"Will you not speak? Well, then I shall think another thing," continued Cecilia jestingly.

Isabel turned pale, and placing her hand on her heart to check its violent pulsations, made a supreme effort, and extorted a few words that seemed to burn her lips. "You know well enough that I detest him!"

Cecilia did not see the alteration in her cousin's countenance, for, having reached the bottom at that moment, she had forgotten the conversation and had begun to play with childish glee upon the grass. But even if she had seen the girl's confusion, she certainly would have attributed it to every reason but the right one. The affection she had for Alvaro appeared to her so innocent, so natural, that she had never imagined it would sometime pass beyond what it was ; that is, a pleasure that brought a smile and a confusion that caused a blush. This love, if it was love, could not know what was passing in Isabel's soul ; could not understand the sublime falsehood her lips had just uttered.

For Isabel, that expression of hatred was almost a blasphemy. But better

that than to reveal what was passing in her soul ; that mystery, that ignorance, that enshrouded her love and concealed it from all eyes, had for her an inexpressible delight. She could thus gaze hour after hour upon the young man without his perceiving it, without disturbing him perchance with the mute prayer of her supplicating look ; she could believe herself mirrored in his soul without exciting a smile of contempt or ridicule.

The sun was rising. The soft and pleasant light of morning was but just lighting up the earth, and surprising the lazy shadows that still slumbered under the trees. It was the hour when the cactus, flower of night, closes its cup full of the dew-drops from which it distils its perfume, fearing lest the sun should scorch the transparent whiteness of its petals.

Cecilia, like a playful child, ran about upon the still damp grass, plucking a blue *graciola* swinging to and fro upon its stalk, or a marshmallow just opening its pretty scarlet buds. Everything for her had an inexpressible charm ; the tears of night trembling like brilliants on the leaves of the palm trees ; the butterfly, its wings still torpid, waiting for the warmth of the sun to reanimate it ; the *viuvinha*¹ concealed among the branches, warning its companion that day was breaking,—all this drew from her a cry of surprise and pleasure.

While she was thus playing on the meadow, Pery, who was following her at a distance, stopped suddenly, struck with a thought that sent a cold shudder through his body ; he remembered the tiger.

At one bound he disappeared in a large thicket near by ; a stifled roar was heard, a great crackling of leaves, and the Indian reappeared. Cecilia had turned around a little startled.

"What was that, Pery?"

"Nothing, mistress."

¹A small black bird, said to be the first to hail with its song the approach of day.

"Is this the way you promised to keep quiet?"

"Cecy will not be angry any more."

"What do you mean?"

"Pery knows!" replied the Indian, smiling.

The evening before he had provoked a dreadful struggle to tame and overcome a fierce animal, and lay it submissive and harmless at the maiden's feet, because he thought this would please her. Now, trembling with fear lest his mistress should suffer, he had destroyed in an instant that act of heroism, without uttering a word to reveal it. It was enough that he knew what he had done.

The girls, who were far from knowing what a pitch Pery's madness had reached, and who did not think it possible that a man could do what he had done, understood neither the words nor the smile. Cecilia had reached a jasmine bower, standing at the water's edge, which served her as a bathing house. It was one of Pery's works; he had arranged it with the care and attention he habitually bestowed in gratifying her wishes. Then, removing the jasmine branches that wholly concealed the entrance, Cecilia stepped into that little pavilion of verdure, and carefully examined the leaves to see whether there was not some aperture through which the eye of day might penetrate. The innocent girl was ashamed to have even a ray of light espy the treasures of beauty concealed beneath her cambric robes. And when her garments revealed her white shoulders and her pure, sweet neck, she almost died of embarrassment and fright, for a malicious little bird, concealed amid the foliage, chirped distinctly: "*Bem te vi*, (I saw you well)!"

Cecilia smiled at her fear, and adjusted her bathing dress, which covered her completely, leaving bare only her arms and her little foot. She sprang into the water like a little bird; Isabel, who merely came to please her, remained seated on the river bank.

How beautiful was Cecilia swimming on the limpid waters of the stream, her fair hair hanging loose, and her white arms curved gracefully to give a gentle motion to her body; like one of those white herons or rose-colored spoon-bills that glide slowly over the surface of the lake on calm evenings, mirrored in the crystal waters. Sometimes the pretty girl would lie at length upon the water, and smiling at the blue sky be borne by the current, or would pursue the *jassanans*¹ and wild ducks that fled before her. At others, Pery, who was at a distance above her, plucking some parasitic flower, would place it in a little boat of bark, and send it down the stream. The girl would swim after the boat, secure the flower, and offer it on the tips of her fingers to Isabel, who tearing off its leaves would sadly murmur the cabalistic words with which the heart seeks to deceive itself. But instead of consulting the present she inquired of the future, because she knew that the present held no hope for her, and if the flower said the contrary it was false.

Cecilia had been at her bath for half an hour when Pery, seated on a tree and keeping a sharp lookout around him, saw the bushes move on the opposite bank. The undulation extended like a spiral, and approached the place where the girl was bathing, until it stopped behind some large rocks on the river bank.

At the first glance the Indian perceived that it must be produced by an animal of large size.

He moved rapidly along the limbs of the trees, crossed the river upon this aerial bridge, and concealed among the foliage succeeded in placing himself directly over the place where the bushes were still vibrating. He then saw sitting among the shrubs two savages, ill-covered by breeches of yellow feathers, who with bows drawn were waiting for

¹Aquatic birds.

Cecilia to pass before the aperture made by the rocks in order to discharge their arrows. And the girl, calm and unsuspecting, had already extended her arm, and striking the water was passing with a smile upon her lips in front of the death that threatened her.

If it had concerned his own life, Pery would have been self-possessed; but Cecilia was in peril, and therefore he neither reflected nor calculated. He fell like a stone from the top of the tree; the two arrows were just then discharged, and one struck him on the shoulder, while the other grazing his hair changed its direction.

He immediately rose, and without even taking the trouble to draw out the arrow, with a single movement took from his girdle the pistols he had received from his mistress, and shot the savages through the head.

Two cries of fear were heard from the opposite bank, and almost at the same moment the trembling and angry voice of Cecilia, calling "Pery!"

He kissed the still smoking pistols and was about to answer, when a few feet from him the form of an Indian woman rose from among the bushes, and quickly disappeared in the forest. He cast a glance through the aperture, and thinking Cecilia already in a safe place sprang after the woman, who now had a considerable start of him.

A broad red stripe escaping from his wound tinged his white cotton tunic. Pery suddenly became dizzy and grasped his heart despairingly as if to check the flow of blood. It was a moment of terrible struggle between the force of will and the power of nature. His body grew faint, his knees bent, and Pery, raising his arms as if to grasp the overarching trees, and straining his muscles to keep on his feet, struggled in vain with the weakness that was overpowering him.

He contended for a moment against the mighty gravitation that was drawing him to the earth, but he was a man and

must yield to the law of nature. Nevertheless, while submitting, the indomitable Indian continued to resist, and when overcome seemed to want to struggle still. He did not fall,—no: when his strength wholly failed him he drew himself back slowly, and only touched the earth with his knees.

But then he remembered Cecilia, his mistress whom he must avenge, and for whom he must live, to save and watch over her. He made a supreme effort; drawing himself up he succeeded in rising again, took two dizzy steps, whirled round in the air, and struck against a tree, which he embraced convulsively.

It was a *cabuiba*¹ of great height, rising above the rest of the forest, from whose ashen trunk exuded an opal-colored oil that trickled down in tears. The sweet aroma of these drops made the Indian open his dying eyes, which were lighted up with a bright glow of happiness. He pressed his lips eagerly upon the tree, and sipped the oil, which acted like a powerful balsam in his breast. He began to revive. He rubbed the oil over the wound, stanching the blood, and breathed.

He was saved.

XII.

THE OUNCE.

LET us return to the house.

Loredano, after Pery's demonstration, had kept his eyes on Alvaro, who proceeded along the edge of the esplanade to see Cecilia on her way to the river.

Scarcely had the young man turned the corner formed by the rock, when the Italian descended the steps rapidly and entered into the forest. A few moments later Ruy Soeiro appeared on the esplanade, descended, and entered in his turn into the forest. Bento Simoes imitated him after a little interval, and

¹Also called the balsam tree (*balsamum Peruvianum*), said to have miraculous efficacy for the cure of fresh wounds.

guided by fresh notches on the trees took the same direction.

About half an hour passed; all the windows had been opened to admit the pure morning air and the wholesome breath from the fields; a slight column of whitish smoke crowned the chimney, announcing that the household labors had begun. Suddenly a cry was heard in the house; all the doors and windows were closed with a din and a quickness as though an enemy had made an attack. Through a half-opened window appeared the face of Dona Lauriana, pale, with her hair unarranged, an extraordinary circumstance.

"Ayres Gomes! The esquire! Call Ayres Gomes! Let him come at once!" shrieked the lady. The window closed again and was bolted.

Gomes did not delay, but crossing the esplanade went to the house. "Did you call me?" said he, approaching the window.

"Yes; are you armed?" asked Dona Lauriana from behind the door.

"I have my sword; but what news is there?"

The agitated countenance of Dona Lauriana appeared again at the window. "The ounce, Ayres Gomes! The ounce!"

The esquire gave a prodigious leap, thinking that the animal was springing at his throat, and drawing his sword placed himself on guard. The lady, seeing the movement of the esquire, supposed that the ounce was leaping into the window, and fell upon her knees murmuring a prayer to the saint that protects against wild beasts.

Some minutes passed thus; Dona Lauriana praying, and Ayres Gomes turning round in the yard like a top, fearing lest the ounce should attack him from behind, which besides being a disgrace for a man of arms of his temper, would be disagreeable to his health. Finally he succeeded in gaining the wall of the house again, and placed

his back against it, which completely tranquillized him.

In front of him there was no enemy to make him blink. Then striking with his sword-blade on the side of the window, he said in a loud voice: "Be good enough to tell me what ounce that is of which you speak, Dona Lauriana; either I am blind, or I do not see the shadow of such an animal here."

"Are you sure of this, Ayres Gomes?" said the lady, rising again.

"Am I sure of it? Satisfy yourself with your own eyes."

"True! but there must be one somewhere!"

"And why in the world will you have it that there is an ounce here, Dona Lauriana?" said the esquire somewhat out of patience.

"Then you don't know!" exclaimed the lady.

"What, madam?"

"Did not that demon of an Indian take it into his head to bring home a live ounce yesterday?"

"Who, the dog of a cazique?"

"And who but that scurvy cur! It's one of his old tricks! Was ever such a thing known, Ayres Gomes? I want to see if Senhor Mariz will still persist in keeping this fine jewel."

"And what has become of the ounce, Dona Lauriana?"

"It must be somewhere. Hunt for it, Ayres; look everywhere, kill it, and bring it here to me."

"No sooner said than done," replied the esquire, running as fast as his fox-skin boots permitted.

With little delay about twenty armed adventurers descended from the esplanade. Ayres Gomes marched at their head with an enormous pike, his sword in hand, and a knife in his teeth.

After scouring almost the whole valley and beating the grove, they were returning, when the esquire stopped suddenly and cried: "There it is, boys! Fire before it makes its leap!"

In fact, through the branches of the trees was seen the black and variegated skin of the tiger, and its cat-like eyes gleaming with a pale reflection.

The adventurers raised their muskets to the face, but just as they were going to pull the trigger, they all burst into a loud laugh, and lowered their weapons.

"What does this mean? Are you afraid?" And the fearless esquire, without troubling himself about the others, plunged among the trees, and presented himself proudly before the tiger. There, however, his jaw fell with astonishment.

The ounce was swinging lifeless on a branch, to which it was suspended by its neck, with a noose. While it was alive a single man had sufficed to bring it from the Parahyba to the forest where it had been caught, and from the forest to that place where it had died. It was after death that it made all that uproar; that it put in arms twenty valiant men, and produced a revolution in Dona Lauriana's house.

After the first moment of astonishment, Ayres Gomes cut the cord, and dragging the animal along, presented it to the lady. After they had assured her from without that the tiger was certainly dead, the door partly opened, and Dona Lauriana, still quaking with fear, looked tremblingly upon the body of the wild beast.

"Leave it right there. Dom Antonio shall see it with his own eyes!" It was the *corpus delicti* upon which she intended to base the accusation she was going to bring against Pery.

At various times the lady had sought to persuade her husband to banish the Indian, whom she could not endure, and whose presence was enough to throw her into hysterics. But all her efforts had been vain; the nobleman, with his loyalty and knightly spirit, appreciated Pery's character, and saw in him, though a savage, a man of noble sentiments and lofty soul. As a father he valued

the Indian from the circumstance, which will be explained further on, that he had saved his daughter's life.

This time, however, Dona Lauriana hoped to succeed, and considered it impossible that her husband should not severely punish the crime of going into the forest to catch an ounce and bringing it home alive. What mattered it that Pery had saved the life of one person, if he put in jeopardy the existence of the whole family, and above all of herself? She ended this reflection exactly at the moment when Dom Antonio appeared at the door.

"Will you tell me, madam, what this noise is, and what is the cause?"

"There you have it!" exclaimed Dona Lauriana, pointing to the ounce with a proud gesture.

"Pretty animal!" said the nobleman, approaching and touching the tiger's claws with his foot.

"O, you think it pretty! You will think it still more so when you know who brought it!"

"He must have been a good hunter," said Dom Antonio, contemplating the beast with that huntsman's fondness that characterized the nobleman of that period. "It does not bear the mark of a single wound!"

"It is the work of that copper-colored reprobate, Senhor Mariz!" answered Dona Lauriana, preparing for the attack.

"Oh!" said the nobleman laughing. "It is the animal Pery was, pursuing yesterday, which Alvaro told us about."

"Yes; and which he brought alive as if it had been a guinea-pig."

"Brought alive! But don't you see it is impossible?"

"How impossible, if Ayres Gomes has but just killed it!"

Ayres Gomes wanted to reply, but the lady enjoined silence by a gesture.

The nobleman stooped and taking the animal by the ears raised it up. While examining the body to see if he could

discover the mark of a ball, he noticed that the feet and jaws were bound.

"True!" murmured he. "It must have been alive an hour ago; it is still warm."

Dona Lauriana let her husband contemplate the animal to his entire satisfaction, certain that the reflections this view would inspire could not but be favorable to her plan.

When she thought the moment had arrived, she took a step or two, arranged her train, and leaning forward slightly, addressed Dom Antonio.

"It is well you should see, Senhor Mariz, that I am never deceived. How many times have I told you that you were doing wrong in keeping that Indian? You would not believe me; you had an inexplicable weakness for the pagan. Well, then—" The lady assumed an oratorical tone, and accented the word with an energetic gesture, pointing to the dead animal: "There you have your reward. Your whole family threatened! You yourself, who might have gone out unwittingly; your daughter, who went to her bath ignorant of the danger, and might have been at this moment food for beasts."

The nobleman shuddered at thought of the risk his daughter had run, and started to rush after her, but he heard a low murmuring of voices like the chirping of little birds; it was the two girls ascending the steps.

Dona Lauriana smiled at her triumph. "And if this were all!" continued she. "But it will not stop here; tomorrow you will see him bringing us an alligator, afterward a rattlesnake or a *jiboya*; he will fill our house with snakes and

scorpions. We shall all be devoured alive here because a detested Indian has taken it into his head to practice his sorceries!"

"But you exaggerate the affair greatly, Dona Lauriana. Pery has certainly done a wild thing, but there is no reason why we should have such extravagant fears. He deserved a reprimand; I will give him one, and that severe. He will not do so again."

"If you knew him as I do, Senhor Mariz! He is an Indian, and that is enough. You may scold him as much as you like; he will do so all the same from mere spite."

"I do not share your apprehensions."

The lady knew that she was losing ground, and resolved to give the decisive blow. She softened the tone of her voice and began to whimper. "Do what you like! You are a man and fear nothing! But I," she continued shuddering, "shall not be able to sleep any more, imagining that a *jararaca*¹ is crawling into my bed, and by day I shall every moment think that a wildcat is ready to spring into my window, or that my clothes are full of caterpillars! No strength can endure such martyrdom!"

Dom Antonio began to reflect seriously on what his wife was saying, and to imagine the numberless spasms, swoonings, and outbursts of anger that the panic caused by the Indian would produce; nevertheless he still entertained the hope of being able to calm and dissuade her.

Dona Lauriana watched the effect of her last attack. She considered herself victorious.

¹A very venomous serpent.

James W. Hawes.

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

AWAY out on the broad bosom of the blue Pacific, just below the Equator, is a little coral island, scarce six miles in circumference. So low it lies that one can hardly see it until close beside the encircling ring of surf which shuts it away from intrusion, for under that ring of white foam are cruel sharp-pointed rocks which destroy whatever may come within their power.

Not a blade of grass, not a green leaf, is found on the white surface of the little isle. Nothing grows there but a species of beach grass, and this is dingy gray at its best, and dismal brown at its worst and oftenest.

Many miles of dark blue water stretch between the island and its nearest neighbor, miles seldom traversed by vessels; for Jarvis Island, the little dot of sand of which I write, is far aside from the line of travel across the ocean. Not once a month does a ship come near enough to be seen, and not once a year does one come near enough to sight the island, for so low lies the land that a vessel can be seen long before the island can be recognized as land from her decks.

But remote and uninviting as seems the white spot on the waste of waters, it was for years the home of people who found within its contracted circle much of enjoyment, and who spent many happy hours roaming over the white sands of the island and the rough coral rocks of its reef, exposed at each tide.

Of these inhabitants three were white, a woman, a man, and a child,—a boy of three years.

The man was the superintendent of the island, put in charge by an American guano company, to whom the island belonged. The woman was his wife, and the boy was their only son. Beside these three there were seventy or eighty

Hawaiians that worked in the guano fields.

The Captain went down some months before his wife and son, but found it very lonely, and as his wife was fond of trying experiments, he asked her if she wished to try living on a desert island. She thought the experience would be very enjoyable, so agreed to try for three months.

Passage for mother and son was taken on an old English tub, the *Madura*, and the two left Honolulu on a fine day in June for their trip of twelve hundred miles, which should have lasted at longest but ten or twelve days. It was the morning of the eighteenth day after leaving Honolulu, however, before the bark was in the latitude of Jarvis Island. The island lies so low that it is not visible until close at hand. The sand is white, and all the buildings on it are of the same color, so it is not so easily seen on the sparkling water's surface.

On the eighteenth day Captain Stanton, master of the *Madura*, announced that they would reach the island before noon. His passengers were eager to catch a first glimpse of their new home, and could scarcely leave the deck long enough to eat. The sailors saw land, and tried to point it out to the passengers several hours before the *Madam* was sure that what she called land was anything more than a cloud, a sparkle on a wave, or a sea bird's wing, for it looked as much like either as it did like land.

But land it was, and by noon the *Madura* was close enough for those on board to see the shape of the white buildings, though the island was so small that the houses looked as if they were rising out of the water, instead of standing on solid ground,—as solid, that is, as you can call a coral island.

Hal was all excitement. He had been the busiest man on the bark all the voyage, and had given his mother enough to do to keep him on board. He had tried every scheme he could think of to get overboard, and now that land was close at hand seemed to think that now or never was his time to distinguish himself. He nearly succeeded in extinguishing himself, for in his haste to escape from his mother's grasp he plunged headforemost over the side of the vessel.

Fortunately the wind had died down, until the Madura was moving very slowly through the water, so that the mate plunging immediately overboard caught the boy almost as soon as he struck the water, and both were hauled aboard little the worse but for the ducking, which, as it was unbearably hot, did not matter much.

Hal was rather quenched by his accident, and made no objections to holding fast to his mother's hand for a while. The Madura was slowly drawing near to the land, and those on deck could see, through a glass, that preparations were being made on shore to launch the boat. Soon it was off, and across the water came dancing the tiny white shell. It soon reached the vessel, and the superintendent and his crew climbed lightly up to the deck.

Hal fairly spluttered in his haste to welcome his father, and tell him of his involuntary bath. He wanted to know all about everything at once, and it was several moments before anyone else could get a chance for a word. Finally he caught sight of one of the Hawaiian boatmen whom he had met in Honolulu, and darted away to interview him, leaving his elders to themselves for a time. The superintendent had been for three months without news from the outer world, so he had many questions to ask about what had been going on in that time.

As soon as the boat had been made fast alongside, the Madura's course had

been changed, for there was no anchorage at the island, so a vessel had to lie at moorings, and the Madura had been to Honolulu to get said moorings, which were at that moment filling up her deck, so it was necessary for her to keep a respectful distance from the inhospitable shore unless she wanted to stop for all time.

Time sped faster than anyone suspected, and when at last the boat was ordered to take the superintendent and his family ashore the island was far away in the distance.

The captain of the Madura offered to stand in again, but the superintendent dared not trust her at night among the treacherous currents, so he said he would not risk it, but that his men would have no trouble in setting him ashore, as they were fine boatmen.

They would have had no trouble if it had been only setting the family ashore, but unfortunately they attempted to tow also behind them a small lighter which the Madura had brought down for the island. As it would be really easier to tow if lightly loaded than when entirely empty, the Madam's trunk and several packing cases were lowered into the lighter, and just at sunset they were off for the shore.

Darkness falls so rapidly in the tropics after the sun sinks below the horizon, that Captain Stanton advised the superintendent at least to allow his wife and child to stay on board till morning; but to this neither would consent, so they left the ship just as the last gleam of sunshine faded from the blue surface of the waters. From the deck it did not look so very far to the shore, and no one made allowance for the fact that while they talked the day faded, and the vessel was gliding on the swift current much faster than any one realized.

At last all was ready, and the boat started for the island. Beside the trunks and boxes there was a length of heavy chain in the lighter which was not prop-

erly stowed, and they found that the lighter was too much down by the head; so the men were told to arrange it differently. This took some moments more, and when again the boat was headed for the shore it was almost dark. Still there was time to reach the land before it should be too dark to see to make their way up the narrow channel through the reef, but alas they were only at the beginning of their troubles. All at once Kimo, the *luna*, or head man, who was steering, looked behind, and cried out, "See, see, the lighter is filling!" And filling she was; for she was settling before their eyes.

Everything was done to keep her afloat, but she was filling so rapidly that there was nothing to be done but to save what was possible from her freight and let the rest go, hoping that something might float ashore and be saved. One trunk and a small box were hurriedly taken into the small boat, but with her passengers beside the crew she could take no more, so Hal watched his particular trunk sink slowly into the water as the lighter sunk lower and lower, until with a gurgle and sucking sound it sunk down into the depths.

There was nothing to be done but to make haste and get ashore, being thankful for what they had saved, and mourning as little as possible for the articles lost. But where was the shore? It was now dark, and from the little boat they had not been able to catch a glimpse of the shore, but had been rowing for the point where they knew land must be. During the excitement of the lighter's sinking the boat had turned and swung around several times; the light had faded entirely away, and the sky was all one dim blue, nothing showing which point of the horizon had swallowed the sun.

The Madura had tacked two or three times since the boat left her side, so they could not take a bearing from her position, and hope to find the shore.

What could be done? It was so dark that the boat could not be seen from the deck of the bark, and as she was sailing away from them with a freshening wind it was hopeless to attempt to reach her side again.

A consultation between captain and men was held, but that only made confusion more confounded. One man thought land lay in this direction, another felt sure it was in that. One said this was the north, while his neighbor declared it was the east.

It was a very disagreeable position. If they kept moving they might be going home, but they also might be rowing directly out into the broad ocean, and when morning came they might find themselves far, far out of sight of land.

The captain groaned as he thought of his delicate wife and young child exposed to the heavy dews of the equatorial night. He vowed that never again should his boat leave the shore without a compass, even if it was only going to the edge of the reef. If they had the compass they could easily find their way to land, or at least could keep near enough to be in sight when morning broke; but now they were helpless.

At last the Captain decided that the best thing to be done was to keep as near their present position as possible until light. He knew about the speed of the current, and could make allowance for it, and thus might stand some show of seeing land when morning broke, or at least of being within sight of the Madura, and then it would be an easy matter to get home.

The Madam had her keys in her pocket, so the trunk was opened, a difficult job in that little dancing boat, and warm wrappings found for mother and child, and all settled down to make the best of their bad predicament. The bright stars of the beautiful Southern Cross shone silvery white in the dark blue of the sky, and the boat was headed for the island as nearly as the position could be judged

from the stars. Hal settled down in his father's arms, and the little company of castaways chatted in subdued tones as the long night hours crept away.

Kimo was a fine singer, and several of the others had fair voices, so they beguiled the time for a while by their music. Songs comic, sentimental, tender, or warlike, rang out over the waste of water. Tales of olden times were recited, news from far distant Hawaii was asked for and eagerly listened to, but still the hours from sunset to morning were terribly long. It was past two o'clock before silence fell upon the little boat, but at length all were dozing, waiting for the first gleam of light which it was hoped would show them where the island lay.

At last a faint gray haze took the place of the thick blackness which had encompassed them around for several hours. Morning was near. Soon the blessed sun would shine again, and the long dreary, dismal night would be past. Lighter and lighter grew the gray horizon, farther and farther away it seemed. The ocean had seemed all night to rise high above them at a short distance from their little boat, but now it resumed its proper place and position.

Soon pink lines shot through the gray haze, the sun's messengers, sent to give warning of his coming. Day was come, and the luna rose to his feet to see if there was any sign of the island. He gazed for a moment, and then pointed to where a white spot shone in the first rays of the rising sun.

"There's the Madura. We can get aboard of her, and she will take us to the island."

The bark came rapidly nearer. Soon her decks were visible, and now her men were plainly seen. Soon one of them seemed to catch a glimpse of the little boat. He pointed it out to others, and in a moment all was bustle on board. The course of the vessel was changed to bring her nearer, and soon the weary

company were again on the hospitable deck of the Madura.

The story of the long night was soon told, and hot coffee and hard tack was given them to stay them until breakfast could be prepared. The island was hardly visible, so far away was it, but by the time breakfast was prepared and eaten the vessel would be close to land.

The meal was soon ready and dispatched in haste. When it was over all hands hastened to the deck and found that the bark was rapidly drawing near the island. It was intended to lay the moorings from the deck of the bark, and as the weather was fine and the sea smooth it was advisable to make as much haste about it as possible, so the vessel was brought in close to the island. This gave the strangers a chance for a closer view of the place which was to be home for at least a time.

From the bark the land looked like a low, level stretch of white sand, with a square, two-story white house standing in the center. The island was so small and so low that one could see clear across it, and watch the surf break against the rocks on the farther side of the island. There were several buildings beside the big white house. A long, barrack-like building was the native house; that is, it was the place where the men lived when not at work.

The men had the boat ready soon after breakfast, and another start was made for shore,—this time a successful one. A short pull brought the boat to land, or pretty close to the shore,—but it was very close to the land underneath, so very close that it refused to move farther, and still there were some twenty feet of water between the wished-for shore and the feet of the longing passengers.

The Madam did not care for wading, especially in water that looked as if it might be waist deep, and was running like a mill stream. The tide had turned, and was running out so fast that the

boat, which was of great draught for its seeming size, was being left each moment more certainly stuck on the reef. Though the water was running swiftly out, there was no hope for the voyagers, for in the channel it would not be dry at all. It formed a river down which all the water from each side found its exit to the open sea. The exterior reef was high above water then, but the rock within the reef sloped in such a way that the water had to seek the sea by way of the straight channel which was the only entrance to the island.

The Madam wondered what she was to do, but *luna* Kimo did not stop to wonder. Hastily stripping off his coat and trousers, he stood up, clothed only in his blue shirt, and stepping over the side held out his arms.

Had the Madam but just come from ultra civilized lands, she would have been shocked by the idea of being landed in this primitive way by this half-stripped man; but she had spent many months in Hawaii, where often men were met "naked, and not ashamed," where it is nothing unusual to meet parties of them employed in the taro fields, dressed only in the *malo*, or breech-cloth.

Being thus familiar with the native customs, she quietly stepped forward, and Kimo raised her in his arms as easily as if she were a child, and waded to the shore. Hal followed on the back of Nui Keoni, the biggest native man he ever saw, while the Captain rolled up his linen trousers and waded for himself. Two of the natives offered to carry him, but as he weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds, he did not have full faith in their ability to fulfill the contract, so preferred to take no chances.

As the superintendent had been expected back the night before, and as the *luna* was with him, the men on shore had been uncertain what they should do, so had done nothing. Instead of starting, as usual, for the guano field at six o'clock, the whole seventy

were on the beach to meet the new comers. Some were men whom the Madam or Hal had known in Honolulu, and these immediately came forward to greet the two, who might have some word for them from that far-off home to which a Hawaiian always turns with loving thoughts and longing heart.

The Madam at once went to the house, to take charge of her kingdom, while the Captain and *luna* went to work, getting ready for laying the moorings.

The Madam found that her home was in a wide, two-storied, white house, of four rooms on each floor. The rooms on the upper floor were to be used as living rooms, while the lower part of the house was for a store house, in which to keep the stock of provisions, which could be replenished only once in three months. For fear of accidents six months' stock was always kept on hand, and food enough to keep eighty men for six months requires a fair-sized room for storage.

A wide veranda surrounded the house, giving needed shade from the torrid sun, which has a power here scarcely to be realized by denizens of more temperate regions.

While the mother and son were settling their belongings in their roomy abode, the men had betaken themselves to the work of getting the moorings laid before rough weather should come. The moorings consisted of a couple of huge plank cubes, strongly bolted together, and connected by a link and swivel. They were held in place by two anchors, one below the buoy, which held it from dragging inshore; the other on the reef, from which a long chain led out to the connecting link between the two boxes. This kept the moorings from dragging out to sea.

The second day after the Madura arrived, the schooner Joseph Woolley, which belonged to the guano company, also arrived on her regular trip around

the islands belonging to the company. At that time the company owned three islands,—Baker, Howland, and Jarvis. The Woolley made the trip to each once in three months, bringing stores and men, and returning took away the men whose time was at an end. The men shipped for a year, and usually, when the year was up, they would go to Honolulu, spend what they had earned by their year of hard work, and generally they were ready to re-ship before the Woolley was ready for her return trip.

The Hawaiians are a gentle, kindly race. These men would work from the first gleam of light until it was too dark to see to work longer. Often after they had been handling heavy bags of guano from four in the morning until eight at night, they were called up at midnight to haul the boats and lighters up into safety, as the surf was rising and the boats were in danger where they lay. Of the seventy or eighty men not one ever made a bit of complaint about the hardship. They would run out singing, laughing, and jesting, pull and tug until the heavy boats were at the top of the bank, and then return to finish their interrupted sleep.

Of course, they did not work such hours always. It was only when a vessel was there that they were worked so hard. Usually they worked ten hours a day, but the Madura had already been around the island over a year; once she was driven off by stress of weather, and suffered damages which necessitated her return to Honolulu to refit. Then she returned, and in another storm dragged the moorings loose, and they were lost. After that she tried to take her cargo while laying off and on, but after a month's work she had not taken half her lower hold would carry. Suddenly the scurvy appeared among her men, and she was obliged to return to Honolulu for medical assistance and fresh stores. It was on her return from this trip that she had brought the Madam to the isl-

and. She also was chartered to bring down and lay the new moorings.

While the men were so busy in first laying the buoy and then giving the Madura her cargo, the woman and child had ample time to become thoroughly familiar with their kingdom.

Jarvis Island is nothing more nor less than a large sample of the mushroom shaped coral. It is like a saucer, in that the center of the island is much lower than the parts next the water's edge. This lower central portion forms a lake during the rainy season, so that work is entirely suspended for that time. The guano is found in this lower part of the island. It is not like the Peruvian guano, which is deposited by innumerable birds. The guano on these islands is simply decomposed coral. It is offensive neither to touch nor smell, but looks like sand, and has no more odor than clean sand has. It is found, some of it, close to the surface, and then is shoveled up like any other earth, which it resembles. There is a little of another kind found on Jarvis Island, but on none of the others. This kind is like a sandstone. It is called rock guano, and has to be dug out as if it was rock. It needs no blasting, as it is very friable.

The guano from the company's islands is not used for fertilizing purposes, but is reserved for chemical uses first; then it may sometimes be used on land, but not generally.

In due time the Madura was loaded and took her departure, having spent fifteen months in getting a cargo which would not pay her sailors' wages for that time. It may be interesting to the reader to know of her ultimate fate. After leaving Jarvis Island the Madura made a fair passage until soon after rounding Cape Horn. Then they were caught in a hurricane, which damaged the vessel so much that it was found necessary to put into Pernambuco for repairs. Here the Captain, his wife, and both the mates caught the yellow fever.

Mrs. Stanton and Mr. Williams, the mate, died of the fever, but Captain Stanton recovered and went home to England, with rather a poor opinion of everything on this side of the world. The Madura was, I believe, condemned and broken up. It was an unprofitable voyage for her owners.

After the vessel was gone the men were given a week of holidays, and they improved it to the best advantage. Of course a Hawaiian finds his greatest enjoyment in the water, so the men spent many hours of their play-time in swimming, diving, and frolicking in the sea. Several times at night they went out fishing with torches. It made a pretty picture,—the long line of blazing torches carried by the naked bronze forms, which were now lighted up by the glare, now shadowed by the smoke of the torches. Each man carried either a torch or a spear. The one with a torch would walk slowly along, holding his torch high above his head, while the spearman walked by his side, stooping every few moments to dash his spear down into the water, from which he would raise it with an exultant shout, bearing upon its point a finny captive.

These fish were of the most brilliant colors. The red mullet, the purple mullet, rock cods, brilliant with carmine spots,—for they wear a brighter hue in tropical waters than in the colder north,—silvery-sided, slender-bodied whip fish; and once in a while a glowing grass green fish. When they caught one of these they at once retired from the sport. They consider it a bad sign, but of just what I do not know. One of the green fish would cast the whole company into the dumps for at least twelve hours, and that is a long time for the mercurial-Hawaiian to be thoughtful over anything.

When the week of play was over the men returned to their work with as much seeming pleasure as they had found in their sport. The wharf from

which the guano was shipped lay on the northern end of the island, and the guano fields were nearly over to the southern side, so there was a railroad built from wharf to field; the cars were run by horse power, or, if the wind was right, by sails; but it was not often that the wind was steady enough to be depended upon, so the two old horses, which had been on the island for twenty years, were used to haul the low flat cars loaded with sacks of guano from where it was dug to a level field near the wharf, where it was spread to dry. From there it was piled in long mounds, and left until a vessel should come to take it from the island.

While the men were busy with their work Hal and his mother were enjoying themselves in various ways. The island, though so small, is the home of innumerable sea-birds. There are thousands of small birds that sailors call "wide-awakes,"—the correct name I do not know. Hundreds of the frigate birds were also found here, and quite a large settlement of the stupid booby, a bird that does not know enough to get out of the way until you kick him over, and then half the time he will only lie and gasp, watching you with fishy, lack-luster eyes until you roll him down the bank into the water.

The eggs of the frigate bird are fairly good for the table, not being overpoweringly fishy in taste, but those of the wide-awakes are finer than hens' eggs. The bird is not larger than a pigeon, but its eggs are but little smaller than a medium hen's egg, and they are finer food by far than the egg of any other bird in existence, so far as my experience goes. These eggs are, in the nesting season, so plentiful that Hal and his mother would take a bucket made of a coal oil can, and fill it in a few minutes. The birds were so tame that it was necessary to hold the arm before the face, to protect the eyes while passing through the nesting place. Nesting I call it;

but the only sign of nest was a slight hollow scooped in the ground, in which were two, three, and sometimes four eggs.

The frigate birds made a little more show of nest building; still their nests were very poor samples. They lay an egg about the size of a turkey's. It is eatable, but not to be mentioned in the same breath as the others.

When there were no eggs to be gathered, there were fish to be caught, and Hal and his mother proved to be prize fishers. One day Hal hooked a rock cod so big that he and his mother together could not land it, but had to hold on with all their strength until the steward could run down from the house and pull it in for them. When it was hooked the Madam thought the hook was caught in a rock of coral, and as hooks were very scarce she pulled this way and that, trying to free the hook, but in vain. At last she and Hal put a heavy, steady strain on the line, and slowly brought the rock, as they supposed, to the surface. Hal was next the water and he nearly tumbled in as he saw the goggle eyes of the fish rising up as the hook neared the surface. The fish did not fight a bit until it reached the surface, then it made up for its previous inactivity. It dove down again, nearly chafing the line in two on the sharp edges of the coral, and then sulked as it was slowly hauled to the top once more, only to repeat the performance again and again, until the line began to show signs of wear. At last the mother sent Hal to call the Chinese steward, and with his help the fish was landed. It was a monster of its kind. It was four feet long, so big that it could not be cooked whole in the oven of the large range. This was the biggest fish caught on the island, but there were numbers of others which would astonish people who have not seen the size to which fish that are small in northern waters grow in the warm currents near the Equator.

Hal and his mother took the contract to keep the islands supplied with fish, and as Hawaiians are willing to eat fish three times each day, and oftener if you desire, it was no sinecure. They fished an hour or two nearly every day, usually standing on the rocks of the reef at low tide and fishing in the fissures, but sometimes taking the little dingey, with the house boy, Kala, to row them, and going outside the reef to fish in deep water. Here they caught the mullet, one of the finest of fish; also a little pink-scaled fish that had a peculiar taste, but of which one became very fond.

Sometimes when there were no fish needed the Madam would take Kala and Hal and row idly along the reef, watching through the water glass the beautiful forms of the coral flowers that grew in the gardens far down in the green waters. There is scarce a flower in the garden that has not its counterpart in these lovely water gardens. Just outside the reef they grew in the greatest profusion and of the finest forms. Probably they were sheltered from the force of the waves by the reef beside them. At any rate they were more lovely, seen through the medium of fifty or sixty feet of ocean water, than any flowers that grow in open air.

In and out among the glowing rock flowers glided the many-colored, myriad-formed fish, and often it was hard to tell whether you were watching a fish or some strange formation of coral, until suddenly the fish remembered an appointment he had made with some friend, and with a swish of his glittering tail and a dip of his glowing fins was up and off before you could turn the glass to keep watch of him and see where he was going in such a hurry.

Hal used sometimes to get tired of watching the coral, but his mother never did. She would lie for hours with her face buried in the top of the long tunnel, watching the life under water. At first she wanted to secure some of the treas-

ures from the lovely garden, and once she got Kimo, who was a famous diver, to go down and pick off one particular branch which she had long coveted. He did so, but when he reached the surface she could hardly believe that the dingy brown rock he brought up was the one she had watched him break from its anchorage. The specimen was improved by cleaning, but it never looked one half so lovely above water as it had below, and its absence made a vacant spot in her under-water garden, so she never asked for any more of them to be brought to the upper world. As with many other things, "distance lent enchantment," and she decided it was better to enjoy the corals that she got on the reef and allow those in her garden to stay there. While they were there she thought them beautiful. Perhaps when she got them close at hand they would be but common kinds, after all.

Beside the corals that were found on the reef it was a wonderfully fine place to gather superb shells. When the tide was out Hal and his mother, each dressed in a bathing suit, would wander over the exposed reef, finding here and there shells that were well worth the notice of a conchologist. There were to be found the harp cowry,—not many, but still each day one or two,—the leopard shell by the thousands, the rare strawberry cowry, and millions and millions of other more common kinds. When they left the island they had at least a barrel of fine shells, which they distributed among their friends.

One day when Hal and the Madam were out "shelling," they met with an adventure that put a stop for a time to that particular pastime. They had been gathering shells all the time at low water, and were slowly working home again, wading through the deepening water, and finding here and there another shell. Suddenly as the Madam stepped across a pool where the water was knee deep, she saw at the bottom of the pool

a magnificent leopard cowry. Elated at making such a find, she determined at any hazard to secure it, and stepped into the pool. The water was rapidly rising, and when she stooped to grasp the shell it covered her arm and breast. But that was nothing; she was nearly home, and could soon get dry again. As she grasped the shell she was terrified to feel a sudden shock and to see a number of snake-like forms spring up out of the water, which was as black as ink in an instant, and to feel the snaky things fasten upon her arm, which was naked to the shoulder.

A shriek of terror broke from her lips, frightening Hal so that he tumbled headlong into a pool, and then added his screams of fright to his mother's calls. After the first shock she knew that the object which grasped her arm was nothing but a squid, or as more generally called, a devil-fish; but as she was stooped with her face but a few inches above the water, with the tide rapidly rising, and could not move from her position while the squid kept its numbing hold upon her arm, her position was not very pleasant. Fortunately the Captain was within hearing and ran to the rescue. He caught hold of the arms of the squid, and with one or two powerful jerks tore it loose, and brought it to the surface. It had used three of its arms to hold to the rocks and the others were fastened to the Madam's arm.

As any attempt to pull off the squid was excruciatingly painful, it was killed and each arm cut off before it relaxed its suction hold upon the flesh. Every one of the thirty or forty spots to which it was fastened on the arm was black for a week, and very painful. The flesh was badly bruised, but it came right in time. The fright was not soon forgotten; the Madam never cared much for shelling expeditions after that, unless the Captain could go along.

Soon after this the rains began. Rain! You have no idea what such rain is. It

does not come in drops, it is almost solid, it comes in such sheets of water. In five minutes as much water will fall as ever falls in an hour anywhere else. And when it rains it makes a steady job of it. It will pour down in sheets for hour after hour, until one wonders if somehow things are not turned round, and if the ocean has not got overhead, instead of being out there behind that blinding sheet of rain.

But it does stop, sometime ; and when it does, the sun tries his best to make you forget what has passed. One naturally expects that it will be very, very hot on the Equator, but Jarvis Island, only twenty miles south, is much more desirable as a residence than many places farther north. The trade winds blow steadily every day, and it is always cool enough for comfort. During the time that the islands were worked, some fifteen years, there were not a dozen days when they were obliged to stop work on account of the heat. Those days were when the wind died down at the change, and left nothing but one reeking, blazing, flaming, scorching fire, under which men and horses alike were helpless, and were called in to lie in the hot water under the wharf, and endure as best they could until the saving wind should blow again.

No work was done during the rains, as the guano beds were all under water ; but the sun soon dried up the water after the rains were over, and things went on as before.

The first summer that Hal and the Madam spent on the island there were five vessels loaded there, so they did not suffer for company, particularly since the captain of one bark proved to be an old friend, who had no idea he was going to meet friends on the desolate little sand spot to which he had brought his vessel in course of business. He lived on shore while loading, and the visit was much enjoyed.

During the winter no vessels are sent to the island, as it would be impos-

sible to give a cargo of dry guano, and it does not pay to ship wet, so that the islanders passed several lonely months.

Soon after the summer came, the Woolley brought word that a vessel would soon reach the island, as she was almost ready to sail when the schooner left.

Of course Hal spent many hours each day in the observatory, and his mother often went up also, hoping to catch a glimpse of the longed-for sail. At last, late one afternoon, it was seen, but so far off that there was no hope of its getting to the island that night. Of course the captain could stand away from the island until morning, as it was known that the currents were very uncertain, and that it would not be safe for a stranger to come close at night. They watched the vessel until it was hidden by the darkness. The superintendent was a little anxious about her, as she seemed inclined to come closer than was prudent, but he finally concluded that her captain probably had been at the island before, and was coming down pretty close, and then would stand off until morning, and come directly to the moorings, without waiting for a pilot.

All hands retired early that night so as to be up at the first break of day, getting ready for the visitor. Hal was the first one up, and he ran out as usual on the veranda to look for a sail. He came running back calling,—

"Papa, papa, that ship is coming ashore on the point, I guess!"

Everybody rushed to the door, and found that the vessel was not *coming* ashore, but was already there. She lay high and dry on the point of the reef, and several of her men were making their way toward the house.

When they reached the veranda the Captain asked, "Well, boys, did you come to make a morning call?"

"No, sir, come to stop," was the curt reply of one of the sailors. "We've

piled up the prettiest bark ever floated down there on your blasted reef, and how on earth it was done I don't know."

All hands were hurried out to help in saving whatever was possible from the vessel before the tide should rise, for fear that it might carry her backward, when she would fill and sink at once.

It seemed the captain had missed his reckoning, supposed he was still some distance from Jarvis Island, had not seen the land the night before, and the first thing he knew his vessel struck with a bump upon the rock. A second crash, and she was high and dry before her crew were awake, almost. Evidently the watch had been dozing, or the accident would never have happened, as the wreck was not half a mile from the buildings, and had the men been awake they could not have missed seeing the houses.

But whether by carelessness or not, the vessel, the *Ada Venner* of Newburyport, was a total wreck. She had sailed fair against the sharp coral edge of the reef, and it had cut a hole in the side big enough for her to fill in a few moments, whenever she should sink back where the water could get full swing at her. As she lay she might still remain for some time on the reef, until a rough surf should get up, for she had gone ashore at extreme high tide, and was lying at low tide entirely out of water. But it is always impossible to predict when a rough sea will get up, so it was thought best to put the whole force from both vessel and island to work stripping her of everything valuable, for fear she might be washed off by the first tide.

Fortunately the sea remained smooth for three days, and the busy force got nearly everything of any account off her before the rough weather came. The first and most important was the supply of food, for the sailors could not live on the poi and salt beef which was the principal food of the laborers, and of course a supply that was ample for three

white people would not last very long when fifteen men were added to the number.

One morning, I believe the fifth after the ship struck on the island, when the men went out of the house that had been given up for their use, they rubbed their eyes and looked around in astonishment. There was not a stick belonging to the *Venner* in sight.

An unusually high tide had lifted her enough so that she had slid back off the reef, and sunk in a hundred and fifty feet of water. The water is deep close up to the reef, as in many cases in the southern part of the Pacific, so that the vessel had sunk out of sight close by the land. As most of her rigging had been taken out the day before it did not matter much.

As the *Woolley* had but just left the island, not to return for three months, there was nothing to be done but to keep the crew until she returned. At first this was rather enjoyed as a change from the monotonous life of the past few months, but idle sailors are hard to get along with. Fortunately there was but little liquor on the island, or there might have been more trouble; but as it was there was enough. The sailors had been very friendly at first with the Hawaiians, but before long little quarrels broke out, and soon there was an undercurrent of ill feeling gathering force each day.

The captain of the *Venner* had no authority over the men. They coolly told him that they had nothing more to do with him. They were on American soil, and he had lost his vessel, so had no right to dictate to them in any way. Whether this was law or not I do not know, but if they would not obey there did not seem to be any way of making them. There were twelve of them, and they were all in rebellion.

This state of affairs was rather unpleasant, especially with a woman and child on the island. Finally the captain

and the superintendent held a consultation, to which they called the *luna* and one or two of the best men among the natives. It was decided to have the natives seize the sailors the first time they could get the chance and handcuff them. This was done that very night. The sailors were all sleeping in the house set aside for their use, and a company of the men led by *luna* Kimo stole softly in, and before the men knew what had happened they were all secured.

It was nearly a month before the schooner was expected back, and it was rather hard to keep the men handcuffed so long, but it was done. They threatened dire vengeance against both captain and the superintendent, but when they were informed that they would be taken to Honolulu and imprisoned for trying to incite the natives to an insurrection they changed their minds, and when the Woolley landed in Honolulu they shipped and got out of reach as soon as possible, for fear they might find themselves in more trouble than they cared to face.

Life on the island moved quietly on after the crew of the Venner was gone. The same old story, day after day; getting eggs, birds, fish, or shells, by day; sitting on the veranda in the evening listening to the songs and stories sung and told by the men, and sleeping soundly and dreamlessly through the night, watched over by the silver moon and the Southern Cross.

Another year passed in this way, and then, owing to misrepresentation, the company in New York decided to abandon the island, as they were told by the manager that the guano was exhausted, and there was no more worth shipping. This with several thousand tons already dug on the island, higher in phosphates than much that had been sold at a higher figure. It was a job put up by interested parties, who intended stealing the guano and selling it in Australia. One cargo was so taken and sold about a year after the island was abandoned, but the vessel was lost as she drew near the Australian coast with her second cargo.

As orders had come to leave the island, the superintendent had nothing to do but obey, so when the Woolley returned to Honolulu she took with her all those who had spent so many peaceful months on the little coral island, which though scarcely as large as many a farm in the States, still afforded scope for many pleasant (and some few unpleasant) occurrences, which are often talked over, even at this day, long after the tattered flag that was left flying, nailed to its staff, to show that the island was a bit of America, had been blown from its halliards.

The Woolley sailed away on a pleasant morning, soon leaving the island far out of sight, and in a short time she landed her little band of returned exiles on Hawaiian soil.

Mabel H. Closson.



IMPENDING LABOR PROBLEMS.

TILL recently all classes in America professed to labor for the interest of all, and each was ready to concede much for the benefit of others. Now the several groups, in working for their own interests, often admit that they do not regard those of others. Instead of asking, What is best for man? people ask, What is best for the wage-worker? What is best for the manufacturer? What is best for the importer? What is best for the farmer? What is best for the railroad interest? Each party is not only selfish but sure that all the others are, and there is not that confidence in the whole that existed when mutual good will was believed to count in business. In listening to each other's arguments, men look for motives rather than reasons. A common opinion prevails that each is seeking some advantage, and there is a suspicion that is undermining belief itself. The lines between occupations are sharply drawn, and the different classes are mistrusted as enemies.

The workingmen, who have recently risen to the dignity of considering their own interests, and measuring their strength against capitalists and corporations, accordingly make many startling demands, as might be expected of those who for the first time consider their own interests. Having been deprived of many of their rights, they think, in waking up to the fact, that they are deprived of still others; and having received some concessions, they hope to receive more than is possible. They are still in some chaos, and there is an indiscriminate complaint about nearly everything in society, with an equally indiscriminate hope that it will be remedied by some new social system.

Of late there are some signs, indeed, of returning discrimination. Workmen

are learning more definitely where the evil lies, and what is the practical remedy. They lately worked together as workingmen, as if their interests were one: now they recognize that some of their industrial enemies are workingmen, and not workingmen in other branches merely, but in their own. They have become keenly sensitive to the fact of a competition among themselves. The present tendency of the workingmen's movement is accordingly toward radical measures which affect chiefly themselves. Relief must come, it is thought, from a mitigation of competition, which is now popularly deemed the chief evil of our system.

The demands that most likely will be made with a view to relieving us from this competition, are, if we may judge from present indications, the following: First, a prohibitory tariff, which shall save to American workmen the privilege of producing what is sold in this country; second, a restriction of immigration, (not only Asiatic but European,) which shall relieve them of competition with the whole world; and third, a limitation in the production of human beings, and especially of negroes, which at present furnishes too great a supply of labor.

These demands, though unfortunate in some respects, will be pursued without much moral consideration. For while the moralist will resist them in the interest of humanitarianism, an age so practical will not stop long at ethical considerations, when the interest of the people seems concerned, which not only overrides all other considerations, but itself gives validity to such considerations.

The need of the workingmen, we have said, is to remove excessive competition.

At present there are too many of the kind; they are their own enemies. They used to think there were too many capitalists. Now they feel that there are too many without capital, and that what they need is more employers; so that there is a greater demand than before for bosses, and a greater opposition to the multiplication of themselves. They want more men to pay them for labor, and consume the products of such labor, but not so many to perform it. The limitation of their own class is believed to be necessary for their salvation. It was once thought that the maximum of products was the desideratum. Now it is believed to be the minimum of producers. How, therefore, to keep down the ratio between the producers and the products is the question, so that the producers shall always have enough to do, and the products shall not so increase as to destroy the demand for producers.

The first means of accomplishing this equilibrium is a prohibitory tariff, and in the near future we may expect the workingmen to be our chief tariff men. They will demand a tariff, not for revenue, nor for protection in the ordinary sense, but for the virtual exclusion of foreign products. The workingmen have not hitherto demanded this because their political traditions have generally opposed a high tariff. For the Democratic party, to which most have belonged, has for other reasons been committed against a prohibitory tariff; and it is hard for the bulk of a great party to so far change their politics as to champion the distinctive features of their opponents. Party feeling has much influence, as well as personal interest. But when we have a well-defined workingmen's party or movement (which has necessarily sundered some of its old political relations), this position will, in the end, have to be taken as the only logical one.

Workingmen must soon see that whatever is imported from other coun-

tries is not made by them, and that American workmen are to that extent deprived of employment. They must also see that if the American workingmen have the job of supplying this whole country with what it needs, they will always have enough to do. There will be only as many competitors as there are Americans. Our prices of labor will be unaffected by the prices in other countries. Foreign goods will simply be sold in foreign markets, and have no influence here. It is obvious, I say, that this position must soon be taken by American workingmen; and, though it is not liberal, it will tend to secure the object that they are seeking. The argument that may be formulated against it is a weak one to most Americans. Few are influenced by the claim that the exclusion of foreign goods will make home products dearer. American producers want their products to be dear. The little that they buy is a mere trifle compared with what they want their wages to be. Americans have always wanted high wages, and not low prices. They never strike against the price of clothing or cutlery, but against cheapness in producing it.

The second method of destroying excessive competition is the correlative of this, namely, the exclusion of foreign workmen. The result is the same, whether we have too many products or too many producers. Both alike reduce wages and chances for employment. The high wages hitherto paid in this country have drawn many foreign workmen hither, and these will still come as long as they are so well paid. Accordingly, as long as a prohibitory or even a protective tariff keeps out foreign goods, and so makes a demand for laborers in America, foreigners will rush hither to work, and an equilibrium will be produced by reducing wages to what they are abroad. The only means of preventing this is by keeping out the workingmen, as well as their goods.

Few workingmen and no political parties have, thus far, dared to demand such exclusion, because many of our present workmen are foreigners, and a large proportion of them want to get their relatives and friends here. They are sensitive about discriminations against foreigners or immigrants. But they are learning that the policy of exclusion is all that will answer their purpose, and the crusade against foreign immigration must soon begin. The workmen have already secured the exclusion of certain classes—Chinese, negroes, paupers, and criminals. They have procured laws for the exclusion of workmen brought hither under contract. But these measures are all partial, and easily evaded. They do not affect the chief parties complained of. The only laws that can accomplish anything practical are those that shall exclude all classes.

The coming crusade will, accordingly, be against foreigners as such. "America for Americans" will again be the cry of our laborers. Something like the old Know-nothingism will be revived, shorn, perhaps, of its most objectionable features. Americans will demand all the advantages of this country for themselves and their children, as soon as they think that there is not enough here for all. The country was not ripe for the former Know-nothing movement. Now our population and wealth are increasing fast enough for our pride; there is no more demand for men, but rather for opportunities; an increase of population is felt to be a burden; we want markets for labor, rather than more labor. It is, accordingly, probable that the next step will be, if not to get rid of some of our people, at least to prevent more from coming.

We have said that the movement has hitherto been against certain classes. It must now be against men as men. It was formerly founded on prejudice, and discriminated against negroes, Chinese,

and a few other small bodies. The evil, however, results from those who come in great numbers, and so from Europeans. The objection is an industrial one, which does not recognize races or prejudices. One more man is an evil, no matter who he is. A good workman is more objectionable even than a bad one, because he brings more competition.

The people who are liable to become our competitors will be the ones to be excluded. The crusade will, therefore, be against Irish, Germans, Swedes, Italians, and other Europeans. These are the people who keep down wages and keep up the supply of products. The more that come the less will be the earnings of Americans. Every Irish or German immigrant displaces an American. Our workingmen must share their bread with all who come from abroad. If foreigners stayed away our workmen could maintain wages at almost any price, and strike with some effect. With all Europe to draw on, our capitalists are never at a loss for labor, but can defy strikes and strikers. The labor associations can do but little, because they are not the only supply of labor. If they compel strikes, and keep others by force from taking their places, they accomplish nothing permanently. The unemployed must be supported somehow. For a stable social condition there must be an equilibrium between the workmen and the demands for work. An industrial army cannot permanently be controlled by force, nor kept in abnormal relations to society. If those who work are too numerous, they must simply suffer from lack of work, or else lack of compensation.

Our workingmen must, accordingly, face the problem, and face it soon, of the prohibition of immigration. And though its advocacy will raise powerful prejudices, and encounter much logic and humanitarian protest, it will be urged as necessary for the people. The arguments hitherto used against the negroes and Chinese will be employed against the

Irish, Germans, English, and Italians. A race war will be precipitated involving not the black and yellow varieties, but the Germanic, Celtic, and Latin. This government will be declared not only a white man's government, but an American's government; the rights of the native born will be discussed; the argument used in the controversy between protection and free trade will be extended to the importation of people as well.

The most obvious measures to effect this exclusion will be to make the advantages of immigration less inviting. Hitherto we have sought immigrants, and held out inducements for them to come. We have sent agencies abroad to drum them up. People who had lands to sell or cities to build wanted purchasers or customers; railroads wanted settlers along their lines; mine-owners and manufacturers wanted workmen; capitalists wanted tenants; families wanted servants; there was in general a demand for men; and the result was a policy to induce immigration.

To check immigration we may have not only to withdraw the inducements hitherto offered, but even to place obstacles in the way. Harder conditions of naturalization and fewer privileges to the naturalized may be favored. It may even be thought necessary to limit the number that may enter our ports. The same policy, in short, that has been adopted against the Chinese may be adopted against the Europeans. The arguments are nearly the same for the exclusion of both, except that the evil resulting from European immigration is much the greater. The Asiatics who came to America were few, and had no perceptible influence on the country at large. It is the European influx that deranges the demand for labor and affects prices. The fact that they are of the same race with us does not mitigate the competition that keeps our laborers poor. Our equals may be competitors as well as our inferiors.

The labor unions may require that foreign labor shall not be employed, just as they now require that non-union men shall not be employed. Political parties may demand that they shall not have offices under the Government. Crusades may be started against foreign ideas and customs. They may be attacked for allegiance to a foreign power (the Pope), or for opposition to the public schools. They may be deprived of saloon privileges. In addition to requiring longer residence for citizenship, and educational tests for voting, our people may exclude them from certain franchises, especially till they have attained full citizenship. Their language may be discriminated against, their parochial schools may be placed under supervision. In short, there is no end of the annoyances to which they may, justly or unjustly, be put by the native element; and all in the name of the interests of our own citizens. When it is to the interest of Americans to exclude foreigners they will do so, and will find many arguments for it based on seeming morality, as well as reason. The crusade will even be deemed holy, and declared to be in the name of our children and for the sake of our country and humanity.

A last means of solving the labor problem is to limit the increase of our native population. The question of the surplus population has long been familiar to political economists. Men, like animals, may breed too fast for their own interest. A country may become too full of inhabitants for its resources. The lower classes, who have little expense, and allow their children early to shift for themselves, increase faster than others, and the crude rear faster than the refined. The negroes are more prolific than the whites, the Irish than the English or French, and the Poles than the Germans. The result is that the lowest forms of men in civilization are propagating for the whole species, while

the high are dying out. If men were in their natural state, like beasts, when the law of the survival of the fittest prevailed without limit, the better element would kill off or drive away the worse, and soon fill our country with an improved population. But under our refined civilization, we restrain the stronger and shrewder, to give the weak and ignorant an equal chance. It requires little ability to propagate, and least of all intellectual ability. In this the savage is the equal of the enlightened, and our laws know no discrimination among men. As a result of this liberty, our population is believed to be getting too numerous. It is futile to shut the doors to foreign immigration if we increase too fast at home. We will get from our own midst the excess which we try to exclude from abroad; and the evils of competition are equally great, whether they spring from native or foreign sources.

People have hitherto assumed a right to bring as many people into the world as they saw fit, and a restriction placed upon births would have appeared monstrous. But all who are born must be fed, and in seeking their livelihood they interfere with one another. If too many are in a given territory, some must starve or be killed; and the question arises how many people one has a right to saddle on the world. If a man wants to bring more children into the world than his proportion, what is the community to do? As long as some do not care to exercise the full capacity in this respect, and the world is not overcrowded, there is no reason for restriction. But when more men want to have large families than the country can accommodate, there must obviously be a concession, or else a conflict in the struggle for existence.

Many whites look with alarm at the increase of negroes in this country. They multiply faster than any other race, and are claimed to be the only native element that is increasing. The

rest are said not to be holding their own. There is equal alarm at the increase of the cruder European races. The country appears to be growing more populous by means of the lowest elements only, so that not only will we soon have too many people, but too low an order of people. America is in danger of falling in the scale of civilization; and there appears to be no help for this, except in legislative or other means of restricting births.

No moral means for keeping down the population has yet been devised. The crimes of abortion or infanticide will hardly be advised even by the greatest sufferers from competition, although, for personal reasons, they will often be practised in private. Penalties may, indeed, be placed on large families, as exile for example; marriage may be made more difficult, and bastardy punished more severely. Foundling and orphan asylums may be discouraged, which now do much to increase population among the poor by furnishing a support for the children of poverty and sin. But these expedients, besides being only partial, have not yet been proven practical by experience. The workingmen may possibly become the enemies of births, and attack marriage. They may require the same regulation of population as of industry. Men have hitherto come and gone from the world without the notice of the government. The greatest interest of mankind — man himself — has been treated as an accident in our system. There has been no system of propagation, no guardianship over the appearance and disappearance of individuals, or of the whole. Man as a producer is still a wild prairie that has not yet felt the implements of cultivation. We are all wild flowers, and the question is whether the reproductive forces of the race shall be domesticated and regulated, and whether population shall be made a study worthy of its importance. It is a question, in brief, whether men

shall come and go at random, or have a providence to superintend their career; whether as a whole men shall have anything to say about who shall people the earth, and how many they shall be.

The workingmen, and those economists who are considering their interests for them, will thus be engaged on radical problems. Every institution of civilization is being re-examined. The one great aim is to benefit the masses, and no measure that promises to accomplish this will

be deemed unworthy of consideration. The people must have relief; and when the suffering reaches a certain point they will not stop within either moral or refined measures to mitigate it. The common people have not the patience that they once had, to wait till their condition is unbearable. They are restive under even slight disadvantages, and the lesson that the times should teach to all men, and especially to the rich, is not to let the masses become too miserable.

Austin Bierbower.

ETC.

BY THE sudden death of L. L. Baker, the OVERLAND MONTHLY has lost one of its best friends. Colonel Baker has been for nearly seven years a director of the OVERLAND MONTHLY Company, one ready with his counsel and aid, and always to be counted on as in quick sympathy with its aims, and with all those intellectual interests for which the magazine stands on the Pacific Coast. One of the most honorably active men in the community in all directions of good citizenship, he is not easily to be spared, nor will the place left by him soon be filled. Though one of the seniors among the business men of this city, he was still not an old man, nor one whose work was nearly done.

IT is with deep seriousness that the younger men of California must see the first generation of Californians passing away in such startling succession as this winter has brought about,—passing away before their time for the most part; for it seems now that the exposures and over strain of those exciting days forty years ago must have told more heavily on men's strength than was perceptible at the time. The founders of the State were vigorous young men, who felt as if they were immortal, and seemed to come out of all their risks and exertions with unimpaired vital power; but now in their sixties they are passing away very rapidly. There will be a different California in many respects when they are off the stage, and it is impossible to feel sure that the younger generation will be as strong a people. Early California was no Utopia, and in many a matter of public order and decency of standards we have a better place to live in now; but if we have gained in the average of social conditions, we have lost in

our proportion of men of striking ability. Comparing best with best, the present does not show as well as the past. It is certainly so in literature: with a greater total of literary training and of moderate ability, it is not possible to count up a dozen writers here that would rank with the dozen best of twenty or twenty-five years ago. Lawyers say it is so in their profession; it cannot be doubted that it is so with the clergy. Perhaps a falling away from the standard of the first settlers is inevitable in any colony that has required great vigor in the founding. It was the experience of colonial New England. The colony, it seems, must develop means of training men as good as the mother country, before it can produce such men as came thence.

THE growing alienation of Tammany Hall and the New York State machine from the Democratic party is the most interesting thing at present in our national politics. Should the party in general stand firm in its present distrust of that discreditable element, (if indeed an organization which has never had any real political allegiance can be called an element in any party,) there is promise of such a regeneration of the Democracy as will certainly compel in the Republican party a corresponding regeneration or a complete dissolution. There are plenty of directions other than the New York machine from which a defeat of this promise may come: perhaps most serious of all the danger of such complication from labor or socialistic movements as may lead both parties into experiments whose results no one can foretell. We do not share the fears of people who look to see some one of the "labor" parties that form from time to time actually carry elections

and give laws ; the danger from them is in the form of concessions into which they may frighten the present parties to hold voters. It is a serious danger, because thus far all such parties in our country have been almost specifically parties of ignorance, based on class spirit, and led by men whose good faith was open to question. Yet, however evident it is that many new difficulties and dangers are before us, there is also evident a spirit of renewed zeal and hope in young men concerning the public interests of the country that re-inspires flagging reforms, and gives to the closing decade of the century so far an aspect of political renaissance. Reform bills that were considered a few years ago the whim of Sunday School politicians go through legislatures, and new ones come hopefully forward. Public sentiment in favor of honest dealing seems more vigilant than for years. It is probable that we have the reformed ballot system to thank for much of this ; and the long agitation in favor of civil service reform is also plainly bearing fruit more and more.

IN CALIFORNIA the most interesting thing in the political situation is undoubtedly the decisive popular verdict in favor of an educational qualification for the suffrage, given by a sort of "referendum" method that is in growing use in this State. This referendum is accomplished by a resolution on the part of the Legislature to ask instructions from the people at the next election, as to whether some important action is or is not favored ; the "proposition to be laid before the people" is then put on the ballots in such form that an answer, Yes or No, can be directly given ; and thus instructions are obtained that have no legal force, yet are recognized as very binding if the majority is decisive. When the real sentiments of the people are reached, before they have been worked up by politicians and press, surprises may be expected ; and in this case it was a surprise to many that the people of California should have given an overwhelming vote in favor of an educational qualification. For many years, whenever an enthusiast has proposed this, the answer has been that it was an idealist's dream ; that no politician would dare to advocate it. Perhaps a few have been shrewd enough to notice that each man addressed — and this is probably true in every State in the Union — was himself in favor of such a restriction ; he was only sure that other people would oppose it. The opposition was always somewhere else, but very dangerous and numerous there. It seems now as if this were one of the many cases in which a supposed public sentiment, before which politicians have been cringing and dodging, has proved to be only a bugaboo when some one has the courage to walk right up to it. There is no reason to think that California sets a higher value on reading and writing than other sections, and should the late popular vote be carried out by an amendment, — as it seems impossible it should not, — it must be a most influential precedent for other

States that wish the same reform, but do not dare to propose it.

THERE are two or three other hopeful things about the Legislature now in session. The most important after the one just spoken of is that the reformed ballot act is likely to receive some amendments which will strengthen it materially. This act was forced through a hostile Legislature after a severe struggle, and one cannot but feel that the world does move after all, in seeing how secure it seems to be from any dangerous assault this year, and how fair the prospect for its amendment is now. Moreover, it is the judgment of those in a position to know, that the working of the system has already given us a somewhat better Legislature than for a number of sessions past. With this law made still more stringent, perhaps reinforced by a Corrupt Practices Act, and with the grade of the suffrage improved by an educational qualification, we may look to see a material uplifting of our public life, with a reflex effect on private standards, as the century comes to its close. The seven years that remain give us time to do a good deal of needed house-cleaning for the advent of the Twentieth Century ; and it is hardly possible to doubt that in this very direction of cleansing public life, lessening the power of money to rule corruptly therein, lies the surest hope of dissipating any dangers that threaten meanwhile from social discontents.

AS WE go to press, the news reaches us of the death of Ex-president Hayes, — a man whose rank among the presidents of the United States will stand higher in history than among his contemporaries. The misfortune of having held office under a clouded title will not count for so much as it goes into the past, since no permanent harm has resulted from it, and it cannot happen again ; and the weak points of the administration will be balanced by the two or three great benefits it conferred. The surrender of President Hayes' own high standards of civil service reform to the spoils of politicians, created more exasperation among his best supporters, and gained less support among those to whom he yielded, than has followed similar surrenders by other presidents, because the way in which it was done indicated irresolution. But it will not be forgotten by history that it was President Hayes who stopped the carpet-bag *régime*, and made the New South possible ; and President Hayes who renewed in the highest places of government those standards of personal honesty and respectability that had been so shamefully marred.

We have never had a president of higher purpose ; and his ideas of good government were clean, and his natural affiliations the best in or out of his party. It was due largely to the fact that he was in advance of his party, and did not know how to lead it forward to his standpoint, that his administration failed to be very popular or altogether successful.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Briefer Notice.

*The Old English Dramatists.*¹—Professor Norton, as editor of the complete edition of Lowell's works already noticed from time to time here, has added another volume, containing the six Lowell Institute lectures that have been, during the past half year, issued in *Harper's Magazine*. These lectures never received Mr. Lowell's revision for publication,—they were delivered in 1887,—but every admirer of Lowell will agree with Professor Norton that they should not be withheld from the collected works. Of the excellence of the edition in form and printing we have already spoken warmly.

*Autobiographia.*²—Arthur Stedman, son of E. C. Stedman, one of Walt Whitman's group of admirers, has edited a little book made up of prose autobiographical selections from his writings. Mr. Stedman—the younger—is the person who obtained leave at last to make a volume of "Selected Poems" of Whitman's; and by that volume and the present one (the plan of which Whitman approved,) has probably done more for the memory of the poet than all his indiscriminate eulogists put together. Both books are doubtless improved by the fact that the author died before the selections were made, and the choice has rested entirely with the editor.

*The Son of Man*³ should be interesting to the student of alienism. It is the work of an Englishman of fair education, good position, and means, who, after a life of some excesses, found himself committed to a private insane asylum by his kindred, under charge of religious mania. He claimed to be the new Christ, and though in time discharged from the asylum, maintains his claim, and publishes

¹ *The Old English Dramatists*. By James Russell Lowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1892.

² *Autobiographia, or The Story of a Life*. By Walt Whitman. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.: 1892.

³ *The Son of Man*, Chicago. Laird & Lee: 1892.

this book in defense of it. His words have either been taken down by shorthand, or else he has a good literary instinct, for the simple directness of a well taught and unpretentious speaker in conversation is maintained throughout, and however the ideas may ramble, there is no wildness of diction.

*Comenius, the Evangelist of Modern Pedagogy.*⁴—A slip of a pamphlet, in which review is given of the influence of Comenius, the Moravian bishop, of the seventeenth century, upon the "New Education." Without containing anything not to be found in other popular treatises, it presents the subject briefly and pleasantly.

Books Received.

The Son of Man. Vols. I. and II. Chicago: Laird & Lee: 1892.

Narcissus and other Poems. By Walter Malone. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.: 1892.

Green Fields and Running Brooks. By James Whitcomb Riley. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.: 1892.

Buchanan's Conspiracy, The Nicaragua Canal and Reciprocity. By P. Cudmore. New York: P. J. Kenedy: 1892.

Nondescript; or, The Passionate Recluse. By Martha Eileen Holahan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.: 1892.

Francis Drake—A Tragedy of the Sea. By S. Weir Mitchell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1892.

The Mother and Other Poems. By S. Weir Mitchell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1892.

Witty, Wise, and Wicked Maxims. By Henri Péne Du Bois. New York: Brentano's: 1892.

A Perplexed Philosopher. By Henry George. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.: 1892.

⁴ *Comenius the Evangelist of Modern Pedagogy*. By Will S. Monroe. Palo Alto. Reprinted from *December Education*. 1892.

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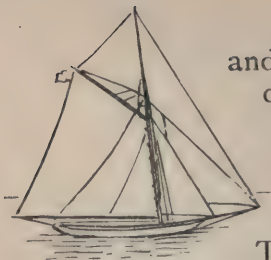
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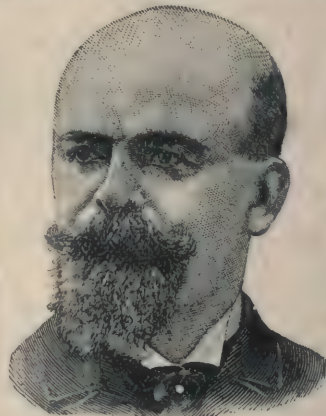
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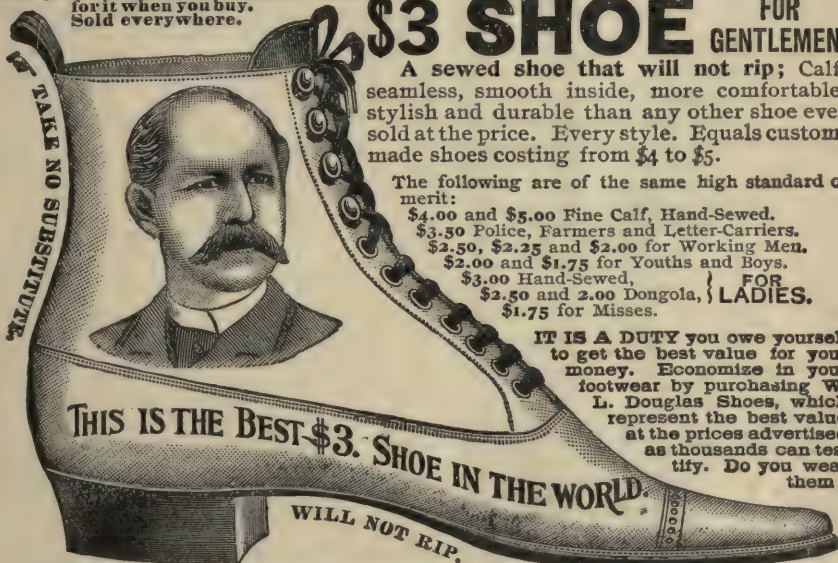
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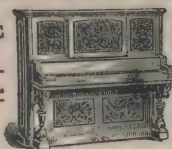


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CONTENTS OF RECENT OVERLANDS.

SEPTEMBER.

California, *Charles A. Gunnison.*

Los Farallones de los Frayles, *Charles S. Greene.* With 13 illustrations.

To Ina D. Coolbrith, *Ella Higginson.*

An Interesting Historical Discovery, *John S. Hittell.*

A Bare-Faced Deception, *Charles E. Brimblecom.*

At Anchor, *Isabel Hammell Raymond.*

In Mendocino, *Lillian H. Shuey.*

Staging in the Mendocino Redwoods. II. *Ninetta Eames.*

With 16 illustrations.

Quail and Quail Shooting, *J. A. A. Robinson.* With 3 illustrations.

The Storm, *Sam Davis.*

Two Gourmets of Bloomfield, *Alice S. Wolf.*

Russia and America, *Horace F. Cutter.*

The Wrong Trump, *Emma A. Thurston.*

Recent Verse, Etc., and Book Reviews.

OCTOBER.

Frontispiece.—President Henry Durant.

The University of California, *Milicent W. Shinn.* With 17 illustrations.

Lawn Tennis in California, *James F. J. Archibald.* With 14 illustrations.

Minerva's Mother, *Annie Getchell Gale.*

Possibilities, *M. C. Gillington.*

An Alaskan Summer, *Mabel H. Closson.* With 7 illustrations.

An Electrical Study, *Vere Withington.*

County Division in Southern California, *E. P. Clarke.*

With Fancy, *Sylvia Lawson Covey.*

Burke's Wife, *Beebe Crocker.*

Fiction Review, Etc., and Book Reviews.

NOVEMBER.

Over the Santa Lucia, *Mary L. White.* With 15 illustrations.

To —

Fisheries of California, *David Starr Jordan.*

True Greatness, *E. E. Barnard.*

The University of California. II. Lick Astronomical Department, *Milicent W. Shinn.* With 17 illustrations.

Siwash, *E. Meliss.* With 5 illustrations.

Old Angeline, the Princess of Seattle, *Rose Simmons.*

How Mrs. Binnywig Checked the King, *R.*

What Constitutes a Mortal Wound, *J. N. Hall, M.D.*

The Mother of Felipe, *Mary Austin.*

In the Last Day, *M. C. Gillington.*

A Snow Storm in Humboldt, *E. B.*

A Physician's Story, *Theoda Wilkins.*

The Sea-Fern, *Seddie E. Anderson.*

George William Curtis, Citizen, *Warren Olney.*

Love's Legend, *Lenore Congdon Schutze.*

Etc. and Book Reviews.

DECEMBER.

The Restaurants of San Francisco, *Charles S. Greene.* With 12 illustrations.

The Sacking of Grubbsville, *Adah Fairbanks Batelle.*

Indian Traditions of Their Origin, *William E. Read.*

Aged, *Juliette Estelle Mathis.*

The University of California. III., *Milicent W. Shinn.* With 9 illustrations.

A Peninsular Centennial. Vancouver's Visit in 1792 to the Bay and Peninsula of San Francisco, with Map, *W. H. McDougal.*

A Last Walk in Autumn, *Neith Boyce.*

(SEE OVER.)

Mexican Art in Clay, *E. P. Bancroft.* With 6 illustrations.

Point Lobos, *Virna Woods.* Illustrated.

Congressional Reform, *Caspar T. Hopkins.*

CONTENTS OF RECENT OVERLANDS, Continued.

A Mexican Ferry, *A. D. Stewart*. With 10 illustrations.
 Helen, *Marshall Graham*.
 Down o' the Thistle, *Ella M. Sexton*.
 The Illuminated Certificate, *Marcia Davies*.
 Recent Fiction, Etc. and Book Reviews.

JANUARY.

Christmas Eve, *Ella Higginson*. With illustration.
 Famous Paintings Owned on the West Coast, I. Beethoven Among His Intimates.
 Seaward, *Martha T. Tyler*. With illustration.
 A Kindergarten Christmas, *Nora A. Smith*. With 11 illustrations.
 Tennyson, *John Vance Cheney*.
 An Unromantic Affair, *Quien*.
 San Francisco Election Machinery, *William A. Beatty*.
 Christmases and Christmases, *Phil Weaver, Jr.* With 8 illustrations.
 Song.
 A Peninsular Centennial, II. Vancouver's Visit to the Mission of Santa Clara. A Study, *William H. McDougal*.
 Four For a Cent, *Malheureuse*.
 Spinning Song, *M. C. Gillington*.
 Not Unto Us Alone, *Julia Boynton Green*. With illustration.
 Brander's Wife, A Christmas Story, *Flora Haines Loughhead*. With 2 illustrations.
 Original Research.
 The Silver Question, *Henry S. Brooks*.
 The Waiting Rain, *Eleanor Mary Ladd*.
 The Guarany. I-IV. From the Portuguese of José Martiniano de Alencar, *James W. Hawes*.
 A Story of the Northwest, *L. A. M. Bosworth*.
 In Lincoln's Home, *William S. Hutchinson*.
 Etc. and Book Reviews.

The January Number: The OVERLAND MONTHLY for January is probably the most artistic number ever issued. Peixotto, Walter, and Helen J. and Bertha E. Smith, have furnished admirable drawings, while the process work in such pictures as those which accompany the article on "Christmases and Christmases" has never been excelled for delicacy and finish, even in the periodicals of Paris. The whole number has a seasonable holiday flavor. One of the most readable papers is "A Kindergarten Christmas," by Nora A. Smith, which is full of the spirit of the new education that finds so much of strength and goodness in the neglected children of the poor. Next to this we should place Mrs. Flora Haines Loughhead's story, "Brander's Wife." It contains some etchings of newspaper life that bear a resemblance to the reality,—which is high praise, when one recalls the caricatures of journalism that have appeared in recent magazine stories. A series that promises to be of much interest is "Famous Paintings Owned on the West Coast." The first is a reproduction of Graefle's "Beethoven Among His Friends," from the gallery of Baron von Schroeder. Space is lacking to mention all the other contents of this number, which include a bright skit on space writing, entitled "Four For a Cent," and a fine short poem on Tennyson, by John Vance Cheney. . . .

Volume XX:—The bound volume of the OVERLAND, which includes the numbers from July to December, rounds out the twentieth volume of this magazine, which is so closely identified with California literary life. In a brief paragraph, one cannot even touch on any of the attractive features which have been noted in these columns from month to month. It must suffice here to say that the OVERLAND has shown itself alive to the demand for illustrations, and that much of its work will compare favorably with the work of the best Eastern magazines.

What sets this monthly apart from all other periodicals on this coast, is its high literary quality. The preservation of this standard reflects the greatest credit on the editors. How rich the magazine has been in articles that mirror far Western life is best appreciated when one looks over the bound volume.—*San Francisco Chronicle*, Dec. 25, 1892.

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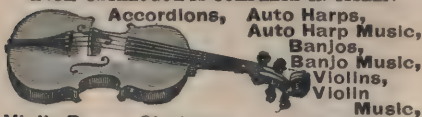
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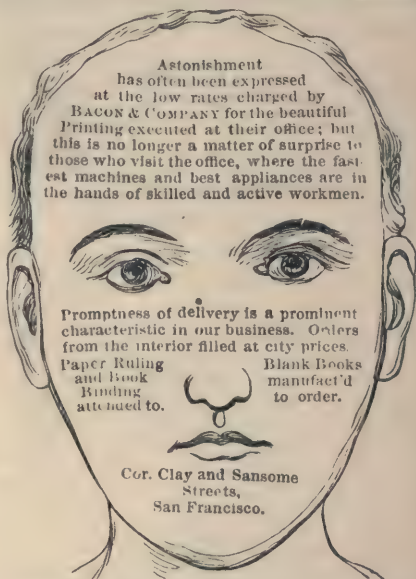
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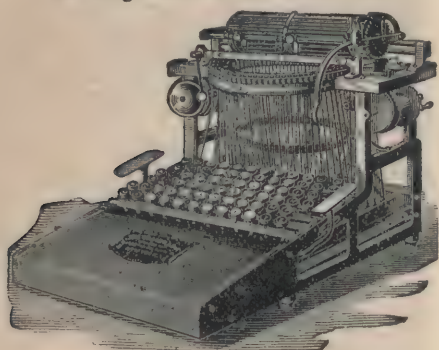
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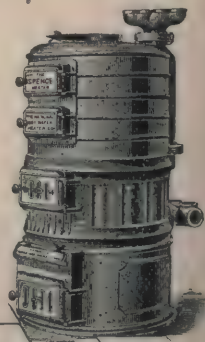
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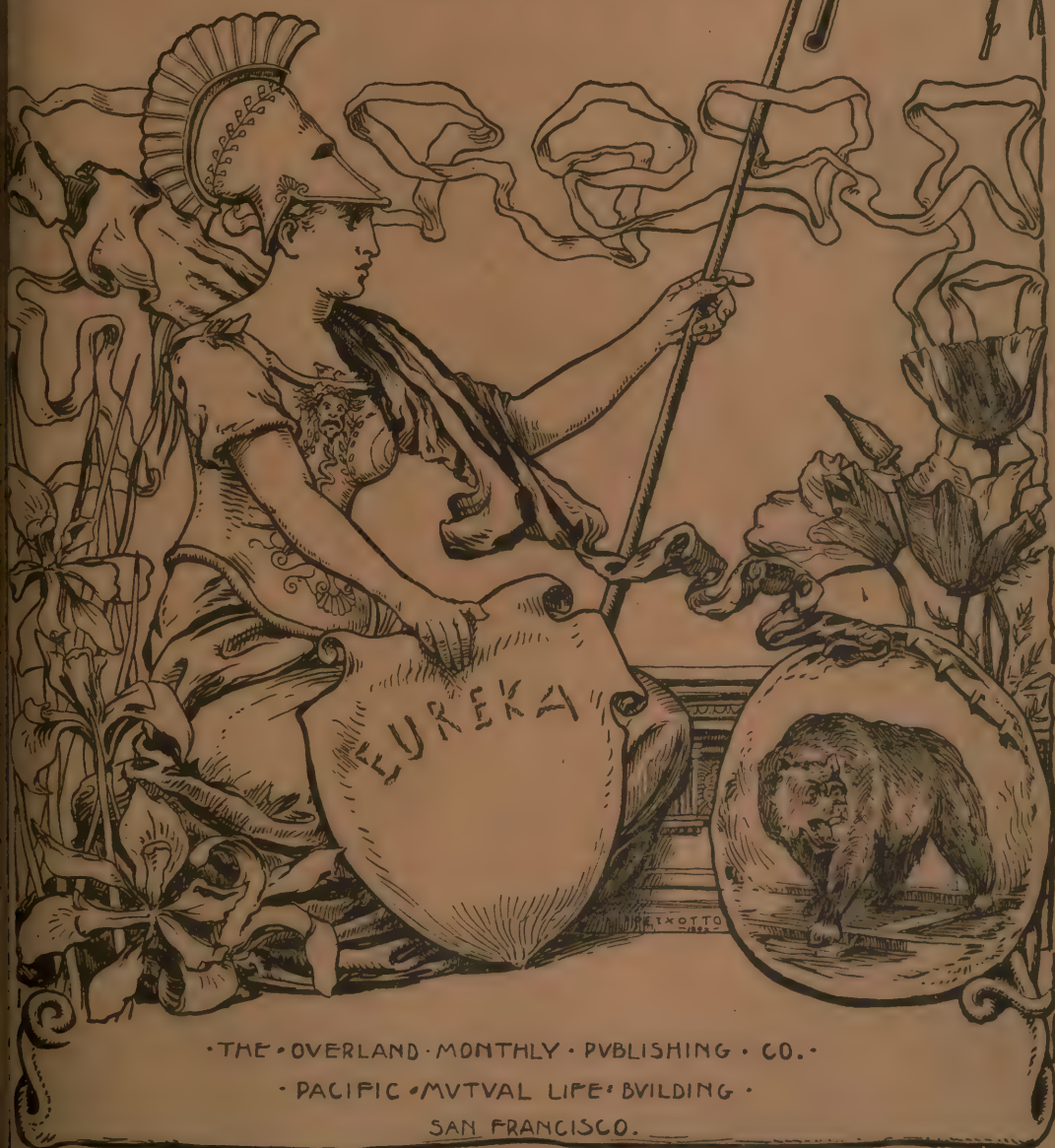
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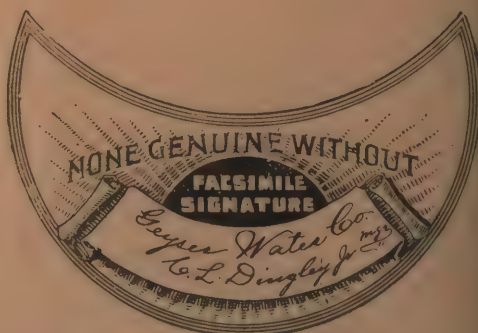


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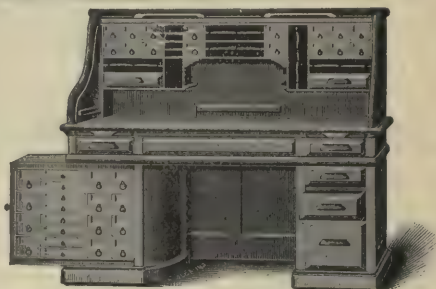


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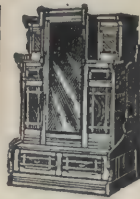
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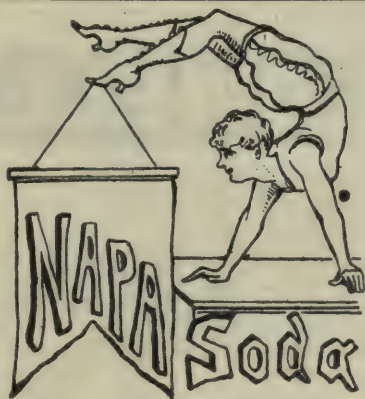
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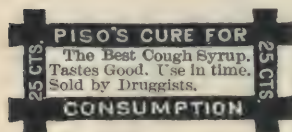
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IN THE WILDS OF HAWAII.



COCOANUT ISLAND, HILO BAY.

In the year 1858 my father was called by business to the Hawaiian Islands, then called the Sandwich Islands. Hoping the long voyage and change of climate would benefit my health, then quite poor, he brought me with him, and put me in the school to which most of the foreigners sent their children.

pleasantest of my early memories. I was fifteen years old, completely recovered in health by the long sea voyage, and I made friends with the island boys and entered into all their sports. With my chum, Jack, I often went swimming at a place not far from the school, where the cocoanut trees fringe the shore.

The life on these islands is one of the

Together we would race our horses

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along the shore or up the valley roads; for horseback riding was one of our favorite amusements. Our Saturdays were often spent in climbing the mountains, far up into the most enchanting scenery, and searching for land shells, and we made collections of *acatinellæ* that a naturalist might envy. These lovely shells, still found living on the leaves and bark of trees, are of many colors and spiral in shape.

I was playing ball one day on the grounds, when Jack came running and shouting: "Boys, Professor says we may go to the volcano! We'll close school, charter a schooner, and start. Isn't it glorious!"

Nothing was thought of or talked of from that moment but the excursion to Mauna Loa, till our party of twenty, under charge of our young teacher, Mr. R—, embarked on the schooner Kek-



DIMOND HEAD AND WAIKIKI BEACH.

After I had been in the school a few months a grand eruption occurred near the summit of Mauna Loa, on the island of Hawaii. Even at the distance, over two hundred miles, where we were, a red light hung low in the sky, and accounts came of projecting fountains of fire and of an immense lava flow. Our minds were in a fever of excitement, and we all wished to see the wonder.

auluoki. There were no steamers running in those days, and with the calm and variable winds prevailing in the lee of the lofty mountains, it often took a week to make a voyage that can now be accomplished in a few hours.

The voyage I then made does not belong to the pleasant recollections of my past. After I came aboard and was exploring the recesses of the cabin, Jack

called from above: "Bring your mattress on deck, Ned. You will feel like a boiled owl if you stay below." Indeed, most of us camped on deck, and endured the discomfort of wind and wave and blistering sun rather than stay below in the badly smelling, ill-ventilated cabin. All but Jack were deplorably sick, as our little schooner rocked and tacked in the rough channels, and Jack added to my depression by offering me various articles of food.

Once we lay all day in the lee of the

a noose on his tail and played with him a while, then drawing him on deck dispatched him with an ax.

At last, after a week of tossing on the ocean, the miserable voyage was nearly over, and raising my head I could see the volcanic fire, like a beacon light, near the summit of Mauna Loa. This mountain, whose name means Great Mountain, rises by a gentle, uniform slope to the height of 13,700 feet, and its blue outlines, generally surmounted by snow, are a conspicuous and beautiful



"I OFTEN WENT SWIMMING WHERE THE COCOANUT TREES FRINGE THE SHORE."

high mountains of Molokai. The sea was so smooth near the shore that we could look far down into its depths, where we saw innumerable fish glistening, as they darted hither and thither. As they came to the surface they proved to be immense sharks, from eight to ten feet in length. The crew of the schooner let out a big hook, baited with bullock hide, and soon we had one of these man-eaters pulling furiously at the end of the line, and springing upward to free himself. The natives put

object in the landscape, seen from whatever part of Hawaii you may chance to be in.

"Rouse up boys, we are going ashore," chanted a voice. The most wretched revived at the prospect of land, and were soon embarked in the boats for the shore.

We rested a couple of days in the hospitable home of Mr. A—, and our party feasted, as only healthy boys can, on the delicious Kona oranges, unsurpassed by any I have since tasted. Our Kanaka

guides were then ready, and our bedding and provisions portioned out into packages, that each might carry his share, for we were to make the trip on foot. "I am as strong as any one; I'll carry this," said Jack, seizing the biggest bundle. All followed his example, and fresh and full of life we started at a lively pace; but those bundles grew in weight as the day advanced.

Our path began in a lovely, fertile country of orange and coffee groves, and then led through a district where grew great tree ferns and palmetto trees, often festooned with strange creepers and brilliant vines. As we ascended the mountain slope we came to a forest of koa trees. These beautiful trees grow at an elevation of from 2,000 to 6,000 feet. Their foliage is dark compared to other Island trees, and the wood is beautiful in manufacture, taking an exquisite polish. It is nearly as dark as black walnut and is much harder. At the upper border of the forest, sandalwood trees were occasionally to be seen, their foliage glossy and their cymes of flowers exceedingly fragrant. Here also we enjoyed picking and eating as we passed the bright ruby-colored ohelo berry, and the gigantic raspberry called okala.

Just beyond the forest we camped for the second time, building a camp-fire, boiling our rice, and making our coffee. That scorched rice was a delicious viand, and never was coffee more refreshing. Tired out, we slept a dreamless sleep rolled in our blankets, undisturbed by the reverberations from the volcano, or the light from lava fountains.

Our trail now took us over the bare lava. We walked principally over the smooth lava *pahoehoe* fields, but occasionally crossed with great difficulty the rough fields of broken lava called *aa*. Nothing is more depressing than the monotony of barren lava fields. The gaze falls upon a limitless area of black, broken rocks, tossed into every position, as though a congealed ocean had been broken up by earthquakes. One can climb hour after hour without a change in the surroundings. Strong and brave as the boys were, they drooped under the warm sun and heavy loads.

The point where the eruption took place was below the summit, at an altitude of about 11,000 feet, and toward that place we directed our course. We came in time to walk over a hot lava stream, which flowed beneath our feet, protected by the thick crust that soon forms when lava is exposed to the air.

It was hot enough to burn the soles of our shoes, already badly cut by the keen, sharp rubble of the clinkers we had passed. Often the lava had run underneath the ground, and then hardening, left long, tunnel-like caverns, into which there was danger of falling. They were covered except where an arch above the cavern had fallen, leaving exposed a deep pit. These galleries extend for miles in length, and vary from eight feet to sixty feet in depth.



LAVA TUNNELS.



A SWIMMING POOL.

We were working our way with great energy, our eyes fixed on the strange view before us, where at a distance a cascade of molten lava poured down the mountain side. Suddenly, as Jack and I pressed forward, we heard a cry from the rear, "Alick has fallen into a pit!" and the quick command from Mr. R—, "Hurry with ropes, boys!"

We ran quickly back and found that Alick had fallen into one of those deep pits connected with the underground galleries. Its edges were concealed with grass. Jack was let down by a rope, which he fastened to the insensible form of our schoolmate, whom we soon drew to the surface. When he revived we found that he was partially paralyzed, and though he complained of no pain he was badly hurt. Our native guides helped rig up a rude palanquin called *maanele*; and Mr. R—, with a number of the boys, started down the mountain side carrying our poor friend. It was decided that the rest should go on; and with saddened hearts we resumed our toilsome way.

In front of us now yawned cracks and fissures of untold depth, and from some of them would rush out a cloud of steam with a loud blast. At last we were near the great cascade, a half mile wide, the molten lava falling a distance of a hundred feet. Fine threads of lava, like spun glass, were blown over us. Our guides explained to us that this was the hair of Péle; she must have torn her hair out and thrown it to the winds. We were also covered with glistening fragments of lava, solidifying in the air and reflecting iridescent light. These lava stones grew dull in appearance with exposure to the air. Fountains of liquid fire were shot up with fierce explosions to the height of seven hundred or nine hundred feet from the great orifice above, falling again in a glowing spray into the pool below.

Besides the principal orifice of eruption there were other cavernous holes, from which issued steam and molten lava. We wished to visit one of these, and look into the depth of the seething cauldron. "Keep on the windward side, boys, or you will be suffocated by the vapor," called out Ben, who had visited a volcano before. It was needed advice, for while we were looking into the boiling depths the wind shifted, and we were driven back by suffocating fumes of sulphurous vapor. It was some time before I could recover my breath.

Here, amid these mighty wonders, we camped, seeing the volcano in all its majesty in the stillness of the night, "watched over by troops of stars." There is a feeling of isolation that creeps over one on a mountain's height, as the darkness of night closes around, the shadows fall, and the clouds settle below our feet. This feeling was heightened by the scenes of awful grandeur and sublimity that surrounded us.

After camping for a time at this great elevation, we took our downward way, finding it very much easier to descend. When the lovely, tropical vegetation of Kona greeted our eyes, and we came into the land of the kukui, the banana, the orange, and coffee, our delight was mingled with apprehensions for the fate of our injured comrade.

Our forebodings were realized. The poor boy had been brought down only to die. Medical aid was of no avail, and he had quietly breathed his last.

This sad event darkened a trip that was otherwise one of the most interesting episodes in an eventful life. But the mind became a blank, and all emotion ceased as the Kekauluoki once more swayed and heaved in the Hawaiian channel, and Mauna Loa dipped below the horizon in unison with the swaying masts, and reappeared before my dizzy eyes, which saw it then for the last time.

Edward Wilson.

FOOTSTEPS OF PÊLÉ.

IN January, 1887, the monotony of life on the great sugar plantations of Hawaii became decidedly varied, and the dwellers in the regions round about experienced that which cannot be expressed by words,—the terrors of continued

Nature's forces was not wanting, and one of our number exclaimed, "There's something wicked going to happen, it's in the air!" Then came a cry from the men going home from work in the cane-fields. Following their glances we looked



PÊLÉ'S WRATH.

earthquake shocks, known among wise men as "*formative wrinkles*" on the earth's surface. These same wise men say there is nothing in the expression "earthquake weather," but we, whose home lay between two volcanoes, had learned to dread as a sure premonitory symptom the hot, close, lifeless atmosphere that often precedes an Eastern thunderstorm.

This prelude to the grand display of

off over the black surface of old lava flows to where the jagged coast line cuts the blue Pacific, and there, seeming to grow out of a streak of forked lightning, rose a waterspout of immense size and height.

In wonder and dread we watched, amid peals of thunder and lightning flashes, till, after an hour, the strange sea monster disappeared in a heavy curtain of black clouds.

All night the thunder deafened us, but the day broke clear and calm, and "the mountain," as our smooth-browed Mauna Loa is called, stood reflecting the morning light, capped with glistening snow from the summit to the wood-belt five miles below. Little did we imagine that this great, serene giant had only drawn on his snow mantle to hide the awful mischief the fire demon, lurking in his stony old bosom, was preparing. But on the evening of January 13th we were suddenly startled by the cry, "An eruption on Mauna Loa!"

With a dull fear of the unknown power surging beneath us, we stepped out on the veranda, and there, in the distance, against a sky of the deepest blue, brilliant with stars, shot up a huge pillar of smoke, lighted to a lurid red by the fiery mass below. It was a terrible sight, but we stood fascinated by its awful grandeur, and we knew each other's thoughts were, *How, and when, and where, will that imprisoned force spend itself?*

As suddenly as it had appeared the light vanished, and there followed days and nights of terror. We tried to occupy ourselves, but the constant trembling was unnerving, and when this alternated with shocks that seemed likely to jerk the house off its foundations, we gave ourselves up to watching the mountain, whose ominous silence was more frightful than any outburst, for we knew the pent-up forces would continue their convulsive shakings till they found a vent somewhere,—and who could tell where?

The whole country is perforated with long tubular caves, often miles in length, formed by old lava flows, whose surface, cooling quickly on exposure to the air, remained stationary, while the more liquid mass beneath flowed on, leaving a long, hollow tube. We knew that one of these caves, or tubes, passed directly beneath our house, and this knowledge did not serve to diminish our fears, as

the shocks grew more and more severe, coming at intervals of from two to five minutes. The heaviest were preceded by a dull rumbling sound, that seemed to follow down the mountain side until it reached the house, making us think of the victims of Pompeii.

Near noon of the third day came two fearful shocks, the last followed instantly by smoke from Mauna Loa, at first whirling straight up, then settling in dense clouds; while we could see smoke moving rapidly along the western slope of the mountain ridge, showing that a lava flow had broken out, and was starting on its path of destruction.

We felt that for a time our danger was lessened, as this outlet would cause the earthquake to be less severe, and the lay of the land in that direction prevented the danger of an overflow. So we watched our beautiful koa forests rising up in the smoke of the first fiery sacrifice demanded by the wrathful fire goddess, Péle, and waited anxiously for news from our neighbors miles away, who, after surviving the horrors of '68, saw this new danger threatening them. Soon we learned that the flow, having run underground for about fifteen miles, had burst forth again, beyond and above the old '68 outbreak, and was making its way with great rapidity to the ocean.

Lured on by the wonderful fascination of Péle, we formed a party to visit the flow, riding twenty miles, and reaching the scene at night. Within three miles a part of the flow was visible, and formed a grand picture. The steam rising from the hot mass formed a heavy curtain of misty vapor, which completely hid the outline of the mountain at this distance. But where the lava poured over high precipices, a strangely weird and beautiful effect was produced; for there great sheets of living fire hung one above the other in the pitchy darkness, while the white, misty vapors rose about them like the shroudings of evil spirits.



AN ANCIENT TEMPLE OF REFUGE.

Who can find words to describe the sight that met our view, as, having reached the flow itself, we dismounted, and standing on the barely cooled surface of the lavas on the edge of a side flow, gazed in silent awe on the majestic force moving before us? There it rolled in burning billows, a gigantic river of fire, and the tremendous agitation of the atmosphere was such that, as we watched, a storm of hail fell hissing into the burning tide, flashes of lightning played over it, and strangely colored flames shot up, while peals of thunder and the sound of exploding gases made it seem like a second Inferno.

Plainly visible, seven miles above us, was the mouth, or small crater, from which the lavas spouted up in constant play, forming flaming jets varying from fifty to one hundred feet in height. Then this river of molten lava rolled over the edge, and poured down over precipices one hundred and fifty feet high, taking sticks and great bowlders on its fiery bosom, and gathering fresh impetus in its descent, till at one time it ran at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The lava was of the *aa*, or jagged variety, rolling over in masses like great cumulus clouds of fire, cooling in black cones on the surface, but fiery red an inch below.

Facing this monster, and watching its descent from their veranda, sat a family who had seen their home almost destroyed by the flow of '68, and now, once more ready for flight, waited in suspense till within two miles of them the flow turned, and passing them by unharmed made its way to the ocean.

It reached the ocean on the nineteenth and poured in for days, sending up vast clouds of steam, and making a dull roar that was carried along the sea-coast for miles, as in '68, causing a panic among the natives of the sea-coast village, who dreaded a return of the fearful tidal wave that then carried houses and human beings in its irresistible clutches, and changed the whole coastline for miles. Poor grown-up children as they are, we learned later that they spent all those awful nights of dread, gathered in a terrified group about a solitary little church, which is built on the summit of an ancient lava flow; and though its cross pointed heavenward, and they believed in the great invisible God, who can blame them if all-silently here and there a peace offering was vowed to great Péle, so awfully visible in her wrath? They knew by real experience the truth of the facts so ably presented by Professor Shaler, of the sub-

mergence of lands, etc.; for the public road of '68 now lies under the ocean, and nothing would induce them to remain in their homes while the danger lasted.

We had hoped for rest with such a mighty outlet, and once more retired trustfully, putting out the lights that had been kept burning so many nights. January 23rd we sat as usual late in the evening, watching the grand illumination, as of a great city on fire, that glorified the clouds rising over the flow, back of our darkly outlined mountains. We had watched this gorgeous spectacle nightly since the flow started, and when it suddenly disappeared we thought it only shut out from us by overhanging clouds.

Later, two heavy shocks caused us to think with dread of the long hours till daylight. But as there was only the usual trembling for some time, we fell asleep at last, to be waked by a deafening explosion, as of a cannon fired off directly beneath the house. We sprang up in agonized fear in that first unearthly moment, and tried to reach each other, that we might at least meet our awful fate together. Doors shut in our faces, the walls and ceiling seemed to bow together, and the rattle and crash were frightful. No sooner were lamplighted, and while we were thinking that human nature could endure no more, then there came a perfectly overwhelming shock, and half-fainting we caught at whatever covering lay nearest, and fled to the stone pavement below the veranda steps.

Soon came terrified groups of the white neighbors of our little plantation village, fathers carrying the babies taken from their cribs, mothers leading the older children while they murmured inarticulate prayers, or sobbed hysterically. Then we heard a solemn far-off sound of chanting, as the Portuguese laborers living farther up the mountain came hurrying down. Their screams, the mournful chant, the sobs as they prostrated themselves, kissing their crucifixes and

images of the saints, did not serve to quiet our overstrained nerves.

In the gray dawn the steamer lying at anchor put out to sea, fearing a tidal wave. As she blew her whistles there came over us a woful sense of desolation, as we realized that the only means of escape was departing and leaving us to our fate.

By morning we could see that the flow was running once more and we were safe. But what awful havoc that night had caused, we learned by the reports of those who rode about for days investigating. Two great cemented reservoirs were broken like ice on a river in spring, the ground had cracked, caves had fallen in, houses were broken and thrown from their foundations, one being thrown seven feet, and landing uninjured. Land slides continued for days, and in places the cane in the fields moved back and forth, while a sound as of rushing water could be heard by placing one's ear to the ground.

The theory presented by Captain Dutton, of the United States Geological Survey, that Kilauea and Mokuaweoweo, the summit crater of Mauna Loa, are two distinct craters, seems to have been verified by this flow, during which Kilauea showed not the slightest disturbance. It also affords pretty conclusive proof that the underground flow of '68, which some supposed to have come from Kilauea, had its source, as Captain Dutton and others have judged, from Mokuaweoweo, as did the last flow.

An accurate count was kept of the decided shocks, during those days of terror: they numbered five hundred. When the news reached us of the terrible ruin and loss of life in "sunny Italy," across the seas, from the earthquakes there, just one month later, we felt thankful that we were spared such horror, though equally disastrous results might have followed had our barren country been thickly populated and built up with old stone buildings.

We have been criticised a little sharply by those who were not at the scene of action, for references to Pélé, which were thought to indicate a strong inclination toward a return to heathenism. Our cry was unto Him who "holds the hills in his hands," and the thought of each was not of old heathen myths, but of the terrible and all-engrossing present, and of how to make the hours less

shakings that you feel are but the heavy footsteps of Pélé, as she walketh back and forth through her subterranean passages. She is angry, yea, and she is seeking a vent for the awful fires of her wrath. Now she has seated herself, (the cause of the heaviest shocks,) and perhaps she will burst again through the same opening, or she may return and find another,— I cannot tell !"



ONOMEA CAVE, HAWAII.

fearful to those in like distress. If, when we looked about us and found we were not utterly destroyed, we experienced a keener sympathy with that feeling of a *something human* at work in the cavernous earth beneath us, that gave rise to the old myth of Pélé, let not a far-away, safely-housed critic judge us too sharply.

An old native of seventy years, when questioned as to the possible sequence of the sudden stoppage of the flow, replied in substance : " I cannot tell ; these

Pitiful old heathen, how he might have been corrected ! No Pélé with fires of wrath, only *chemical action*, poor man ; the trembling of her foot-steps but the displacement of earth atoms, and when and where the forces of nature will next appear we also — " cannot tell."

Do we any of us believe in Neptune, when we express the hope that the old ocean god will spare us any unusual commotion on a sea voyage ? We are not pagans, but children of Hawaii, and as

such let us know the myths and the names of the gods (albeit heathen) her first children worshiped. Let us glory in her folk lore, as we do in that which tells of Thor and Odin, and all the ancient gods of every land.

Therefore let not those who visit us, "longing for a shock," and "envying us our experience," criticise us harshly when we say, "God grant that Péle may let us rest in peace for many years to come."

N. E. Fuller.

A DEAD VOLCANO.

THE Hawaiian Kingdom, though small among kingdoms, still contains two of the "big things" often spoken and written about. In fact, each is *the* big thing of its kind. They are Kilauea, the largest active volcano, and Haleakala, the largest extinct crater, on earth.

The first has been often visited, and as often described, but Haleakala has not been written up so often. It will well repay one for the trouble of an ascent to its lofty summit. Though not so high as Mauna Kea, it still is to be counted among lofty mountains, as it is over 10,000 feet high. What its height was before some mighty eruption tore away its summit, some two thousand years ago, can only be guessed at now.

I had seen and wondered at Kilauea, but had never thought of making the ascent of Haleakala until I found myself, with several friends, spending some weeks at Wailuku. We had visited all other points of interest within riding distance before some one proposed that we make the trip to the crater.

If one desires to see Haleakala at his best, the ascent must be made the day before, and the night spent at the summit. This was the plan we adopted.

We rode gaily out of Wailuku, and soon reached the foot of the mountain. The base of Haleakala is ninety miles around; thus the slope is not so steep as to make difficult climbing. It can be

made on horseback all the way. The trip is a lovely ride, through a variety of tropical growth that prevented it from becoming monotonous.

Late in the day we reached the place that had been selected for our camp, in which we were to pass the night: sleeping if possible; if not, in chatting and wishing for sunrise, that we might see the wonders of the place. Dusk was closing down. We could see nothing of the scene spread out before us, and so settled down to await the coming of the day, hoping that we might have a clear sunrise.

The natives who had accompanied us, bearing blankets and food to make our camping place as comfortable as possible, had been busy preparing a resting place in an immense cave, formed by a bubble of the lava, which had been raised up in some far remote eruption. The lava had been forced up by gas into a tall cone, then it had cooled, and one side being broken away, it formed a spacious room, in which we pilgrims to the shrine of the fire goddess found our resting place during the night hours.

I walked about over the rough ground around the edge of the crater, but the moon was hidden behind gathering clouds, and I could see but little of the scenery. I was fearful that the heavy clouds which covered the sky at midnight might mean a storm that would



"SLOW DROPPING VEILS OF MIST."

prevent our seeing the sunrise in the morning ; but the wind drove the clouds away before daybreak, and when we gathered on the level spot, near the brink of the crater, the sky was clear from all disfiguring clouds. The only vapor visible was massed in the crater, which stretched far, far away before us.

The crater is some twenty-five miles in circumference, and about two thousand feet in depth. The whole broad basin was filled to the brim with a tossing, rolling, feathery mist, which rose and fell, trembling and swaying in the light morning breeze. Even the form of the crater was invisible, the vapor hiding the farther edge from our view.

Soon the sun arose from the waves, and as the pink light touched the billows of mist they were dyed with a rosy glow. Far away in the distance rose the faint blue forms of lofty Mauna Kea, while Mauna Loa seemed a light cloud in the sky, far away above fair Hawaii.

The ocean stretching between, at first a dark sheet of dull gray spread out before us, was lighted into a glow by the sun's rays as he rose higher in the sky. Brighter and lighter grew the scene, but still the cloud of mist filled the pit before us, as if Pele was determined to hide from us even the ruins of her former home.

Far below, the villages seemed clustered close together at the foot of their lofty guardian. Wailuku and Kahului, miles apart, were from our standpoint almost merged into one, while the buildings on the plantations looked like toys for children's sport.

Suddenly, as we looked far off over the ocean at a white speck, which was all that was visible of the coming steamer, the position of ocean and mountain seemed for a moment reversed. Instead of standing upon a height, looking down upon the ocean, we were looking up at it from the bottom of a pit. I



"THE WHOLE BROAD BASIN WAS FILLED TO THE BRIM WITH A TOSSING, ROLLING, FEATHERY MIST."



HALEAKALA, THE DEAD VOLCANO.

experienced the same illusion but once before ; when standing on Mount Washington, the other mountains, at which I had been looking down, suddenly arose and towered for an instant high above my head. But on that occasion the illusion lasted but an instant, while it required several seconds and a strong effort to bring Haleakala and his surroundings into proper relations. I suppose there is some scientific explanation for this freak of the eyes, but I never saw it explained, and do not care particularly to inquire into it.

While we had been looking off over the sea the mist had been rising, and now it rolled over the brink and floated off in clouds, fading away as it moved until it was no longer visible. Glimpses of the sides and bottom of the crater were revealed, and again hidden, as the mist lifted and was carried away on the wings of the gentle breeze that rose with the sun.

We sat watching the transformation

until the wide, deep pit before us was cleared from its veil, and lay green and dark before us. Seen thus, free from fog, the pit showed what a terrible force had once rent and torn those rocky walls, and left them shattered and mangled, bare and burned, until gentle Mother Nature clothed the scarred walls with a garb of green, planting trees and shrubs in the scars of the terrible wounds.

As the whole crater was opened to our gaze we saw that it was an irregular oval in shape, some seven or eight miles in length and about six in width. The sides sloped at a wide angle, down which it would have been comparatively easy to clamber had one desired ; but there was nothing to be gained by the trip, so we remained near the top of the mountain.

The whole thing reminded one of a deep dish from which the cover had been removed. What removed that cover is a disputed question. Some sci-

entists say that the top of the mountain was blown off by a tremendous explosion, while others declare that the top is still there; has, in fact, settled down into the interior, as at Kilauea. Which ever way it is, there are two wide gaps in the walls of the crater, through which, in some bygone day, the stream of liquid lava flowed, to plunge downward until it was received, hissing and steaming, into the waves of the sea. The stream that poured out through the gap called Koolau was three miles wide. What a sight it must have been! that river of fire, plunging down ten thousand feet in seven miles to the ocean. Probably no one saw it, though, as the last eruption is believed to have occurred two thousand years ago; but it seems a pity that so grand a sight should not have been witnessed by some one who could have understood the grandeur of the scene. Kaupo, the other break in the crater wall, is not so wide, nor from its position would the flow have been so swift or so grand.

In imagination we saw the mighty flow as it broke through the restraining rocks and plunged headlong down the steep mountain's side; then, with a start, we returned to the present, and one of our native guides was holding out to us a calabash of cool water he had just dipped from a living spring, which bubbles up deep down in the side of the crater, where the fire and lava used to bubble and hiss. How it is that cool springs of water are so often found in deserted, dead volcanoes is a mystery; but there are two in the depths of Haleakala, beside several that bubble out on the side of the mountain, near the path up which we had found our way to the crater. The water in all these springs is cold and pure, showing no evidence of having passed through the fiery furnace, even after the fires had been drawn and the furnace swept and purified.

There are a number of great cones

secondary craters in the depths of the crater, which would be respectable hills anywhere else, but here they are merely small hillocks. Around the bases of these cones a great variety of ferns are clustered, and also a few specimens of the silver sword,—though why “sword” is more than I can understand, as the leaves do not bear the least resemblance to a sword; they look much more like a slim lance than like a sword.

But hours had rolled away while we stood watching the changing lights and shadows in the depths of the mighty crater, and the little white wing we had seen in the distance had drawn nearer and nearer, and proved to be the steamer, which was now anchored in Maalea Bay. The guides were bustling around, gathering together the blankets, and the fragments of food left from our breakfast, which had been served to us while we sat waiting for the mist to clear away. Now they brought the horses, saddled and ready for their riders, and we must tear ourselves away from the beautiful scene spread out before us.

One more lingering gaze around at the distant peaks of the blue mountains on far Hawaii; one farewell look down the crater where, ages ago, the fire goddess held her revels; a parting glance at the wide ocean spread around us on all sides, and we rode slowly away.

Winding down the mountain side, passing through belts of giant ferns, lighted up by flaming flowers of the tropics, lower and lower, until we reached the level plain at the foot of the dead giant, Haleakala, across the narrow isthmus that connects East Maui with West Maui, and we find ourselves riding, tired but jubilant, into the shaded yard of the pleasant home of our genial host; and we have visited the largest extinct volcano in the world, and have returned from our visit, and the steamer is waiting for us.

Bustle and hurry: inter-island captains are good-natured, but the steamer

has been here her allotted time, the farewell to the pleasant friends with freight is all on board, and we must say whom we made the ascent.

Mabel H. Closson.



THE BARRICADE ON THE GRAND PONT.

LAUTH.

I.

THE barricade upon the Grand Pont was very silent. On either side of the bridge as in a street stretched the houses and shops of the money-changers, which gave the bridge the name of Pont-au-Change in a later day. They stood there empty and full of dormant echoes; their windows shattered, their doors crushed in, leaving in their place yawning openings like eyes and mouths agape with wonder. Around the piles, which but-tressed up their rearward projections, the yellow Seine licked incessantly, with a quickly stilled gurgle at long intervals.

The barricade was drawn across the bridge some eight feet back from the

keystone; directly in front of it at the extremity of the bridge squatted like a great toad, the massive, stunted structure of the Grand Châtelet. Its grate was down, its huge steel clamped gates were closed; it barred all advance into the Rue St. Dennis beyond. There, held the enemy, to wit, the Prevôt-des-Marchands, with the archers of the guard and eight hundred of the King's gens-d'armes. The two redoubts seemed to watch one another. Over the pavement, between the barricade and the Châtelet, all the fighting of the early morning had been done. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. All the vicinity was very still; the street was empty, for by mutual agreement each party had removed

its dead of the night before, and no one had been killed in the sortie of the morning.

Lying upon the stones of the street midway between the barricade and the fortress was a red hat; somewhat nearer to the Châtelet lay a heavy white horse, his saddle turned under him, and his bridle in a tangle. A bolt had broken his back and he was unable to rise, yet he kept lashing out with his hind legs with the monotonous regularity of a machine. His hoofs struck out sparks in the cobbles. He lay with his neck and head bent up against the side of a house, and when from time to time he snorted and threw himself about in violent struggle to get upon his feet, his head pounded against the woodwork; as often as he did this, fragments of glass in the broken windows just over him, loosened by the jar, detached themselves from the lead frames and rattled upon the bare floor within.

The whole neighborhood was colorless. The sky, the street, the houses, the châtelet, the river,—all were variations of a dull, lifeless brown. The red hat upon the bridge was the only spot of color that relieved the gray tones of the whole scene. The intermittent struggles of the white horse were the only sounds that broke the silence.

About four o'clock there was a stir. The insurgent leaders in the barricade went to and fro, marshalling their followers, giving them final instructions. The mob had several scaling ladders taken from the Little Châtelet, and picked men were told off for the maneuvering of each. The rioters had no order, no system of discipline; they relied for success upon the suddenness of their attacks and their superior numbers. The excitement began to grow and spread like an infection. At first a low, hoarse murmur, it swelled by quick degrees to that peculiar and never-to-be-forgotten roar, the roar of an angry mob, than which nothing is more terrible and awe-inspiring in the whole gamut of human

sounds. The crowd of men behind the barricade began to surge and fluctuate like seething water. When it would reach a certain pitch of determination it would boil over the wall and roll like a billow toward the towers of the Grand Châtelet.

Meanwhile, fighting had broken out upon the Pont-des-Juifs, a little lower down the river; the absence of houses upon this bridge permitted a full view of the struggle from the Grand Pont. They could see a confused brown mass of combatants swarming around a few central points, and the noise of shouts and weapons reached their ears.

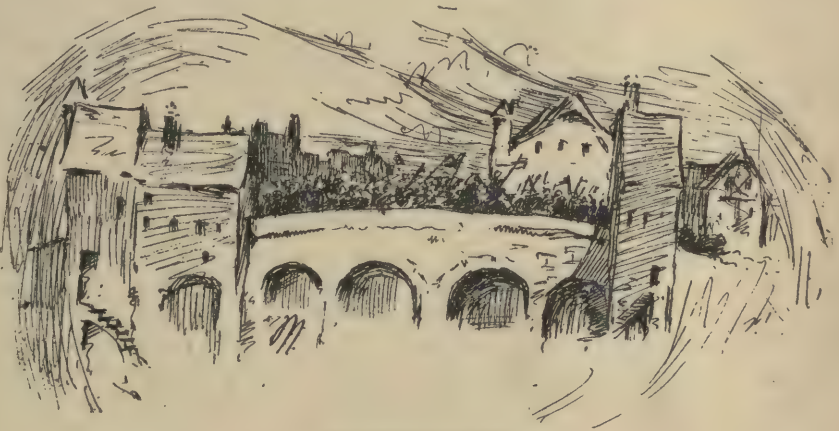
No command was given, but on a sudden, moved by some mysterious impulse, the insurgent tide reached its flood, poured out of and over the barricade, and halted, roaring and confused, before a solid, ranked, and orderly body of *gens-d'armes*, which had been as it were vomited forth from the suddenly opened throat of the Châtelet. The two bodies, surging, bellowing, gesticulating, stood opposed. There was a moment of confusion and hesitation; some were struggling forward, some pushing back; each party could see the whites of their enemies' eyes. Then some one from among the rioters, but with a movement so quick that Lauth could not see who it was, sprang forward, and as though into a body of water dove, head low and arms up, right into the throng of the soldiers.

In the twinkling of an eye Lauth found himself enveloped in a solid jam of men, wedged in together with a suffocating pressure; so closely packed that the drawing of a weapon or the striking of a blow was out of the question. Each man was pushing with all his might against the one immediately in front of him, as though by sheer force to thrust their enemies backward, and the whole body compressed into the narrow street moving forward like some single great ramming engine in its groove. Oh, the horror of falling now beneath those thousand trampling feet!

Lauth could not stop, could not breathe, could not see. Of what was going on in the first ranks he was ignorant; yet, as long as he was moving forward he knew that it was well with his friends. Slowly the advance movement continued; suddenly it stopped; the pressure became appalling; red spots danced and quivered before his eyes. Then he felt a backward impulse, and in spite of himself and his fellows, they were forced back. A tremendous roar burst from the opposing side; but suddenly the pressure was loosened, and like a relaxed spring, the body of the insurgents again leaped forward, and again came to

there several others hurried past him into the house. They carried arbalists, bows, and slings. One of them had a hand culverin. Grasping his own weapon,—an arbalist,—he followed them, up the stairs, through the upper rooms, and finally out among the chimney pots upon the leads. The others had remained in the house below, shooting from the upper windows.

He bent his weapon, fitted a bolt to the leathern cord, and sliding down to the edge of the roof, peered over into the street below. Yet he hesitated to shoot. He was not a soldier, either by profession or inclination; he had never



THE PONT DES JUIFS.

a fearful deadlock. This last continued for some little time, and it was then at length that the real fighting began. Craning his neck upward, Lauth could see the flash and play of weapons above the heads of the crowd in the front ranks, like the going and coming of white-caps on the surface of an angry ocean. At every moment now the pressure from the front was tightened or relaxed; at every moment the insurgent mob, by short oscillations, swayed forward or back.

One of these movements brought Lauth near to an open doorway; he wrested himself away from the press, and stood in the free space of the door to regain breath. As he was standing

taken life before, and he was unwilling to do so now. He laid his arbalist aside, and contented himself with watching the progress of the fight below.

Yet soon he saw that it was faring ill with his companions. The gens-d'armes, forming a solid and compact front, were now forcing them backward with ever increasing rapidity. Twice they had rallied in vain; another rush, and the soldiers would have driven them in. He lost control of his more humane instincts, and discharged his arbalist at random into the crowd of his enemies below. The course of the bolt was not so rapid but that he could follow it with his eyes, and he saw it whiz through the air to bury itself deep in the neck of a



A BOLT FROM AN ARBALIST.

stoutly built man who fought without a helmet. The man threw up his arms and fell sideward.

In an instant a mighty flame of blood-lust thrilled up through all Lauth's body and mind. At

the sight of blood shed by his own hands all the animal savagery latent in every human being woke within him,—no more merciful scruples now. *He could kill.* In the twinkling of an eye the pale, highly cultivated scholar, whose life had been passed in the study of science and abstruse questions of philosophy, sank back to the level of his savage Celtic ancestors. His eyes glittered, he moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue, and his whole frame quivered with the eagerness and craving of a panther in sight of his prey. He could not stretch his arbalest quickly enough again, and his fingers shook as he laid the bolt in the groove.

He took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger, but his hands so trembled with excitement that his bolt went wide of the mark. A second sped with like result. His heart sank with disappointment, and he drew back upon the leads and composed himself for a moment. He must get some more of them. Oh, for an unerring aim now! With three more he thought he would be contented,—or only two,—even one,—ay, he *must* get one more. Years ago he had stalked deer in the forests of Picardie, but stalking deer was nothing to compare with this.

Once more lying flat upon the roof he crawled to the edge and looked over; now then, just where the enemy were pressed the closest, in the center of the

bridge, even a random shot could not fail to reach something there. The *crosse* of the arbalest recoiled against his shoulder. "*Atteinte!*" he shouted, leaping to his feet with a thrill of joy, such as he had never known before, "*atteinte, a vous, canaille de bourgeoisie!*" and he shook his fist at the throng below. He had struck down the porte-reeve of the St. Jacques gate.

His next missile, glancing up harmlessly from the oval *timbre* of a *bicoque*, drove him to an almost insane fury. He gnashed his teeth, spat upon them, hurled at them insults in the vilest language of the "*Cour des Miracles*," and then as his next bolt spun through the brain of a furrier's apprentice in a yellow gaberdine, grew white and stood silent, quivering for very joy.

He became like one intoxicated. The smell of blood and dust and sweat from the raging hell below rose to his nostrils like an unholy incense, and made him mad-drunk. When his last bolt was gone he threw his arbalest at them, and then his sword, as if it had been a javelin. The thirst of a drunkard was upon him. Just one more, only *one*, and it would suffice. With hands and nails he tore at the tiles that covered the roof, and at the stones of a chimney that stood behind him. He heaped up the entire mass of debris at the verge of the roof, then bracing his shoulder against it sent it toppling over. It careened outward, describing an ever widening curve; a few stones upon the top detached themselves from the main body, then with a sudden rush it reached the earth with a crash and a thick cloud of dust.

There was nothing more that could serve him as a projectile, and for want of such Lauth's madness—it had amounted to that—began to abate. Panting, he closed his eyes and passed his hand over his face, then—for the crisis passing left him exhausted—withdrew to the center of the roof and sat down.

When he again looked over into the street, he saw it deserted. Both parties had withdrawn to their strongholds. It was dusk. The rioting for the day was over. The white horse yet lay upon the pavement, a formless gray mass in the obscurity, but still, at last. Upwards of forty bodies were scattered helter-skelter upon the bridge, a few of them moving. The long, slit-like windows of the Châtelet began to shine, while a ruddy vibrating glow behind the barricade announced the usual evening camp-fire of the mob. It had begun to grow still again, and with every minute the liquid rustling of the Seine seemed to grow louder and more distinct.

Lauth now found himself in a situation of no little difficulty and danger. The house that he had occupied throughout the afternoon was situated about midway between the Châtelet and the barricade, in such a manner that in order to reach his friends he would have to cross the bridge within sight and bow-shot of his enemies. His first thought was to wait until dark before making the attempt, but he recollected that the moon was at her full at this time of the month, and that her light would be far more brilliant than the half-gloom of the present twilight. He did not know what had become of the archers who had entered with him. He only knew that he was alone in the house now, and that it was full of shadows and echoes.

He descended to the ground floor. A haze of silver over the *Tour de Nesle* warned him to be quick. He went to the back of the house and looked over upon the Seine beneath, and then up and down the line of the rear parts of the houses stretching toward the banks. No, there was no passage there, and no boat at the foot of the water-stairs that led down from several of them, for many had been taken to help build the barricade, those that had not been thus employed being cut adrift to prevent the crossing of the men-at-arms.

He returned through the house and peered out into the street through the half-open door in front. Unfortunately for him, he saw that the house stood upon the right hand side of the bridge, the entrance of the barricade upon the left, and that therefore he would have to traverse the full diagonal width of the bridge to gain it; right out into the open, with no shadow to hide him. Although he knew that no one at the Châtelet would be prepared for his dash across, and was sure that a running mark such as his figure would present would be unusually hard of attainment, yet he felt horribly afraid of being hit. He kept saying to himself, half-aloud, "There is no other course; it must be done," as though by a verbal repetition of the fact he could bring himself to face it with greater courage.

However, the moon had risen.

From where he stood, he could see the shadow from a sharp gable thrown across the street. He said to himself, "When that shadow has passed over ten of the paving stones, then I will run across." But first he recollected his prayers. He went back into the house, knelt, and repeated two *paters* and an *ave*, and commended himself to Athanasius, his patron saint, vowing twelve red candles to his altar and ten *sols parisis* to the Hotel-Dieu in case of his deliverance. When he returned to the door the shadow had traversed seven out of the ten squares of paving stones. That would not do. When the shadow had covered ten more, then surely he would start. But when the tenth was reached, and looking out he saw the sentries of the Châtelet turning in the moonlight, his heart failed him. Then he grew angry with himself, again made resolve, and sat down to count squares.

One, two, five, seven, eight, and he rose to his feet prepared for the dash, nine, ten, and drawing back into the house to gain greater impetus he darted out toward the gate of the barricade.

Half way across the bridge he trod with one foot upon the scabbard of a sword lying there, and caught his other in the belt to which it was attached. A bolt from an arbalist hit him in the side as he rose to his feet. "It is not a bad hit,—it's not a bad hit," he muttered between his teeth as he ran on, though he knew it was. An arrow sang past his face, another bolt struck out a long train of sparks at his feet; he could hear other shots striking into the houses upon his right. Fearing to be hit again he dodged into a doorway of one of them and ran into the back room. "It was an ambuscade" he said to himself "and they were waiting for me to come out."

In spite of his efforts his knees bent under him and he sank upon the floor. "*Sang Dieu!*" he cried desperately. "It's not to the death, I am not hurt to the death. This is no mortal wound. Mortal!"—he laughed aloud incredulously as though to deceive himself,— "Why, if it were mortal there would be more pain,—a mere flesh-wound. The hauberk broke most of the force. There is scarcely any blood. Mortal! why I *know* I am able to rise."

He did so, and felt a great grateful wave of genuine hope, and heaved a sigh of relief. "But I thought for a moment it was to the death," he said. "Why, I am all right," he continued, "of course I'm all right."

He took a step forward, another, and then it seemed as if a red-hot knife was suddenly driven through his entrails. What was that so warm in his mouth? Blood! A great weakness came over him; he felt as though a thousand unseen hands were dragging him to the floor. But he ground his teeth and stood upright. "It will pass soon," he muttered. "I am not going to die this time. That little scratch is not to kill me." He would not let his mind rest upon the possibility of death. He kept saying "I'm all right; I am not to die yet." Only when men were hit to the death

did they fall, and he would not let himself fall, for he was going to live. If he could stand, that would be proof of it. Another thought that gave him courage was that he was perfectly conscious. When men were to die they lost control of their faculties. He still possessed all of his.

To test them and to take his mind from his wound, he looked about the room in which he found himself, now lighted by the moon. It had been pillaged like the rooms of all the houses, a broken gridiron, a bottle, and an odd shoe, lay on the bare floor. The wall was painted green, and here and there in lead frames, hung all askew, were gaudy little pictures of St. Julian, St. Chrysostom, and an allegorical figuré representing Traffic. The names of these were painted upon the hem of their garments. "*Je mi appelle St. Julianus,*" "*Je mi appelle St. Chrysostom,*" etc., and each had a cloud-shaped inscription coming out of its mouth.

It suddenly occurred to him to examine and dress his wound. Even if it were not unusually serious he ought to do this. He unfastened his belt and turned back the clothing from the spot; there was very little blood. Some three inches above the hip he saw a hole about as big as a sou piece, but blue about the edges. He tried to bandage it, but succeeded only partially. "Bah! it did not need it; it was but a scratch." He even thought he could feel the iron bolt scarcely half an inch beneath the skin. It should be probed out tomorrow, he thought. It was nothing; he was not to die yet; a few miserable ounces of metal could not kill him. He grew impatient with himself for thinking about his wound. *Sang Dieu!* Was there any reason why he should so foolishly keep telling himself that he was not to die? He would think no more about it, but would go to the front of the house and for a second time try to regain the barricade. He turned about, and fell flat



"AND PEERED OUT INTO THE STREET THROUGH THE HALF-OPEN DOOR IN FRONT."

upon his face with a great noise. He had been standing almost motionless in the center of the room, and his first movement had destroyed his balance.

Then as he lay with his face upon the floor there came to him for the first time, like a great flash of light, the absolute certainty that he was to die; there, in that room, perhaps in a minute, perhaps in an hour. For a moment only he realized this, and an instant afterwards was despairingly struggling against it as before. "The wound might be very dangerous certainly, but not necessarily mortal; no, not that, surely." He swiftly recalled to mind all the cases he had heard of men recovering from worse wounds than this; and just as he had hoodwinked himself into a delusive hope, he began to be conscious of a horrible thirst. This in a moment reawakened all the apprehensions that he had so desperately tried to allay. He had always heard it said and always believed that this thirst was the inevitable forerunner of death upon the battle-field.

For some time past he had felt, though he strove to think that he had not, an ever-growing sense of suffering all about the lower part of his side and back. All at once this increased;—it was impossible to conceal it longer from himself. It became worse, and he could feel his blood throb and pulse all through his body. Every breath was an agony. The pain increased, he ground his teeth, and in spite of himself a groan escaped him; and even yet he kept saying again and again betwixt his clenched jaws: "It will pass; I am all right; I am not to die yet." His suffering grew more and more horrible. He beat his hands upon the floor, panted, and rolled his head. He shifted his body about, as though a different position might bring him relief. Fiercer and fiercer grew the torture; he howled and bit his fingers. He began to wonder how it was possible that one could

endure such suffering and *yet live*, and to think that as a relief from them death might not be undesirable. But the instant that this alternative presented itself to his mind he strove to banish it. "*No, no,*" he cried, through all the red whirl of torment, "I am not to die, I *will* not die. Life at any cost! life, even though maimed and crippled! life, even though it were passed in rayless dungeons."

Then, as suddenly as it had come on, the paroxysm left him. O, the blessedness of that moment when the pain was gone! He drew long sighs of pure delight. He was better now, he was not going to die after all. The crisis had been passed. "I am all right now," he said. Life had never seemed sweeter than now. He must not, no, he must not die. He had a notion that by *thinking* hard enough he could keep himself alive. Again and again he prayed for life, not in the formal orisons of the Church, but with fierce, passionate outbursts, and with the words of a child beseeching a parent.

By-and-by there began to steal over him a strange chilling and indefinable sensation, which, he knew not why, struck him with awe. What was this? What was going to happen? Why was he suddenly so afraid? Was it the pain coming on again? Was he about to faint? Was it—was it the approach of death?

Yes, death at last. It was all over now; he could no longer deceive himself. He knew now that he was going to die; fool that he had been ever to have thought otherwise. For a moment he looked calmly at his approaching end; then suddenly became filled with confusion, terror, and despair, and the most violent agitation. A thousand rapidly succeeding impressions began to rush across his brain, impressions as transient and momentary as words and fragments of sentences caught here and there in a book whose leaves are rapidly

turned. He could not think connectedly. He wondered how the end would feel : would his breath cease and would he die of suffocation? Would the spasm of pain come on again? They would find his body all cold in this room some day, perhaps gnawed with rats. "This is death," he said aloud. "I am going to meet death; O, I don't want to die, I don't want to die."

He remembered having heard and read how men died in battle. Some of them had made long and beautiful speeches welcoming death, recommending their souls to heaven, and addressing last words to their friends. He could do nothing of this. Conflicting ideas and emotions hustled together in his brain like frightened rats in a trap. He had heard, too, how soldiers with their last breath defied their enemies and cheered their friends; he only felt a fierce hatred for them all. They and their miserable quarrel had been the cause of his death, and involved in their petty strife, they cared nothing for his life, which was ebbing away. This brought him back to his present situation again. Once more he repeated, "This is death; this is death. I am dying." He looked at the wound that had caused it; touched it with his fingers. There was a hole in the hauberk where the bolt had entered. He remembered where and under just what circumstances he had first put the hauberk on; in the public room of the Hostel des Quatre filz d'Aymon in the Rue St. Honoré, oppposite the Quinze-Vingts, and nearly fifty scholars had been there, and arms, offensive and defensive, were being distributed by the committee. D'Orsay had handed him this hauberk, and he recollected just how he laughed, and the peculiar heavy and clinging texture of the steel shirt. He remembered the deaf and dumb girl who ran back and forth in the room with drinking-cups and stout mugs. They had tested the hauberk, too, with a poniard.

It seemed a long time ago, many weeks, since he had attempted the fatal run across the bridge. What would his father and La Vingtrie say when they heard of his death?

A slight shiver shook his limbs. Was that death? No, not yet. What would the symptoms be like? He began to watch himself in order to detect their approach, feeling his own pulse with one hand to catch its first failing quiver. He was going to die without confession or absolution,—he had not thought of that. How fierce had been the press in the fight of that afternoon! Where would they bury him, he wondered? Suppose he should fall into a comatose state, and they should bury him alive. He wondered whether the white horse on the bridge was dead yet. Yes, he remembered seeing him still and stiff. He was going to die, too; he was no better, then, than the horse. With all his superior intelligence he could not avoid death. The horse was white, and like those of all white horses his mane



THE SENTINEL ON THE CHATELET.

and tail were tinged with yellow. The barricade had been very still. He remembered trivial things long past,—a summer's day in the forest of Fontainebleau, a lecture in the Ecole de Medicine, the branding of a Jew at the Croix Trahoir when it had rained. He thought that, when death approached, all the events of one's life passed before the mind's eye; it was not so with him now.

All the projects he had formed for the future were to come to nought. He was about to drop out of the race of life. "This is death." The great revolving cycle of life had flung him off its whirling circumference—out into the void. He was to die like the millions before him. He had to face it alone. And after?—O, the horrible blackness and vagueness of that region after death. He was to see for himself the solution of that tremendous mystery that for ages had baffled far greater intelligences than his. "This is death." Every person who had lived upon the earth had passed through this same experience, every one who lived at that time was to undergo it likewise. "This is death." What time was it? He heard the river below him, gurgling. Let us see, today was Wednesday,—no, Thursday,—that was it. Thursday, the fifteenth of August. That was to be the date of his death. It would read that way upon his gravestones,—“Killed upon the Grand Pont on the fifteenth of August.” Or would he have any gravestones? Perhaps they might throw his body into the river. When he had first entered the schools, Marcellot had said to him,—What was it he had said to him? He wore a long black gown; everybody in the room wore long black gowns—Stop, stop, his mind was wandering. With a sudden effort he steadied himself.

A feeling as of cold, commencing at his feet, began to creep upward upon his body. "There, it's coming now," he said; and again he repeated, "This is

death; I am dying now; this is what death is like." He found it hard to get his breath; suddenly it grew dark. "It's almost here," he said expectantly and aloud. He felt his heart begin to beat violently. "When it stops I shall be dead," he thought. How long it was to come!—He felt so cold,—It was very hard to think. His lower jaw dropped.

He was dead.

It was about half-past four o'clock.

II.

How terrible death must have seemed before it had been given a name! How fearfully it must have dawned upon the minds of our first fathers. Picture to yourself the awe and horror with which man must have looked upon the first corpse; and think how that mysterious negative state of body and mind must have overwhelmed him with fear and wonder. Life had been suddenly cut short; what was the matter with his friend that he could not speak, could not see, could not live? And this was to continue forever! Where was his friend now? What was this mysterious, dreadful force that had brought him to this state?

Some such thoughts as these incessantly filled the mind of Jacquemart de Chavannes, Doctor of Medicine and lecturer on chemistry at the Ecole de Boissy, as he watched at the bier of Lauth two nights after the riot upon the Grand Pont. His prolonged reflections upon death, in course of time naturally suggested the opposite state of being. "Yes, there was one thing more mysterious than death. That was life. Life, O, *what* was it? Did he, Chavannes, or anybody *know* what it was? After all, the greatest wonder in life was life itself. "We know *that* it is," he said, half aloud, "not *what*." And it is everywhere. From the mightiest-limbed oaken giant to the tiniest blade of grass; from the stag of ten to the red ant, is

this marvelous force that we call "*life*," this unknown motor that animates inanimate bodies, teeming and fulfilling that end to which it was destined since the beginning of time. Life, life, everywhere life, and we who enjoy it in its highest development can never understand it. What is it? What is its nature? In what way and through what means does it animate our bodies? It is a force, too, completely under our control; formulate in the mind the desire to stretch forth the arm, and straightway it is done.

And when we are dead, he continued, what becomes of this life, this force? Science will tell you that, like matter, force is inexhaustible; where then does it go after quitting its earthly tenement? Is it one of the demonstrations of a soul? Is it the soul itself? "And God breathed into his nostrils the breath of *life*, and man became a *living soul*." Is it then a form of the Deity that enters into our composition, yet obedient to our will? And does it, after death, return again to God, and, re-absorbed into the great Giver of all life, thus attain to a second and immortal existence, upon which the shadow of death never falls?

By-and-by, in the smaller watches of the night, he found himself looking at the question from another point of view. All forms of life were but the same; the vivifying spark that had once fired the body of Lauth was, *in nature*, no way different from that which flashed in the eye of a spirited horse, which gleamed in all the lower forms of animal life, which smouldered in the trees and vines, and slumbered, sluggish and all but extinguished, in the mollusk and the sponge. Man did but possess life in its highest development. Soul? There was no soul. What mankind called soul was but life. There was no more hope for man than for the horse, the trees, or the fish. The life each enjoyed was the common life of all; each but possessed it in greater fullness than his fellow

next lower to him in the scale of creation.

There was no soul but life. Immortality was a myth.

Such was, and long had been, his creed; but now, in the solitude of the night, as he sat there in the presence of the dead, old doubts, old perplexities, old uncertainties, sprang up to vex and to harass him. What went with life after death? *It must go somewhere*, for life was a force, and force was inexhaustible. And yet he could not believe in immortality. His whole nature, training, and mode of thought, revolted from such an idea. Yet in the case of sudden death like that of Lauth, where had gone that life that but a few days ago had so gloriously and perfectly filled his body and mind? Something more than a span below the breast was a little hole, blue around the edges, and scarce larger than a finger tip. There was no blood, no ghastly display of torn and mangled flesh; and yet this ounce of metal in this tiny puncture had blotted out his friend from existence amongst men; had in an instant annihilated and rendered naught an intellect, the highest and last development of creation, which countless prehistoric ages had been building up; and of a being who loved, hoped, remembered, and thought, had made a mass of perishable matter, a dead and lifeless weight, which a few hours would turn to putrefaction. What was it that had gone forth from that small circular opening and had left him thus! *Something* must have gone forth. That "something" must be either the *soul* or *life*.

But the theory of the soul he at once rejected. "It is, it must be life, and life alone," he said aloud. Yet life was an inexhaustible, immortal force, and he would not accept the doctrine of immortality. How was he to reconcile these two theories? Again and again he put this question to himself. If life and not the soul animated the body, if there

was no hereafter, and if, indeed, death ended all, where, after death, went that eternal force called life?

At length he found himself driven to a last conclusion. Rising to his feet he said aloud: "If, then, life is eternal, and if it cannot exist after death, then *must it exist in death itself.*"

Life, then, even after apparent death, must exist in the body. Impossible! Yet hold,—was this impossible? The proof of such theory must be the resuscitation of a physical body after apparent death, and twice this had already been done. But God had accomplished this, not man. Yet was this conclusive proof that man could not do the same?



ANSELM.

If man could end life why could he not begin it afresh?

As some lightless and limitless ocean the great "*Perhaps*" slowly unrolled itself before him.

Might it not

be so? Might not the dead be recalled to life? Might not the world be tending toward some such stupendous discovery, that was to uproot and overthrow the whole fabric of society?

Once let a body be resuscitated after death, and the two theories of the soul and life would not be difficult of reconciliation. Here then would be the logical realization of those dreams of immortality to which men so obstinately clung, and an immortality to which, as adjustable to the laws of science and reason, Chavannes would cheerfully subscribe. Indeed, might not all those mysteries and conflicting prophesies of the scriptures regarding life after death be pointing directly toward this conclusion? The grandeur of the conception filled him with a certain terror, and before it he remained almost appalled as

the Magus before the being himself has evoked.

By earliest morning he was immutably convinced that Lauth was not dead.

But if then, life existed in death, with what awful responsibility were the living weighted! It remained for *them* to revive and rekindle the embers of existence before it was too late. How many millions of human beings at that moment lay crumbling in the earth for the want of that very knowledge upon the part of the living! But he saw clearly enough now what he must do.

He turned and looked upon the corpse of Lauth.

Yes, even if he failed, the trial must be made. The blast of duty never called louder than this.

He had uttered these thoughts aloud, and as he spoke the last words, the white dawn came growing upward over the towers of Notre Dame and stealing athwart the lozenges of the deep-set window, expanded throughout the room like an almost perceptible presence.

"It is an omen," he said.

III.

"BUT, in spite of that," said Anselm, "I must condemn the whole thing as altogether repulsive and wicked. Still, though I do not believe in your success, I nevertheless confess to no little curiosity to witness the attempt. Yes, I will help you,—but remember, even if you should succeed in—whatever happens, I shall regard it from a purely scientific, not from a religious standpoint. To me it is an experiment in physiology, not in psychology. I believe the soul, and only the soul, is the motor of existence."

"No," answered Chavannes, "it is life. I do not claim," he went on, "any mysterious or wonderful qualities for the draught I propose to administer. It is merely a compound of natural stimulants, so combined as to produce the

strongest possible effect. It is not an elixir in any sense of the word ; for, understand me, I do not propose to create but to recall life. You know yourself that when your patient has fainted or momentarily lost consciousness certain drugs will revive and reinvigorate him. I consider death as only a certain more pronounced form of unconsciousness. We may fail in this experiment, Anselm, or if we succeed, our success may be only partial. Our means are limited. Medical science is in its earliest infancy. But that we shall recall some kind of life to this seemingly inert body I am firmly persuaded." But even if restored in all its fullness, who can say what manner of life it shall be? Will the new remember the old? Does the moth remember the chrysalis? Will the new creature retain its former personality? Will it look, think, and act, like the old? Or will he return to us out of this terrible ordeal a perfectly new being, having an entirely different nature, character, and personality? Who shall say?"

Anselm shaded his eyes with his hand and was silent. After a moment Chavannes continued :—

"I know that I have grasped this great truth but imperfectly. We are here in this world, Anselm, as in a deep and rayless cavern, full of crossing passages. I do not know—who can tell why?—but some mysterious impulse drives us to seek the paths that lead upward. We can but grope. All is dark and obscure; but we feel the ground rise or fall beneath our feet, and we know whether we are holding toward the right or wrong. The passages may be circuitous, difficult, and at times apparently trending directly away from that direction that we can but feebly guess to be the right; but only let our path be tending upward, and leave the rest to that mysterious Being who first implanted in our hearts the desire to seek it. Anselm, I am on such a path now; I feel the ground rising under my

feet as I advance, I cannot see the end. The blackness moves before me as I go, and closes fast about my footsteps behind. Everything is dark and vague, and very terrible; but go on, go on alway, for, thank God, the path is leading upward."

Anselm rose and thoughtfully paced the floor for a few moments; then he came and stood before Chavannes: "Who shall say?" he repeated in a low voice; "all science is perhaps."

For several minutes neither of them spoke; then Anselm said suddenly, as though breaking into a train of perplexing thought, —

"Ah well,—at what time do you expect your friends?"

"Very shortly. Talhouet holds a lecture at the École de Chartres until ten; Marcellot was to come with him. They will be here in a little while."

A large crate stood in the middle of the floor by the dissecting table. From it, while Chavannes spoke, there came the sound of a slight movement, and a low, muffled, and very plaintive cry. Anselm crossed the floor and stood looking down thoughtfully between the willow bars and withes.

"Poor, gentle little creatures," he said, "What right have we to sacrifice your lives? The God that made us, made you as well. If it is as you say, Chavannes," he continued without turning, "if all life is the same in its nature, men may do murder upon these innocent sufferers as well as upon each other."

"But, do you not see," answered Chavannes, "where in some cases the death of a man by his fellow is not only justifiable, but even praiseworthy? What is the death of a man or sheep, provided such a tremendous principle as that which we now have at stake is evolved and proven?"

"Then why not inject human blood into the veins, as they say they did to our eleventh Louis, instead of that drawn from these sheep?"

"Because it is not my object to refresh the body with new blood, but only to restore and assist the circulation of the old, held in check by death. The forced injection of any healthy blood whatever will drive his own to flow again. This once accomplished, and the vitality which I hold is still within the body will be sufficient to carry it on. Remember," he continued with emphasis, "I do not pretend to induce life of any kind by my own exertions. I merely arouse and assist those forces that are now held bound and inert. Have you ever seen the rescue and revival of a half-drowned man? Apparently he is dead. To all ends and purposes he is dead. He has ceased to breathe; the heart no longer beats; and yet if sufficient impulse be given to the wheels of life, they will finally carry on of their own accord those motions and functions of existence that at first were artificial. Such theory I propose to put into practice in this case."

"You may recall life of some kind,—that is, you may induce the limbs to move by their own volition, the blood to flow, the lungs to inhale; but the brain, the soul, that which loves, which remembers—"

"There is no soul; has a dog a soul? and yet is he not capable of a love that at times may well put man to shame? Has a bird a soul? yet see how they remember the precise location of the last year's nest. But here are our friends."

Hour after hour through the lengthening watches of that night the lights burned low in Chavannes's lecture-room. Around him and his three companions rose the tiers of empty benches, while on the dissecting table lay the body of Lauth, worked over and watched by them with the most intense interest. How long the operation might continue none of them could guess. It might last hours or days; they did not know.

From a small metal bottle which he

kept tightly corked, and which at times he warmed between his hands, Chavannes administered to Lauth a pungent, thick, and colorless liquid. It was the draught of which he had spoken to Anselm. The two sheep, their feet tied together and a narrow strip of leather wound around their muzzles, were placed near at hand.

A large air pump was set at the head of Lauth, and his nostrils connected with it by a tube of light steel. Then while Talhouet placed his palm firmly over the dead man's mouth, Chavannes grasped the handle of the air-pump, depressed it, and sent a volume of air into the lifeless lungs. Talhouet removed his hand, and all bending over the body watched and listened. No returning exhalation came from between the lips, and the dead chest lay cold and inert. But on the third trial the entrance of the outer air perceptibly swelled the breast, and Marcellot, placing his hand thereon and pressing it slowly down, made the blue lips at first pout and then part, while through the tightly clenched teeth came a faint hissing of escaping air.

"Open his teeth," said Chavannes. Marcellot did so, but the shrunken maxillary snapped them together like a spring. Chavannes passed him the handle of a broken scalpel, and with this he wedged the teeth apart.

The operation was recommenced and continued as before; as soon as Chavannes had pumped enough air into the body, Marcellot aided the lungs to discharge it by pressing down the chest, as one would expel the air from a filled bellows.

When this had gone on for upwards of an hour, Chavannes raised his head and said to Talhouet, "Now—the sheep."

Talhouet drew them out from the crate, cut the thongs from their feet, allowed them to stand, and tethered them to the leg of the dissecting table.

Marcellot, who had been busy with

his instrument case, approached Lauth, and with a delicate lancet opened the carotid artery, close up under the ear. The end of a thin tube was inserted in the opening, and the other end passed to Talhouet. In another incision, made under the right arm-pit, a second tube was inserted.

The critical point of the experiment had now arrived. The wool had been sheared away from the neck of one of the sheep, and as Anselm held fast the struggling, terrified creature, Marcellot laid open one of the larger veins in its throat.

"Quick," said Talhouet.

Marcellot caught the end of one of the tubes, thrust it well into the opened vein, and bound the outer flesh tightly around the tube itself.

The sheep bleated out piteously.

"Poor little brute!" said Anselm.

The other sheep was treated in the same fashion.

It was now well past midnight. They had nothing left to do but to wait, and each felt a creep almost of horror, as he thought for what.

Marcellot cleansed his hands, and returning to the table touched one of the tubes. It was already warm: the blood was flowing freely.

The hours dragged slowly past; two and three o'clock sounded from the neighboring chimes of St. Germain. The four hardly spoke among themselves, and no sound was heard but the faint movements of the air pump, or an occasional half-stifled cry from one of the lambs. The neck and face of Lauth immediately about Marcellot's incision had long been warm, and at length the heat began to spread to the neck and shoulders.

Anselm took up Lauth's hand and scrutinized it; the nails were yet white, but on his holding the hand against the light, the delicate web of flesh between the roots of each finger could be seen faintly tinged with red. A strange and

overwhelming excitement began to grow upon them all. Chavannes and Talhouet worked steadily at the pump, while Anselm and Marcellot, at the latter's suggestion, chafed the cold limbs with feverish energy. The body was now quite warm.

At half past three, one of the sheep staggered and fell. The circumstance smote them with an apprehension so painful that it plainly showed to each how much his hopes and expectations had been bound up in the result of the experiment. Should both the sheep die ere circulation could be established, all their labor would be in vain.

"Work!" exclaimed Chavannes; but hardly had he spoken when he and his two companions were startled by a sharp cry from Marcellot. His hand had been over the left breast of the body; he drew it quickly away. Each in his turn put his hand over the spot, and each distinctly felt the breast beneath it throb with a great, though as yet an irregular movement.

Trembling and with eyes ablaze, they watched the change coming on. At a sign from Chavannes, Marcellot ceased to press down Lauth's chest after each artificial inhalation, and it was seen that the lungs, by their own elasticity, were now sufficient to relapse and exhale the air.

But the sheep that had fallen was soon dead, and the second now began to totter. A cessation of even the forced circulation would at this crisis prove fatal. But, forgetful of all consequences in his excitement, Chavannes sprang up, gave up the charge of the air-pump to Anselm, and opening a vein in his forearm thrust in the end of the tube which he had torn from the dead sheep's neck.

The hour that then ensued was one of the most intense excitement to them all. Again and again Chavannes's powerful drug was administered in ever increasing quantities. Brandy, wine, and other stimulants, were forced down

Lauth's throat, and strychnine injected into the blood now flowing freely.

Little by little the change, at first indefinable and of the greatest delicacy, became distinctly apparent. Though there was no movement of the limbs the body did not *look* dead. At length Talhouet and Anselm withdrew the tube and the air-pump attached to it from the nostrils. Straightway the breast shook with a great gasp, respiration ceased entirely, and then feebly recommenced. So absorbed were his three companions that it was not until Chavannes tottered against Marcellot that they remarked his weakness and pallor. Anselm supported him to a chair, and as he did so the second sheep pitched dead to the floor, dragging the tube out from the neck of the body.

All connections with the outer world were now severed; nothing more could be done. The impetus had been given. It remained to be seen if Nature could carry it forward. The group collected about Chavannes's chair, and waited with eyes fixed on the table. Day had dawned for already two hours, although in their closely shuttered chamber they made no thought of it, when they saw the body slowly turn upon its side and then roll over, face downwards, upon the table.

Chavannes cried out in a loud voice, "*Vivit!*"

Anselm sprang to his feet with a terrible cry: "Horrible, horrible!" he shrieked, and rushed from the room.

IV.

VIVE LA MORT!

LAUTH was alive, and though for many weeks he rolled and yelled and gibbered upon his bed in the grip of a disease for which the combined science of the four doctors could find no name, yet Chavannes was satisfied.

"I was right," he said to Anselm. "Are you convinced now that your so-called soul has no part in the animation

of physical being? Life, and life only, is the stay and promoter of existence."

And Anselm bowed his head and seemed to grow older. The success of Chavannes's experiment had produced a terrible effect upon him. All his ideas and beliefs that he had inherited in common with the world from thousands of past ages, and that were so firmly rooted in his conceptions as to have become a part and parcel of him, had been ruthlessly and suddenly torn up and cast to the winds. Everything had been a mistake, then,—civilization, beliefs, society, religion, heaven, and Christ Himself,—all were myths or founded upon falsity. Where could he turn for anything certain? Where was there anything true? What could he now believe? He was mentally lost, as one in a whirlwind,—landmarks all down, lights obliterated,—all was chaos and confusion. Everything was to be commenced over again upon a new basis. Of Lauth, in his present condition, he had a horror that at times sent his mind spinning towards the very verge of insanity.

When the terrible spasms at length departed from Lauth's body, and when his strength came back, he was allowed to get up and walk about; when given nourishment he ate and drank; when led by Chavannes to his great chair in the window, he sat for entire days motionless, just as he had been placed, and when spoken to he answered, but after long intervals, and inarticulately, disjointedly, often relapsing into silence in the midst of his speech—if his guttural noises could be called speech.

Thus he remained for a long time, and it was not until after many weeks of the most careful treatment that his condition seemed to change for the better. At length, however, he appeared to grow more rational, and Chavannes imagined he could even detect characteristics of the old Lauth beginning to show themselves in his resuscitated body; but often this was mere fancy.

Thus far the only features apparent were that he ate, slept, and knew when he was spoken to. As yet his existence was purely negative. Chavannes and his companions watched eagerly for some positive manifestations of character, and Chavannes himself especially labored to induce such. He talked long

minutest watch was kept over Lauth and his every movement. At length one day the bonds seemed to be loosed. Lauth began to speak. He addressed them severally and coherently, although it was impossible to say whether or not he distinguished between them. His talk was upon topics that they knew



"VIVIT!"

to Lauth of pursuits and occupations that had interested him before his death, placed in his way old books and familiar objects, and read to him from his favorite studies. Whether Lauth heard and comprehended, he could not tell.

Anselm and his two fellow doctors seldom left Chavannes's house, and the

had been near to him in his first life. The speech, the intonation, the gesture, all were those of the old Lauth. Chavannes was exultant. He began to look forward not only to a complete restoration of the former Lauth, but even to talk of giving the great discovery to the world. Entire days now often passed

upon which, had they occurred before the time of the riot, they would have noticed nothing strange in Lauth's looks or demeanor.

Then after this there came a peculiar relapse, a strange and unaccountable change. Lauth talked less, and an expression of daily deepening perplexity overcast his face. He seemed as one lost in mind, and grasping for some hidden clew. The look of anxiety in his eyes was sometimes all but agonized, and often he clasped his head with both hands, as though to steady some mental process.

Until at last, upon one memorable day, when he had been sitting for upwards of an hour, lost in the mazes of the deepest thought, he leaped suddenly to his full height, and while a glance of almost supreme intelligence flashed, meteor-like, across his face, called out in a fearful voice :—

"This is not I; where am I? For God's sake, tell me where I am!"

After which he fell in a fit upon the floor, foaming and wallowing.

And now commenced the opening stages of a process whose contemplation filled them with horror and loathing beyond all utterance. That cry, unearthly in tone as well as in significance, seemed to mark the highest point of Lauth's second life. Now he began to decline. The fits passed off, but he relapsed into a dull, brutish torpor, out of which it was impossible to rouse him, and which was totally different and far more revolting than his original lethargy. The former seemed more intelligence held in abeyance, but the latter was the absence of any intelligence whatever.

The only break in the brutal numbness of mind and body into which he had sunk came in the shape of those positive manifestations for which Chavannes had so eagerly watched. But these were now no longer human.

One evening as Chavannes brought him his accustomed meal, and set it upon the night-table at his bedside, Lauth of a sudden snarled out, and snapped at his hand with thorough apish savagery and then, as though terrified, threw himself back into the farthest bed-corner, grinding his teeth and trembling.

From this time on the process of decay became rapidly more apparent; what little luster yet lurked in the eye went out, leaving it dull and fishlike; the expression of the face lost all semblance to humanity; the hair grew out long and coarse, and fell matted over the eyes. The nails became claws, the teeth fangs, and one morning upon entering the room assigned to Lauth, Chavannes and Anselm found him quite stripped, groveling on all fours in one corner of the room, making a low, monotonous growling sound, his teeth rattling and snapping together.

There it was, locked in that room to which they alone possessed the key, and about whose entrance they kept unceasing watch. At the least sound or movement from the inside they opened the door, and standing upon the threshold watched it as it ran back and forth on all fours, wagging its shaggy head from side to side, and venting unnatural mutterings. At a sudden movement on their part it would pause, sit back upon its heels, observe them long and unwinkingly, and then suddenly, and with the most surprising agility, scuttle back under the bed.

But the worst was yet to come. Little by little the thing became less active. Where once it had shown a ravenous appetite for food it now allowed it to stand for days untouched. It no longer seemed to feel heat or cold. At length all motion of its limbs ceased; the sense of hearing died out; in a few weeks it was utterly blind. Bodily sensations no longer affected it; a thin bodkin run through the fleshy part of the thumb by Chavannes produced no apparent sen-

sation. One by one the senses perished. It was already blind and deaf ; now its vocal organs seemed to wither, and the unbroken silence of the shaggy, yellow lips was even more revolting than its former inhuman noises.

But still it lived.

Either it could not die, or else was dying slowly. In course of time all likeness to the human form disappeared

When this last, feeble spark of life died down and vanished they could not say, but at last one day the bulk upon the floor began to smell badly.

"It is over now," said Chavannes.

Decomposition had commenced ; the thing was dead.

"And now what does it all mean?" said Anselm to Chavannes, about a week



"IT WOULD PAUSE, SIT BACK UPON ITS HEELS, OBSERVE THEM LONG AND UNWINKINGLY";

from the body. By some unspeakable process the limbs, arms, and features, slowly resolved themselves into one another. A horrible, shapeless mass lay upon the floor. And yet, until decomposition had set in, some kind of life was contained in it. It lived, but lived not as do the animals or the trees, but as the protozoa, the jelly-fish, and those strange lowest forms of existence wherein the line between vegetable and animal cannot be drawn.

after the body—if such it could be called—was disposed of. "What does it all mean? Hear me, Chavannes, this is what I think: I think now that both of us were in part wrong, in part right. You said and believed that life alone was the energy of existence, I, the soul; I think now that it is both. Life can not exist without the soul, any more than the soul, at least upon this earth, can exist without life. Body, soul, and life, three in one; this is a trinity.

"Chavannes, there is no such thing as *man* existing as a type by himself. No: that which we call man is half animal, half God, a being on one hand capable of rising to the sublimest heights of intellectual grandeur, equal almost to his Maker; on the other hand, sinking at times to the last level of ignominy and moral degradation. Take life away from this being, and at once the soul mounts upward to the God that first gave it. Take from him his soul,—that part of him that is God,—and straightway he sinks down to the level of the lowest animal,—we have just seen it. Chavannes, follow me for a moment. Lauth died; life and the soul departed together from the body; you found means to call back *life*; the soul you could not recall; mark what followed. For a time Lauth lived, but the soul being taken away, as though it had been a mainstay and a support, the whole body with the life it contained began successively to drop back to the lower forms of existence. At first, if you remember, Lauth existed merely as a dull and imbruted man; soon he fell to the stage of those unfortunates whose minds are impaired or wholly gone; he became an idiot. At the time when he so savagely bit and

sarled at you he had reached the level of the ape; from that stage he fell to that of a lower animal, walking upon all-fours, savage, untamable; thence he passed into those lowest known forms of life such as possessed by the sponge and the polyp, and thence to a second and final death.

"What that mystery in him was which drove him to cry out that day, 'This is not *I!*' is beyond our power to say.

"No, Chavannes, the *soul* of man is the chiefest energy of his existence; take that away, and he is no longer a man. The presence and absence of the soul was just the difference between the old Lauth and the new. It is just the difference between man and brute; follow the scale of creation up from its lowest forms; the gradation is easy until you come to man. In the sponge and polyp we find the gradation between the vegetable and the animal; and the animal life, too, rises by scarcely perceptible degrees until it reaches *Man*. There is no gradation here; there is no life half human, half animal. The most brutish man still is immeasurably higher than the most human brute. What is the difference? Chavannes, it is the Soul."

Frank Norris.





MY VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

BEYOND my window, scarce a mile away,
Deep in a dimple of the grassy hills,
When sound of throbbing tide and sea-wind fills
The air, there lies a little strip of bay.
I turn my eyes to view it day by day;
Sometimes I watch the eastern light that spills
A glory o'er the pulsing waves, and stills
Almost my sighing, while from blue to gray
The water shifts and changes. I can trace
Sometimes the outline of the other shore.
Again I see alone a narrow space
Of silver water that the sky bends o'er,
And watch it, as we seek the hiding-place
Of joy and pain upon the one loved face.

L. Gertrude Waterhouse.



Photo by Taber from Painting by T. Moran

IN THE MOUNT.

I THINK I know why shone the prophet's face,
When on the mount he talked with God ;
I think I know now, somewhat of the grace
Unutterable that wrapped his soul in flame.
I think I know why went the world's Redeemer
Up to the mount for prayer :
Here in the temple of the hills,
The altar flames of Truth do so illumine her
That man can see the travail of his soul,
And silent, breathe the peace divine.

The strength of the Lord is on the hills,
The brightness of His glory too;
The valley's level reach is flooded in His smile,
The lingering sea's long line of blue
Lies tremulous in the breathing "Peace" of Galilee.

My friend, we've walked today beyond the veil,
A little while we stood within the Holy Place,
Round which the lesser holies shine;
And deep within the mountain's brooding calm,
Our spirits cried, "All hail!"
To greet the pressing spirit throng
That breathe those airs divine.

Eleanor Mary Ladd.

MOONLIGHT IN EL DORADO HILLS.

PEACEFUL the hills, illumined with the rays
Whose woven fabric forms the raiment fair
Of silent night; and sweet the restful air
That cools the brow of the departing days.
How still! how calm! for scarce a shadow plays
Beneath the pine trees; but the latticed light
Lies motionless; the house-roofs glimmer white;
And far beyond the mountains, wrapped in haze,
Lift a blue line that merges in the sky.
But one lone peak is crowned with gleaming snow,
Seen as a hovering cloud-cap, miles below.
On noiseless wings the night goes sweeping by;
And longer yet the great pine-shadows lie,
While on the horizon's rim the moon drops low.

Virna Woods.





"I THEN KNEW THAT I WAS NEARING THE OLD MISSION OF SAN XAVIER, THE HOME OF THE PAPAGO INDIANS."

A SCRAP OF FRONTIER HISTORY.

IN the fall of 1861, while I was waiting at Guaymas, Mexico, for an opportunity to return to California, Colonel Lally, a veteran of the Mexican war, landed there with a number of men, engineers, overseers, mechanics, and skilled miners, on their way to Arizona to work a silver mine, known as the Hentzelman mine, or the Cerro Colorado, which had been abandoned the previous year on account of the hostility of the Indians surrounding it.

The mine at that time was the property of Colonel Colt, of Colt's revolver fame. Colonel Lally brought with him a large number of tools, improved machinery, and supplies of all kinds to last a year. He came by way of Guaymas as the safest, easiest, and cheapest route.

After considerable delay, which is always to be expected in transacting any business with Mexicans, he succeeded in hiring transportation for his supplies. The Colonel brought with him a Concord coach, a sort of vehicle often used as a stage on rough roads. He purchased four wild Mexican mules to haul it, and engaged a lank Missourian to drive them. The coach was to carry the Colonel and a few of his assistants, while the rest of the party were to ride on mules. After long persuasion I was induced to join the party as guide and interpreter. None of the others knew anything of the country through which we were to pass, or of the language of the people.

I will not attempt to describe the sensation that we created as we made our exit from Guaymas. The mules threw their riders, the team hitched to the coach ran away, and was only stopped after a run of three miles in the wrong direction. Barnum and his circus never attracted more attention nor furnished

more amusement for the youngsters than we did. At last, after a hard struggle, we succeeded in making five miles, when we were very glad to go into camp for the night. The second day was a repetition of the first. After nine days of circus performance we reached Hermosilla, the principal city of Sonora, and distant from Guaymas about 120 miles. Here we rested for about a week, and repaired damages.

We were hospitably received by the people, and many mute flirtations took place between the dark-eyed señoritas and the fair strangers. Our teamster got gloriously drunk on mescal, and refused to drive "another doggoned mule for any consarned Yankee," so that the duty of driving the team fell to my lot, as none of the others had any experience in that direction.

After a long and tedious journey we arrived at our destination. In order to understand how we were situated, it will be necessary to give a description of the mine, its surroundings, and the condition of affairs in the Territory at that time. The buildings for men and animals were in the form of a quadrangle, about four hundred by two hundred feet, and built of adobe: the superintendent's and white men's dwellings, with a large storehouse, occupying one of the short sides, which was slightly elevated. The two long sides consisted of low, plain buildings for the miners and their families. The other short side was filled with stables, and outside of them was the mine, surrounded by a wall.

At that time there was no government of any kind in the Territory. The United States troops had been withdrawn the previous summer from Fort Buchanan, the nearest military post to the mine;

consequently there was no force to check the murderous Apaches (the vilest of their race) in their killing and scalping. Little mounds of stones, with rude wooden crosses erected over them, were visible all along the roads and trails, to mark the last resting-place of unfortunate Mexicans, who had fallen victims to the thirst for gore of these inhuman savages.

Travel, unless in large parties, was done at night. All of the Americans at the mine went heavily armed, carrying two large revolvers in their belts, and a revolving rifle of a pattern that was then new, and manufactured by the owner of the mine, Colonel Colt. The outlook was most discouraging, particularly to some of the men from Eastern cities, who had but little experience in roughing it. Some of them wanted to leave us soon after their arrival at the mine, regardless of the fact that they had signed contracts for a year's service at high salaries. But as they could not get away with any degree of safety, they reluctantly decided to stay.

We had scarcely reached the mine when large parties of Mexican miners, of the peon class, came to us, seeking employment. In a month we had about three hundred of them at work. They are looked upon, even in Mexico, as an ignorant, treacherous, low, degraded, thieving class, who require constant watching. They are expert miners in their way, but slow and lazy. They are good judges of ore, and can detect the least trace of the precious metals by the naked eye in any piece of rock presented to them. They received from fifty cents to a dollar a day each, but took most of this out in trade, provisions, clothing, and other necessary articles. Each one was furnished with a sheet of stiff paper, called a *balde*, on which their accounts were kept, a line about an inch in length indicating that they had received a real's (12½ cents) worth of goods, or money to that

amount,—a line drawn across eight of these making a dollar. This is the custom of keeping accounts with the peon class all over Mexico. It is to be presumed that it originated from necessity, as none of them can read or write.

It was the duty of Mr. Peirce, our store-keeper, to keep these accounts, and as his knowledge of Spanish was very limited, many amusing scenes took place between him and them. After vainly trying to make himself understood, he would petulantly remark, "It is most singular that these men cannot understand their own language," at the same time taking up his Ollendorf and reading from it; while they would generally remark: "The Señor is surely mistaken. It must be some other language, not ours, that he is reading from his book"; but as they did not understand each other, no hard feelings were engendered by these exchanges of criticisms.

The Mexicans, in speaking of the Americans amongst themselves, never mentioned them by their proper names, but always by a nickname suggestive of some peculiarity or eccentricity in the appearance or character of the individual. For instance, one of our number, who had a pompous walk and manner, and whose head was rather large, both physically and mentally, they called *El Cabezudo*, the Big Head. Another, whose mouth was a little awry, they called *Boca Tuerta*, Crooked Mouth. One of our party, although a young man, they called *El Viejo*, the Old One, on account of his solemn, serious manner and appearance, and so on through the list. Some of the names were rather uncomplimentary; I was known amongst them as *Agua Caliente*, Hot Water.

Their dread of the Apaches kept them in subjugation for some time after their arrival at the mine; but they soon began to show signs of insubordination by neglecting their work, and devoting a large share of their time to gambling.

But their dread of our fire-arms, which were a constant source of admiration to them, kept them from any open demonstration of revolt. As I spoke their language, I was thrown much with them, often as interpreter. I soon began to realize that they were not to be depended upon, but should be watched almost as vigilantly as our common enemy, the Apaches.

About four months after our arrival at the mine, one of the miners came to me, and in low whispers told me that there was a plot concocted amongst his fellow-workmen to kill all of the Americans at the mine for the purpose of robbery, principally to get possession of their arms and money. I reported the matter to Colonel Lally at once. He sent for his chief assistant, Thomas Craig, his store-keeper, Mr. Peirce, and two or three others, and told them of the startling information that he had received. We talked the matter over for some time. I gave it as my opinion, from my knowledge of their character, that it would be better not to act openly at present; to try to conceal from the conspirators that we suspected them, but, in the meantime, to keep a close watch over all of their movements, and to be prepared at all times to meet any attempt at revolt promptly.

Some of the others advised that the ringleaders should be arrested at once. But Mr. Craig said that the man who gave the information was a lazy, worthless, lying sort of a fellow, and not to be believed under any circumstances, and that the man could not tell the truth if he tried, and that for his part he had no faith in tale-bearers. He was so emphatic in making these assertions, and repeated them several times with so much earnestness, that he finally succeeded in getting Colonel Lally to take his view of the matter.

Mr. Craig was a native of Maryland, but moved to Texas when quite a young man, and commanded a company of

Texas rangers in our war with Mexico. After the war he went to California, and engaged in extensive mining operations, and was at one time very wealthy. He was well educated, and very positive in character. He was then in the prime of life, about forty years of age.

The views and opinions of such a man had great weight under the circumstances. The Colonel, after considerable deliberation, decided to place no reliance on the man's statement, but on the contrary to discharge him; and on the urgent request of Mr. Craig, the tale that he brought us was made known to his fellow-workmen, and he was turned over to them to do as they pleased with him. They tied him to a post, and whipped him until he fell exhausted.

My duty at the mine consisted in overseeing the men who were employed outside, principally in hauling and chopping wood, a considerable quantity of which was used to run the steam-engine used for hoisting and crushing the ore. I also had charge of the stables. In the discharging of these duties it was necessary for me to be mounted most of the time. I generally rode a jennet, an animal somewhat resembling a mule, but more like a horse in appearance and disposition, having shorter ears and rounder hoofs than a mule. This jennet of mine was jet black, except a circle of brown around her mouth. She was very symmetrical in shape, active and sure-footed, and although rather small, possessed remarkable speed, strength, and endurance, as the sequel will show. She was very gentle and intelligent, and I soon taught her to come at my call, and to follow me like a dog.

I purchased her from a Mexican gentleman, named Don José Espada, who owned a hacienda and flour mill near Altar, Sonora. I named my jennet Florita (Little Flower) after his daughter. Don José furnished the mine with the sup-

plies that form the principal diet of the Mexican miners,—beans, corn, lard in earthen jars, flour, and pinochia. The last named is a kind of sugar, made into cakes, and very much like maple sugar in taste and appearance, although made from the ordinary sugar-cane.

About a month after the miner told us of the plot of his countrymen to murder us, I was returning to the mine from where the wood-choppers were at work, riding my favorite Florita. Coming in view of the mine from a slight elevation, I heard a number of shots fired in quick succession, and immediately after saw a number of my American friends running towards me, firing rapidly; some of them making wild gestures and signs to me that I did not understand.

My first thought was that we were attacked by the Apaches, but as I could not see any of them from my position, I halted and gazed intently all around, and did not know which way to turn. I did not have long to wait. In a few minutes a straggling and excited mass of our miners came in view, running at full speed towards me. As soon as they caught sight of me, those that were armed commenced firing on me, but, as their arms were old and of an inferior quality, and they as a class indifferent marksmen, their bullets passed harmlessly over me. I soon realized the situation, and got out of the range of their fire by the speed of Florita.

When I rejoined my friends at the mine, I learned that during my absence one of the leaders of the conspiracy went to Mr. Peirce, at the store, and asked him for some necessary article. As soon as Mr. Peirce's back was turned, the peon plunged a knife into him. Mr. Peirce, although dangerously wounded, turned like a flash, drew his revolver, and commenced firing, but the would-be assassin eluded the shots, and succeeded in getting out of the store, where a number of his co-conspirators were in readiness to reinforce him.

Mr. Pierce's firing gave the alarm, and in a remarkably short time every American at the mine, except Mr. Craig, was at the store armed with rifles and revolvers. The conspirators who could not get away threw themselves down, to avoid being shot; the rest broke away as fast as they could towards the Mexican line, which was about twenty-five miles distant. On finding that Mr. Craig was missing, we searched for him, and found him lying stunned in the mine. He had evidently been struck with a miner's hammer on the head. He was still alive, but unconscious. We took him out of the mine and placed him in his room, where he lingered in a stupor for several hours, and then died.

After getting together all the prisoners we could capture, we found that they numbered over twenty,—amongst them two women. We secured them as best we could, tying some of the most desperate together back to back. Our force was small, eight all told, including the Colonel, but they were all determined men and good marksmen; some of them had lived many years on the frontier, where they were constantly exposed to danger.

Among the prisoners were a father and son named Cantaro. The father was well advanced in years, but the son was only about eighteen. When they were placed in confinement in the evening, the boy's hair was jet black, but next morning it was quite gray. The Cantaros had been at the mine only a few days, and, as was afterwards shown on investigation, knew nothing of the plot to murder us.

Our position at the mine was most precarious and unenviable:—Craig's body unburied, Peirce very dangerously wounded and requiring the constant care of one of our number, in momentary expectation of the miners returning re-enforced, to rescue their countrymen, in constant dread of the Apaches, the

prisoners to be guarded, and no hope of relief unless we could send word fifty miles to Tucson, the nearest point where any Americans lived.

After three days of painful suspense and anxiety, it was decided that one of us should run the gauntlet of the Indians, and try to reach Tucson for assistance. None of us could be well spared, but it became imperative that something should be done for our relief. Our Mexican herder, being in the conspiracy, as soon as he heard the firing drove the animals in his charge across the line into Sonora. The animals were afterwards returned by the Alcalde of Magdalena, who also did everything in his power to bring the criminals to justice.

The Colonel's horse and my jennet were the only animals left, and as the horse was unreliable and very much afraid of Indians, it became necessary that my animal should be used in making the hazardous trip; and as I could do more with her than anyone else, it was decided that I should ride her. She was certainly well adapted for such an undertaking. In addition to her other good qualities, her hearing, sight, and sense of smell, were so keen that she would give notice of the approach of Indians more unfailingly than the most vigilant watch-dog. Frontiersmen know how highly developed these faculties are in the mule.

It was necessary that the trip should be made at night. I started at sundown, carrying a revolving rifle, and two revolvers (pistols). I walked for the first five miles, in order to have my animal as fresh as possible for any emergency that might arise. Another reason for my not starting in haste was, that I did not wish to pass a certain point on the road about fifteen miles from the mine sooner, as it was a favorite resort for Apaches. The night was clear, although moonless.

When I reached the point mentioned,

after crossing a small stream and making a turn to the left, I saw camp-fires on my right in the midst of a mesquite thicket, and not more than a hundred yards from the road. I knew at once that Apaches were encamped there. To the left of the road the ground was sloping and covered with loose stones, over which it would be difficult to pass, even in the day-time. Everything seemed quiet in the Indian camp, and as the road was good and nearly straight for some distance beyond it, I thought it possible that I might be able to pass it unnoticed; at least, I determined to make the attempt, since so much depended on my reaching Tucson. I moved along very carefully, but just as I got opposite their camp, a number of their dogs began barking furiously.

I knew then that my only hope of safety was in the speed and endurance of my animal. I immediately let her out at full speed. She required but little urging, and seemed to understand the situation as well as I. I soon left the camp behind, and for about half an hour did not hear any sounds that would indicate pursuit by the Indians; but this did not deceive me, or lead me to believe that I was out of danger, as I well knew the character of the Apache, his cruel, blood-thirsty, relentless disposition, and the speed, endurance, and persistence, he displays in pursuing an enemy, either for plunder or merely to gratify his thirst for blood. In addition to this he is thoroughly familiar with the general topography of the country, knows every trail, by-path, and short-cut.

I carried my rifle in my hands, ready for action, the reins resting on my left arm. When I had made a curve to the left, and was passing a clump of cactus, two shots were fired at me, and a number of arrows whizzed past. I lowered my rifle, and fired two shots in the direction from whence the shots and arrows came. My faithful animal, without one word from me, increased her speed.

Several more shots were fired at me, but I gradually got away from them. After going about a mile, I permitted Florita to slacken her speed, but only for a short time, as I soon heard the clatter of hoofs behind, which convinced me that I was pursued by mounted Indians, as well as by those on foot. I did not dread those on horseback much, as I knew that I could distance them in a long run.

The pursuit continued. I kept leaving them behind me, until I came to a place where the road was rocky and uneven, and over which it was impossible to ride fast. My bloodthirsty pursuers seemed to understand that they had me at a disadvantage, and in anticipation of an easy victory gave a blood-curdling war whoop. The reader can imagine my feelings. My whole previous life seemed to pass before me in one vivid flash, and the thought of being butchered by fiendish savages, and my bones left to bleach in a wilderness far from home and friends, might well unnerve even the bravest; but I determined to sell my life as dearly as I could.

On they came, as I kept making the best headway I could over the rough road. Again they opened fire on me, this time at closer range. I could hear their bullets and arrows whiz by. I still had four shots in my rifle. As my enemies were on higher ground than I, I could, by turning my head slightly, see the outline of their figures between me and the horizon. I emptied my rifle at them as fast as I could, and then threw it away, partly to lighten the weight, but principally to be free from it. The Indians were now quite close, and were using their bows and arrows only, as they did not have time to reload the old-fashioned, inferior muzzle-loaders that they used in those days. I drew one of my pistols, and fired two shots from it. One of the shots evidently took effect, as it caused a momentary check to my pursuers, and

just about this time the road began to get smooth and less hilly. My noble little jennet, taking advantage of this, soon carried me out of reach of their weapons. I began to feel more hopeful, but did not slacken my speed.

After riding about half an hour, I heard for a third time noises that indicated a close proximity of my foes. This time they were on my right, and must have gained on me by taking a short cut by a side path or trail. Their intention was evidently to intercept me, and they were using every effort to accomplish this. I had further proof of this on examining the road and trail afterwards. I understood their intention, and it now became a question of speed. Just at that moment the moon began to rise slowly on my left, which gave the enemy an advantage. I spoke gently and encouragingly to Florita, and for the first time on that eventful night urged her on. She responded with a gentle whinny and increased speed. I was now running almost parallel with the Indians, and not over two hundred yards from them, and we were gradually getting closer. I knew that I was gaining on them, and if I could only get past the point where their path converged with the road, that my chances of escape would be greatly enhanced. This I succeeded in doing after a run of about a mile, but only by a short distance. Again we exchanged shots, and so close were we that I could see some of them.

When I got away from them, I had only two shots left in my revolvers. Just then I heard the welcome sound of dogs barking some distance ahead of me. I then knew that I was nearing the old mission of San Xavier, the home of the Papago Indians, who were my friends, and the hereditary enemies of the dreaded Apaches. After going a mile farther I saw the mission church dimly outlined in the distance. My pursuers gave up the chase, and I began

to breathe more freely, and slackened my speed as I approached a haven of refuge.

Never before had any object appeared more welcome to my sight than the old church. It was built of stone by the Franciscan Fathers many years before. It was still in a good state of preservation, and for size, architectural design, and artistic effect, would compare favorably with any building of like nature, even in a highly civilized community. The zeal, energy, industry, and perseverance, displayed by those old missionaries in erecting such a handsome structure in the wilderness, surrounded by savages, is worthy of the highest admiration. But the good Fathers had been removed from there many years previous by an order from the Spanish government, while the Territory was owned by that nation. The church and mission was then without a priest, and was in charge of the half-converted Papagoes who lived in its vicinity, and did their best to preserve and take care of it.

A large number of dogs greeted me with loud barking as I entered the village, and a number of the ever vigilant warriors hailed me. I made myself known, and in a few hurried words told them in Spanish, with which language they are all familiar, the ordeal through which I had passed. They gave me a hearty welcome. Amongst them was one of their chiefs, Don Juan, as he was called. He was quite intelligent, and could read and write Spanish fluently. I had met him before, and he then greeted me as an old friend rescued from death. He did everything he could for me, and even at this distant day I feel a thrill of gratitude for the many acts of kindness that I received from him while his temporary guest.

As the excitement passed away, and as the long nervous strain to which I had been subjected was relaxed, I began to feel dizzy, and fell to the ground limp and scarcely able to move. My little

Florita, either from sympathy, or from being equally exhausted, lay down by my side. The friendly Papagoes standing near us covered us with their serapes, as the night was chilly, it being early in the season, about the first of March. Don Juan went to his house, and brought me a liberal supply of a strong intoxicating drink called mescal. After drinking some of it I began to revive, and in a short time I was on my feet. I felt a strange tingling sensation under my left arm, and on examination found that I had received a flesh wound from an arrow, and that a piece of it was still sticking in my coat. We also found that Florita had received two wounds, neither of them, however, serious. Don Juan took us both to his hospitable home. His house was built of adobe, and had more comforts in it than are to be found usually in Indian houses on the frontier. My host, with his wife's assistance, soon dressed my hurt. They applied to it a salve made from the juice of herbs and raccoon fat. They applied the same salve to Florita's wounds, with wonderful success in both cases.

As I reclined by a cheerful fire, while chocolate was being prepared for me, I began to wonder how I escaped; and even now when I look back it is a puzzle to me. I have passed through many dangers since then, but none that made such a lasting impression on me as the incidents of that eventful night. That men on foot could overtake a mounted man on a fleet animal running at full speed may seem improbable to those not familiar with the habits of those Indians, and the character of the country; but to those having any knowledge of the Arizona Indians, and their speed and endurance in running, this is no unusual feat. They have been known to run over a hundred miles in a day, and there are several well-known instances where they have run down unwounded deer.

After resting until nine o'clock next morning, I started for Tucson, distant about ten miles, mounted on one of Don Juan's horses, in order to give Florita some rest for the return trip. On reaching Tucson I found it occupied by Confederate troops, under the command of Captain Hunter. I went to him, and reported the condition of affairs at the mine, and asked him for assistance.

He answered, "Well, you are white men and Americans, and I ain't going to allow you to be hacked to pieces by a lot of darned Greasers, even if you are Yankees."

He immediately gave orders for a lieutenant and thirty men to return with me. We started inside of two hours from the time of my arrival. I have forgotten the lieutenant's name, but distinctly remember his appearance, and some of his peculiarities. He seemed to possess great firmness, coolness, and determination. He had excellent discipline in his command, but his men feared rather than loved him. Our march to the mine was uneventful. The Apaches had either moved, or else did not deem it prudent to attack such a large party of well-armed men. This, however, was not their usual mode of warfare. They generally ambushed their victims from an advantageous position, where they would lie concealed, often for several days. They never met their enemies openly, unless at great advantage. In their mode of attack they displayed great cunning and ingenuity.

We arrived at the mine late on the following day. When I left the mine Mr. Peirce was in a critical condition; on my return he was much improved. He finally recovered. He was from New Hampshire, and a relative of ex-President Peirce. He was considered a coward before the outbreak at the mine, but his bravery on that occasion dispelled all such thoughts, and raised him greatly in the estimation of his friends and associates. By his cool courage,

quickness, and self-possession, he not only saved his own life, but the life of every American at the mine. If his would-be assassin had succeeded in killing Mr. Peirce without making any noise, he would have gained access to an inner room, opening into the store from behind the counter, where a number of loaded revolving rifles were kept in readiness for any emergency. If the conspirators had succeeded in getting possession of these arms, they could have killed us all, while we were engaged in different occupations around the mine, and before we had time to rally for mutual protection.

On the morning after our arrival at the mine, we organized an informal court for the trial of the prisoners. We found that two of them took an active part in the plot to assassinate us, and sentenced them to be hanged. Several of the others were more or less implicated in the plot, amongst them one of the women, but as the evidence was not sufficiently strong against them to warrant us in passing a sentence of death, we were compelled to release them, as we had no means of inflicting any lesser punishment, for there were no laws or jails in the Territory.

The two condemned men were hung within an hour after they were sentenced by the soldiers under the supervision of the lieutenant. The doomed men died without the least sign of fear or weakness. As they were about to be taken to the place of execution, one of them asked me for a cigarette, and if I would not be kind enough to light it and place it in his mouth, as his hands were tied. After I granted his request, he smiled graciously and thanked me. Nearly all of the peon or laboring class in the Pacific Coast States of Mexico are of pure Indian descent, without any mixture of white or negro blood. They inherit nearly all of the characteristics of their ancestors, one of which is to meet death with stoical indifference.

The day after the execution, the lieutenant in command of the troops notified us that his orders were that we should all swear allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, as it was the only power or authority in the Territory. The matter was freely discussed by us and the soldiers, with whom we mingled on very friendly terms. Some of our men asked what would be the consequence in case we refused. One of the soldiers said significantly that it would not pay, and mentioned the case of a man named Marshall, whom they left "dancing on nothing," as he expressed it, for refusing to take the oath.

Notwithstanding the dreadful alternative, I secretly determined not to identify myself with the Southern Confederacy, regardless of consequences. The assistant engineer at the mine, Thomas McLelland, a native of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, was a warm friend of mine. He was quite young (not over twenty-three) for the responsible position that he held. He was intensely loyal to the Union, and very patriotic. As soon as I made up mind about refusing to take the oath, I sought my friend Tom, as I called him. As soon as I mentioned my intention to try to get away, he fell in with my views at once, and said that he had come to the same conclusion before I spoke to him on the subject. This was late in the afternoon, and the oath was to be administered next day. In the meantime blanks were being filled out for that purpose.

The soldiers were encamped on the bank of a small stream, not far from and in view of the mine, so that it would be impossible for us to get away in the daytime without attracting their attention; consequently we made arrangements to start that night, when everything was quiet. Neither the lieutenant nor any of his men seemed to suspect that any of us would try to get away, after the valuable service that they had rendered us.

About eleven o'clock that night we succeeded in getting away. Tom was mounted on the Colonel's horse, which he took with the latter's consent, and I on my favorite Florita. We rode very fast for the first hour toward the Mexican frontier, but as soon as we found that we were not pursued, we slackened our speed, our spirits began to rise, and we could take a more hopeful view of the future. During that lonely midnight ride we solemnly pledged each other that, if we succeeded in getting out of the God-forsaken land of cactus and cut-throats, we would go and fight for the cause of the Union. The night was mild and pleasant, and we both enjoyed the ride, and passed the time pleasantly in exchanging confidences. Tom was of a bright, jovial, confiding disposition. He told me of his home and family. He also spoke in glowing terms of his sweetheart, and of the pleasure he anticipated in their reunion, little dreaming of the sad fate that befell him a few hours afterwards.

As we were nearing the line that separates Arizona from Mexico, and going up the side of a low ridge of hills that marks the dividing line, just as it was fairly daylight, Florita came to a sudden halt, gave a significant snort, and threw her ears forward. I knew at once that Indians were near us. We drew our revolvers, halted, listened attentively, and gazed carefully all around us, but could neither hear nor see anything unusual, nor any signs of Indians. We then moved carefully up the hill, and just as we were near the top we saw approaching us, and very near to us, a band of Apaches coming from the opposite direction, returning from one of their periodical marauding expeditions, into Sonora. They had in their possession a number of captured prisoners,¹

¹ The Apaches were in the habit of carrying off Mexican women and children, whom they reduced to slavery, or incorporated in their tribe. The Mexicans retaliated, whenever an opportunity presented itself. Apache

several stolen horses, and other property.

The Indians saw us about the same time that we saw them. We realized our danger in an instant. For us to retreat by the way we came would result fatally, as the road was winding and crooked, and the Indians by dismounting a number of their swiftest runners could easily cut off our retreat by taking short cuts, while the main body kept up the pursuit in rear; hence we were compelled to resort to some other means of escape. On the left of the road it was quite steep and hilly; to the right of the road and not more than seventy-five yards from it, stood a projecting rock. I saw that our only hope of escape lay in being able to reach it, and expressed myself to that effect to Tom. In a few hurried words he agreed with me. The ground between us and it although open was rocky and uneven, so that it was impossible for us to pass over it at full speed. As we turned to ride towards it the Indians gave their usual war-whoop, and charged on us. This caused Tom's horse to take fright, plunge and rear, and finally to throw his rider. Tom's revolver went off either as he was falling or when he struck the ground. I spoke to him, and implored him to get up and run with me, but he did not answer. The thought struck me that he was killed by the discharge of his own pistol, or else that he was stunned to unconsciousness by his fall. In either case I had but little time for reflection, as the Indians were getting quite close to us. Realizing that it would be only throwing away my own life, without being able to do anything towards rescuing poor Tom, I was compelled to abandon him to his fate. I made a dash for the rock, my swift, sure-footed ani-

mal carried me quickly behind it, and out of range of the enemy's fire.

All this took place in less time than it takes to read about it. Beyond the rock was a clump of cactus, I rode for it and well into it; I then turned round for an instant, looked through the cactus which was on a slight elevation, and saw a most revolting, heart-rending sight. A bloodthirsty savage with fiendish yells was holding poor Tom's bloody scalp dangling in his hand, and waving it in the air. The sight was so appalling that I shut my eyes for an instant; but I had no time for weakness or sentiment, as I saw a number of savages following my trail on foot, and at the gait that they were running I knew that they would soon overtake me on the rough ground over which I was riding, and that if I could not succeed in getting back to the road on the Mexican side, in rear of the main body, my fate was sealed.

In order to accomplish this I changed my course towards the road. When I got within view of it I saw a number of Indians riding to the rear at full speed, with the evident intention of heading me off; but as it was my only hope of escape I kept on as fast as Florita could carry me through the cactus and over the uneven ground. I could not ride to the road in a direct line without running almost into the enemy, hence I was compelled to ride in an acute converging angle to it.

Thus we ran for several minutes, (I thought them hours,) the Indians gaining on me. It became apparent to me that they would soon cut off my retreat, and as there was a mesquite bush close to the road I ran for it, and succeeded in reaching it just as the foremost of the savages came abreast of it. I took deliberate aim at his horse with my revolver and fired. I must have hit him in a vital part, as he tumbled over as I fired with his rider under him. Seeing this, the others, some five or six in number, halted. As they did so I discharged the re-

children, particularly girls, were frequently sold in the towns along the border in northern Sonora. They always commanded a ready sale and a high price, as they made good house servants when properly trained on account of their energy and industry.

maining five shots of my revolver at them as fast as I could, evidently with some effect, as one of the Indians began to reel and was about falling from his horse when he was seized, held in his saddle, and his horse led to the rear by a fellow-savage. The others fell back at the same time, discharging some of their guns at me as they moved off, but as I kept well behind the mesquite bush they were unable to take good aim. I drew my second revolver and fired two shots from it at them, which hastened their backward movement. When they had gone a short distance I gained the road by a quick movement, and started at full speed. Just as I did so I heard the report of a gun on my right, and turning my head slightly I saw the Indians that were following me on foot in full view, running toward me, but not near enough to be dangerous. The mounted Indians, reinforced, followed me for about a mile, but as they saw that I was gaining on them they relinquished the chase.

As I remarked before, the Indians in those days were armed only with inferior muzzle-loading, smooth-bored guns, that were unwieldy and hard to handle on horseback. The Apaches generally carried lances when mounted, and bows and arrows either mounted or on foot. If they had been armed then, as they are now, with improved breech-loading rifles and revolvers, it is more than probable that this narrative would never have been written.

When I found that I was out of danger I slackened my speed, and rode on in a half-dazed condition. My clothes were torn, I was cut and bleeding in several places, and had a number of spines and thorns sticking in my flesh from my rough contact with cactus and mesquite, but I did not seem to realize my condition or suffer much pain.

I reached the town of Sarac, the first settlement, about noon; I was received with kindness and sympathy. My ap-

pearance was very eloquent as to the ordeal through which I had passed; all who saw me required but little explanation on that subject. After a few hours' rest I tried to get a party of men to go back with me for the purpose of recovering my friend's body, but their dread of the Apaches was so great, and they had suffered so much from them, that nothing would induce them to go. Nearly every family in the town had lost one or more of its members by the hands of the dreaded savages. Several of the more prominent families owned large ranches some miles outside of town, that they were compelled to abandon on account of the Apaches, and to seek protection in the town. The only way by which they could cultivate any portion of their lands was by going out in large well-armed parties in the morning, and returning at night. Under these circumstances I was reluctantly compelled to relinquish all hope of being able to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the mortal remains of my friend.

After resting until next morning, I rode away sadly and solemnly towards Don José's hacienda. When I arrived late that evening, Don José and his estimable wife received me with the characteristic hospitality of the better class of Mexicans. They were both of pure Castilian descent, of the blonde type, descendants of the Goths, untainted by the blood of either Moor or Aztec. Several of the most prominent families of Northern Sonora are of this race. They generally intermarry amongst themselves, and thereby perpetuate the blood of Castile in its purity. The Mexican woman of the dark or mixed races, although generally very attractive when young, begins to grow stout and appear aged at about thirty. It is not so with the women of the pure Castilian stock, who are usually fair. They retain their shapely, graceful figures into old age, and their youthful appearance often until they are over forty.

During my stay at Don José's hacienda I received the kindest attention from himself and every member of his family. They all did everything they could to make my visit pleasant, and tried to make me forget the trials, sorrow and suffering through which I had passed.

The Don's oldest daughter, Florita, after whom I named my jennet, was particularly kind and sympathetic, and tried her best to entertain me. She was well educated for a Mexican girl of her age, being only seventeen years old. She could play the guitar with considerable skill, and sing to its accompaniment in a sweet voice; usually the pathetic songs of her native land. She was also a graceful, accomplished dancer. In appearance she was a little above the medium height, exquisitely formed, very graceful in carriage and easy in manner, like the majority of her countrywomen. Like both of her parents she was of the blonde type, eyes deep blue, auburn hair, and complexion very fair, with a slight blush in her cheeks. Her benevolent and lovable character and disposition made her a great favorite with all who knew her. Her kindness and sympathy came to me as from a ministering angel to a mortal that was weary and sad.

About a week after my arrival at the Don's hospitable home, I heard that there was an American trading schooner lying at Libertad, a landing on the Gulf of California, and about to sail for San Francisco. As the distance to where the vessel lay from where I was staying was only about thirty miles, I went

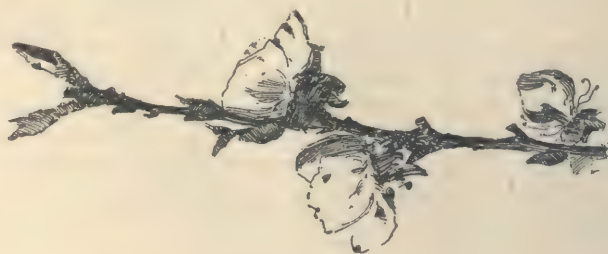
there, saw the captain, and after some persuasion secured from him a passage on his vessel to its destination; but as the schooner did not sail for two days I had ample time to return, bid my friends goodby, and dispose of my faithful Florita.

I concluded not to sell her, after all she had done for me. By her speed, intelligence, and endurance, she had carried me safely out of the jaws of death on two occasions. Accepting filthy lucre for her under the circumstances would have been the basest ingratitude on my part. I determined to try to prevail on the young lady after whom she was named to accept her as a present.

When I first mentioned the matter to the señorita she declined to entertain the proposition, for the reason that I had purchased the animal from her father; but after I had explained to her how much sentiment and gratitude I felt for the dumb creature, and that as I could not take her with me I wished her to be in the possession of some one who would take good care of her as long as she lived, never part with her, and have her decently buried after she died; she accepted the jennet with these conditions, and although I have never seen nor heard of or from either since, I feel assured that my request was complied with.

With many fervent prayers and blessings consigning me to the care of the Virgin from my Mexican friends, and with a feeling of profound gratitude and sincere friendship on my part towards them, I bade them a sad farewell.

Charles Harkins.



FANCIES.

I WOULD be a pine tree lonely,
In a forest dim and old,
Where the sunlight glances only
O'er the black, untrodden mould.
Born of earth, but lifting ever
Earnest heart in high endeavor,
All the life within me stirred
To the music of a bird,
As the days go by.

I would be a bunch of heather
Nodding on a grassy height,
In the lovely April weather
When the hills are drenched with light.
Knowing neither pain nor sorrow,
Wholly heedless of tomorrow,
Feeling just a joy to be,
As the wind blows over me,
And the days go by.

I would be an empty shadow
Which a trav'ler seeks at noon,
Cast upon a pleasant meadow
In the sultry month of June.
Idle, trembling, gay, caressing,
Naught indeed, but still a blessing.
God of Nature, it is plain
Not a shadow falls in vain
As the days go by.

Martha T. Tyler.



A GLIMPSE OF A CALIFORNIA OLIVE RANCH.

I WAS riding along one of the most charming country roads in northern California. It was wild, it was rocky, it was sublime. It was at the same time dainty, picturesque, and gently sloping. Nowhere out of the Golden State could one find bits of landscape so contradictory, touches of coloring so opposite, nor the sublime and softly picturesque more strongly contrasted, as right here on the sunny heights of the Sierras.

Upon my left were deep ravines and gulches, crowned by bowlders that only a touch would send hurling into the depths below. The waters of the black American surged at its heart, and left fringes of dark-colored foam upon the banks as it pulsed swiftly on. Tall pines raised their heads over all, and seemed to touch a few fleecy clouds that floated idly by. Others were gaunt and lifeless, and their uncovered branches were like so many phantom fingers reaching out humbly to the Creator for warmth and covering.

Upon my right lay a valley, as gently and as peacefully sleeping as a child on its mother's bosom. No sound disturbed the serenity of its rest. Against the horizon, standing out like silhouettes, were oaks and pines and manzanitas, taking on in the distance the most grotesque forms,—old women in poke bonnets, children dancing like dervishes, and animals chasing each other in a mad pursuit.

Patches of rich chocolate-colored earth, recently plowed, awaited the sower's hand. Masses of many-shaded green, from the dark foliage of the walnut to silvery olive tones, showed the near presence of the husbandman. Many-tinted blossoms gave out lavishly their strange perfumes. The *eschscholtzia* blazed in all its bold beauty, and seemed to say to

less favored blossoms, "I am the daughter of the Golden State!" Buttercups, pansies, snowdrops, dotted the land here and there, and as they swayed slightly with the rise and fall of the wind, the distant fields looked like a radiant, moving mosaic.

Have you, my reader, you who dwell in this favored land, have you ever stood on the brow of a hill and watched the slow sinking of a California sun? It seems at first as if it left nothing but a red memory behind. A bank of white, cottony clouds is poised lightly in the sky, a shaft of crimson light strikes it athwart, leaving a wound upon its snowy bosom. The heavens are on fire for a brief space, then opaline tints of milk and flame melt into pearly grays and saffron yellows,—the soul of this Western setting comes on after its sun. Now comes a change, and would that I had the hand of a Turner to shadow forth half the beauty and tenderness of tint that follows this last glow of rose-light. Just above the horizon floats a line of liquid green, a wondrous, luminous belt of pale emerald that melts away into the azure beyond. The blue deepens, then come topaz-glowings, throwing into shadow a crescent moon that hangs lightly in the sky.

Little by little the heavens are sprinkled by a star dust of gold, and as great Venus slips gently down, another leaf is turned in the book of Time, a chronicle that "vanishes in the writing and is dumb in the telling."

The next morning I continued my journey, and at last came within sight of the place I sought. A cottage in the distance, peeping out from behind a screen of olive, walnut, and orange foliage. The earth in front and on both sides of me was a rich dark red, show-

ing an abundance of oxide of iron, the best possible soil for grape and olive.

An immense sweep of country was spread out before me. The Coast Range on the left shut in and made a sort of basin of the Sacramento valley. The overflow of the Yuba, Feather, and other rivers, formed a pretty miniature lake, and in the distance looked like a crystal mirror in an emerald setting. The Sierrita Nevada on my right lifted an unbroken row of silvery summits, and glimmered through the dim ether, like mountains seen in a dream.

"A bower of Arcadia," I said to myself, as acre upon acre of richest fruit land were unfolded before me. "A poor man's paradise," I added, as field upon field of grain and vineyard land were revealed to my eye.

My horse stumbled along the rocky road, oblivious to the beauties around him. He suddenly halted, as entering a bridle-path that branched from the main road, we reached a large gate, upon which was painted the words, "Olivette Ranch." Noticing a rope pulley that hung near, I grasped it with both hands, and after two or three jerks, the gate swung open. I dismounted, and walked up the broad carriageway, leading my horse. It was not many minutes before I came within sight of the house, the nearness of which was further shown by the appearance of a small dog of nondescript breed, which greeted me with loud barks. A kindly old gentleman of sixty, or thereabouts, looked up as the noise of the dog attracted his attention, and with, "Down, Carlo, down!" he walked over toward me, and wished me a courteous good morning.

"Good morning," I responded; "this, I believe, is the place I seek,—Olivette Ranch,—and you, I presume, are the owner?"

The old gentleman responded in the affirmative, and with true Western hospitality bade me welcome.

"Yes, this has been my home for many years. Robinson is my name. I am an old Californian, a forty-niner,—and you—may I ask if you are a stranger in the State?"

I handed him my card. "I am scarcely a stranger," I answered. "I have visited the Pacific Coast, off and on, for the last five years, but never before have I wandered so far north; this is my first trip through the foot-hills. I have heard so many favorable accounts of the growth and culture of olives in the Sierrita, that I have made a special trip to learn what I could on the subject; also to see your place, which I believe is the oldest in northern California."

"Yes, quite the oldest," replied Mr. Robinson. "And it will give me much pleasure to take you over the place, and to show you the workings of an olive ranch. You have come at a very favorable time," he continued, "for we are now picking the olives and making the oil. A few days later, the crop would have been gathered."

He stopped speaking for a moment, as a small boy appeared, and after ordering him to take charge of my horse, Mr. Robinson led the way down a narrow path, and a few moments later we came upon a very pretty and animated scene. The orchard, which comprised about 2,500 trees in full bearing, was alive with bustle, a most natural result when fifty or more men and boys come together, either for pleasure or work. Large canvases were spread under each tree, and the men, standing on high ladders, scraped the berries from the branches with short-handled rakes, and as they fell they were immediately put into sacks and carried up to the mill to be converted into oil.

"What variety of olives are these, and what kind do you think thrive best in your northern climate?" I inquired.

"Picholines," he answered emphatically. "I have experimented for a number of years, and find that Picholine is

the berry to cultivate in the foothill climate. It yields more pounds to the tree, and gives more oil to the pound. It has been grown in other counties with less good results," he continued. "The largest yield of oil, I have been told, from the Picholine olive in the south was in a Santa Barbara orchard, and averaged a little less than 12 per cent, while the same variety on my place has never yielded less than 14, and frequently as high as 15 7-10 per cent. It ripens at least six weeks earlier than any other variety, and seems least subject to the attacks of pests. There is a ten-year-old tree," he added, pointing to one that was being rapidly stripped of its fruit, "that last year produced 165 pounds of berries. The crop is somewhat lighter this season."

"What about the Mission?" I asked. "I have always heard it highly spoken of, and you, of course, have several varieties on your place?"

"Yes, we have the Mission, also. That is a Spanish olive, and requires more heat than the Picholine. It seems better adapted to a southern soil. The berry is much larger, but in the end does not give any greater proportion of oil, and moreover, what it does produce is of a darker and heavier quality. We will walk up to the mill, perhaps you will see something there to interest you."

As we passed through the orchard Mr. Robinson pointed out several trees of the Rubra, the Spanish Regalis, better known as the Queen olive, the Mission Cormcarbra, and the Manzanilla varieties. "There is a tree that produces well," he remarked, pointing to one of the latter. "It has a large, well-formed berry, but the quality of the oil is inferior, and we use it principally for pickling."

When we reached the mill I was surprised at the means used for obtaining the oil. "Has nothing later than this been invented?" I asked. It seemed for a moment that I had dropped down into

a mediæval olive farm, the means was so crude, and the manner so slow.

"Nothing that we have have heard of in this country," was the answer. "I believe they do use steam power for the purpose in Europe,—but if you will watch the process for a moment, you will find the results better than you imagine."

The man was filling the trough with the fresh berries as we reached the place, and after a sufficient number had been put in, from which he carefully discarded all fermented ones, a heavy wheel, working over a stone bed, was put in motion by a whim and mule power, and the whole ground into a thick, dark paste. Nine Manilla mats, about as large and as round as a wheel, were filled with the pulp, and the whole moistened with warm water to start the flow of oil. Mr. Robinson then explained to me that these mats were piled up, one over the other, in a press, under a long, heavy beam. A thick, dark liquid is the result, and this is allowed to run into a tank, where it stands until the next day. The first pressing, made slowly and gently, produces what is called the virgin oil. It is next skimmed off lightly and put into a large tin basin, where it remains about a month, and by a natural rest deposits its own impurities.

"The filtering must be a tedious process," I remarked, as we walked into the drier, containing the tanks and the machinery for pressing.

"Yes, rather slow," answered my host. "The oil is passed through paper cones, drop by drop, or may be hastened by filtering in cylindrical tin vessels containing cotton batting, and in that case there is no delay, and it can be bottled and sold immediately after. It is a most delicate operation to bottle the oil. The bottles must be clean, of course, and absolutely without moisture, as one drop of water would ruin the appearance of the oil."

He opened a large press as he spoke,

and showed me about a dozen bottles of specimen varieties. "This is the Picholine," he continued, "and is in my opinion both the lightest in quality and taste. I can readily sell it for \$7.00 a gallon. This is the Rubra, a medium-sized berry, yielding a very rich, heavy oil, a little lighter than the Mission,

in the berries keeps on increasing until the very last moment that it hangs on the tree, the picking is sometimes delayed when there is a short crop. The olives must be gathered as early as November or December, if quality of oil is desired; but if quantity is all that is aimed at, a larger amount can be ex-



Photo by Taber

THE OLIVE ORCHARD.

but darker than the Picholine. The Regalis makes the darkest-colored oil of any that I have tried, and by some would be considered the richest, but it is somewhat lacking in the fruity taste that so commends the Picholine."

"Must the olives be absolutely ripe, when you pick them?" I inquired.

"Yes, absolutely," he responded. "They may be gathered any time after they are ripe, but as the quantity of oil

tracted by waiting until February or March."

"Do you subject the berries to more than one crushing? You said just now that the first pressure yielded what is called the virgin oil."

"O yes, we put the same pulp back into the mats, adding a plentiful supply of hot water, and get a second grade of oil, which is inferior to the first, and is of course sold for a good deal less per

gallon. Then, after that, we take it through one more process, generally in another press and through different mats, so the flavor will not be communicated in any way to the apparatus or re-

the flavor and appearance of the first quality."

"What is this third-grade oil used for?" I asked. "There seems to be very little waste in the oil manufacture."



GATHERING THE OLIVES.

ceptacles that we use for the first-grade oil. It is very essential in extracting oil of the better grades, that vessels and appliances of immaculate cleanliness be used, as the slightest taint would injure

"There is absolutely no waste," answered Mr. Robinson. "We sell it to manufacturers of soap, and it may be used for lighting and lubricating purposes. And more than that, when the

pressing is over the pulp is left to dry, and is then used for enriching the soil, and as feed for cattle, and we frequently take it into the house to burn for fuel. There is nothing raised wherein there is so little lost or wasted, as in the culture of olives, and the making of oil. Even my cuttings yielded me a little income. Come into my hot house, and I will show you my young trees."

I accompanied him a few steps from the drier into a long nursery, where not less than two hundred thousand cuttings, from twelve to fifteen inches high, were stuck securely in their sandy beds, and showed every evidence of doing well.

"We cut these tops from young, growing trees just before the sap becomes active, and a few months after they have become firmly rooted we sell them to nursery men for \$12 to \$15 a hundred."

"Is the olive difficult to transplant?" I asked. "These little cuttings look hardy enough."

"Yes, they are difficult to transplant," was the answer. "The utmost care has to be used. They are left here for several months, until they show signs of growing, and are then taken up very carefully, and if in doing so the small, thread-like roots are allowed to become dry, you may as well throw them away, for they are dead from that moment. So the older the cutting and the more healthy its roots are, the more danger in transplanting. If the young rooted cuttings a few inches high are set out in their permanent sites, my experience has been that they thrive better than if the cuttings are older. In three or four years they will average about twelve feet in height, and will by that time begin to yield a few gallons of berries. I am very proud of my trees, and if you are not tired of the subject, it will give me great pleasure to show you what a prosperous little orchard it is."

I signified my willingness, nay, eagerness, to learn all that I could on the sub-

ject, and my kind host, taking the lead conducted me down the path that we had before taken, through throngs of men and boys at work, and I must say their chattering, and gesticulating, and volubility made them seem to me like so many magpies off on a day's vacation. The Chinamen in their white shirts and round wheel hats looked quite picturesque, perched up in the branches.

We soon left the noise and confusion behind us, and it was not many minutes before we came to a little knoll, and on a gentle slope at our feet lay something more than ten acres of young olive trees, planted about twenty-five feet apart, making one hundred or so trees per acre.

"Have you any slips here raised from the seed?" I asked.

"No, that is scarcely necessary in the mild foothill climate, nor indeed in any part of California, as far as I have been able to learn. We have nothing to dread from excessive cold, so there would be little gained by such a means, and a great deal of valuable time wasted. A 'seed tree' is more vigorous, resists the cold better, and is very much less sensitive in its choice of soil than those grown from cuttings, and for that reason seedling is a very common practice in Europe, where they are subject to sudden and excessive cold spells."

"What is the difference in the time of bearing between a seedling tree and a cutting?"

"A tree grown from a cutting produces fruit in three years, and at the fourth and fifth it is in full bearing, while from the seed we have to wait ten or twelve years for any yield. They are generally kept in the nursery for seven years and then grafted, otherwise they would remain wild trees, and after being grafted it takes three or four years for them to bear. It is a wise, and by many foreign producers considered a necessary probation, especially in France and Spain, but as I said before, not required here."

As we turned to go, Mr. Robinson remarked, "You have asked me nothing about my pickled olives. If you will return with me to the drier, I will show you our little experiment in that line."

When we arrived there, he took from the shelf several jars, and removing the covers, invited me to help myself. There were the Manzanilla variety, well

only for our family use," he answered in reply to my question. "We have tried all varieties, and have found the Manzanilla and Mission Cormcarbra as superior for pickling, as we have the Picholine for the oil."

"The process of pickling is simple enough, is it not?" I asked, helping myself to a handful from a jar near.



THE CRUSHER.

formed, and about the size and color of a black Ox-heart cherry. I was surprised at that, as I expected to find them in their natural green coats. I took one and found it very palatable, I inquired the cause of the change of color.

"That is because we have picked the ripe olives," he explained. "The flavor is richer, and after you once become accustomed to the ripe, oily taste, the others will seem very insipid to you. No, we do not put them up for market,

"It is very simple, although a certain amount of care has to be used. They are oftenest pickled perfectly green, before the oil has commenced to form in them. If there is the slightest discoloration, they are, of course, unfit for market. We then put them into wooden vessels, and cover them with a strong solution of lye, where they remain half a day. They are then taken out, and put into fresh water for about nine days, the water being renewed every twelve hours. This

is done to clear the berries of the lye taste, and as they are generally bitter, even after that soaking, a strong brine is made through which they are taken twice. Frequently wild laurel leaves are thrown into this last water, as it gives the olives a very fine flavor. They are then put into bottles and barrels, and are ready for the market."

"You think, then," I inquired, as I realized that the time had come for me to go, "that there is money in olives, and that they thrive as well in the north as in the south?"

"I can speak only from my own experience," he replied. "If an olive ranch is properly conducted, there is not only a living, but money to be made from it. In the first place, the olive flourishes on soil too rocky and barren to be used for other purposes. The cost of planting is very little, and of cultivating afterwards, next to nothing. You know it is said," he added with a laugh, "that 'the olive tree requires a wise man at its foot, and a fool at its head.' They do not flourish well on low or wet lands, but grow to perfection in climates where not a drop of rain falls for eight or nine months. So you have nothing to fear from drought."

"I am surprised that this industry does not attract more general attention," I remarked.

"It is attracting attention, more and more, every year," continued Mr. Rob-

inson, his face flushed with enthusiasm "Think of the waste land that is, and can still be, utilized for this purpose. I can safely say, the poorer the soil the better the olive; for land suitable for cereals and other annuals is not adapted to this product, as an unusual woody development will take place, at the expense of the richness of the soil. I tell you, my friend, olive culture is in its infancy. Think of it, a rocky, arid waste, very little water, and a few wagon loads of earth, no fertilizing, little cultivating, and at the end of five years a rich harvest. What other fruit will bear that treatment?"

"Certainly no other known to man," I remarked.

"Then think of its absolute safety from frosts, its protection against birds and animals, on account of the bitterness of the fruit and bark, the little expense of gathering the crop and making the oil. Unlike other fruit, it can be picked any time between November and March, kept for weeks after it is gathered, if properly handled, and then made into oil and bottled at your leisure. There is no loss through delay, and every part of the olive, from the skin to the stone, can be utilized in the market or at home. It has long ago, and rightly, gone into a proverb," concluded Mr. Robinson, as we walked leisurely toward the house, "that an olive ranch is a gold mine on the surface of the earth."

Berkeley Wallace.

PROGENY.

DEEDS bring a crown or a lash,
Children of spirit and flesh;
Angels that comfort and cheer,
Demons that torture with fear:—

Born in a breath,
Live through all life and all death.

Elizabeth S. Bates.



FAMOUS PICTURES OWNED ON THE WEST COAST. III.

THE painting chosen for the third of the OVERLAND'S series is fully entitled to be called a "famous painting," and its painter is Californian by birth and bringing up. It may be a moot question whether it or the "Elaine" is Rosenthal's best known canvas, but this is owned on the West Coast, and its suggestion originated with Mr. Irving M. Scott, for whom it was, in a sense, painted.

The poem of Marmion is a favorite one with Mr. Scott, and he had for some time formed the wish for a painting of this particular scene, which struck him as specially suggestive for artistic treatment. He was, however, unwilling to ask any one to paint him such a picture, believing that no true artist could paint to another man's conceptions. During a second visit of Toby Rosenthal to San Francisco in 1875, however, Mr. Scott talked with him of the scene and of the possible use of it in art, and the painting was the outcome of these talks, and was eventually ordered by Mr. Scott. Rosenthal made most careful studies of the historical accessories, taking several journeys to Scotland for the purpose.

It was put on exhibition in Boston, Baltimore and New York, and then in San Francisco, where it aroused unusual public interest, and became the subject of very lively correspondence in the newspapers. It has since been once or twice in loan exhibitions, and has become familiar everywhere through photographs.

Toby Rosenthal was born in California in 1848. The talented boy was sent to drawing school at eleven years of age, where his work was confined to pencil copies from prints of great paintings. He was so successful that his father endeavored to give him painting lessons, but found that it was beyond his means. The proud father had exhibited in his

store window several of the pencil copies of his fourteen-year-old son, which attracted the attention of a passer by, who stopped to inquire who drew them. The stranger was Fortunato Arriola, a Mexican portrait painter of note, who had settled in San Francisco.

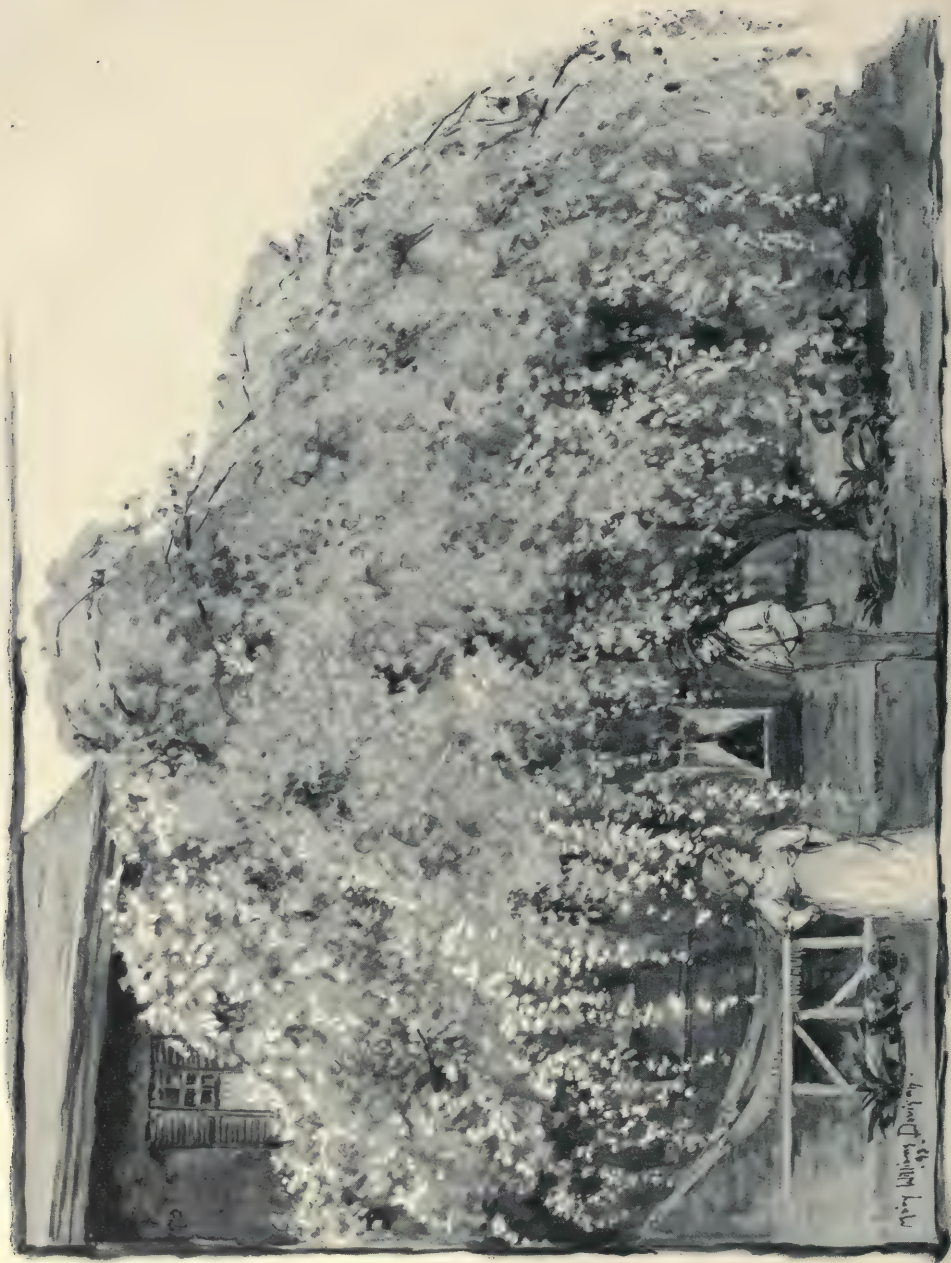
Arriola took great interest in the work of the boy of fourteen, and offered to teach him without pay, for the sake of his talent. Toby stayed with the artist about a year and a half, and painted a number of portraits, some of which were exhibited in the old Mechanics' Fair, which attracted universal attention, being painted by a boy of fifteen.

This resulted in his being sent to Munich at the suggestion of his warm admirer, Arriola.

Rosenthal studied in the Academy of Arts there for a while, and then with Raupp, under whom he began to paint "Affection's Last Offering." Raupp was called from Munich, but introduced Rosenthal to Piloty, who accepted him after seeing this picture.

He moved into the Academy in the famous Piloty Class, where the picture was finished. It was then sent out to San Francisco and exhibited. Some envious ones declared that Piloty had painted it, and one artist in particular stood before the picture with an incredulous air, declaring that a mere boy could not have painted such a picture. "Why," said he, "I am a middle-aged man — past middle age — and I could not paint such a picture." Arriola listened with a courteous smile and remarked, "There is an old Mexican proverb: 'The young eagle flies higher than the old jackass.'"

In 1871 he visited San Francisco, and painted a number of portraits; he then returned to Munich, where "Elaine" was painted. After this, he left the Piloty class, and opened a studio of his own.



THE LADY BANKSIA.

Mary Williams Davis.

THE LADY BANKSIA.

I.

A CONSCIOUSNESS of absurdity in one's actions is fatal to success in love-making; and John Sterling felt a premonition of defeat as he rode towards the dwelling of his sweetheart, pretty Julie Andreson, in the soft light of a May morning in Southern California.

Now that he was in motion, hastening to a crisis of his fate, as he had led himself to believe, he was tempted to draw rein, and to turn his bronco back to the stable. For the first time came the reflection that in the problem that needed two hearts and heads to decide, there might be but one. The passion that had been so cruelly insistent the night before seemed to lose its grip, and to give him a chance to back out. It had tossed him on a sleepless pillow; it had driven him out of doors in quest of air, light, and motion, at the first ray of dawn, and had impelled him to order his horse at the very earliest moment that the object of his affection was likely to be abroad. Not until he saw her, at the end of the long driveway that led to her residence, did he think of the mood in which he was likely to find her, — self-poised, well rested, perhaps indifferent. In vain he rummaged around in his mind for glowing language to light in her heart the same fires that burned in his own. Words failed him, and he wished that he had not come.

But it was too late to draw back, for she had heard the sound of his horse's hoofs on the gravel. She made a pretty picture, as she stood in front of the house, cutting some blossoms from a rose tree that covered the whole wide veranda with a gorgeous mass of foliage and flowers. Her father happened to be an enthusiast on the subject of rose cult-

ure, and it was said that more than four hundred varieties adorned his grounds. The spray from a score of miniature fountains fell upon the lawn. The walks and driveways were bordered by palms, grevillias, and acacias. Beyond these were rows of orange trees, which were at this time in the season of commingled dark green leaf, early blossom, and fully ripened fruit. Upon the air was the fragrance of rose and orange, and over all was the splendor of the California sunshine.

All this brightness was wasted upon John Sterling, who had lived long enough in Southern California to become sated with its semi-tropical glories. He had eyes only for the girl, as she looked up at the sound of his horse's hoofs, and greeted him with a nod and a smile that were almost a welcome. He dropped from the saddle at her side and threw the rein over the pommel, leaving the bronco to champ his bit and paw the ground at will.

"Good morning," he said, as they shook hands. "I hope you will pardon my early call. I was so anxious to see you that I could not wait."

The girl looked at him in surprise at this audacious declaration, but she only said: "You flatter me. Now that you are here you must come in to breakfast with us. I am cutting roses for the table."

"No," he replied, "I thank you, but Fong will be waiting breakfast for me at home soon, and I must neither keep him waiting nor disappoint him entirely. I depend too much upon him to risk his ill-humor."

"What a beautiful morning!" she remarked, in an effort to find something to say.

"The mornings are always beautiful

in this latitude. I learned that long ago. What a clear light on the mountains across the valley. How plainly you can distinguish the outlines of every little cañon, and the scattered pine trees on the summit of that lower ridge."

"It is charming," she said, as she clipped some more roses. "I am glad that I have my home here. But you have not told me why you wished to see me. Breakfast will be ready soon, and I shall have to leave you, if you will not come too."

John studied her face a moment before replying. The truth was that this young lady realized her advantage over her lover, and was not disposed to relinquish it. Possessed of a cooler temperament and a quicker wit, she had learned to enjoy the confusion and bashfulness that he frequently showed in his manner towards her. She had so long coquetted with his affection that she hardly knew her own heart. In fact, she kept postponing the serious consideration of the question of her feeling for him. She liked him as a cavalier, an attendant at balls and other pleasures of a social sort; and doubtless this sentiment could have been fanned into love by the proper treatment. Nevertheless, as she looked at Sterling this morning, there was that in her eyes that boded him no good. It was not cruelty nor repulsion, only indifference and carelessness.

"I have come," he said clumsily, "in the first place to ask you to go to the dance with me on the twentieth. It is the last to be given by the Club this season. Then I want to tell you what I have told you before,—that I love you, —and to ask you again to marry me."

The girl laughed. "O John," she said, "how ridiculous in you to come to talk love to me at this hour! You surely are not in earnest. At any rate you must not hurry me so. You are so persistent. It is almost annoying. I cannot tell

how I feel towards you. I do not know. I —"

"But," he exclaimed, "you do not understand me. You do not realize what this means to me. You haunt me day and night. I should not be here now if I could have kept away. Try, for once, to put yourself in my place. I love you; I long for you; I want to be with you. You do not tell me no; you will not say yes. This is inconsistent. It is not like you, nor worthy of you."

Sterling paused, out of breath. This was the most impassioned appeal that he had ever made. It was a surprise to Julie, who had been accustomed to a degree of self-abnegation on the part of her lover that she would have despised, if it had not happened to fit into her procrastinating humor. This now seemed to be, all of a sudden, a serious matter. Her smile faded. She stood with her eyes on the ground, trifling with a rose that she held in her hand and uncertain what to say.

The tinkle of a bell within the house came to her relief. "There!" she said, "breakfast is ready. I must go now. You may have this rose, and—and when your Lady Banksia is as high as this one," pointing to the vine that ran over her head, "I'll answer your question. 'Till then,—" with a little stamp of the foot and an impatient toss of the head,—"till then, you must not ask me again. Good by."

She reached up to him the rose that she held in her hand; gave him full in the eyes a look, half laugh, half pout, half invitation, half defiance; then turned and walked into the house. Sterling watched her with a feeling of puzzled annoyance, which deepened as he caught the full meaning of her words. The rose bush at which she pointed covered the veranda from ground to roof with a mass of foliage. It was a tree, not a vine, and even in the fertile soil of California such a thing would need years to grow.

John caught his bronco, rode slowly home, and went about his ranch in disgust. The scene of many an hour's happy and cheerful labors filled him with discontent. How cheap it all looked! How he had "given himself away" in his efforts to please her, to make a home fit for her. There were the inevitable orange trees, full of blossoms. There was a lawn like her father's. There were the palms, the grevillias, the acacias, and the bananas. There were the roses, myriads of them, many of the bushes grown from slips cut by her own hands. There, at the corner of the pretty cottage in which he had his bachelor quarters, was a stunted little Lady Banksia, about five years behind its parent stem at the Andreson homestead.

John Sterling had gone to California, from New Hampshire in the early days of the boom. He had brought a few thousand dollars, a legacy from a relative, and had invested them where nobody thought he would get them back. But fortune had seemed to favor him. Where others lost, he won, although he was simply an awkward, inexperienced country boy. His lands rose in value without any effort on his part. He sold a portion and improved the rest; and when money matters in the new town settled down to a permanent basis, he was the fortunate possessor of an orange grove that yielded him a handsome income. He had cultivated it and improved it, planted flowers, and built a cottage, all with an eye to pleasing a single person, pretty Julie Andreson. But in his love affairs his fortune seemed to desert him; and with the loss of Julie's smiles all the results of his labors went for naught.

Full of unpleasant reflections he went about his work, turning sparkling little streams of water from the irrigating flumes down the long rows of orange trees; for the season was a dry one, and irrigation had begun early. He felt that

patience, lauded as a virtue, is a crime in love. Some gay, light-hearted youngster would come along, and with a song and a laugh would steal his way into the heart that was closed to his everyday qualities of constancy and devotion. The experience of the morning was a trying disappointment. She had seemed so near to him in his waking dreams of the night before, so far away in her self-possessed incredulity when he had tried to tell her how much he loved her. And then, her silly talk about the Lady Banksia rose tree. Was she making fun of him? If it had come to that, he would take her at her word. He would find a full grown Lady Banksia, and transport it bodily to his cottage. It should cover the house with its wealth of exuberant blossoms, and under its branches she should either accept or reject him, once for all.

This idea seemed to John, the more he thought about it, one of those happy inspirations that settle in a moment the most perplexing problems. He pictured to himself the surprise, the sweet consternation of Julie Andreson, on beholding the miracle wrought by love, the testimonial of the strength with which her lightest caprice took hold upon his mind. What more eloquent, more convincing, more poetical pleader of his cause could he procure than a magnificent rose tree, transplanted from some unknown region, and anticipating the slow processes of nature, blooming in a day against the walls of his cottage? It would be like the magical achievements of Aladdin, or better still, like the prodigies performed by kings in the days before Romance perished from the earth, to win the favor of some royal mistress.

John was in just the mood for such a sentimental undertaking. In a few moments he had informed his man of all work that he was going away, and might be absent for several days. He gave some brief instructions about the care of his ranch, and ordered his horse.

II.

THE Lady Banksia differs from all other roses. It is one of those rare and unique products of nature that almost deserve a classification by themselves. It is a beautiful climbing vine, and its flowers are roses in miniature. The main stem has a thickness of many inches, and grows as high as twenty, thirty, or even forty feet. It sends out a multitude of long, hanging branches. At intervals on these branches short-stemmed bunches of tiny roses grow. Sometimes there are fifteen or twenty of the dainty blossoms in a bunch; and when the vine or tree is in full bloom, it hangs over the porch like a snowy waterfall.

John Sterling knew that such a rose tree as he wanted would be hard to find. The new settlers in that raw country had as a rule been too busy to pay much attention to the growing of roses, and the older residents were not the people to appreciate the modest beauties of the Lady Banksia. As he turned his horse into the highway, and pulled his sombrero over his eyes to shield them from the sun, a sense of the ludicrous in his quest came over him, and he laughed aloud. The bronco seemed to take this as an incentive to speed and struck into a quick lope.

"Don't hurry yourself, old fellow," said Sterling, as he leaned forward and gave the wiry little brute a caressing pat on the neck that, apparently, was not appreciated. "Take it easy, old man. We are going until we find it." Then, slapping his breeches pocket, where he had stowed away twenty-five shining double eagles, he added: "That is explanation enough, if anyone asks why. Money talks in this country."

The tough limbs of the bronco ticked off mile after mile, never dropping to a walk, never rising above a tolerably lively canter. Sterling felt disinclined to stop for dinner either for himself or

for his horse, which was used to long distances on light feeding. Therefore night found him a good many miles from home, down the wide valley that leads westward to Los Angeles. He intended to stop at ranches and nurseries along the way, and as a last resort to explore the city.

After a night's rest at the hotel in one of the little boom towns he started out, fresh and vigorous, with this intention.

Between the towns of Pomona and Ontario lies the extensive Chino ranch. On this ranch there is a large nursery; and it was here that Sterling stopped for the first time with a definite hope that he might find a Lady Banksia. He rode into the place between long rows of young orange and lemon trees. Beyond these were acres of berry plants and grape cuttings. Still farther on he saw the bright colors of an immense variety of flowers; and here he was lucky enough to find the proprietor.

Yes; he could sell him a Lady Banksia rose bush, any number of them. No, he did not have any large ones, none that were anywhere near full grown. Never had heard of such a thing being wanted before. Did not think there were any large Lady Banksias at any ranch near Chino. Of course such a thing might be found, but the flower was no more popular than any other rose. It was very pretty, but most people preferred monthly roses. There was a large nursery at North Pomona; perhaps Sterling could find one there. How far? Six miles.

Such was the information, given with rather a surly air, which left Sterling somewhat crestfallen. He turned towards North Pomona, where he found a similar establishment, but no Lady Banksia.

He spent the rest of the day riding carelessly along towards Los Angeles, and inquiring for Lady Banksias of everybody he met. Ranchers whom he

stopped on the highway laughed, and drove on without reply. "They think I am trying to be funny," Sterling soliloquized. Women, whom he called away from household duties to answer the door bell, were "very sorry," but did not know much about roses. Taciturn Mexicans leered at him with a dry, "No, Señor." Round-faced Chinese market gardeners put on the universal grin of ignorance belonging to the race with a "Me no sabe him." One young man whom Sterling met on horseback, apparently riding to school, seemed to take a deep interest in the subject. He listened attentively to what Sterling had to say, scratched his head, and seemed plunged in thought. "I think," he said, after some minutes of meditation, "that I know just the party you want to see. There is a man about five miles from here who has a Lady what-you-call-her, and I'm pretty sure that he would sell it. I'm certain he would if he could get a good price out of it. You take the next turn to the left and then the third to the right. You will come to a big brown house, back from the road, in a grove of eucalyptus trees. The man's name is Smith, Doctor Smith. Inquire for him, and tell him that Richard Heywood sent you."

Sterling thanked the young fellow warmly; and his bronco, for the first time feeling the spur, flew over the five miles of road that led to Doctor Smith's. The directions were plain enough, and the house was easily found, but Sterling went no farther than the gate. Here was a sign-board conspicuously displaying the legend:—

DR. CHARLES SMITH,

Eucalyptus Home,

PRIVATE ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.

It was evening when Sterling rode into the city of Los Angeles. As he went down one of the residence streets,

and looked at the pretty villas, the well-kept lawns, and the profusion of flowers, he thought to himself that he had been a fool; that he should have come at first to the city as the center of everything.

His experience the following morning, when he visited the largest greenhouse of the city, justified this assumption. The proprietor gave him the names of several wealthy gentlemen who had extensive grounds, and grew everything in the way of flowers. He could hardly fail among them to find a full grown Lady Banksia. The proprietor was sorry that he himself could not accommodate him; but of course it was not his practice to keep plants until they were grown large. There was not much call for such things.

The grounds of Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, at whose residence Sterling called after leaving the conservatory, looked more like a public park than a private enclosure. Sterling envied the length of purse that could afford water rates, in that thirsty country, on such extravagant stretches of lawn. The gardener happened to be at the stable, where he obtained permission to tie his horse, and showed him a handsome Lady Banksia among a number of roses that were trained along the verandas of the large and fine dwelling. John stopped to admire it a moment and then rang the bell. He felt decidedly out of place, in his dusty riding coat and boots, as he was shown into a luxuriously furnished library.

"Your card, sir," said the sleek and light-footed man who had answered the bell.

"I have no card. Tell Colonel Johnston a gentleman wishes to speak to him on business."

A moment later the Colonel entered the room. He was a man of medium height, of middle age, quick, alert, well dressed. He had the air of a man whose business or pleasure is important, whose time is money. He looked at Sterling inquiringly.

"Good morning, sir," said John, with some confusion. "I called to see whether you would sell me the Lady Banksia rose tree that is growing up against your house."

"The what?" said the Colonel, with the accent of a man who cannot believe his ears.

"The Lady Banksia in your yard. I have a very particular reason for this singular request. I will pay you any price for it."

Colonel Johnston touched a bell and the servant reappeared. "William," said the Colonel, "show this gentleman out. Good morning, sir. You had better inquire down town at a conservatory. I am not a dealer in roses. I have nothing to sell." And he turned on his heel and left the room.

John felt the hot blood rise into his cheeks. He had expected a discussion; but to be treated like a tramp was more than he had bargained for. He stood for a moment, on the porch, with the dazed feeling of one who has received a blow in the face.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the servant politely. "But may I hask you w'y you are so very hanxious for this particular kind of rose bush?"

"That is nobody's business but my own," said Sterling touchily. "It is enough that I want a large Lady Banksia rose tree, and have the money with me to pay for it. Now, if you know of any place where I can get one, I will make it worth your while to tell me."

"I'll go with you," said the man. "And I'll ask the gardener. Most likely 'e knows somebody who will sell one of them there trees. 'E knows hevery-body."

"Out at San Gabriel," said the gardener when the problem was put before him, "is a Mexican, or Spaniard, Don Marco Foster. He has a very fine Lady Banksia. It was from him that I got the slip from which has grown the tree that you see. He might, perhaps, sell.

He belongs to one of the old families and has been very wealthy. He has a good deal of land now. But he gambles, and I have a notion that he is sometimes pretty hard up for ready cash. It might be as his daughter said. There would be another question. She is a crank on flowers. She raises millions of them. This Lady Banksia was planted by her mother, so she says. But you could try them. I know them. I've often got slips there, and I've sent them a few new varieties. I'll give you a note to the old man, and he'll treat you politely anyway."

"Can he read English?" said Sterling.

"O yes; he's educated. And the girl knows a lot, all the modern accomplishments. Her mother was an Englishwoman, or at least an American. Mighty fine woman, too; no better around here, if she did marry a Spaniard."

Notwithstanding the unpleasant interview with Colonel Johnston, Sterling felt that he had reason to be thankful as he rode out of the place, with the letter of introduction in his pocket. Here was a clew that seemed to lead up to something definite, and to promise a speedy solution of his difficulties. He would not have felt so confident if he could have heard the remarks of the men whom he left behind, as they pocketed the money that he had cheerfully given them.

"Wonder w'y the deuce 'e's so hanxious for one of them there rose bushes."

"I dunno," was the reply. "Anyway I don't think he will get it. The old man might give in, but I don't believe the girl will want to sell any of her flowers. Most likely she'll feel insulted like the Colonel. That young fellow rides well. He's good looking, too, and fairly well spoken. He's got some deep scheme on hand."

"Or helse 'e's a blooming ijot. Hany way 'is money's good." And with this pleasant reflection the pair returned to work.

III.

It was evening when Sterling arrived at the East San Gabriel hotel, where he intended to stay as long as might be necessary. He was not inclined to meet Don Marco Foster that evening, as he had made up his mind to find out something about him, and to proceed rather more cautiously than in the case of Colonel Johnston. After an excellent dinner, however, he felt in the mood for a stroll, and on inquiring the way to the Don's residence, he was delighted to learn that the distance was short. So he set out upon a reconnoitering expedition, as he expressed it to himself.

He found the house without difficulty. It was a composite sort of an affair, part old-fashioned adobe, part of wood in a newer style of architecture, but all on one floor. From the well-lighted rooms came the sounds of music and laughter. Evidently the Don and his daughter were of social dispositions, and inclined to take life cheerfully.

John wondered as to which of the masses of fluffy white flowers, that overhung the long, rambling veranda, belonged to the Lady Banksia—his Lady Banksia, as he had begun to call it. But the house stood too far back from the highway for him to get a distinct view of anything without intruding. Only the moonlight shone softly down upon a wealth of variegated colors, such as are familiar in every home in Southern California where there are taste and energy enough to cultivate them. Then some one struck up a dance tune on a piano, with an accompaniment of guitar and violin. The Foster household seemed to be *en fête*, and Sterling wished with all his heart that he had been invited. For a moment he watched the whirling forms of the dancers as they flitted past the windows. Then he turned and went back to the hotel.

On the following morning, as he walked into the Foster homestead, he

noticed a great difference in the grounds about the house and those a little more remote. The flowers were well tended and trimmed; the lawn was closely cut; the verandas were cleanly swept. But about the barn, a few rods beyond the house, was a litter of agricultural implements and pieces of harness. Carriages stood uncovered in the sun. Weeds were springing up among the orange trees. Evidently, Don Foster had charge of the ranch, and Don Foster's daughter of the grounds and house.

Overhanging one side of the veranda was the Lady Banksia. Its long, slender branches swayed in the breeze like wreaths of flowers, each worthy to grace the brow of a bride or a queen. It was such an exhibition of exuberant vegetable growth as most people never see, but which, once seen, is never forgotten.

Don Foster's daughter herself answered Sterling's ring at the door. He saw a slight, graceful figure, a face that beamed with intelligence, and was animated by a pair of black and lustrous eyes. She looked at him with such a kind and friendly smile that he felt at ease at once, and lifted his hat easily.

"My father," she said, in answer to his inquiry, "is not at home, but he will be here presently. Will you not come in? Or would you prefer to wait for him on the veranda?"

The voice was clear, musical, and attractive. Except for its softness and melody there was nothing to suggest an alien tongue. It awakened a strange, sudden desire in Sterling to hear her speak again. He took a seat in an easy chair on the veranda, with the remark that he would wait for Don Foster there.

The little girl went about her housework, humming a little Spanish air, of which Sterling caught a word now and then. Through the half-open door he caught a glimpse of the interior of the house, which showed good keeping in its neat appointments.

In a few minutes the Don appeared, riding a spirited black horse that was decked out in all the extravagant accoutrements dear to the Spanish heart,—the heavy saddle trimmed with elaborately stamped leather, the tapaderos, the powerful silver-plated bit, the huge spurs with their jingling pendants, the riata of braided horse hair, the fancy Chihuahua blanket under the saddle, and the bridle of twisted rawhide.

Don Foster was tall, spare, straight as an arrow, with a smooth face, except for a little black mustache, and not over forty-five years of age. He greeted Sterling pleasantly enough, and read the letter written by Colonel Johnston's gardener.

"Muy bueno!" he said. "But as to the flower tree, I cannot say. That is for my daughter. These flowers are all hers. You have not seen her?"

"Yes," said Sterling, "I have seen her. But I did not tell her. I thought it best to speak to you first."

"Bueno!" said Don Foster again. Then going to the door he called, "Mariana, Mariana!"

In a moment the girl appeared. Sterling did not know it, but the truth was that for some time he had been the object of occasional stolen glances from the shelter of a window farther along the veranda. And Doña Mariana was burning with curiosity to know the handsome stranger's business with her father.

"What do you think?" said Don Foster. "The señor wishes to purchase your rose tree, that of the Lady Banksia, as he calls it." And Don Foster smiled, as though he were making a polite effort to suppress a laugh.

"What is that?" said the girl, "You did not read aright. I do not understand. The gentleman perhaps will give a fête, perhaps a wedding. He wishes some of the flowers. Very well! I will cut them for him. He is welcome to them." And the girl laughed, too,

—a pleasant, musical laugh, as though she thought that she had discovered a great secret in that reference to a wedding.

"No," said Sterling, "I mean just what the letter says. I would like to purchase the whole tree. I want to take it home, and have it grow on my veranda as it grows here. I will pay you a large sum for it. The money does not matter."

Don Foster and his daughter looked at him in blank astonishment.

"But this thing," said Mariana, "is absurd. The tree would not grow. You could not move it now, at any rate. It is just in the blossoming."

Sterling had not thought of this, which was very true. It was certainly a poor time to move the tree. However, it did not matter much. If the tree lived only a few days it was sufficient for his purposes.

But as he looked at the bright face of Doña Mariana, with its faint blush of excitement tinging the olive of the cheeks, and watched the untrammelled, graceful movement of her supple form, he felt a strange shrinking from pursuing his demands. The excitement that had been urging him on for the last week seemed to leave him; and a quiet interest in the pretty Spanish girl took its place. It was more to hear what she would say than for anything else that he continued.

"I am very anxious to get this tree. I must have it. I have been looking for one for a week. I have found no other. Whether it will live or not is my affair. You have only to name your price."

As he spoke, Sterling carelessly drew from his pocket half a dozen gold coins, and jingled them in his hand. He had a theory that the sight of money—especially good, hard gold—always helps on a trade, when the purchaser has plenty and the seller has need of it.

Don Foster eyed the money greedily.

For some reason he wanted it very much. The sight changed him from an apparently disinterested spectator of the bargaining to an active partisan of the sale. He held a long argument with his daughter in Spanish. Sterling knew enough of the language to gather that he was trying to induce her to part with the tree.

The girl at first listened with respectful attention. Then her face flushed as if in anger; finally tears came into her eyes; and she turned abruptly and went into the house. Sterling would have liked very much to follow and comfort her.

Don Marco shrugged his shoulders, and turned to Sterling with a deprecating gesture.

"How much," said he, "would you give for that rose bush?"

"I will give you three hundred, yes four hundred dollars," said Sterling.

"*Caramba!*" exclaimed the Don; "who shall say what a woman will do? Four hundred dollars! New dresses! A saddle horse! Perhaps a piano! I told her this. But no, she will not sell. What can I do? *Nada*, nothing at all."

"But why does she refuse?"

Don Foster shrugged his shoulders again. He put his hands into his pockets, whistled a bar or two, and took a turn on the veranda. Coming back, he looked Sterling squarely in the face, like a man who has made up his mind to say something disagreeable.

"I will tell you. You will think us simple. It is because of her mother, dead now, many years. She planted that rose with her own hands. You shall see her."

Don Foster took from his pocket a faded photograph. It showed the face of a beautiful and intellectual woman. Sterling noticed that her eyes were like her daughter's, and that through them shone a heart pure and serene, at peace with itself and the world. He wondered by what chance she had married Don

Foster. But he felt, as he looked at the firm mouth, the broad forehead, and the expressive eyes, that nothing could have parted from that woman's heart a passion that she had once conceived.

That Don Foster had been in a way worthy of her was shown by the soft and reverent tone of his voice as he said: "She was my wife. I love her. If her voice still speaks to my daughter it is enough."

"Certainly," said Sterling, rising. "That settles it; and I honor you and your daughter for it. I will bid you good morning."

Don Foster accompanied him to the street. Sterling fancied that he looked just a trifle disappointed, as though he hated to see that money going away from the house. The truth was, that a night or two before the Spaniard had incurred a debt of a hundred dollars at a gambling table; and he did not see where the money was coming from to pay it. To give himself a little time, he had pledged his horse and saddle; and he was beginning to fear that these cherished objects would pass out of his hands for a totally inadequate price.

Sterling was a good judge of horses; and it was natural that he should compliment the steed, which stood tied near his own.

"Do you indeed like him?" said Don Marco, his face lighting up. "Perhaps you would like to buy him?"

Sterling had not forgot the hint that the gardener gave him in regard to Don Marco's gambling habits; and it occurred to him that here was a chance to make a friend of the Don. It might be worth while.

"What will you take for him, just as he stands, saddle and all?" he asked.

"Two hundred dollars," said the Don, "but without the saddle; I will not sell that; it alone is worth a hundred dollars."

Sterling examined the horse with the air of an expert. He looked into his

mouth, and ran his hand along his legs. He stopped at a point on the inside of one of the front legs, near the knee.

"I think there is the beginning of a splint here," he said.

"It is nothing," replied Don Marco; "only a little bruise. It will never hurt him."

"Otherwise he appears to be sound," said Sterling. "I will give you a hundred and fifty dollars."

"No," said the Don, "I could not do that. But I will split the difference. He is worth at least two hundred and fifty."

Sterling thought a moment. The horse was really a valuable animal. Don Foster must be hard pressed to be willing to sell a favorite horse like that.

"I will tell you," he said; "I do not really need the horse. I have no particular use for him. Only I like his looks. But if you need the money I will lend you a hundred and fifty dollars, and take the horse as security. You can repay me when you like."

Don Foster drew himself up proudly. "I do not care to borrow," he said. "It is of no consequence."

"All right," said Sterling. "But I shall be at the hotel for a few days. If you change your mind, come and see me." And politely lifting his hat, he rode away.

IV.

STERLING was not altogether satisfied with the result of his interview with Don Marco Foster. He seemed to himself, on reflection, to have been almost a traitor to his own enterprise. He could not understand that he should have made such a feeble and fruitless effort to purchase the Lady Banksia after having so earnestly desired it. It seemed to him, on thinking over the interview, that he had been more anxious to please Mariana Foster than himself. He should have been more urgent, in spite of her tears.

From reproaches one naturally turns to excuses, when one's own actions are in the balance. After all, he reasoned, it would have been very difficult to transport so large a tree. Moreover, he could hardly find fault with Doña Mariana's reason for wishing to keep it. The cherished remembrance in the heart of a girl of a mother's love was not a sentiment to argue with or to seek to diminish.

Would Julie Andreson have felt the same scruple? It was a hard thing to say, but it occurred to Sterling that she probably would not. He contrasted her cool, self-reliant ways with the affectionate and thoughtful graces of the Spanish girl. It was not his fault, he persuaded himself, that his sweetheart suffered by the comparison. Here was a woman that a lover might hope to win, if worthy, and once won, would she not be a wife to be proud of? True, she had Spanish blood in her veins. And the olive tint of her skin, and the languorous luster of her eyes bespoke the Andalusian strain. In a sense she was alien to his own race. But what of that, so long as the heart was pure and true?

Sterling decided to wait a few days, and to make another attempt to purchase the Lady Banksia. He persuaded himself that although apparently hopeless, this effort was necessary, in good faith to himself and to his sweetheart.

After he came to this conclusion, however, it occurred to him that the date of the dance to which he had engaged to accompany Julie Andreson must be near at hand. He was vexed at this discovery. He had expected by this time to have his Lady Banksia transplanted and tacked up against his house in full bloom. He had planned a dramatic denouement of his little plot. He had intended to take Julie home from the dance by way of his own dwelling, and to surprise her by a vision of that marvel of floral loveliness grown apparently in a day. Of course, this

scheme must be abandoned now. More-I accept your good will, and you shall over, he hesitated at seeing Julie without having available and adequate explanation of his long absence and silence. not regret."

He accordingly wrote her a note, explaining that he was absent from home on a matter of business, that he regretted his inability to keep his engagement, and trusted that she would excuse him. "After all," he soliloquized, as he posted this, "it will probably not cost her much annoyance. And when I get my Lady Banksia, I shall be in a better position for explanation."

Sterling confidently expected that Don Foster would take his offer in regard to the horse; and in this he was not disappointed. After a day or two of reflection, the Don concluded to swallow his pride and to borrow the money. "If he is fool enough to lend," was Don Foster's worldly way of reasoning, "I cannot afford to be fool enough to refuse to borrow."

Sterling greeted him with unaffected cordiality when he appeared at the hotel, and they discussed the loan over a bottle of wine. As Sterling counted out the money, Don Foster produced a note for the amount, and tossed it across the table to Sterling, who pushed it back.

"Never mind that," he said. "No security is necessary between us. Moreover, as I have a horse here at present, I would like you to keep this one for me. I will send for him if I need him. If not; I wish you to ride him until I claim him."

"Pero el caballo puede morirse," (but the horse may die,) said Don Foster, in surprise at this way of doing business.

"No matter,—if he does the loss is mine. But you will take care of him and he will not die," was the reply.

Don Foster poured another glass of wine. "Mi querido amigo," he said, "I see that you do not want this horse. You purchase him because you think that I am anxious to sell him. Be it so.

This little matter of business being finished, Sterling suggested a game of billiards, and Don Marco readily accepted the invitation. They became quite confidential over this sociable amusement; and before he left Don Marco had invited Sterling to dine with him a few days later. "Come," he said, "and meet my daughter as a friend. I know that you will like her, but —" he hesitated, as if he did not know exactly what to say.

"But what?" asked Sterling, encouragingly.

"I mean no offense," said the Don. "But I would ask you to say no more about that wretched rose tree."

"I see," said Sterling. "The subject is disagreeable to your daughter. Did I then offend her so greatly the other day?"

"It is nothing," replied Don Marco. "She will soon forget. But she thinks that I —"

"She thinks," interrupted Sterling, "that you ought not to have favored the bargain. Very well, we will say no more about it."

Thus without a struggle Sterling relinquished the last hope of a Lady Banksia. But he tried to think that his desire to see Doña Mariana again had nothing to do with this ready sacrifice. He was annoyed to find that he could not get her out of his mind. He recalled every look and gesture of their brief interview. By the evening of the dinner he had managed to work himself into almost a fever of excitement, and it was with a sort of anxiety that he approached the house. He had brought himself to believe that Doña Mariana would not bear a better acquaintance, and that another interview would cure him of what he had begun to recognize as an inexplicable infatuation.

V.

THE cool breath of the trade wind had died away for the day, when Sterling took his way to Don Foster's residence. It was the delightful hour of late afternoon, when people like to sit out of doors enjoying the soft and balmy air of the waning day. Don Foster and his daughter were sitting on the veranda as Sterling approached. Doña Mariana rose to welcome him, a vivid contrast, in silks and diamonds, to the girlish looking young woman that he had been keeping in memory. What a difference dress makes in the sex that knows best how to dress! Doña Mariana seemed to Sterling quite another woman, she looked so tall, so much the woman of the world. He felt a sense of disappointment come over him as he returned her greeting.

Sterling was thankful that there were no other guests, except an elderly woman, a relative of the Don's, who evidently played the part in the household of the traditional duenna, but with so much jollity and good nature that she was a welcome addition to the party.

It could hardly be said that Sterling was entirely at his ease, notwithstanding the kind and cordial welcome that Don Foster gave him. When he came to analyze the reason for his being there, an unnecessary mental process to which he was driven by his provoking self-consciousness, he felt that he had small reason for enjoying the coveted hospitality of this courteous family. He had invaded the privacy of their home on a frivolous errand; he had inveigled the Don into a questionable business transaction, and he had taken almost an unfair advantage of the slightest sort of an acquaintance. His own motive was apparent enough to himself. But from their point of view, was there sufficient reason for cultivating his acquaintance? This alarming question, which flashed through his mind as he took a seat gave him an annoying embarrassment.

This very feeling, if he had but stopped to think, illustrated the difference between American and Spanish ideas of hospitality. In Don Foster's little family there lingered a tradition of the old-time notions, when every chance traveler was welcome to the courtesies of the home, and to such refreshment as his necessities seemed to require; when any stranger could come and go, so long as his conduct was above reproach, without inquiry as to his business, his station, or his pedigree.

The experience was new to Sterling; and in the course of that evening he was made so thoroughly at home, in such a delicate, unobtrusive way, that the thought afterwards came forcibly to his mind that he had received an excellent lesson in politeness. The cheerful and entertaining conversation of Don Foster, the reserved but friendly bearing of Mariana, and the kind attentions that the elderly lady lavished upon him, showed Sterling that there was as much enjoyment on their part in bestowing their friendship as he felt in receiving it.

The house was full of relics of the earlier days,—draperies and furniture from Spain, rare old Spanish books and coins, photographs and paintings representing scenes at the different missions, a rifle that had belonged to the robber Vasquez, by whom Don Foster had been held a prisoner for a few days, on a certain occasion when he was a lad, samples of ores from different mines in which fortunes had been made and lost, curiously carved wooden stirrups, drinking cups of horn, various articles of metal, such as hunting knives, spurs, and pistols, and a thousand and one other articles. Don Foster was entertaining Sterling with these and with a narrative of his adventures with Vasquez, when dinner was announced.

The delights of that dinner lingered long in Sterling's memory. He recalled for many a day the lively and entertaining conversation of Don Marco, who

indulged in a flood of recollections of the good old days before the boom, the gentle manners of the elder lady, and the matronly airs of Doña Mariana, who did the honors of the table.

Sterling was not particularly an epicure, but he was interested in good living, and he had a natural curiosity as to the bill of fare on this occasion. He wondered whether it would include any of the characteristic Spanish dishes, any frijoles, or tortillas, or an olla podrida. In this anticipation he was disappointed. Nothing could have been in more modern taste than the viands on Don Marco's table. From soup to dessert, everything was as it would be in any well regulated American family. The cooking was excellent, and Sterling wondered whether the neat, light-footed Chinaman who took away the plates was cook as well as waiter. Later, Sterling learned that he was both, and that he owed his proficiency to Mariana's skillful tuition.

After dinner Sterling smoked a cigar with Don Foster on the veranda. Later the ladies joined them there, and Mariana played for them upon the mandolin. If there is anything that has a clinging, entrancing, soul-entwining effect it is mandolin music on a summer night in such a climate as that of Southern California. The breath of the night wind was like the kiss of love; the moon had a soft effulgence that gave to the epithet "silvery" a meaning that it never has in harsher climes; the fragrance of embowering roses was about them. Sterling did not catch the full meaning of all the pretty Spanish songs that Mariana sang in her rich, sweet voice. But one of them he carried away in his memory, as Doña Mariana sang it, first in Spanish and then in an English translation. It was an old ballad entitled, "The Wandering Knight's Song."

The Spanish version begins:

"Mis arreos son las armas
Mi descanso el pelear."

This is the English of it:

I.

"My ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war,
My bed is cold upon the wold,
My lamp yon star.

II.

"My journeyings are long,
My slumbers short and broken;
From hill to hill I wander still,
Kissing thy token.

III.

"I ride from land to land,
I sail from sea to sea;
Some day more kind I fate may find,
Some night kiss thee."

Mariana explained that she herself had composed the accompaniment that she played to this little ballad. And from this circumstance Sterling inferred that it was one of her favorites. He wondered what she would have thought of his knight errant's search for a Lady Banksia, had she known all about it. Such devotion sounded very well in the ballad, but he felt that he was only a Don Quixote.

Nevertheless, he did not try to shake off the spell that Mariana's melodious voice had woven around him. When at last he said good night and took his way to the hotel, he walked on air. He felt all of a sudden that life was richly worth living; he was glad that he was in the world, and able to enjoy its pleasures; glad that the blood ran warm in his veins, and that youth and health were his. He drew long breaths of the rose-scented air. His head was high; his steps were strong and quick. The words of the ballad kept running through his mind,—

"Some day more kind I fate may find,
Some night kiss thee."

The night clerk at the hotel beamed on him with a professional sort of a smile as he entered the door, and handed him a letter. He opened it in the office. No need to look at the signature; he knew the hand. It was from

Julie Andreson, and was full of gossip about the ball and their common friends.

"It was real naughty in you," said she, "to throw me over in the way you did. Can't imagine what that important business of yours may be, that keeps you so long away from home. I have forgiven you, since I had other invitations to the dance, and did not miss it after all. But you must not do such a thing again. Besides, you do not know what a good time we had, and you ought to have been there." She signed herself, "Yours sincerely," and expressed a hope that they would see him back home soon.

"Women are peculiar creatures," said Sterling to himself, as he crumpled the letter in his hand. "One might infer from this that she thinks something of me,—now that it is too late."

VI.

THE next afternoon, when Sterling went to make his "party call," as he expressed it, he was overjoyed to find Doña Mariana alone. He thought it a very happy opportunity to extend an acquaintance that was beginning to be so full of pleasure. But Doña Mariana seemed to be preoccupied and troubled. Sterling wondered whether it was through any fault of his; whether he had infringed any rigid rule of Spanish etiquette. It was certain that she was offended; it seemed to be an effort for her to talk to him, and after a few commonplaces, he rose to go.

Doña Mariana followed him to the veranda. "Wait a moment," she said, "I have something to say to you. Why did you lend my father money?"

Sterling gasped a sigh of relief. This, then, was the terrible accusation that he had to face. He could not understand why she should take so simple a thing to heart.

"I lent it simply to oblige him. How did you come to know about it?" he replied.

"My father told me last night, after you went away. He seemed to think it was kind in you. But I think that it was very wrong. It was disgraceful." Her voice trembled, whether with excitement or anger Sterling could not tell.

"Why," he replied, "I do not see that. It was an ordinary business transaction."

"No, it was not," she said. "You lent him money without interest, without security. It was like taking charity in him to accept. And there was no need. Are not our fields broad enough? Have n't we horses and cattle enough? Must my father pawn his riding horse? O, I cannot bear to think of it."

She stood biting her lip, with her eyes on the ground. Sterling awkwardly fumbled his sombrero. He was afraid that she would cry.

"You should not feel so distressed," he said. "It was only a whim of your father's. Anyone who knows him would know that. I thought nothing of it."

"Yes," she replied, "it was only a whim. But the disgrace was in the way it came about. There was a time when nothing could have made my father do such a thing; when he was as proud as any man, but now—now—"

"I fear," said Sterling, willing to help her, "that he does not always find good company in Los Angeles."

"No: and he has lost interest in everything that he ought to do, and in all his friends. I have money enough. I would pay his debts, but he will not tell me. He is ashamed of them, and he goes to strangers for help."

"Was this the reason," asked Sterling, "that he wanted to sell the Lady Banksia?"

"I suppose so," she replied; "though in that case he could not have used the money without my knowing it. He did not stop to think of that. He is like a child in these matters. What a shame that would have been! *Ah, mi querida madre, si eras viva!*"

"But I did not know all this," said Sterling. "You should not be angry with me on this account. Are you?" His tone was so humble, almost supplicating, that Doña Mariana smiled in spite of her vexation. Perhaps, too, it had done her good to tell some one about her trouble.

"I suppose," she replied, "that it was your ignorance. You did not mean any harm. Perhaps it was the American way. No, it was not. The Americans of my acquaintance do not lend money without interest. I can see no reason for your doing such a thing. You did not know my father."

"I did it because I wanted to know him," said Sterling, speaking very rapidly, as though he were afraid that he would check himself. "I wanted to see you again. I could not bear to go away. This seemed to be something that would lead to our acquaintance. I did not stop to think whether what I did was in good taste."

"And now I shall send you away; how sad!" She looked at him with a smile that belied her words. It is probable that Mariana was, like most of her sex, somewhat susceptible to flattery.

"No," said Sterling, very bravely, "you will not. I shall stay in San Gabriel. And I know that I can help you, and can do your father good. He needs new associations. If he likes me, he will listen to me. I will get him away from some of his entanglements, and will get him interested again in his ranching."

"O," she exclaimed; "if you only could. You would indeed be a friend to us both. And I should be proud to acknowledge you. But I must pay you back that hundred and fifty dollars."

"That would spoil everything. It will be better for your father to pay it. Why, with all the land you have, you ought to have all the money you could wish."

"It used to be so."

"And it shall be so again. Goodby."

Sterling went back to his hotel with a light heart; he felt that he had made a great advance. She had met him in a mood of vexation and displeasure. He had left her satisfied of his good intentions, committed to a friendship. Could anything be more encouraging? For once his stammering tongue had served him well; the way now lay smooth and plain before him. If he could not win her it would be because he was not worthy of her.

A month passed away; Sterling had become an intimate friend of Don Foster's family, and had greatly enjoyed the intimacy. From the gossip of the neighborhood he had soon learned all that he cared to know about Don Foster and his daughter. The Don was respected by all who knew him, for his gentleness of manner, his kindness of heart, and his generous hospitality. His friends lamented his one besetting fault, a propensity for gambling, which they ascribed to his natural geniality of disposition and love of excitement, rather than to greed of gain. Nevertheless, as the Don was almost always a loser, it was fortunate, everyone said, that the daughter, for whom all had only words of praise, held the purse-strings, having inherited her mother's property. Don Foster had squandered his own possessions, but as rumor reported, with that careful attention to details common in rural localities, he had not asked his daughter to pay a single one of his debts.

Sterling's acquaintance with Don Foster had unquestionably been of benefit to the latter. During long rides that they took about the surrounding country, and walks about the ranch, they had come to regard each other with a brotherly affection. Sterling made many suggestions for the improvement of the property, and with Don Foster's approval, some of these were put into force. Gradually a new interest in matters that had been long neglected sprang up in

Don Foster's mind, and he came to forget some of the associations that had been a detriment to him. Moreover, his pocket-book grew fatter, and he soon found that he had no need to borrow of anybody.

Sterling could not feel that he had made equal progress with Doña Mariana. Although she had been kind and cordial, she had not taken him into her confidence as he had hoped that she would. In fact, as the days went by she grew more distant and reserved. In his ignorance of the ways of women he could think of no explanation of her attitude towards him, unless it were in that old matter of the Lady Banksia. He had never explained this to her, as he felt ashamed of it and would gladly have forgotten it.

Nevertheless, the disclosure was sure to come. They were sitting one evening on the veranda, waiting for the return of Don Foster from Los Angeles: the Lady Banksia had ceased blooming and its heavy clusters of flowers clung wilting to the stem, or had fallen to the ground.

"By the way," said Doña Mariana, as she crushed in her hands a bunch of the withered but still fragrant leaves, "you have never told me why you were so extremely anxious to purchase this rose tree."

Sterling blushed, stammered, hesitated; and then he told her the whole story.

Doña Mariana looked away from him as she listened; but Sterling thought

that he saw just the faintest tinge of color rising to her cheeks as he finished his story.

"What do you think of her?" he asked.

"She could not have loved you. If she had loved you she would have known it; and if she had known it, she would have told you."

She looked up and their eyes met. That was enough. A minute or two later Don Foster, who was slowly walking his horse, in order to cool him, after rather a rapid ride home, turned the corner of his dwelling, and his eyes fell upon his daughter and Sterling. Her head was on his shoulder and his arm was about her. "Tell it to me in Spanish," he heard Sterling say.

"*Mi vida, yo soy la vuestra sola,*" was the sweet and low reply.

Don Foster checked his horse, with a smile on his lips. "*Mil bescones del cielo los vuestros sean, hijos mios,*" (Heaven bless you, my children,) was all he said.

Some weeks later there was a wedding at the Foster ranch; and when Sterling took his bride home they carried with them a cutting from the Lady Banksia. It was planted at the end of their cottage veranda, and by the time that their children were old enough to run about, it had grown away across the porch and gave a grateful shelter to the olive branches who disported themselves beneath it,—laughing, romping youngsters, with just enough of the Spanish in their veins to make them bright and piquant in their father's eyes.

William. M. Tisdale.



THE FREE COINAGE OF SILVER BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

[INTRODUCTORY LETTER BY SENATOR STEWART.]

UNITED STATES SENATE,

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

March 28, 1892.

JOHN C. HENDERSON, ESQ.

My Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 26th instant, enclosing a copy of your essay on the silver question, came duly to hand. Your essay is admirable. I wish it could be published and placed in the hands of every voter in the United States. You have stated the case in such plain and graphic language that a child ought to understand it. It is strange that so few of the educated American people have any conception of the so-called silver question. If it were generally known that the demonetization of silver was a scheme to increase the purchasing power of money and depreciate the price of property and services for the benefit of the non-producing parasites of society at the expense of the producers, a denial of the right to have silver restored to the place it occupied previous to the conspiracy of 1873 would be followed by revolution.

How can it be maintained that if \$7,500,000,000 of coined money, gold and silver, were not too much for the basis of paper money and credit, that \$3,700,000,000 of gold coin is sufficient for that purpose at this time?

You are right. The Bank of England and all the money powers of Europe are in close combination with the Treasury Department of the United States, and the banking institutions of our commercial cities, to depress the price of silver. They have the game in their own hands. The Secretary of the Treasury and the managers of the Bank of England and their associates, who buy silver for India and other Asiatic coun-

tries, are the principal purchasers of silver in the world. By a mutual understanding they make the price whatever they please. Every nation and every individual that they can compel to buy gold increases the demand and enhances the price of that metal. The competition for gold in the last fifteen years has been exceedingly active on account of the necessity to have it, a necessity created by the law which excludes silver. During that time the United States has nearly ruined the producing classes, in purchasing gold to pay debts contracted to be paid in silver or paper, and in the accumulation of five or six hundred millions of gold. Germany, Italy, Egypt, and several other countries, have been compelled to do the same, until the price of gold has advanced between forty and fifty per cent. The effort to compel Austria to buy two hundred millions of gold to resume specie-payment on a gold basis, if successful, will require over five per cent of all the gold coin in the world. If Austria obtains this gold she must buy it, and pay a higher price than others are willing to pay to obtain it. Her products and her labor must be sold very cheap to accomplish such an object.

How will that affect the farmers of the United States who are compelled to buy more gold? Wheat, cotton, and other farm products with which we purchase gold, of course must be sold cheaper. The gold advocates threaten to compel France to replace her \$650,000,000 of silver with gold. If she should undertake it and accomplish it, she would require about 17 per cent of all the gold in the world. It is even suggested that England will compel India to adopt the gold standard and discard her \$900,000,-

ooo of silver. Of course this is impossible, but if it were accomplished the production of wheat in this country would be the occupation of slaves.

Why is it that the people are so blind that they will tolerate such extortion? At home the great majority of the members of Congress are for free coinage. In Washington many of them contrive how not to do it and how to deceive their constituents. Both the Democratic and the Republican parties seem to be under the control of the gold party. In fact, this gold party is a distinct third party, acting as a unit, and controlling the party policy of the two great parties of the country.

How long shall this third party, composed as it is of the few, the exploiters of money, against the many, the producers of wealth, control the financial policy of the United States? Your letter has filled me with a train of thought which I might elaborate for hours, but I will refrain. I beg your pardon for boring you with so long a letter.

Yours, very truly,

Wm. M. Stewart.

In the year 1789, George Washington, who enjoyed the confidence of his countrymen, became the first President of the United States. Upon him devolved the great work of organizing the national government under the Constitution. He invited the patriotic and brilliant Alexander Hamilton to enter his Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury.

Years after Hamilton's death, Daniel Webster,—on the 10th of March, 1831,—in a speech delivered in New York, spoke of the first Secretary of the Treasury of the United States as follows:—

“He saw at last his hopes fulfilled; he saw the Constitution adopted, and the government under it established and organized. The discerning eye of Washington immediately called him to that post, which was far the most important in the administration of the new system. He was made Secretary of the Treasury; and how he fulfilled the duties of such a place, at such a time, the whole country perceived

with delight and the whole world saw with admiration. He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprang upon its feet. The fabled birth of Minerva, from the brain of Jove, was hardly more sudden or more perfect than the financial system of the United States, as it burst forth from the conceptions of Alexander Hamilton.”

This tribute by Daniel Webster to the fame of Hamilton as a financier is one which may well find an echo of admiration by the thoughtful student of finance, who will read Hamilton's Reports as Secretary of the Treasury to the House of Representatives. One of these Reports was dated January 28th, 1791. In this celebrated communication to Congress, Hamilton pointed out that the people of the United States should not adopt as the unit of their monetary system either gold or silver singly, but that the unit of value in the United States should be the gold and the silver dollar, and that gold and silver should by law bear in value a ratio to each other. He recommended that fifteen pounds of silver should, when coined into money, be considered an equivalent for one pound of gold. His idea was that a man who owed money should be entitled to pay the debt in either gold or silver. Such a monetary system, which is called the bimetallic system, is wonderfully suited to maintain a relation to each other between the yellow and the white precious metal such as Hamilton advised the government of the United States to establish. Should it happen that, owing to gold mines being for a time more productive than silver mines,—as has sometimes happened,—gold was more plentiful than silver,—or should silver be at some period more plentiful, for any reason, than gold,—so that debtors would naturally wish to get the kind of coin which for the moment might be in the smallest degree less in value than the coin with which it was linked by law as a monetary unit, then the demand that would

instantly be created by the debtor class for the kind of coin that they wanted in order to pay their debts would instantly make the desired kind of coin scarce, and at once re-establish the equilibrium of value between the two precious metals. Hamilton in his terse style stated it in his very able Report on the establishment of a mint for the United States, which is here being noticed, thus: "General utility will best be promoted by a due proportion of both metals."

In another part of his Report Hamilton pointed out how some nations use silver as money while other nations use gold, and how advantageous it would be for the people of the United States to have silver to use when dealing with silver-using countries and gold to use, when dealing with gold-using countries. He wrote in his incisive manner: "It is often in the course of trade as desirable to possess the kind of money as the kind of commodities best adapted to a foreign market." Hamilton had in view as a statesman, that a vast number of the human race — indeed, a very great majority of the people of the world — use silver as money, while gold is used as a money metal in some other parts of the world. He wished to see the people of the United States possessed of silver with which to deal with the eight or ten hundred millions of people whose monetary system has from time immemorial been founded upon silver, and to be enabled to use gold when dealing with the much smaller part of the human race with whom gold and not silver would be the kind of money in use. He saw that if the people of the United States had a monetary system founded on gold and silver, — each coin bearing a decimal relation to the others such as he recommended in his Report to Congress, — that the people of the United States would have a coinage system which would be one of the finest — if not indeed the finest — in the world, and one

with which to a very considerable extent the wealth of all lands could be commanded; and that if the people of the United States used gold and silver as the unit of value of their circulating medium, they would be more prosperous than they would be if only one of the precious metals was a legal tender for debts in the United States.

The learned and statesmanlike Thomas Jefferson, who was at the time Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet, was well pleased with Hamilton's conclusions respecting the wisdom of the United States adopting as the unit of value the gold and silver dollar. In February, 1792, Jefferson wrote thus to Hamilton: "I return you the Report on the Mint. I concur with you that the unit must stand on both metals." Jefferson, it may here be incidentally stated, gave, as well as did Hamilton, careful thought to devising the marvelously fine coinage system which the United States government adopted, and which, especially before it was in a measure copied by other nations, commanded the admiration of the statesmen of the civilized world.

The astute Hamilton, when writing his Report, saw a great fact to which it is here proposed to draw special attention; a great truth in the science of finance, which a certain class of financiers have also discovered, and turned to their own advantage in a manner the most cunning and the most wicked that can well be imagined, — indeed, in a manner which has, to a vast extent, impoverished or ruined in business millions upon millions of people, while increasing most wrongfully their own wealth. Hamilton, in his Report, wrote: "To annul the use of either of the metals, as money, is to abridge the quantity of circulating medium, and is liable to all the objections which arise from a comparison of the benefits of a full with the evils of a scanty circulation."

Hamilton had the sagacity to see that if the circulating medium of exchange in the United States was represented by gold and silver coin, the amount of coin in the land would always be limited in amount, inasmuch as the amount of the precious metals extracted from the ground would be likely to be for all time to come very limited. A certain class of shrewd financiers—many of whom deal very largely in government bonds, or own mortgages, or in some form have large amounts of money loaned at interest—have studied deeply enough in monetary science to see that if there was in a land—or if there was in the world—a certain amount of coin, half of which was of gold and half of silver, that the value of a vast amount of property would be practically influenced by the amount of the precious metals used as coin; and that if gold or silver could but be demonetized by a misled or by a subservient government,—either because the legislators were ignorant of monetary science, or were imposed upon by designing men,—that although the fortunes of vast numbers of people would be exceedingly injured, certain classes of financiers would make enormous gains. These financiers have seen with the most self-interested keenness, that if the government of a nation in which silver and gold is the unit of value could but be induced to demonetize silver, the stock of money in the land by which the value of all kinds of property is measured would be reduced, and that the demand for the yellow precious metal would naturally be made twice as great as it had formerly been, and that gold would therefore rise in value; while the white precious metal would no longer be in demand for coin, and would therefore, as judged by the gold standard, greatly sink in value. While gold would not only retain all the value that had belonged to it as a monetary metal, it would also be invested with all the honor of a coin

metal that had previously belonged, from time immemorial, to silver. The amount of coin upon which was based the value of all kinds of property would be greatly reduced. In other words, one half or more of the coin of the world would be, as if by magic, destroyed as far as its characteristic as a medium of exchange was concerned. The possessors of the remaining half could buy with it as much as could have been bought by all the coin in the world of both the precious metals before one of them was demonetized. One thousand dollars would, if such a state of affairs was permitted to continue, purchase as much real estate as two thousand dollars would formerly have purchased. A creditor—say a government bond-holder or the holder of a mortgage—would find himself enriched in proportion as the currency was scanty. A debtor, however, while nominally only paying a given number of dollars, would in reality be paying dollars which were much more valuable than were the dollars which had been loaned to him.

A farmer or a holder of real estate would find, when he tried to sell property for which he had before the demonetization of one of the precious metals paid two thousand dollars, that it was worth a great deal less number of dollars in the reduced amount of currency in the land. A man who had formerly paid 6 per cent on a mortgage would practically have to pay a much larger interest. He would have to sell twice as much wheat or farm produce, as a rule, for a dollar, as he had formerly to sell. Naturally, a great many people could not pay their mortgages when they became due. When they sold their property to pay their debts, they would wonder how it happened that their property brought only one half the number of dollars that it had cost them. They would wonder why the times were so hard. In proportion as the debtor was an educated man in monetary

science he would protest against the grievous wrong perpetrated on society by the demonetization of one of the precious metals. A farmer who had a ten thousand dollar mortgage on his farm would not like to have to pay it in dollars worth twice the dollars that had been loaned to him, but the creditor would have a great temptation to be well pleased with such an arrangement. A financier in Wall Street who had a million dollars to his credit in bonds or mortgages would naturally do all that he could to make the demonetization of one of the coin metals of the land last long enough to enable him to make his one million dollars practically two million dollars. A fall in prices such as is here pointed out might not follow the demonetization of silver to the extent that is here portrayed; but as the amount of gold that for long decades has been yearly obtained from the earth is too limited to meet the requirements of the arts and of a coinage system based on gold, it is but just to infer that in time prices of real estate and of vast quantities of property would as a rule fall to even a greater extent than has been here pictured.

The principle of finance involved by the demonetization of one of the precious metals may be illustrated in a homely way that can be understood by farmers. Suppose that there was a community—we might call it Farmersville—that had on hand a given quantity of oats and of wheat. Suppose that the people of the community should agree that for a time their oats and wheat, instead of gold and silver, should be regarded as money. The unit of value, let it be supposed that it was agreed, should be a measure called "farmers' measure." Let it be supposed that it was agreed, since wheat was more plentiful than oats, that the ratio of value between the wheat and the oats, should be sixteen bushels of wheat to one bushel of oats, so that if

any man in Farmersville had a debt to pay, he could by law pay it in either wheat or oats or in both grains. Suppose that honest Mr. Smith had a debt to pay, amounting in the money of the community to five thousand farmers' measures, that would become due six months from the day it was contracted. But suppose that Messrs. Jones and Brown, living in Farmersville, being shrewd business men with a taste for financiering to insure their own wealth in a manner that if understood by the community would be seen to be selfish, and as dishonest as shrewd, should succeed, by being quick to avail themselves of any mistake made by the simple-minded legislators of Farmersville,—or by even still more questionable means,—suddenly,—without giving the legislators any time to debate the proposed change in the monetary system of the community, or even to understand that any change of much importance was proposed by anybody,—in enacting a law by which wheat should henceforth be deprived of its right to be used as money in Farmersville, and that oats alone should be regarded as money in the community. One of the results of this legislation would be greatly to increase the value of oats in that community. When the time came for Mr. Smith to pay his debt, he would find that wheat would no longer pass as money. He would find that oats were twice as much in demand and harder to get, and of course worth more, than they were when he contracted his debt,—while wheat, being no longer in demand for money, would be reduced to a mere article of merchandise and would fall in value,—and perhaps be hard to sell even at a reduced valuation. Smith would thus be sadly embarrassed when he came to pay his debt. He might find that, as a good many other people were also owing money, he could not get oats enough to pay his debt. Smith might, being an honest man and willing to

make even a great sacrifice of property to enable him, to pay his debt, succeed in getting the oats with which to pay his indebtedness; but some farmers just as honest as Smith might be ruined by wheat having been demonetized in Farmersville. Jones and Brown, however, the shrewd financiers, who had made loans to the hard-working men of Farmersville, would naturally try as hard as they could not to have their ill-gotten profits lessened by the legislators of Farmersville remonetizing wheat, and thus repairing the mistake which the large majority of them had unknowingly made. They might even try to impose upon such of the citizens of Farmersville as were well meaning, but utterly ignorant of the science of finance which Messrs. Jones and Brown understood only too well, by affecting sneeringly to regard wheat as of less value as a currency than it was when wheat was regarded as money. They might even affect to be very virtuous, and say that it would not be honest to remonetize wheat. But the intelligent American living in Farmersville would feel that in truth it would be dishonest not to remonetize wheat, so as to enable all men placed in the position of Mr. Smith to pay their debts in the same kind of currency in which they were contracted, and so as to maintain the value of an immense amount of property at the level which it had before, by mistake or fraud, one half of the currency of Farmersville was destroyed by the demonetization of wheat. Farmers, it may be proper to add here, however much they might suffer in the case just supposed, would not suffer nearly so much as the farmers of the United States have been made to suffer by the demonetization of one of the precious metals in the sadly historic year 1873.

It is well that statesmen, when legislating for the farming interests of the United States, should take a far-reaching view of the monetary affairs of dif-

ferent nations. Little do many statesmen realize how vast is the interest of a large class of farmers in the United States government's opening its mints to the coinage of silver, as it did in the days of Washington and of Hamilton. Even a brief glance at the financiering of the British government in relation to India may enable one to see some of the ways in which American farmers are impoverished, by the mints of the United States not being open for the coinage of silver on the same terms that they are open for the coinage of gold.

The great empire of India is dominated by the government of Great Britain. By a census in India, the returns of which were given to the public in the early part of 1891, it appears that there are in British India 281,900,000 people, or about one fifth of the human race. This vast population, however strange to an American it may seem, is ruled by scarcely more than a handful of Englishmen, who are known as the Council of India. In this Council—the members of which receive salaries that enable them to live in grand style—there is not a single Hindu. In short, the people of India, who pay a vast amount of taxes, especially when their property is considered, have no representation in the government of India.

Naturally, English statesmanship endeavors to make of India a mine of wealth for the people of Great Britain. A few statistics may here be helpful in enabling one to get at least a faint idea of some aspects of the grandeur of the scale on which English financiers and the Bank of England conduct monetary affairs affecting the price of silver in India and in New York, and thus, as it will be seen in due time, affecting the price of hundreds upon hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of farm products in the United States. By the Stateman's Year Book for 1891—a high English authority—it appears that the estimates for expenditure by the Indian

Council for 1890-91 was 846,617,000 rupees. This vast amount of money had to be collected in silver. A rupee, when silver was freely coined in the United States, was in all parts of the world never worth less than about fifty cents in United States money. The silver rupee, which bears upon it the impression of Victoria in Indian costume, will in this paper be calculated in United States money at fifty cents. The value of the rupee, since the United States mints were, in 1873, closed to silver, fluctuates in value as measured by gold, but as rule it has not fallen in value one cent in India, as far as its purchasing power is concerned, by the demonetization of silver in the United States in 1873. Counting the rupee at fifty cents in United States money, for as soon as silver is remonetized in the United States a rupee will represent in all parts of the world, for reasons which it is hoped in due time to make obvious, at least that sum,—the people of India are at present paying to the Indian Council, in taxes, some \$423,308,500.

A part of the revenues of India in 1890, amounting to 85,464,000 rupees, or to say \$42,732,000, was derived from the monopoly of the opium trade, by which the British government fastens cruel habits of intemperance upon hundreds of thousands of Chinese, with whom this trade, which is perhaps more iniquitous than was ever the African slave trade, is principally carried on. Among the deadly physiological effects of opium as used by the Chinese is said to be that of making, in time, its users childless. But this traffic, which may well call forth the reprobation of Christendom, brings to the Indian government a vast amount of silver, which alternately helps the Bank of England to carry on a vast business in silver in a manner which must, so long as the mints of the United States are closed to the free coinage of silver, have the effect of depreciating the value of silver in the

United States, and of very injuriously affecting the farming interests of America.

It would be interesting to pause to note some of the ways in which the Indian Council raises a revenue in India,—how it has been known to impose a tax on salt of such magnitude that every dollar's worth of salt used by the people of India cost them in taxes fifteen or twenty dollars,—and how the people of India are not permitted to lessen some of their especially onerous taxes by raising a revenue for the Indian Council by imposing a tariff on imported goods,—except on wines and drugs,—lest by so doing British commerce with India should be injured,—or on the tempting plea that free trade is a wise policy to apply to India, however much she may need to raise a revenue to be expended by the Indian government. The Indian Council collected in 1890, by a tax on land, 230,164,040 rupees, or say \$115,082,020 in United States money. Even the wells of India which the people dig in their parched land are taxed by the Indian government in a manner that sometimes produces bitter hardships to the so-called subjects of Victoria, the Empress of India.

Englishmen have done many things in Hindustan which they claim is for the good of the people. They have built irrigating ditches, which have helped to water arid lands upon which wheat and cotton and other farm products can be raised, upon which works interest must be paid. They have advanced enormous sums of money to the Indian government with which to build railroads. They have fortified parts of India to prevent Russia from seizing from England what one may hardly help calling England's prey. In one way and another a debt has been incurred for the Indian Empire of some 2,066,195,590 rupees, or say \$1,033,097,795. When it is remembered that in India a few cents a day are high wages for work people to receive, the vastness

of this sum to England's great colony can be but faintly imagined. By astute statesmanship the English government enacted years ago that gold should not be used in India and that silver should be the sole precious metal in which the people of India can pay their debts. But the English government has enacted that interest on a vast debt charged against India, and various other moneys that India must pay the English government, must be paid in gold. By this stroke of financiering gold must be bought with merchandise or with silver rupees, to pay the interest on what is called the public debt of India, and the other money that Great Britain exacts from India.

The expenditures of the Indian Council during 1890-91, which Council, it may here be repeated, is irresponsible to the people of India, will aggregate, according to official estimates, 816,596,600 rupees, or say \$408,298,300 in United States money. It would seem that in addition to this great expenditure of money, the Indian Council proposes to increase the public debt in the year 1891. A few items of the expenditures of the Indian Empire may here be noticed. The budget has an item of 215,051,000 rupees, or \$107,525,500 for the army that Great Britain maintains in India. This army has in it about 72,000 white soldiers and 152,000 native soldiers. The feudatory princes of India that must give allegiance to the British Empire have also armies aggregating 349,835 men, the expenses of maintaining which, however, are not paid by the Indian Council or by the British government. When British officers are placed on the retired list of the army of India they receive a pension which is paid to them in gold.

The point to which attention is here to be called is, that in one form or another the people of India pay what is often called a yearly tribute to Great Britain, made up of various items, such

as interest on the so-called public debt of the Indian Empire, and pensions to British army officers, and for costly munitions of war and fortifications. This yearly tribute the government of Great Britain exacts in gold, although gold is by a law enacted by the British government not a legal tender in India. The Bank of England refuses to accept the coin of India, which is silver. It insists that the Indian people shall in some way get gold with which to pay their tribute to Great Britain. The lower the price of silver as measured by gold, the vaster the profits of a certain class of financiers. The government of Great Britain is enabled to make a profit equivalent to many millions of dollars, by practically greatly increasing the amount of silver which the people of India must pay to settle their tribute with the Bank of England. The amount of tribute which India must yearly pay to the British government is somewhere from fifteen to twenty millions of pounds sterling, or say eighty-five million or more dollars. If the price of silver as measured by gold is lessened in London, and permitted to fluctuate by the United States government closing its mints to the free coinage of silver, the people of India must pay—if they pay their tribute in silver—a larger amount of money than they otherwise would be called upon to pay. For example, if the gold price of silver is run down twenty-five per cent, the people of India must pay twenty-five per cent more silver to the Bank of England than they had to pay when the mints of the United States were open to the free coinage of silver, and the silver dollar and the gold dollar was the unit of value in the United States,—a monetary system which happily made such English financiering as is here being described impossible.

As the silver rupee will buy as much merchandise in India as it would before English financiering was enabled to reduce the gold value of the rupee in

London, if the tribute of India is increased twenty-five per cent, practically the enormous wealth which flows to Great Britain from India is increased one quarter in its value.

How does India pay yearly her enormous tribute to the government of Great Britain? The Indian Council and the Bank of England by shrewd laws enacted by the British government, manages the affair. A system of financing is adopted, by which what is called Indian Council bills are issued at certain periods by the Bank of England. These Council bills are practically a form of convenient exchange. A merchant in the Indian trade, or a banker, if he wants to remit money to India has simply to buy a Council bill. The Bank of England sells every week to the highest bidder a given amount of Council bills, generally aggregating 300,000 to 350,000 pounds sterling. These drafts are payable in India in silver at designated places. They are naturally valued higher than is silver bullion, as a person wishing to send money to India can do so by simply sending a draft by letter to India.

The Directors of the Bank of England must watch with keen interest the price of silver as measured by gold,—indeed, they must be tempted to exert all their vast power to manipulate its price in New York as well as in London,—as the lower the price, the vaster the tribute which India must pay the British government. Other great banking houses, sometimes including that of the Rothschilds, one of the greatest banks in the world, indeed, many merchants and many people having money to send to India, must be united by a common interest in lowering the price of silver as measured by gold.

It is highly interesting to note how India pays her vast tribute to Great Britain. The people of India find it, for various reasons, more economical to export merchandise to England, and to other lands, than to export silver coin, with

which to get the vast amount of gold which they must yearly pay to England. The people of India do not like to part with their silver, but send cotton, and rice, and wheat, and other merchandise, to England and to other lands, to exchange for gold. The Hindu, or the Anglo-Indian merchant is, when silver is valued less than gold, encouraged to become an exporter of merchandise to Europe, as he can sell his merchandise for gold, and with it buy silver at a price which will, when transferred to India, pay him a handsome profit. Owing to one reason and another, the people of India, although they buy very largely of British manufactures, export so much more merchandise than they import that they not only wipe out all the Council bills which represent their tribute to the English government, but in one way and another, London, as the great silver exchange of the world, is obliged to buy tens of millions of ounces of silver to send to India,—unless again by financing it can for a time avoid becoming a great buyer of silver.

Notwithstanding that the Indian Council lessens the exports of India by putting an export duty on rice,—an export duty which amounted in 1880-'90 to 71,828,210 rupees, or to \$35,914,105,—which lessens India's power to procure in a natural way gold with which to pay her tribute; yet in the year 1890 India exported merchandise to the amount of 303,112,920 rupees, or \$151,556,460, over and above all the merchandise that she imported. Calculating her tribute at \$85,000,000, England and other nations had to remit to her \$66,556,460. If gold goes to India,—and for many years a large amount of gold has flowed into that great land,—it goes to a very large extent to be converted into jewelry and ornaments, of which the Hindu race is extravagantly fond. Gold, it may be incidentally stated, in the form of sovereigns, is hoarded to a large amount for idolatrous purposes. The Hindus—espe-

cially in the presidency of Bombay — have been estimated to possess for religious purposes some ten millions of English sovereigns. These coins have on them an impress of what is called St. George and the Dragon. These figures are regarded by the Hindus with religious veneration. Thus, it would seem that an amount of gold coin equal to nearly fifty millions of dollars in United States money is today, for religious purposes alone, being hoarded in India,—an amount which may constantly be increased as this form of idolatry increases. The amount of gold which in one way and another is absorbed by India is immense; thus India, to a very considerable extent, is lessening the monetary supply of gold of all the countries in which the yellow precious metal is used as coin.

England by shrewd laws prevents, as much as it is perhaps in its power to do, a flow of gold from Great Britain to India. Before September 1st, 1835, gold as well as silver was a legal tender as money in India; but in that year the English government enacted that gold should be demonetized in India, thus making silver the only coin metal of India, except for the trifling amounts in which copper coins were receivable. In the year 1841 the British government did receive an Anglo-Indian gold coin, when offered in taxes; but in 1852 the British government enacted a law, which is still in force, completely demonetizing gold in India. Thus silver alone—except a small amount of subsidiary copper coin—is the monetary metal of India. In the legislation affecting the monetary system of India, the Hindus had no voice, however much the English government and British financiers are enriched at the expense of the people of India.

Moreover, let it here be noticed, the Hindus are discouraged from exchanging their silver coins—should they desire to do so—by a law enacted by

the British government, which causes the rupee to contain an amount of silver which is equivalent, when compared with the coinage systems of bimetallic countries, to but fifteen ounces of silver to one ounce of gold. Thus an ounce of silver in the coinage system of India is, when coined into rupees, made to bear a relative value to gold of nine cents more than does an ounce of silver when coined into a dollar in the United States, a very interesting fact for any one who apprehends that the Hindus would be enabled profitably to send silver to the United States to be exchanged for gold, should the United States be opened, as they were from the foundation of the government to the year 1873, to the free coinage of silver.

It may here be further noticed that although gold is not a legal tender in India,—that is, no debt can be legally discharged by it, if the debtor declines to receive it,—yet there is in the Indian Empire, over and above a vast amount of gold that in one form and another is hoarded, a considerable amount of a gold coin in circulation. The British equivalent for fifteen rupees—before the gold price of silver was caused to fluctuate by the demonetization of silver in the United States in 1873—was a gold coin known as a mohur. This British-Indian coin was equivalent to seven and a half dollars in United States money. According to an estimate made comparatively recently, there were in India about 1,620,000 gold mohurs in circulation. Inasmuch as the people of India are not permitted to use gold as a legal tender money, the likelihood of their wishing to exchange their silver coins in unlimited amounts for United States gold, if the mints of the United States are opened as they were for some eighty-one years to the coinage of silver, is one that the enlightened American statesman cannot sincerely fear. But however much gold India yearly absorbs from gold-using countries, to be used

for other purposes than that of money, England when settling her balance of trade account—and the accounts of the nations whose banking business she does—with India, finds that, notwithstanding the vast tribute which India pays, an immense amount of silver must be sent to the Indian Empire. Thus it is found that the monetary interests on a vast scale of the Bank of England and of other British financiers are deeply enlisted in lowering to the utmost, by manipulating the price of silver in London and in New York, the value of silver bullion, as measured by gold.

How much gold and how much silver did India import in the year 1890? Happily the answer to this question is published in the *Statesman's Year Book* for 1891. The statistics given by this high authority—which are, perhaps, as approximately correct as they can be made by the most experienced officials of the British government—are highly instructive and important to American statesmen. It is estimated that India imported of gold, over and above any gold which she exported, an amount that, valued in rupees, is equivalent in United States money to \$25,102,288. In addition to this large amount of gold much of which is probably lost to the world as coin, India imported in 1890 silver to at least the amount of \$123,884,740 rupees, or in United States money, counting silver at its value before silver was demonetized in the United States in 1873, \$61,942,370.

Well may the astute directors of the Bank of England and many of the great financiers of Great Britain be supposed to know that the moment that the government of the United States opens its mints to the free coinage of silver, in the same manner that it did up to the year 1873, the value of silver will be, as measured by gold, fixed at a given ratio, inasmuch as the government of the United States, which is one of the only powers in the world which can

cope with the Bank of England in respect to governing the price of silver, will always stand ready to coin at a given valuation any silver sent to its mints. And they know that thus the game by which the yearly tribute—and indeed, the mighty debt of India and the debts of all silver-using countries—is vastly increased for the benefit of the great favored creditor class of England, will suddenly be stopped. Vast, indeed, is the monetary power that is arrayed against the restoration of silver to its rightful place as a coin metal in the United States.

Let it here again be noticed that English banking houses are yearly called upon to send a vast amount of silver to India. This silver costs in gold, when silver is but one dollar an ounce, at least twenty-nine cents an ounce less than silver was worth at the United States mints before it was demonetized. The normal value of a silver dollar in gold, when an ounce of silver is valued at the ratio of 15.98 ounces to 1 ounce of gold, is 1.2929.

In London, when Grover Cleveland, who was unfriendly to the use of silver, was President of the United States, the price of silver, as measured by gold, was run down to about 92 cents an ounce, making a silver dollar in the United States worth as measured by gold but about 70 cents. In short, the value of silver was reduced some 37 cents an ounce at a gold valuation,—indeed to a greater extent than that, inasmuch as the bullion in a silver dollar was in 1873 worth more than the bullion in a gold dollar. It is believed that there is no record known in history—that there is no period in the thousands of years in which silver has been used by the human race, as indicated by the many records covering this great period giving the relative value of gold and silver—when silver, as valued by gold, was so cheap as it has been at times since the white metal was reduced in the year

1873 from being a coin metal in the United States to being practically but an article of merchandise. But even when the price of silver as measured by gold was thus run down, and England was enabled by Council bills, and in another way that may presently be mentioned, to attempt to lessen the amount of silver which she had to send to India when settling trade accounts, India imported an immense amount of silver. Indeed, amazing as it may seem, for hundreds of years the people of India have so prized the white precious metal that a stream of silver has yearly flowed into their vast land, a stream that may be said to have been as constant as is the flow of the great current known as the Gulf Stream, which sweeps by a part of the coast of the United States. However vast has been the amount of precious metal that has gone into India to be used as ornaments and as coin, amazingly small, comparatively speaking, has been the amount that has flowed out of that wondrous Oriental land. India may most appropriately, in the light of an undeviating experience, be called "the sink" of this silver stream.

Except in perhaps a few commercial cities, silver, it would seem, has not fallen in value one cent on a thousand rupees in India since silver was demonetized in the United States in the year 1873. The rupee, it is said, will buy as much of rice, and perhaps fully as much wheat and and cotton even,—notwithstanding the increased demand for this kind of merchandise,—as it would when silver was received at the United States mints as well as gold. Although India has already absorbed in part or entirely whatever silver Germany sold after its war with France,—a war which ended by France paying to Germany an indemnity of 5,000,000,000 francs, to say nothing of an indemnity in other forms,—this silver has not only been easily absorbed by the people of India, but it has been to them a great blessing. It would

seem that the Hindus, in common with all nations, have found that a stream of coin to their land has had a most happy tendency to promote its well-being.

Although the British government not only can lessen the flow of the stream of silver which goes into India by selling Indian Council bills,—and although in addition to these bills it issues a paper currency which can be sent to India instead of silver,—yet, as has already been pointed out, in the year 1890 India imported at least 123,884,740 rupees, or \$61,942,370 in silver, over and above any silver which she exported. Indeed, she probably imported more than this amount, when her trade on her borders is counted. It may here again be also repeated that she imported, according to the statistics in the Statesman's Year Book for 1891—which are perhaps as approximately correct as it is possible to obtain them—\$25,102,288 in gold, in addition to her imports of silver. How powerful are British financiers may be inferred from the fact that for the first nine months of the year 1891, the exports from London to India alone were in silver bullion between fifteen and sixteen millions of ounces less than they were in 1890, when the United States government began buying four and a half millions of ounces per year.

It is interesting to see some of the ways in which the farming interests of the United States are affected by the mints of the United States being closed to the free coinage of silver, and by the shrewd policy of a certain class of British financiers, who may be said in large part to control the Bank of England.

The purchasing power of silver in India is, except perhaps in a few cities, as great as it was before silver in the year 1873 was demonetized in the United States.

If the Anglo-Indian merchant can buy in New York or in London an ounce of silver at one hundred cents,—that is, at some twenty-nine cents and more

less than he could buy it during the eighty-one years that the mints of the United States were open to the free coinage of silver,—he can send it to India, and by paying a small mintage he can have his silver coined into the legal money of India, where the value of silver bears by British law a ratio to gold which gives silver a purchasing power, when coined into Indian rupees, equivalent to 137 6-10 cents in United States money per ounce. Thus the Indian merchant can buy silver bullion in the United States at say one hundred cents an ounce,—when such is the price of silver in New York,—and have it coined in any amounts he desires in the mints of India, and then pay his debts with it in India at a valuation equivalent to 137 6-10 cents per ounce.

For example, the English merchant finds the price of wheat in the United States is, say, one dollar a bushel. Should he buy one hundred thousand bushels of wheat in the United States, he would have to pay one hundred thousand dollars for it. But he finds to his great profit that, by simply buying one hundred thousand ounces of silver bullion in London or in New York, and by sending the silver in the form of India Council bills to India,—or by sending silver bullion and having it, at a small cost for mintage, turned into rupees,—supposing wheat to be worth in India a price which before the demonetization of silver in the United States would have been equal in United States money to one dollar a bushel, he can buy for his one hundred thousand dollars 137,000 or so bushels of wheat. Thus he finds it to be immensely to his interest to depreciate at a gold valuation silver in the United States. If the British financier can depreciate the value of silver at a gold valuation, he can say to the American farmer, "Unless you sell your wheat at a price which competes with the price of wheat in India, we will not buy your wheat."

Let it here be further remembered that the price of wheat in London, to a large extent, influences the price of wheat throughout the United States. Although farm workmen in India receive as wages but a small fraction of the amount which an American workman receives, yet, before silver was demonetized in the United States, Indian wheat was only exported in very small amounts to England. But when the English merchant found that the United States government had made an error in its financial system, by taking advantage of which he could affect the price of silver bullion as measured by a gold valuation, and thus have a bounty given him for buying wheat in India instead of the United States, a bounty of some thirty or more cents, he naturally ceased to buy wheat in the United States, unless he could buy it at a price which was very low compared to what it would have been if the United States government were using its influence by freely coining silver to maintain its relative value to gold, as Great Britain through the Bank of England used its influence to depreciate the gold value of the white metal. In the year 1873 India exported only 755,485 bushels of wheat, which were valued at \$816,063. But in the year 1887 India exported 41,558,239 bushels of wheat, valued at \$41,558,239.

One of the greatest wheat-producing countries in the world is Russia. In Russia silver is the unit of value. By the lowering of the gold valuation of silver a bounty is given to English merchants, not only to buy wheat in India in preference to buying it in the United States, but to buy it in Russia, and in any of the silver-using countries of the world. Let it here be remembered that between eight and nine hundred millions of people in the world use silver alone as their unit of value.

The farmers of the United States are surprisingly well educated, taken as a whole. Many of them take periodicals

and books, and send their children to school. They have formed what are called Farmers' Alliances,—one of the objects of which is to bring about legislation by which silver in the United States, which was demonetized in the year 1873, shall be as freely coined in the United States as it was for the first eighty-one years of the history of the United States.

As is the case with grain, so it is with cotton. The people of the Southern States have lost, it is believed, hundreds of millions of dollars by the demonetization of silver, inasmuch as the British merchant has been enabled by buying

silver at a reduced gold valuation in the United States to have it coined into Indian rupees, and with these to purchase at a greatly reduced price vast quantities of cotton in India, and thus to affect the price of cotton in the Southern States. In short, the interests of a certain class of financiers are opposed to the remonetization of silver in the United States.

The American farmer, as he understands the great principles of finance that beneficially affect his interest, naturally desires the United States government to use silver as well as gold as the unit of the United States dollar.

John C. Henderson.



IF SHE SHOULD DIE.

If she should die—the thought of utter gloom
 And untold grief through all my years is this.
 I shudder, God! What loneliness to miss
 Her loving presence from our cozy room,
 And know within a damp and darkened tomb
 There lies the heart I draw in rapturous bliss
 Against mine own; the tender cheek I kiss
 Whereon a crimson flower is now in bloom.

Each bird would follow in her spirit's flight,
 At break of dawn the rose shed tears of woe,
 Its trembling lips held upward to the sky,
 A star in heaven shine with such a light,
 'T would be a marvel to the world below,—
 If she should die,—if my loved one should die.

Herbert Bashford.

THE GUARANY.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF JOSÉ MARTINIANO DE ALENCAR.

XIII.

THE DISCLOSURE.

ISABEL and Cecilia, returning from the bath in conversation with each other, approached the door, not without some fear of the tiger, a fear dispelled by the smile of the aged nobleman fondly admiring his daughter's beauty. Her hair was still wet, and now and then a pearly drop escaped and coursed down her pretty neck; her skin was fresh, as if waves of milk had flowed over her shoulders; her cheeks brilliant as two thistle-buds opening at sunset.

The two girls were talking with some vivacity, but on approaching the door, Cécilia, who was a little in advance, turned on tiptoe to her cousin, and with a shade of petulance placed her finger on her lips, demanding silence.

"Do you know, Cecilia, that your mother is very angry with Pery!" said Dom Antonio, clasping in his hands his daughter's pretty face, and kissing her on the forehead.

"Why, father? Has he done anything?"

"One of his pranks, of which you already know part."

"And I will tell you the rest!" interposed Dona Lauriana, placing her hand on her daughter's arm. And she proceeded to set forth in the blackest colors and with the most dramatic emphasis, not only the imminent risk that in her opinion the whole house had run, but the perils still threatening the peace and quiet of the family. She related that if by miracle her housekeeper had not an hour or so before gone out on the esplanade, and seen the Indian performing diabolic ceremonies with the tiger, which naturally enough he was teaching

how to enter the house, they would at that moment all be dead.

Cecilia grew pale, remembering how carelessly and joyously she had crossed the valley and taken her bath; Isabel remained calm, but her eyes flashed.

"So," concluded Dona Lauriana peremptorily, "it is not conceivable that we shall live any longer with such a plague in the house."

"What do you say, mother?" exclaimed Cecilia alarmed. "Do you intend to send him away?"

"Undoubtedly: that class of people, if indeed it deserves the title, is fit only to live in the woods."

"But he loves us so! has done so much for us! Hasn't he, father?" said the girl, turning to the nobleman.

Dom Antonio answered his daughter by a smile that reassured her.

"You will scold him, father; I will be angry," continued Cecilia, "and he will do better and will not act so any more."

"But about what happened just now?" interposed Isabel, addressing Cecilia.

Dona Lauriana, seeing that her cause had lost ground since the arrival of the girls, in spite of her repugnance for Isabel perceived that she had in her an ally, and addressed a word to her, an occurrence that took place not oftener than once a week. "Come here, child; what is it you say happened just now?"

"Another danger that threatened Cecilia."

"No, mother! it was more fear on Isabel's part than anything else."

"Fear, yes; but from what I saw."

"Tell me about it; and you, Cecilia, stay there and keep quiet."

Out of respect for her mother the girl did not venture to say another

word; but taking advantage of the movement that Dona Lauriana made in turning to listen to Isabel, she shook her head to her cousin, praying her not to say anything. Isabel pretended not to notice the gesture, and replied to her aunt: "Cecilia was bathing, and I had stayed on the river bank. Some time after that I saw Pery passing at a distance along the branch of a tree. He disappeared; and suddenly an arrow discharged from that place struck a few feet from my cousin."

"Hear that, Senhor Mariz!" exclaimed Dona Lauriana. "Hear the miscreant's villainy!"

"At the same moment," continued Isabel, "we heard two pistol shots, which frightened us still more, because they also were certainly aimed in our direction."

"Good heavens! It is worse than a joke! But who gave that ape pistols?"

"I did, mother," timidly answered Cecilia.

"You would better have said your prayers; you would better have with them—Heaven forgive me!"

Dom Antonio had heard Isabel's words, though standing at some distance, and his countenance took on a grave expression. He made a sign to Cecilia, and stepped aside with her as if for a walk on the esplanade.

"Is what your cousin says true?"

"Yes, father; but I am sure Pery did not do it maliciously."

"Nevertheless," replied the nobleman, "it may be repeated: on the other hand, your mother is alarmed; so it is better to send him away."

"He will grieve very much."

"And you and I too, for we esteem him; but we will not be ungrateful. I will discharge our debt of gratitude; leave that to my care."

"Yes, father!" exclaimed the girl, with a look moist with thankfulness and admiration; "yes, you can appreciate everything noble!"

"You too, my Cecilia!" replied the nobleman, caressing her.

"I learned in your heart and in your slightest actions."

Dom Antonio embraced her.

"Oh! I have something to ask of you."

"Tell me what it is; it is a long time since you have asked anything of me, and I have reason to complain of this."

"You will have this animal preserved, won't you?"

"Since you wish it."

"It will be a memento to us of Pery."

"To you, but to me you are the best memento. If it had not been for him, should I now be able to clasp you in my arms?"

"Do you know that I have a good mind to cry, just at the thought of his going away?"

"It is natural, my daughter; tears are a balm that God gives to the weakness of woman, and denies to the strength of man."

The nobleman left his daughter, and approached the door where his wife, Isabel, and Ayres Gomes were still standing.

"What have you decided, Dom Antonio?" asked the lady.

"I have decided to do as you wish, for your quiet and my peace. Today, or at furthest tomorrow, Pery will leave this house; but, while he is here, I do not wish," said he, emphasizing that monosyllable slightly, "a single unpleasant word spoken to him. Pery leaves this house because I ask him to, and not because he is ordered to do so by any one. Do you understand, my wife?"

Dona Lauriana, who knew how much energy and resolution there was in the inperceptible intonation given by the nobleman to that simple phrase, inclined her head.

"I charge myself with the duty of speaking to Pery! You will tell him, Ayres Gomes, to come to me."

The esquire bowed; the nobleman,

who was retiring, turned : " O, I forgot. You will have this pretty animal stuffed. I wish to preserve it ; it will be a curiosity for my armory — "

Dona Lauriana made a sign of aversion.

" And will enable my wife to get accustomed to its sight, and have less fear of ounces. "

Dom Antonio withdrew.

The lady could then dress her hair and make her Sunday toilet ; she had gained an important victory. Pery was finally to be expelled from the house, into which in her opinion he ought never to have entered.

Meantime, Cecilia, upon parting from her father, had turned the corner of the house to go into the garden, and had encountered Alvaro walking up and down, restless and melancholy.

" Dona Cecilia ! " said the young man.

" O, leave me, Senhor Alvaro ! " replied Cecilia without stopping.

" In what have I offended you, that you treat me so ? "

" Pardon me, I am sad ; you have n't offended me at all. "

" When one has committed a fault. "

" A fault ? " asked the girl with surprise.

" Yes ! " answered the young man with downcast look.

" And what fault have you committed, Senhor Alvaro ? "

" I have disobeyed you. "

" Ah ! it is a grave one ! " said she, half smiling.

" Do not jest, Dona Cecilia ! If you only knew what uneasiness it has caused me ! I have repented a thousand times of what I have done, and yet it seems to me I could do it again. "

" But, Senhor Alvaro, you forget that you are talking about a matter that I am ignorant of ; I merely know that it concerns a disobedience. "

" You remember that yesterday you ordered me to keep an object that — "

" Yes, " interrupted the girl, blushing ; " an object that — "

" That belonged to you, and which I, against your will, restored. "

" How ! what do you say ? "

" Pardon me ! I was overbold ! but — "

" But once for all, I do not understand a word of all this, " exclaimed the maiden, with some impatience.

Alvaro, at last overcoming his bashfulness, related rapidly what he had done the evening before.

Cecilia upon hearing it became serious. " Senhor Alvaro, " said she, in a tone of reproach, " you did wrong to do such a thing, very wrong. Let no one know it, at all events. "

" I swear it on my honor ! "

" It is not enough ; you yourself must undo what you have done. I will not open that window while there is there an object that did not come from my father, and which I cannot touch. "

" Dona Cecilia ! — " stammered the young man, pale and downcast.

She raised her eyes, and saw on Alvaro's countenance so much bitterness and despair that she was touched.

" Do not blame me, " said she in a gentle tone, " the fault is yours. "

" I feel it, and do not complain. "

" You saw that not being able to accept it I asked you to keep it as a memento. "

" And I will keep it still ; it will teach me to expiate my fault, and will always recall it to me. "

" It will now be a sad recollection. "

" And can I have joyous ones ? "

" Who knows ! " said Cecilia, disentangling a jasmine from her fair hair ; " it is so pleasant to hope ! "

Turning to conceal her blushes, she saw Isabel near by, devouring this scene with an ardent look. She uttered a cry of dismay and went quickly into the garden. Alvaro caught in the air the little flower, which had escaped from her fingers, and kissed it, thinking no one was

there. When he saw Isabel, he was so much agitated that he let the jasmine fall without perceiving it. She caught it, and presenting it to him said in an inimitable tone of voice, "Also a restitution!"

Alvaro turned pale. The maiden trembling with excitement passed before him and entered her cousin's room.

Cecilia, upon seeing Isabel approach, blushed, and did not venture to raise her eyes, remembering what the latter had seen and heard; for the first time the innocent girl knew that there was something in her pure affection that should be concealed from the eyes of others.

Isabel, upon entering her cousin's room, to which she had been drawn by an irresistible impulse, had repented immediately. Her agitation was so great that she feared to betray herself; she leaned against the bedstead in front of Cecilia, silent, and with her eyes fixed upon the ground.

A long interval was thus passed; then the two girls almost at the same time raised their heads and looked toward the window. Their eyes met and both blushed still more. Cecilia rebelled; the gay and sportive girl kept in a corner of her heart under her mirth and laughter the germ of that firmness of character that distinguished her father, and felt indignant at being obliged to blush with shame in the presence of another, as if she had done something wrong. She regained her courage, and formed a resolution whose energy was portrayed in an imperceptible movement of her eyebrows.

"Isabel, open that window."

Isabel started as if an electric spark had struck her, hesitated, but finally crossed the room. Two eager, ardent looks fell upon the window at the moment it was opened.

There was nothing there.

Isabel's emotion was so great that she involuntarily turned to her cousin, uttering an exclamation of pleasure; her

countenance was lighted up with one of those divine reflections that appear to descend from heaven upon the head of a woman who loves.

Cecilia looked at her cousin without understanding her; but little by little wonder and astonishment were depicted on her countenance.

"Isabel!"

The girl fell on her knees at Cecilia's feet.

She had betrayed herself.

XIV.

THE INDIAN WOMAN.

SCARCELY did Pery feel his strength returning when he continued his pursuit through the forest. For a long time he followed the woman's track through the thicket with a rapidity and certainty incredible to one not acquainted with the ease with which savages discover slightest traces left by the footsteps of any animal. A broken twig, a blade of grass trodden down, the dry leaves scattered and broken, a branch still vibrating, the dew-drops dissolved,—these are to their practiced eyes the same as a line traced in the forest, which they follow without hesitation.

There was a reason why Pery was so relentless in his pursuit of that inoffensive Indian woman, and made such extraordinary efforts to capture her. To understand that reason, it is necessary to become acquainted with certain events that had recently occurred in the neighborhood of the Paquequer.

At the end of the moon of waters a tribe of Aymorés¹ had descended from the heights of the Organ Mountains to gather the fruits and prepare the wines,

¹A very savage race of Indians, much dreaded by other tribes and by the whites. After battle they ate the bodies of the slain amid ceremonious festivities. A remnant exists in the Botocudos, now dwelling in parts of the provinces of Bahia, Espirito Santo, and Minas Geraes. Some of the Botocudos are domesticated, others still savage. These disfigure themselves by wearing disks of wood in slits in the ears and under lip.

drinks, and different articles of food that they were accustomed to provide. A family of that tribe on a hunting excursion had appeared some days before on the banks of the Parahyba; it was composed of a savage, his wife, a son and a daughter. The daughter was a handsome maiden, for whose possession all the warriors of the tribe were contending; her father, the chief, felt a pride in having a daughter as beautiful as the prettiest arrow of his bow or the most graceful feather in his plume.

It is now Sunday: on Friday, at ten o'clock in the morning, Pery had been passing through the woods, imitating joyously the song of the *sahixé*, whose hissing notes he translated by the sweet name of *Cecy*. He was going in search of that animal that has played so important a part in this story, especially after its death. As no small jaguar would satisfy him he had determined to seek, in its peculiar domains, one of the kings of the mighty forests that border the Parahyba.

He was approaching a small brook, when a little shaggy dog ran out of the woods, immediately followed by an Indian girl, who took a step or two and fell, struck by a bullet. Pery turned to see whence the shot came, and recognized Dom Diogo de Mariz approaching slowly, accompanied by two adventurers. The young man was shooting at a bird, and the girl, passing at that moment, had received the charge of the musket and fallen dead.

The little dog sprang to his mistress howling, and began to lick her cold hands, and rub his head over her bloody body, as if seeking to reanimate her. Dom Diogo, leaning on his arquebuse, cast a look of pity upon that young victim of a hunter's carelessness. As for his companions, they laughed at the occurrence, and amused themselves by making remarks on the kind of game the cavalier had selected.

Suddenly the little dog raised its

head, snuffed the air, and darted off like an arrow.

Pery, who had been a silent witness of this scene, advised Dom Diogo to return home as a matter of prudence, and continued his journey. The sight he had just witnessed had saddened him; he remembered his tribe, his brethren, whom he had abandoned so long ago, and who, perhaps at that moment, were also victims of the conquerors of their country, where formerly they had lived free and happy.

When he had gone about half a league, he saw at a distance a fire in the woods, around which were seated three Indians, two men and a woman. The elder man, of gigantic stature, was fixing to the tips of wild reeds the long, sharp teeth of the *capibara*, and whetting on a stone this terrible weapon. The younger was filling with small red and black seeds a nutshell, ornamented with feathers, and fastened to a handle a foot and a half long. The woman, who was still young, was carding a bunch of cotton, which fell in pure white tufts on a large leaf in her lap. Near the fire there was a small glazed vessel containing coals, upon which, from time to time, she threw some large dry leaves, which emitted dense clouds of smoke. Then the two Indians, by means of a reed, would inhale whiffs of this smoke until the tears started from their eyes, when they would continue their work.

While Pery was observing this scene from a distance, the dog sprang into the midst of the group. Scarcely had the animal recovered his breath, when he began to pull with his teeth at the feather mantle of the younger Indian, who with a push threw him several feet from him. He then went to the woman, repeated the same movement, and as he was ill received here also, leaped upon the cotton and began to bite it. She took him by the collar, made of berries, patted him on the back and smoothed his hair; it was stained with blood.

She examined him anxiously, and seeing no wound, cast her eyes around her and uttered a hoarse and guttural cry. The two Indians raised their heads, asking with their eyes the cause of that exclamation. As her only reply, the woman pointed to the blood on the animal, and spoke with a voice full of grief a word in a tongue that Pery did not understand.

The younger Indian sprang swiftly through the forest after the dog, which acted as guide; the elder one and the woman followed closely.

Pery understood perfectly all that was taking place, and pursued his way, thinking that the colonists must now be beyond the reach of the savages.

This is what he had seen; the rest, the occurrence at the bath had clearly revealed to him. The savages had found the body of their daughter and noticed the bullet-mark; for a long time they had sought in vain the hunters' tracks, until on the following day the cavalcade as it passed served to guide them. All night they had kept watch around the dwelling, and on that morning, seeing the two girls come out, had resolved to avenge themselves by the application of that law of retaliation which was the only principle of right and justice that they recognized. Their daughter had been slain; it was just that they should kill the daughter of their enemy; life for life, tear for tear, grief for grief. The result, we already know; the two savages were sleeping forever on the banks of the Paquequer, with no kind hand to give them burial.

It is now easy to see the reason why Pery pursued the woman, the last of the unfortunate family. He knew that she would go directly to her brethren, and that at the first word she uttered the whole tribe would rise as one man, to avenge the death of their chief, and the loss of the comeliest daughter of the Aymorès. He knew the ferocity of that

people, without country and without religion, who lived on human flesh, and dwelt like beasts on the ground and in dens and caves; he trembled at the thought of their attacking Dom Antonio's house. It was necessary, therefore, to exterminate the family and leave no trace of its existence.

Pery had spent nearly an hour in traversing the forest uselessly; the woman had gained a great advantage while he was struggling against the faintness produced by the wound. Finally he concluded that the wisest course was to warn Dom Antonio at once, that he might take all the precautions demanded by the imminence of the peril.

He had reached a field covered with groves of holm-oaks, scattered here and there upon the sharp and sunburnt grass. He had taken but a few steps across the field, when he stopped with a sign of surprise. Before him was panting a little dog, which he recognized by the collar of scarlet berries around its neck. It was the same that he had seen in the forest two days before. It had naturally followed the woman when she took to flight, and as it was hidden by the bushes he had not seen it. It had been strangled with so much violence as to break its neck; nevertheless it was still writhing.

At the first glance Pery had seen all this, and had judged what had occurred. That death, thought he, could have been caused only by a human being; any other animal would have used its teeth or claws, and would have left marks of a wound. The dog belonged to the Indian woman; it was she then that had strangled it, and but a few moments before, for its neck being broken, death would follow almost immediately.

But from what motive had she done that barbarous deed? Because, replied the Indian, she knew that she was pursued, and the dog, which could not keep up with her, might betray her.

Scarcely had Pery reached this conclusion when he lay down on the ground and listened for some time; twice he raised his head, thinking he was mistaken, and placed his ear again to the earth.

When he rose, his countenance betokened great surprise; he had heard something that he still seemed to doubt, as if his senses had deceived him.

He went toward the east listening on the ground at every moment, and thus came within a few feet of a large clump of thistles growing in a depression of the earth. Then, getting to leeward, he approached very cautiously, and heard a confused murmuring of voices and the sound of an implement digging.

He applied his ear and tried to see what was taking place beyond, but it was impossible; no opening admitted sound or sight. Only one who has traveled in the interior of Brazil, and seen those gigantic thistles whose broad leaves filled with thorns closely interlace, forming a high wall several feet thick, can have an idea of the impenetrable barrier that enclosed on all sides the persons whose voices Pery heard, but whose words he could not distinguish.

Nevertheless, those men must have got in there somewhere, and it could only be by the branch of a dead tree that extended over the thistles, around which twined a climbing plant, knotty and strong.

Pery was studying the situation, and endeavoring to discover means of learning what was taking place behind those trees, when a voice that he thought he recognized exclaimed:—

"Per Dio! Here it is!"

He started at hearing that voice, and resolved at whatever cost to know what those men were doing; he had a presentiment that there was a danger there to dispel and an enemy to combat. An enemy perhaps more terrible than the Aymorés, because if these were wild

beasts, the other might be a serpent concealed among the flowers.

So he forgot everything else, and his thought was concentrated on a single object,—to hear what those men were saying.

But how?

He was striving to answer; he had gone around the thicket, applying his ear, and thought that in one place the noise of voices and of the iron, which was still digging, reached him more distinctly.

He cast down his eyes, which immediately gleamed with pleasure. The cause was a simple mound of cracked clay, rising like a sugar loaf a foot and a half above the ground, and covered with plantain leaves. It was the entrance to an ant-hill, to one of those subterranean dwellings constructed by the little architects, who, by dint of patience and labor, undermine a whole field and form great vaults under the earth.

The one that Pery had discovered had been abandoned by its inhabitants, in consequence of a heavy rain that had penetrated into its interior.

The Indian drew his knife, and cutting off the dome of that miniature tower, laid bare an aperture that extended into the earth and certainly passed under the place where the persons talking were assembled. This aperture became for him a sort of acoustic tube, which brought the words clearly and distinctly to him.

He sat down and listened.

XV.

THE THREE.

LOREDANO, who had left the house so quickly that same morning, as soon as he got into the woods, waited.

A quarter of an hour afterward Bento Simoes and Ruy Soeiro met him.

The three went on together without uttering a word, the Italian walking in advance and the two adventurers follow-

ing, exchanging occasionally a significant look.

Finally Ruy Soeiro broke the silence.

"It was certainly not to take an airing in the woods at the break of day that you brought us here, Sir Loredano?"

"No," replied the Italian laconically.

"Well then, out with it at once, and let us not lose time."

"Wait!"

"Wait, I say to *you*," interposed Bento Simoes; "you are going with a rush; where do you intend to take us on this route?"

"You shall see."

"Since there is no way of getting a word out of you, go on, and God be with you, Sir Loredano."

"Yes," chimed in Ruy Soeiro, "go on, for we shall return the way we came."

"When you are in the mood to speak, please inform us."

And the two adventurers stopped, as if to retrace their steps.

The Italian turned with a shrug of contempt. "Fools that you are," said he. "If you think best, rebel now that you are in my power, and have no other recourse but to follow my fortunes! Return! I too will return, but to inform against all of us."

The two adventurers turned pale.

"Do not remind me, Loredano," said Ruy Soeiro, with a quick glance at his dagger, "that there is a way to close forever blabbing mouths."

"That means," replied the Italian contemptuously, "that you would kill me in case I purposed to inform against you?"

"On my faith, yes!" answered Ruy Soeiro in a tone that showed resolution.

"And I for my part would do the same! Our lives are dearer to us than your whims, Sir Italian."

"And what would you gain by killing me?" asked Loredano smiling.

"That is good! What should we gain! Do you consider it a small thing to insure one's existence and tranquillity of mind."

"Fools!" said the Italian, with a look at once of contempt and pity. "Do you not see that when a man carries a secret like mine, unless that man be a block-head of your description, he must have taken precautions against these little accidents!"

"I am aware that you are armed, and it is better so," replied Ruy Soeiro: "it will be death rather than murder."

"Say rather execution, Ruy Soeiro!" added Bento Simoes.

The Italian continued:—

"These are not the arms that will serve me against you; I have others more powerful. Know only that alive or dead my voice will come from afar, even from the grave, to inform against you and avenge me."

"Are you disposed to jest, Sir Italian? It is not a fit occasion."

"When the time comes you will see whether I am jesting. I have placed my will in the hands of Dom Antonio de Mariz, who is to open it when he knows or thinks I am dead. In that will I set forth the relations that exist between us, and the purpose for which we are working."

The two adventurers turned pale as ghosts.

"You understand now," said Loredano, smiling, "that if you assassinate me, if any accident deprives me of life, if even I take it into my head to run away and give rise to the belief that I am dead, you are irretrievably lost."

Bento Simoes stood paralyzed, as if struck with catalepsy. Ruy Soeiro, in spite of the violent shock he experienced, succeeded with an effort in recovering his speech.

"It is impossible!" cried he. "What you say is false. No man would do such a thing."

"Put it to the proof," replied the Italian, calm and unmoved.

"He has done it . . . I am sure"—stammered Bento Simoes in a low voice.

"No," retorted Ruy Soeiro; "Satan would not do it. Come, Loredano, confess that you have deceived us, that you wanted to frighten us."

"I have told the truth."

"You lie!" cried the adventurer, with desperation.

The Italian smiled. Drawing his sword, he placed his hand upon the cross formed by the hilt, and said slowly, uttering the words one by one: "By this cross, and by Christ who suffered on it, by my honor in this world and my soul in the next, I swear it."

Bento Simoes fell upon his knees, crushed by this oath, which lost none of its solemnity amid the gloom and silence of the forest. Ruy Soeiro, pale, his eyes starting from their sockets, his lips quivering, his hair on end, his fingers extended and rigid, looked the image of despair. He stretched out his arms to Loredano, and exclaimed with a tremulous and choked voice, —

"Then, Loredano, you have confided to Dom Antonio de Mariz a paper containing the infernal plot we have concocted against his family?"

"I have."

"And in that paper you wrote that you intend to assassinate him and his wife, and set fire to his house, if necessary to the realization of your purposes?"

"Everything."

"You had the audacity to confess that you intend to carry off his daughter, and make of her, a noble maiden, the concubine of an adventurer and reprobate like yourself?"

"Yes."

"And you also said," continued Ruy in the extremity of his despair, "that his other daughter is to belong to us, who are to decide by lot which shall have her?"

"I forgot nothing, and least of all that important point," replied the Italian with a smile; "everything is written on a parchment in the hands of Dom Antonio de Mariz. To learn its contents

the nobleman has only to break the seals of black wax with which Master Garcia Ferreira, notary of Rio de Janeiro, closed it on the next to my last journey thither." Loredano pronounced these words with the utmost coolness, his eyes fixed on the two adventurers, pale and humbled before him.

Some time was passed in silence.

"You now see," said the Italian, "that you are in my power; let this serve you as an example. When once the foot is over the chasm, it is necessary to advance across, or roll off and fall to the bottom. Let us go on, then. Only of one thing I warn you; from today onward — obedience, blind and passive."

The two adventurers said not a word; but their attitude was a better answer than a thousand protestations.

"Lay aside now your mournful and terrified looks. I am alive, and Dom Antonio is a true nobleman, incapable of opening a will. Take heart, trust in me, and we shall soon reach the goal."

Bento Simoes's face brightened.

"Speak clearly once, at least," replied Ruy Soeiro.

"Not here; follow me, and I will take you to a place where we will converse freely."

"Wait," joined in Bento Simoes. "Before anything else, reparation is due to you. A little while ago we threatened you; here are our weapons."

"Yes, after what has passed it is just that you should distrust us; take them."

They both took off their daggers and swords.

"Keep your weapons," said Loredano, in a mocking tone. "They will aid you to defend me. I know how dear and precious my life is to you."

Both adventurers turned pale, and followed the Italian.

After a half hour's walk they reached the clump of thistles already described. At a sign from Loredano, his companions climbed the tree and descended by the vine into the center of that thorn-

enclosed space, which was at most but twenty feet long by ten or twelve wide.

On one side, in a depression of the ground, was a kind of vault, or cave, the remains of one of those great anthills, now half destroyed by the rain. There, in the shade of a small shrub that had sprung up among the thistles, the three adventurers seated themselves.

"Oh!" said the Italian at once. "It's some time since I have been in these parts, but I think there must still be something here that will tickle your palates."

He leaned back, and thrusting his arm into the cavity, drew out a flagon that was lying there, which he placed in the midst of the group.

"It is Caparica¹, and of the best. Not much of it comes this way."

"The devil! You have a cellar here!" exclaimed Bento Simoes, whom the sight of the flagon had restored to good humor.

"To tell the truth," said Ruy, "I should have expected anything sooner than to see a flagon of wine come out of that hole."

"But here it is, you see. As I am accustomed to come to this place, where I am sometimes much exposed to the sun, it was necessary to have a companion with which to amuse myself."

"And you could not find a better!" said Bento Simoes, taking a good drink and smacking his lips. "I have long been wanting something of this sort."

Each of the three took his turn at the wine, and the flagon was replaced.

"Well," said the Italian, "now let us proceed to business. I promised, when I invited you to follow me, to make you rich, very rich."

The adventurers nodded.

"The promise I made is about to be fulfilled; the wealth is here, near us; we can touch it."

"Where?" asked the adventurers, looking eagerly around.

¹A village of Portugal, near Lisbon.

"Not so quick! I was speaking figuratively. I mean that the riches are before us, but to obtain them it is necessary —"

"What is necessary? Speak!"

"At the proper time. I wish now to tell you a story."

"A story!" said Ruy Soeiro.

"Some nursery tale?" asked Bento Simoes.

"No, a story true as a bull of our Holy Father. Have you ever heard of a certain Roberio Dias?"

"Roberio Dias?— Ah! Yes! of Salvador?" asked Ruy Soeiro.

"The very same."

"I saw him, some eight years ago, in São Sebastião, whence he went to Spain."

"And do you know, friend Bento Simoes, what business called that worthy descendant of Caramuru¹ to Spain?" asked the Italian.

"I have heard a report that it concerned a fabulous treasure, which he intended to offer to Philip II., who in return was to make him a marquis and grandee."

"And what followed? Has not that come to your knowledge?"

"No; I have never heard anything further about that Roberio Dias."

"Then listen. Upon his arrival at Madrid, he hastened to make his offer, and was received in the palm of the hand by Philip II., who, as you know, had very long nails."

"And threw dust in his eyes like the fox that he was?" suggested Ruy Soeiro.

"You are mistaken; this time the

¹In Guarany, *Man of Fire*, a name given by the natives to Diogo Alvares, who in 1510 was shipwrecked near Bahia, and by means of his fire-arms gained much influence over the Indians. He married the daughter of a chief, and was of much assistance in the subsequent settlement of that region. To him the aristocratic families of Bahia are fond of tracing their lineage. Fact and fiction are greatly mingled in the accounts of this man. José de Santa Rita Durao, a Brazilian poet, wrote an epic on the discovery of Brazil, entitled *Caramuru*. (Lisbon, 1781.)

fox became a monkey ; he wanted to see the cocoanut before paying for it."

"And what then?"

"Then," said the Italian, smiling wickedly, "the cocoanut was empty."

"How empty?"

"Yes, friend Ruy, there was left to him merely the shell ; fortunately for us, who shall enjoy the meat."

"You are full of enigmas, Loredano!"

"Put a man to the rack and he could n't understand you."

"Is it my fault that you are not acquainted with the history of your country?"

"All are not as learned as you, Dom Italian."

"Well, let us end the matter at once ; what Roberio Dias intended to offer at Madrid to Philip II. is here, my friends."

And Loredano at the word placed his hand on a stone at his side.

The two adventurers looked at each other without comprehending the movement, and began to doubt their companion's sanity. He, without regarding what they thought, drew his sword, and after removing the stone, began to dig. While he was engaged in this labor, the others, watching him, passed the flagon of wine back and forth, and made conjectures and guesses.

The Italian had been digging for some time, when the steel struck some hard object that caused it to ring.

"*Per Dio!*" he cried, "here it is!"

Some moments after he drew out of the hole one of those glazed earthen vessels that the Indians call *camuci*; this was small and closed on all sides. Loredano, taking it in both hands, shook it, and felt the almost imperceptible movement of some object within.

"Here," said he slowly, "you have the treasure of Roberio Dias ; it is ours. A little prudence, and we shall be richer than the Sultan of Bagdad, and more powerful than the Doge of Venice."

He struck the vessel against the stone and broke it in pieces.

The adventurers, with eyes on fire with greed, expecting to see waves of gold, diamonds, and emeralds, flow forth, were stupefied. The vessel contained merely a small roll of parchment covered with red leather, and tied crosswise with a dark-colored string.

Loredano cut the knot with the point of his dagger, and opening the parchment rapidly, showed the adventurers an inscription in large red letters.

Ruy Soeiro uttered a cry ; Bento Simoes began to tremble with pleasure and astonishment.

After a moment the Italian extended his hand to the paper, which lay in the midst of the group, and his eyes assumed a stern expression.

"Now," said he, his voice vibrating, "now that you have the riches and the power within your grasp, swear that your arms will not tremble when the occasion comes ; that you will obey my gesture, my word, as the decree of fate."

"We swear it!"

"I am tired of waiting, and am determined to take advantage of the first opportunity. To me as chief," said the Italian with a diabolic smile, "should belong Dom Antonio de Mariz ; I surrender him to you, Ruy Soeiro. Bento Simoes shall have the esquire ; I claim as mine Alvaro de Sá, the noble cavalier."

"I will lead Ayres Gomes a pretty dance!" said Bento Simoes with a martial air.

"The rest, if they trouble us, shall go afterward ; if they join us, they will be welcome. Only I warn you that he who shall cross the threshold of Cecilia's door is a dead man ; she is my share of the booty, the lion's share!"

At that instant a noise was heard as if the leaves had been agitated. The adventurers paid no attention to it, and naturally attributed it to the wind.

"A few days more, my friends," continued Loredano, "and we shall be rich, noble, powerful as kings. You, Bento

Simoes, shall be Marquis of Paquequer; you, Ruy Soeiro, Duke of Minas; I—What shall I be?" said Loredano, with a smile that lighted up his intelligent countenance. "I shall be—"

A word issued from the bosom of the earth, low and hollow, as if a sepulchral voice had pronounced it.

"TRAITORS!"

The three adventurers sprang to their

feet together, pale and rigid, like corpses rising from the grave.

The two crossed themselves. The Italian raised himself by the branch of the tree, and looked hurriedly around.

All was still. The sun in the zenith was diffusing an ocean of light; not a leaf was stirring, not an insect sporting on the grass. Day in its splendor held sway over nature.

James W. Hawes.

[END OF THE FIRST PART.]

ETC.

THE long period of uncertainty and change in the presidency of the University of California,—a period that has really lasted ever since President Gilman's resignation nearly eighteen years ago,—is probably brought to an end by the election of Professor Kellogg. As readers of the *OVERLAND* know, this is the choice that we have thought the best one from the first. Only a new university should have to go outside its own faculty for a president. Harvard does not look to Yale to supply it a head, nor Yale to Cornell. Seth Low, when chosen president of Columbia, or Professor Tucker, just now called from Andover to the presidency of Dartmouth, though not members of the respective faculties, were alumni of the institutions and had been actively connected with the management. There were one or two other men in the faculty of the University of California either of whom might have made an excellent president; men superior to Professor Kellogg in certain qualities that go toward the making of a good executive, as he is superior to them in other of such qualities; and the best friends of the University were not at one as to which was, all in all, the fittest choice. Certainly the perfect president, best in every respect, has never yet been found by any university. But the selection of Professor Kellogg, even in the eyes of those who would have preferred another choice, is a good one; and so far as such a thing can be earned, it has been earned.

DURING the months in which the selection of the regents balanced between Professor Kellogg and Professor Moses, the newspapers had a great deal to say of both, and indiscreet advocates of one or the other discussed their qualities and dues in a spirit that

misrepresented the men themselves. We cannot leave the subject without saying that from first to last, so far as we have been able to hear in hearing much about it, neither sought the position in any way, nor showed, in a trying situation, any least deflection from the personal dignity, modesty, courtesy, and honorable behavior, that was to have been expected of them by those that knew them. Nor was either ignorant that whatever gratification the honorable station might bring it brought also too grave a responsibility to be aspired to as any mere personal success.

It may be all right about Hawaii, but the whole look of the thing is questionable; most of all the frantic haste with which such an important action is being rushed through, before a word can be heard from the other side of the question. It seems incredible that our President should draft a treaty on the sole assurance of the envoys of a revolutionary government, without waiting for the envoys of the Queen, already half-way across the continent, to reach Washington, and should urge the Senate to pass on it before these messengers can reach them. If it is true, as has been repeatedly stated without contradiction, that the revolutionary envoys refused to allow the others passage on the same steamer, and then pushed to get the whole transaction through before they could be followed up by the passengers of a second steamer, it is hard to avoid the conviction that there must be much to conceal. If the haste and suppression of discussion are for the sake of getting the transaction concluded before the last hours of the administration are over, as a matter of party politics, they are only less discredi-

able than if the purpose is to suppress knowledge of facts until it is too late.

PERHAPS it is best that we should annex Hawaii. But no strong reason for doing so has yet been alleged. Here is a kingdom with a large native population, a large population of low-grade imported laborers, and a small class of well-to-do and intelligent whites. As a matter of course, it is most agreeable and profitable to these whites to have the country governed by themselves, and as they are mostly Americans, to have it annexed to the United States. The same conditions will hold wherever Americans or Europeans of enterprise settle among weaker peoples. But if this gives them the right to seize upon the government, call in the aid of United States marines, and offer the territory—practically the conquest of arms made without pretext of war—to the United States under the name of voluntary annexation, then it can only be on the ground that feeble and less civilized peoples have no rights that stronger ones are bound to respect. If present accounts of the text of the treaty and the method of proposed ratification are true, there is no purpose of getting the consent of the Hawaiian people, or legislature, or of anyone but the revolutionary government itself; and the control of the territory, once annexed, is to belong to them, under provisions that will exclude the bulk of the population from suffrage. The record of our country, to the grief and humiliation of those that love it most, has never been creditable in its dealings with any weaker people,—Indians, Negroes, Chinese, or Spanish-Americans,—and it would be an inexpiable pity to add another stain. There could be no gain that could compensate for it. The honor of a nation is as far above all other considerations as that of an individual.

EVEN if it should prove that Hawaii could be taken with honor, and that the present appearance of a high-handed military seizure is misleading, no sufficient reason has so far been shown why we should want it. We have a practical protectorate now, and treaties, which we are in a position to enforce, that make it impossible for any foreign nation to get control there. Undoubtedly our countrymen living there will be much benefited by the annexation, and it is natural to sympathize with their desire to be once more American citizens. But they voluntarily expatriated themselves, for motives that seemed to them sufficient; and their gratification is hardly sufficient reason for surrendering our great advantage of a compact coast line, and taking the miscellaneous Hawaiian population into our family of States; for that is what it must sooner or later come to, unless some stronger reason appears than has yet been urged. The popular talk is all in favor of annexation, but in the most unreasoning way, purely as a matter of national vanity, as empty of solid advantage or real patriot-

ism as Alexander's vanity of conquest. If there is anything more than this in the whole project, the country should be given time to find it out. No possible harm could come of six months' delay for full inquiry and consideration. At least, we might stop to get the consent of the people of Hawaii before we take their country.

MR. GLADSTONE'S majority, though narrow, seems safe, and the Home Rule bill will doubtless be worried through the Commons. But getting it through the Commons does not mean, of course, that the thing is accomplished, for no one expects it to pass the House of Lords. That the opposition of the Lords can be overcome without another appeal to the country and a decisively favorable verdict, seems impossible; nor does there seem much reason to hope that an election would result in such a verdict. The Liberals might hold, might even increase, their majority; but that they could get one that would overawe the upper house is unlikely. At this distance it is hard to understand why the Irish parliament should seem to almost half the people of Great Britain so dreadful a thing, or why the smooth workings of the American federal system should not count for more of a precedent with them; but doubtless they see every year reason to wonder why their experience in this or that direction is not more of a guide to us.

IN ONE direction, at least, we are following the lesson of English experience, to our great and manifest profit. The swift progress of ballot reform has outstripped the hopes of the most hopeful. Five years ago a secret ballot act seemed a far-away good; this year sees the system firmly established in a majority of States, and "Corrupt Practices" acts, under various titles, following it in several legislatures. The one now before the California legislature has passed both houses. In many ways the Sunday school politicians are getting their innings this year. To see San Francisco without a political machine in good, uncrippled working order left in it, while the second city in the State, Oakland, is making a great effort to smash its own machines; to see Tammany Hall practically discarded and defied by the Democratic leaders, and in danger of losing even local control if the voters will stand by the revolt at the next opportunity; to see educational qualifications for the suffrage, and provisions almost fatal to corruption at the polls,—to see all this makes the literary fellers and holier-than-thou politicians take heart of grace enough to sustain them during a good many coming dark days, when everything may seem drifting backward again.

What Is Evolution?

A LETTER TO BOYS.

I was once trying to tell a boy, a friend of mine, what the scientific men mean by the long word

Evolution, and to give him some idea of the plan of the world. I wanted an illustration of something that had grown,—evolved, developed,—from small beginnings up through more and more complicated forms, till it had reached some very complete form. I could think of no better example than the railway by which we were sitting. The trains were running over the very track where a wagon-road had lately been, and before that a country cart-track, and before that a bridle-path, and before that again a mere trail for cattle. So I took the road for an example, and tried to show my boy how it had grown from little things by slow degrees according to laws; and if you like, I will try to tell it again.

Just as one can go further and further back, and always find a bird to be the parent of the egg and an egg to be the parent of that bird, so in the history of this road of ours; we may go back and back into the past, always finding something earlier, which is the cause of the something later. The earth, the planets, and the sun were all a fiery mist long ago. And in that mist, and in what came before it, we may look for the origin of things as they are. But we must begin somewhere. Let us begin with the landscape as we see it now,—hills, valleys, streams, mountains, grass,—but with only a single tree.

We will not try to say how the tree came there. At least, we will not try just yet. When we are through with the story you can say just as well as I can.

Suppose, then, a single oak tree stood just on that hillside thousands and thousands of years ago. Grass was growing everywhere, and flowers too. The seeds came with the winds. Year after year the oak tree bore its acorns, hundreds and hundreds of them, and they fell on the grass beneath and rolled down the smooth slopes and sprouted as best they could,—most of them uselessly, so far as producing trees were concerned,—but each one did its duty and furnished its green sprout, and died if it found no nourishment.

All the hundreds of acorns rolled down the slopes. Not one rolled up; and here was a *law*,—the law of gravitation,—in full activity. There were scores of other laws, active too, for evolution has gone a long way when we have an earth fit to be lived on, and hills in their present shape, and a tree bearing acorns that will reproduce their kind. But ever since the fiery mist, this simple law of gravitation has been acting; binding the whole universe together, making a relationship between each clod and every other clod, and forcing every stone, every acorn, and every rain-drop to move down and not up.

Just as this law operates,—continuously, silently, inexorably,—so every other law makes itself felt in its own sphere. Gravitation is simple. The law according to which an acorn makes an oak and not a pine tree, is complex. But the laws of Nature are all alike, and if we understand the simple ones, we

can, at least, partly comprehend the more complex. They are nothing but fixed habits on a large scale.

So the acorns fell, year by year, and sprouted; and one out of a thousand found good soil, and was not wasted, and made a tree. And so all around (below) the tree with which we started, there grew a grove of oaks like it, in fact, its children; and finally the original trees died, but not without having left successors.

First of all, the green hillside is smooth and untrod. There is nothing but grass and flowers, borne there by the winds, which leave no track. There is no animal life even in this secluded spot save the birds, and they too leave no track. By and by there comes a hard winter, or a dearth of food, and a pair of stray squirrels emigrate from their home in the valley below, and the history of our hill and its woods begins. Mere chance decides the choice of the particular oak tree in which the squirrels make their home. From the foot of this tree they make excursions here and there for their store of winter food,—acorns and the like—and they leave little paths on the hillside from tree to tree.

The best marked paths run to the places where there are the most acorns. A little later on there are more squirrels in the colony; the young of the parent pair, and other colonists from the valley. The little tracks become plainer and plainer.

Later still come other wild animals in search of food,—squirrels will do. The wild animals do not remain in the colony (there are too few squirrels and they are too hard to catch), but they pass through it, sometimes by day, but oftenest by night.

You might think it was perfectly a matter of chance along which path a bear or a wolf passed; but it was not. He *could* walk anywhere on the hillside; and sometimes he would be found far out of the paths that the squirrels had begun. But usually, when he was in no haste, he took the easiest path. The easiest one was that which went between the bushes and not through them; along the hillside and not straight up it; around the big rocks and not over them. The wolves and bears and foxes have new and different wants when they come; and they break new paths to the springs where they drink, to the shade where they lie, to the hollow trees where the bees swarm and store the wild honey.

But the squirrels were the first surveyors of these tracks. The bears and wolves are the engineers who change the early paths to suit their special convenience.

By and by the Indian hunter comes to follow the wild game. He, too, takes the easiest trail—the path of least resistance—and he follows the track to the spring that the deer have made, and he drinks there. He is an animal as they are, and he satisfies his animal wants according to the same law that governs them.

After generations of hunters, Indians, and then white men, there comes a man on horseback look-

ing for a house to live in. He, too, follows along the easiest paths and stops at the spring, and near by he finds the place he is looking for. Soon he returns, driving before him herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, which spread over the grassy shades to feed. But everywhere they take the easiest place, the old paths, from the shady tree to the flowing spring. After awhile the hillside is plainly marked with these sheep trails. You can see them now whenever you go into the country, on every hillside.

Soon there are neighbors who build their homes in the next valley, and a good path must be made between the different houses.

A few days' work spent in moving the largest stones, in cutting down trees, and in leveling off a few steep slopes, makes a trail along which you can gallop your horse.

Things move fast now,—history begins to be made quickly, as soon as man takes a hand in it. Soon the trail is not enough; it must be widened so that a wagon load of boards for a new house can be carried in (for the settler has found a wife). After the first cart-track is made to carry the boards and shingles in, a better road will be needed to haul firewood and grain out (for the wants of the new family have increased, and things must be bought in the neighboring village with money, and money can only be had by selling the products of the farm). By and by the neighborhood is so well inhabited that it is to the advantage of the villages all around it to have good and safe and easy roads there; and the road is declared a public one; and it is regularly kept in repair and improved at the public expense. Do not forget the squirrels of long ago. They were the projectors of this road. Their successors use it now,—men and squirrels alike,—and stop at the spring to drink, and under the huge oaks to rest.

A few years more, and it becomes to the advantage of all to have a railway through the valley and over the hillside. Then a young surveyor, just graduated from college, comes with his chain-men and flag-men, and finds that the squirrels, and bears, and hunters and all the rest have picked out the easiest way for him long centuries ago. He makes his map, and soon the chief engineer and the president of the road drive along in a buggy, with a pair of fast horses (frightening the little squirrels off their roadway and into their holes), and the route of the Bear Valley and Quercus Railway is finally selected, and here it is. See! there comes a train along the track. This is the way a railway route grew out of a squirrel path. There are thousands of little steps, but you can trace them, or imagine them, as well as I can tell you.

It is the same all over the world. Stanley cut a track through the endless African forests. But it lay between the Pygmy villages, along the paths they had made, and through the glades where they fought their battles with the storks.

Sometimes the first road is a river—the track is already cut. Try to find out where the settlements in America were in the very early days—before 1800. You will find them along the Hudson, the Juniata, the St. Lawrence, the James, the Mississippi rivers. But when these are left, men follow the squirrel-tracks and bear-tracks, or the paths of hunters, or the roads of Roman soldiers. It is a standing puzzle to little children why all the great rivers flow past the great towns. (Why do they?) The answer to that question will tell you why the great battles are fought in the same regions; why Egypt has been the coveted prize of a dozen different conquerors (it is the gateway of the East); why our Civil War turned on the possession of the Mississippi River. It is the roadways we fight for, the ways in and out, whether they be land or water. Of course, we really fought for something better than the mere possession of a roadway, but to get what we fought for we had to have the roadway first.

The great principle at the bottom of everything in Nature is that the fittest survives; or, as I think it is better to say it, in any particular conflict or struggle that thing survives which is the fittest to survive *in this particular struggle*. This is Mr. Darwin's discovery—or one of them—and the struggle for existence is a part of the great struggle of the whole universe, and the laws of it make up the methods of Evolution—of Development.

It is clear now, is it not, how the railway route is the direct descendant of the tiny squirrel track between two oaks? The process of development we call Evolution, and you can trace it all around you. Why are your skates shaped in a certain way? Why is your gun rifled? Why have soldiers two sets of (now) useless buttons on the skirts of their coats? (I will give you three guesses for this, and the hint that you must think of cavalry soldiers.) Why are eagle's wings of just the size that they are? These and millions of like questions are to be answered by referring to the principle of development.

Sometimes it is hard to find the clew. Sometimes the development has gone so far, and the final product has become so complex and special, that it takes a good deal of thinking to find out the real reasons. But they *can* be found, whether they relate to a fashion, to one of the laws of our country, or to the colors on a butterfly's wing.

There is a little piece of verse intended to be comic, which, on the contrary, is really serious and philosophical, if you understand it. Learn it by heart, and apply it to all kinds and conditions of things, and see if it does not help you to explain them to yourself.

It is speaking about the belief that men are descended from monkeys, (or rather that men and monkeys are each the descendants of a common ancestor,) and it refers to the fact that monkeys have thumbs different from ours, and it says:

"And Man grew a thumb for that he had need
of it,
And developed capacities for prey.
For the fastest men caught the most animals,

And the fastest animals got away from the most
men.
Whereby all the slow animals were eaten,
And all the slow men starved to death."

BOOK REVIEWS.

Mary Washington.¹

The Story of Mary Washington book is written in the interest of the movement, by an association of women, to put a monument over the long-neglected grave of Washington's mother,—a grave almost more discreditably marked with neglect by the presence of an unfinished monument, than it would be by none at all. The purpose is a most proper one, and the subject of the book makes it interesting; the writer, Marion Harland, is no inexperienced hand with the pen, and writes with love of her subject. Yet, the book has a made-to-order flavor. There is too much effort to press every possible drop of interest out of scant materials, and it has the effect of marring the interest. For instance, how could the writer find it in her heart to add a half-page of admiring paraphrase, after telling the story of Madam Washington's well-known answer to Lafayette's eloquent eulogies of the greatness of her son: "I am not surprised at what George has done; he was always a good boy."

Such fragments of letters and traditions as are available concerning the Ball family, and the girlhood of Mary Ball; she was a Virginian girl of good colonial family, though she seems to have married Augustine Washington in England, where—there is some reason to think—she went to live with a half-brother, after her mother's death. The brother had been educated in England and had remained there, having gone into the practice of law in England. Mrs. Harland favors a tradition that Augustine Washington met Miss Ball first in England, while on a visit thither himself; but there is no reason why they should not have been acquainted earlier, in Virginia. Nothing seems to be really known about it, except a fragment of a letter from a girl friend, dated in 1728, and reading as follows: ". . . Understand Molly Ball is going home with her brother, a lawyer, who lives in England. Her mother is dead, three months ago, and her sister . . .;" and that Augustine Washington became a widower in 1728, is said to have gone to England in 1729 to look after certain property, and is known to have married Mary Ball in 1730.

¹ *The Story of Mary Washington*. By Marion Harland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company: 1892.

The civil war, which destroyed the papers in a deserted mansion near the York River, left the fragment given above, and also the following, dated 1722, but wanting a signature:

"DEAR SUKEY,—Madam Ball of Lancaster and Her Sweet Molly have gone Hom. Mamma thinks Molly the comliest maiden she knows. She is about 16 yrs. old, is taller than Me, is very sensible, Modest, and Loving. Her Hair is like unto Flax, Her Eyes are the color of yours, and her cheeks are like May blossoms. I wish you could see her."

Madam Washington was in later life considered plain in personal appearance, but her biography speaks of a pretty bloom in youth, fading early, as characteristic of the girls of "tidewater Virginia."

One cannot sufficiently regret the loss of the rest of that bundle of letters, written in all probability (for the fragment of 1728 has an address partly decipherable, and it is likely they were all to the same person) to one Miss Nelly Carter. The Carters were an important colonial family, known to have been acquainted with the Balls.

The half-brother, Joseph Ball, in London, seems to have been regarded with the deference due the head of the family by Mary, after their father's death; and until her own son was old enough to take family affairs into his hands she leaned very much on the advice of this brother, who seems to have been a discreet and kind man, and writes a letter that has an air of dignified advice, not at all unlike his distinguished nephew's, when addressing younger relatives. Mrs. Harland resents this tone towards a nephew who was yet to become the father of his country, and sets down the English uncle as a pragmatic and narrow-minded cockney, on rather insufficient evidence. Madam Washington's deference to this elder brother, and the modesty that recommended her as a girl to her seniors, taken with her well-known authority that brooked no question where she was in command, remind us of her son, whose implicit and respectful obedience was as marked as his exaction of deference and obedience, when it was due to himself. It is a very different type of temper from that of most of the strong-willed and authoritative rulers of history.

The Warring Philosophers,

Mr. Herbert Spencer has incurred the supreme displeasure of Mr. Henry George, and the result is a book¹ in which the latter tears the evolution philosophy to very tatters. When Mr. George first realized that the Declaration of Independence should have enumerated as inalienable rights, "life, liberty, and the use of land," he quoted liberally from Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics," to prove that, years before, the English philosopher had urged the equal rights of all to the use of land. Now, however, Mr. Spencer has repudiated this view, and Mr. George declares that he is perplexed, and intimates actual dishonesty.

The book consists of a series of extracts from Spencer's writings, including all his utterances on the land question. These utterances are quoted in Spencer's words, and the author then proceeds to demolish those arguments that do not agree with his views. He certainly makes out a *prima facie* case of inconsistency, but whether the inconsistencies are irreconcilable remains for the reader to decide. The land question occupies the principal attention, but incidentally the entire system of Spencer's philosophy comes in for attack, and Mr. George commends "the study of such logical processes to those who, on the authority of Herbert Spencer's philosophy, believe that man is an evolved monkey, who got the idea of God from observing his own shadow."

The tone of the book is generally fair, though Mr. George at times shows somewhat more feeling than is consistent with the philosophic frame of mind. The conclusion is an admirable plea for independence of thought in connection with all these questions.

The Schoolmaster in Literature.²

The Schoolmaster has always been abroad in literature, and any reader will be able to name for himself among his prime favorites several instances of the treatment of that character. Even so, he will be gratified and perhaps surprised to have direct testimony to the fact in *The Schoolmaster in Literature*, a volume in the American Book Company's educational series. For the main purpose of this collection is not pleasure, though pleasure it certainly gives, but to show in a most delightful way to teachers the importance of the personal element in their profession; how the good teacher is so because of what he is, not what he does, or how much he teaches.

Of course, Tom Brown figures in this book, and Squeers, Dr. Blimber, and the school that the little David Copperfield went to; and Thackeray, George Eliot, and Washington Irving, are drawn on. But the book goes wider afield than this; it begins with

Roger Ascham, it takes in Molière and Rousseau, and Pestalozzi and Goethe, and winds up with Edward Eggleston and D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson.

Some natural expectations will be disappointed. There is nothing of Dominie Sampson, most famous of pedagogues, nor yet any of the school descriptions that give charm to Bret Harte's "Cressy." And yet, remembering the purpose of the collection, perhaps the omissions are as wise as the admissions. It ought to do good as a strong plea for individualism as against the machine-made in teaching.

Briefer Notice.

*Mineral Springs and Health Resorts of California.*³

—In this book Doctor Anderson gives the results of a vast amount of work, largely his own, for it contains analyses of a hundred or more California mineral springs, and some two hundred analyses of mineral waters of other parts of the United States and of Europe. He shows that almost all the most famous mineral waters of the world have close counterparts in California. This fact, he thinks, together with the favorable surroundings in which they are here found, will cause great sanitariums to be established in the State, that will draw people from all over the world. He describes all the better known springs of the State, and tells what has been done already in the way of development of such resorts. The point he most strongly insists on as necessary to the best results, and as a safeguard against evil results, is, that the waters should be used, both for drinking and bathing, under the direction of a good doctor that has made the subject a specialty.

If a fault is to be found in the book, it will be with the rather gushing tone in which it speaks of the accommodations and surroundings at each of the resorts. Of the springs medicinally the Doctor writes with knowledge, as one who can stand by his words; but in these other matters he seems to have borrowed the tone of circulars of the resort keepers, and praises everything. Much of this is, of course, due praise, but it is hard to believe there are so many little heavens on earth, even in California.

When the Doctor goes beyond his province in other ways, he sometimes makes slips also. An example of this is found in the historical sketch of California, where, p. 354, he says that Cabrillo named the Farallones after Farallo, his pilot. But Cabrillo's lieutenant and successor was named Ferrelo, and any Spanish dictionary would have shown a less fanciful derivation.

But Doctor Anderson's book should do good to California. The praises of the glorious climate have been sung in Eastern ears, and the one-lunged contingent has come and found them true. Now it is added that Carlsbad, and Ems, and Vichy, are all to be paralleled in this State, and not only the con-

¹ *The Schoolmaster in Literature. Selections. With an Introduction by Edward Eggleston. New York: The American Book Co.: 1892.*

¹ *A Perplexed Philosopher. By Henry George. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.: 1892.*

² *The Schoolmaster in Literature. Selections. With an Introduction by Edward Eggleston. New York: The American Book Co.: 1892.*

³ *Mineral Springs and Health Resorts of California. By Winslow Anderson, M. D. San Francisco: The Bancroft Company: 1892.*

sumptive, but the gouty, the rheumatic, the scrofulous, the lame, halt, and sick generally, can find there not only climate, but healing waters as well for all their diseases.

*Silver, Its True Place in the Circulation.*¹—Mr. J. W. Treadwell, editor of *The California Bankers' Magazine*, has published in pamphlet form his lecture before the Technical Society of the Pacific, on Silver. His position is that the cause of the depreciation of silver is found in the vast issues by many nations, and by the United States in especial, of paper money, unbacked or not sufficiently backed by actual coin. These issues, by Gresham's law, drive out silver and gold from circulation, and funding them would call it back again and set the whole matter straight, make a demand for silver that would raise it to its old-time ratio to gold, and make it possible for the mints of the world to be opened again to the free coinage of both metals.

His position about greenbacks is that they are unconstitutional, and that even in war times it would have been better to have issued bonds in their place. It may be argued that in those days it would have been hardly possible to place, at less than ruinous discounts, the large issues of bonds that would have been needed, and that the forced loan made by greenbacks was a military necessity, but that argument does not affect the present situation. Most students of finance will agree with Mr. Treadwell, we fancy, that all fiat money is dangerous and dishonest, and that even the greenbacks, backed by bonds, have serious disadvantages.

Mr. Treadwell's argumentative style does not seek to win his opponents by conciliating them, but rather to silence them by blows of a logical club. It may be doubted whether that method is best suited to so vexed a subject as finance.

*First Steps in Philosophy.*²—Mr. Salter has divided his book into two parts,—a statement of the position of the idealist in regard to matter, and an inquiry into the ground and criterion of duty. His work is written for the beginner in philosophy, and with such simplicity that an unobservant reader may fail to give him due credit. It is only by remembering what muddy and abstruse things others have made of these questions, that we realize the merit of Mr. Salter's power of lucid thought and clear statement.

Idealism has suffered much from the lack of just such statements in language that the wayfaring man can make head or tail of. To the common mind, the doctrine seems to reduce the world to a vain dream or nebulous show, that takes away from it much of its significance. This notion Mr. Salter combats vigorously in the chapter, "Reconciliation

¹Silver, Its True Place in the Circulation. By J. W. Treadwell. San Francisco.

²First Steps in Philosophy. By William Mackintire Salter. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr and Company: 1892.

with Common Sense." That he does not despise modern physical science, as some of the idealists have affected to do, is shown by the fact that he acknowledges Huxley as his master in philosophy.

The second part of his book, an examination into the nature and ground of duty, is an argument in favor of perfection, rather than the utilitarian's happiness, as the ultimate good.

*America: Its Geographical History.*³—The Columbian anniversary has given great impetus to the study of the explorations by which America became known to the European world. This study has resulted in a shoal of books, and among these, notable for industry and scholarship, is Mr. Scaife's book of six lectures, delivered to Johns Hopkins graduate students.

The titles of the lectures show the scope of the work: "The Development of the Atlantic Coast in the Consciousness of Europe," "Development of Pacific Coast Geography," "Geography of the Interior and Polar Regions," "Historical Notes on Certain Geographical Names," "Development of American National and State Boundaries," "Geographical Work of the National Government." To these are added in a supplement an inquiry into the discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi.

Interesting as Mr. Scaife's text is to lovers of geographical subjects, his book gains much in value from the fac similes of ten ancient charts, dating from 1500 to 1699. These are reproduced by some process that retains the antique look, and makes it almost possible to imagine them the originals themselves.

Books Received.

The Song Budget. Compiled by C. W. Bardeen: New York: 1892.

Mineral Springs and Health Resorts of California. By Winslow Anderson. San Francisco: The Bancroft Co.: 1892.

The Text-Books of Comenius. By W. H. Maxwell. New York: C. W. Bardeen: 1892.

Cone-Bearing Trees of the Pacific Slope. By J. G. Lemmon. Oakland: Pacific Press Publishing Co.: 1892.

Guide to the Knowledge of God. By A. Gratry. Boston: Roberts Bros.: 1892.

The Coming Religion. By Thomas Van Ness. Boston: Roberts Bros.: 1892.

Let Him First Be a Man. By W. H. Venable. Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1892.

French Reader on the Cumulative Method. By Adolphe Dreyspring. New York: American Book Co.: 1892.

Meehan's Monthly. Conducted by Thomas Meehan. Germantown, Philadelphia: 1892.

Cosmopolis. By Paul Bourget. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co.: 1892.

The Spanish Treasure. By Elizabeth C. Winter. New York: Robert Bonner's Sons: 1892.

³America: Its Geographical History. By Walter B. Scaife. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press: 1892.



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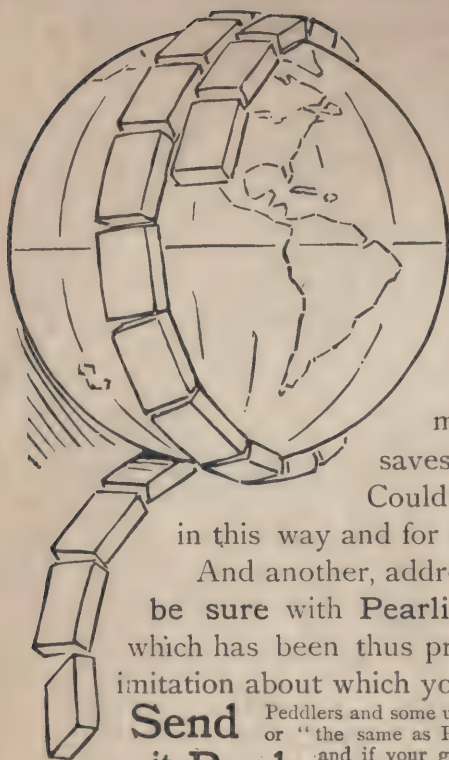
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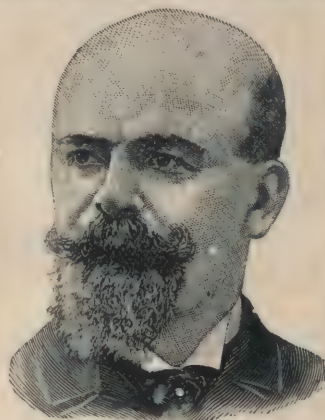
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CONTENTS OF RECENT OVERLANDS.

OCTOBER.

Frontispiece.—President Henry Durant.
The University of California, *Milicent W. Shinn*. With 17 illustrations.
Lawn Tennis in California, *James F. J. Archibald*. With 14 illustrations.
Minerva's Mother, *Annie Getchell Gale*.
Possibilities, *M. C. Gillington*.
An Alaskan Summer, *Mabel H. Closson*. With 7 illustrations.
An Electrical Study, *Vere Withington*.
County Division in Southern California, *E. P. Clarke*.
With Fancy, *Sylvia Lawson Covey*.
Burke's Wife, *Beebe Crocker*.
Fiction Review, Etc., and Book Reviews.

NOVEMBER.

Over the Santa Lucia, *Mary L. White*. With 15 illustrations.
To —
Fisheries of California, *David Starr Jordan*.
True Greatness, *E. E. Barnard*.
The University of California. II. Lick Astronomical Department, *Milicent W. Shinn*. With 17 illustrations.
Siwash, *E. Meliss*. With 5 illustrations.
Old Angeline, the Princess of Seattle, *Rose Simmons*.
How Mrs. Binnywig Checked the King, *R*.
What Constitutes a Mortal Wound, *J. N. Hall, M.D.*
The Mother of Felipe, *Mary Austin*.
In the Last Day, *M. C. Gillington*.
A Snow Storm in Humboldt, *E. B.*
A Physician's Story, *Theoda Wilkins*.
The Sea-Fern, *Seddie E. Anderson*.
George William Curtis, Citizen, *Warren Olney*.
Love's Legend, *Lenore Congdon Schutze*.
Etc. and Book Reviews.

DECEMBER.

The Restaurants of San Francisco, *Charles S. Greene*. With 12 illustrations.
The Sacking of Grubbsville, *Adah Fairbanks Batelle*.
Indian Traditions of Their Origin, *William E. Read*.
Aged, *Juliette Estelle Mathis*.
The University of California. III., *Milicent W. Shinn*. With 9 illustrations.
A Peninsular Centennial. Vancouver's Visit in 1792 to the Bay and Peninsula of San Francisco, with Map, *W. H. McDougal*.
A Last Walk in Autumn, *Neith Boyce*.
Mexican Art in Clay, *E. P. Bancroft*. With 6 illustrations.
Point Lobos, *Virna Woods*. Illustrated.
Congressional Reform, *Caspar T. Hopkins*.
A Mexican Ferry, *A. D. Stewart*. With 10 illustrations.
Helen, *Marshall Graham*.
Down o' the Thistle, *Ella M. Sexton*.
The Illuminated Certificate, *Marcia Davies*.
Recent Fiction, Etc. and Book Reviews.

JANUARY.

Christmas Eve, *Ella Higginson*. With illustration.
Famous Paintings Owned on the West Coast, I. Beethoven Among His Intimates.
Seaward, *Martha T. Tyler*. With illustration.
A Kindergarten Christmas, *Nora A. Smith*. With 11 illustrations.
Tennyson, *John Vance Cheney*.
An Unromantic Affair, *Quien*. (SEE OVER.)

CONTENTS OF RECENT OVERLANDS, Continued.

San Francisco Election Machinery, *William A. Beatty*.

Christmases and Christmases, *Phil Weaver, Jr.* With 8 illustrations.

Song.

A Peninsular Centennial, II. Vancouver's Visit to the Mission of Santa Clara. A Study, *William H. McDougal*.

Four For a Cent, *Malheureuse*.

Spinning Song, *M. C. Gillington*.

Not Unto Us Alone, *Julia Boynton Green*. With illustration.

Brander's Wife, A Christmas Story, *Flora Haines Loughead*. With 2 illustrations. Original Research.

The Silver Question, *Henry S. Brooks*.

The Waiting Rain, *Eleanor Mary Ladd*.

The Guarany. I-IV. From the Portuguese of José Martiniano de Alencar, *James W. Hawes*.

A Story of the Northwest, *L. A. M. Bosworth*.

In Lincoln's Home, *William S. Hutchinson*.

Etc. and Book Reviews.

FEBRUARY.

Inter-Collegiate Football on the Pacific Coast, *Phil Weaver, Jr.* With 19 illustrations.

Silent Partners, *C. A. Stearns*.

Famous Pictures Owned on the West Coast, II. The Man with a Hoe. With illustration.

Among the Diggers of Thirty Years Ago, *Helen M. Carpenter*. With 10 illustrations.

Nocturne and Fantasia, *Charles E. Brimblecom*.

Life in an Insane Asylum, *Charles W. Coyle*. With 6 illustrations.

A Santa Barbara Day in Winter, *Harriet W. Waring*. With 6 illustrations.

Jardin de Borda, *Arthur Howard Noll*. With illustration.

Merit, *Elizabeth S. Bates*.

In Vespero, *Isabel E. Owens*.

Asyma. From the Modern Greek. *Albin Putzker*.

Codrus. *Lewis Worthington Smith*.

The Guarany. VII-XII. *James W. Hawes*.

Under the Southern Cross, *Mabel H. Closson*.

Impending Labor Problems, *Austin Bierbower*.

Etc. and Book Reviews.

The January Number: THE OVERLAND MONTHLY for January is probably the most artistic number ever issued. Peixotto, Walter, and Helen J. and Bertha E. Smith, have furnished admirable drawings, while the process work in such pictures as those which accompany the article on "Christmases and Christmases" has never been excelled for delicacy and finish, even in the periodicals of Paris. The whole number has a seasonable holiday flavor. One of the most readable papers is "A Kindergarten Christmas," by Nora A. Smith, which is full of the spirit of the new education that finds so much of strength and goodness in the neglected children of the poor. Next to this we should place Mrs. Flora Haines Loughead's story, "Brander's Wife." It contains some etchings of newspaper life that bear a resemblance to the reality,—which is high praise, when one recalls the caricatures of journalism that have appeared in recent magazine stories. A series that promises to be of much interest is "Famous Paintings Owned on the West Coast." The first is a reproduction of Græffe's "Beethoven Among His Friends," from the gallery of Baron von Schroeder. Space is lacking to mention all the other contents of this number, which include a bright skit on space writing, entitled "Four For a Cent," and a fine short poem on Tennyson, by John Vance Cheney. . . .

Volume XX:—The bound volume of the OVERLAND, which includes the numbers from July to December, rounds out the twentieth volume of this magazine, which is so closely identified with California literary life. In a brief paragraph, one cannot even touch on any of the attractive features which have been noted in these columns from month to month. It must suffice here to say that the OVERLAND has shown itself alive to the demand for illustrations, and that much of its work will compare favorably with the work of the best Eastern magazines.

What sets this monthly apart from all other periodicals on this coast, is its high literary quality. The preservation of this standard reflects the greatest credit on the editors. How rich the magazine has been in articles that mirror far Western life is best appreciated when one looks over the bound volume.—*San Francisco Chronicle*, Dec. 25, 1892.

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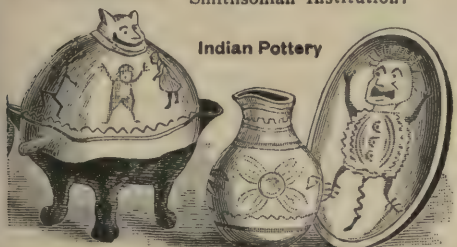
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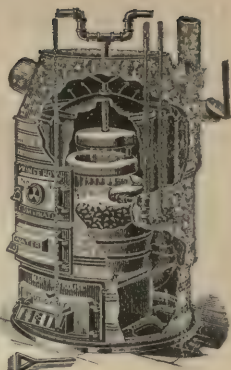
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- \$3.00 Hand-Sewed.
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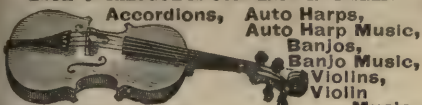
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Manitou

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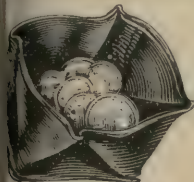
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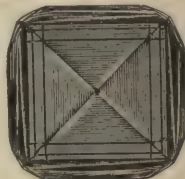
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Is the regular Weekly Bulletin and Friday's issue of each week.

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THE DAILY BULLETIN is served by carriers in San Francisco and the large towns of the interior at 15 cents per week.

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<i>Weekly, with Daily of Friday,</i>	-	-	"	2.00

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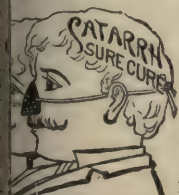
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Goods we believe to be as good as can be produced.

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Sure Cure for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Colds, etc.

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Breaks up a cold in one night. Sure preventive for infectious diseases.

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Our "People's Text-Book"—sent free—will explain what fine varnish is.

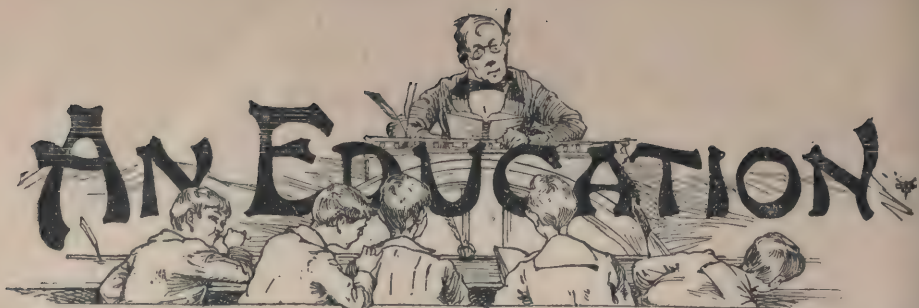
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or at least a very important part of one, is to know how to get good results with the least labor. In the matter of house cleaning, scrubbing and in scouring pots and pans, it is important to know that

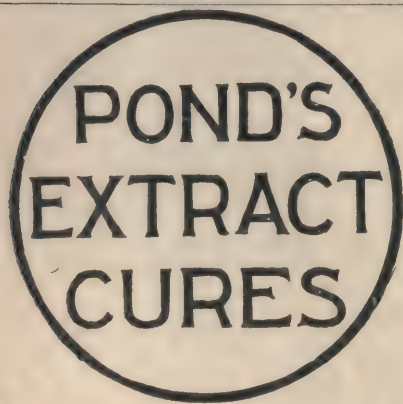
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saves time, strength and patience.

What? dozens of uses and you knew only one? your education in house-keeping has been neglected. You can use it in countless ways.

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<i>Sprains</i>	<i>Hoarseness</i>
<i>Sore Eyes</i>	<i>Rheumatism</i>
	<i>Sore Throat</i>
<i>Hemorrhages</i>	<i>Inflammation</i>

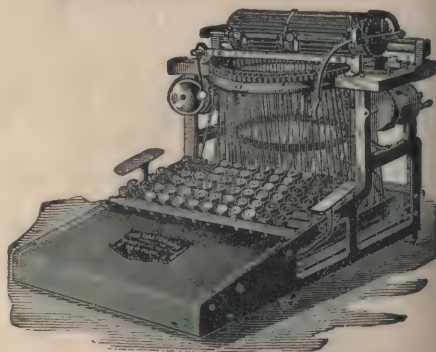
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 YOUR DRESSMAKER To Sew your Dress with the
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PURE TONE, ELEGANT DESIGNS, SUPERIOR
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*Is Absolutely Pure
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are used in its prepara-
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 more economical, *costing less than one cent a
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April

Overland Monthly



THE OVERLAND MONTHLY PUBLISHING CO.
PACIFIC MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO.

The Overland Monthly

VOL. XXI

No. 124

SECOND SERIES

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The Overland Monthly Publishing Company.

San Francisco: Pacific Mutual Life Building

The Pacific Coast: San Francisco News Co.
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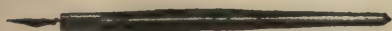
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What's the News?



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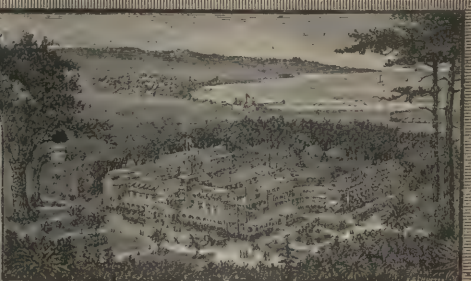
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RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

Statement for the Year ending December 31st, 1892.

Assets	\$175,084,156.61
Reserve for Policies (American table 4 per cent)	\$159,181,067 00
Miscellaneous Liabilities	734,855 67
Surplus	15,168,233 94

Income.

Premiums	\$32,047,765 34
Interest, Rents, etc	8,191,099 90
	\$40,238,865 24

Disbursements.

To Policyholders	\$19,386,532 46
For Expenses and Taxes	7,419,611 08
	\$26,806,143 54

The Assets are Invested as Follows :

United States Bonds and other Securities	\$ 65,820,434 89
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, first lien	69,348,092 54
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	10,394,597 50
Real Estate	15,638,884 26
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	7,806,672 55
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, etc	6,075,474 87
	\$175,084,156 61

Insurance and Annuities

Insurance Assumed and Renewed	\$654,909,566 00
Insurance in Force	745,780,083 00
Annuities in Force	352,036 01

Increase in Annuities	\$ 82,732 98
Increase in Payments to Policyholders	630,820 60
Increase in Receipts	2,604,130 71
Increase in Surplus	3,137,266 78
Increase in Assets	15,577,017 93
Increase in Insurance Assumed and Renewed	47,737,765 00
Increase in Insurance in Force	50,295,925 00

NOTE.—In accordance with the intention of the Management, as announced in November, 1891, to limit the amount of new insurance actually issued and paid for in the accounts of the year 1892 to One Hundred Million Dollars, the amount of insurance in force, as above stated, includes the amount of such voluntary limit with but a slight increase unavoidable in closing the December accounts.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement, and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus a Dividend will be apportioned as usual.

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Samuel D. Babcock.
George S. Coe.
Richard A. McCurdy.
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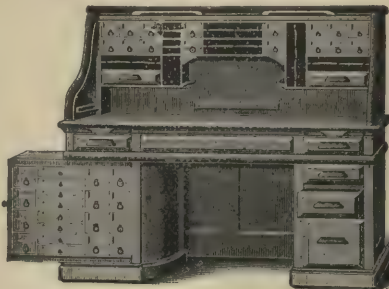
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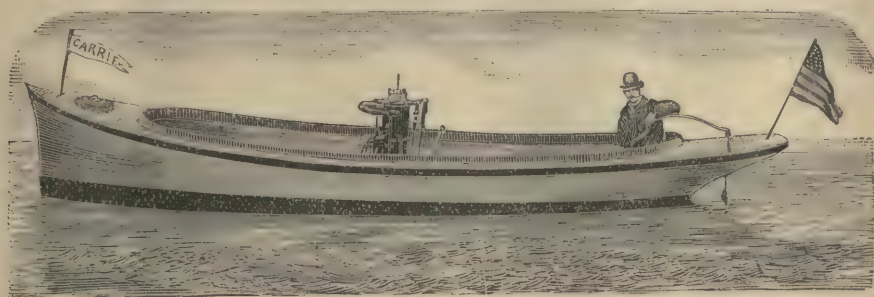
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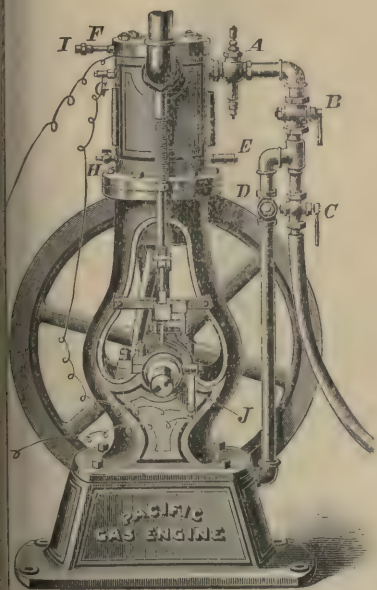
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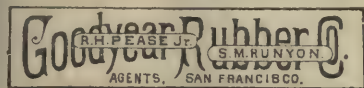
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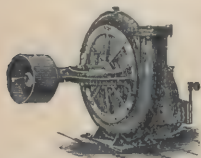
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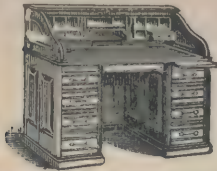
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WHITE BARK PINE (*PINUS ALBICAULIS*). GILMOUR LAKE.

THE FOREST TREES OF THE SIERRA NEVADA.

Of the many attractions which the Sierra Nevada offers to the tourist, the hunter, and the lover and student of nature, none exceeds in importance the wealth of woods which everywhere richly clothes its slopes. Whether one penetrates to the deep cañons and snowy heights of Shasta, or ventures among the vast precipices which defend Mt. Whitney from the ambitious foot of the

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BLACK OAK (*QUERCUS KELLOGGII*). YOSEMITE.

mountain clamberer, he may be sure of finding no lack of royal forests composed of trees unmatched for size and beauty in the world.

This forest growth exhibits an endless variety, and the lover of nature in her wildest forms finds never ending delight in studying the various forms and colors which blending one with another, compose this royal robe. He sees how each species is modified to its surroundings, and how in every detail of organ and habit it fits itself to do successful battle with its enemies, or to seize every prof-

fered opportunity of prolonging its existence. He finds a silent and pleasant companionship in their company, and traces strange similitudes to human hopes and lives among the innumerable types of this great family of nature. Perhaps if he is old and worn with the cares of life, "his own bald head and grizzled locks — his own top with its decaying foliage — will make him feel a secret sympathy for some grizzled giant of the forest, old and decaying, but still strong and self-reliant."

Another element of beauty is the

wonderful harmony with which nature mingles her shapes and colors in these Sierra forests. Especially is this noticeable in the higher foothill ranges, where trees of many species are seen in close proximity, thus avoiding the monotony

Let us then, in imagination, journey from the plains of the San Joaquin to the high and distant summits of the middle Sierra, and examine as we pass the trees that compose this vast forest.

As we slowly ascend from the plains



Photo by Fiske

YELLOW PINE (*PINUS JEFFERYI*).

produced by the dominance of any single species.

The trees of the Sierra are in general divisible into zones, extending indefinitely north and south, and varying in width and altitude. But the limits of each species are so faint and ill-defined that only by close and continued observation does one note the gradual change,

to the first rolling foothills, our attention is turned to the white and live oaks, here almost the only trees. The white oak (*Quercus lobata*), often attaining a large size, is a very striking object, with its tall, clean, shapely trunk, its gracefully drooping branches, and the long festoons of gray moss, which blend their color with the dull green of the large,



Photo by Fiske

POST CEDAR (*LIBOCEDRUS DECURRENS*).

deeply incised leaves. These trees are often grouped in isolated clumps, but for the most part they are scattered about at random in artistic disorder.

Here and there a gleam of brighter green is perceived, marking the live oak (*Quercus agrifolia*) with its dense,

rounded head of foliage and thick, sturdy trunk. This tree, less abundant than the white oak here, far outnumbers it in higher regions, and is found of good growth, mingling with the conifers at elevations exceeding six thousand feet.

A little way into the hills, over two

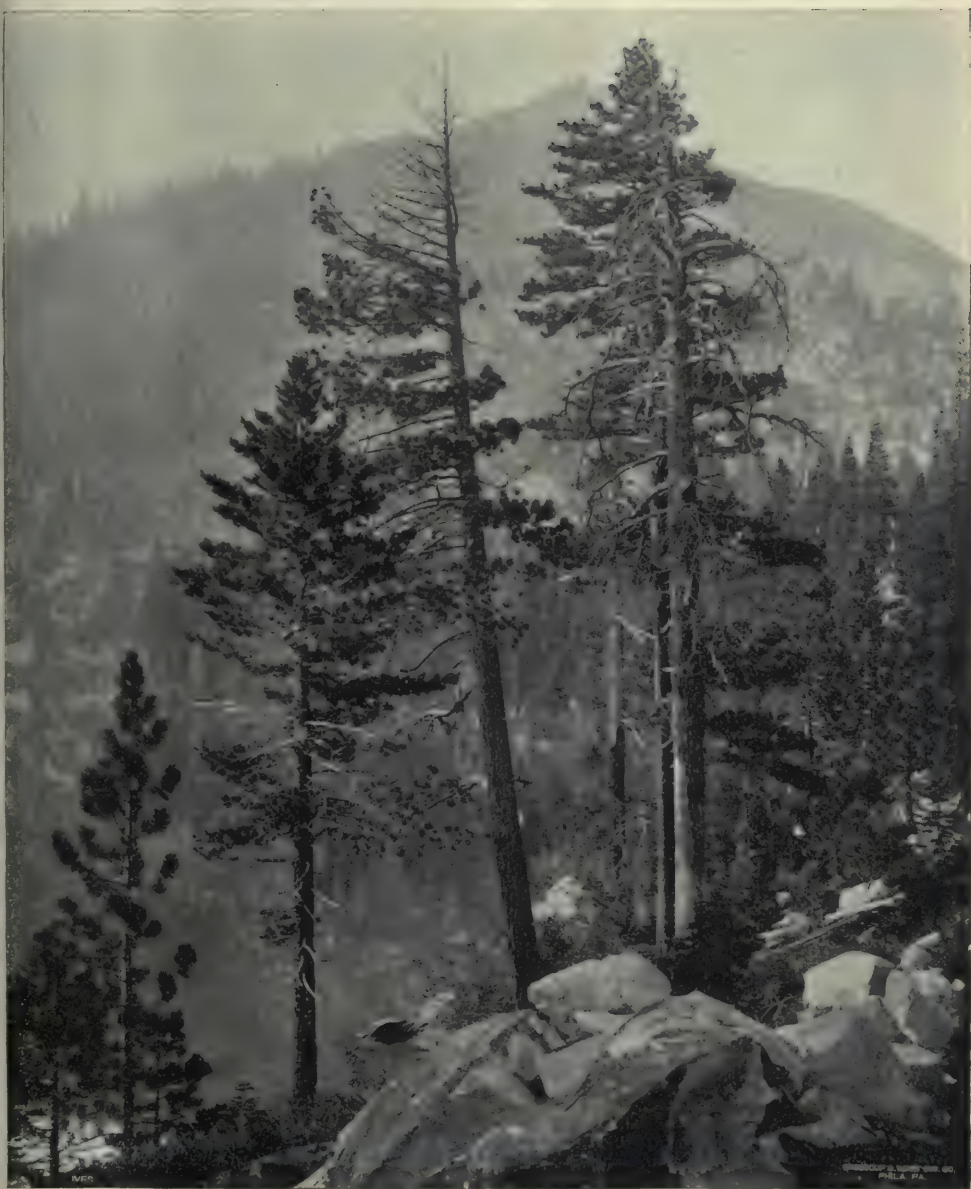


Photo by Taber

LITTLE SUGAR PINE (*PINUS MONTICOLA*). CASTLE LAKE.

or three ridges, perhaps, and we meet the vanguard of the great conifer army soon to be encountered. The gray leaf pine (*Pinus Sabiniana*), fit emblem of the hot, dusty foothill region, the skeleton, or better, the dessicated remains of a tree, waves over our heads its long

employed for lack of any substitute. The nuts are large and well flavored, and in early days the Indians subsisted largely upon them, whence the common name of "Digger" pine. This unattractive tree accompanies us for many miles, and long after we meet the next



Photo by Taber

WHITE BARK PINE (*PINUS ALBICAULIS*). MOUNT SIASTA.

arms, loaded with huge, hooked, leather-colored cones. Its ashy-gray leaves hang in scattered tufts, and from the gnarled and crooked trunk the resin oozes and trickles down the stem. The rapid growth, coarse grain, and knotty character of this tree render it unfit for lumber, though in a few localities it is

of the pine family this straggler is seen occupying the hottest and barest slopes of the ridges.

We must reach an elevation of between fifteen hundred and two thousand feet, ere we enter the home of the beautiful and useful yellow pine (*Pinus Jeffreyi*). Doubtless we shall first see



Pl. to by Jackson

RED FIR (*ABIES MAGNIFICA*). YOSEMITE.



Photo by Taber

BIG TREE (*SEQUOIA GIGANTEA*),

dense groves of young trees covering the hillsides, but this is the new generation, striving to replace the parent forest long since destroyed for the use of man. As we get farther into the mountains and meet with older trees, we recognize the grand proportions of this superb species. A perfect specimen of the yellow pine is a splendid sight. A tapering trunk, eight to ten or even fifteen feet in diameter, rises sometimes a hundred feet without a branch; the bark, of a beautiful yellowish-white color, is divided into great shields or plates by vertical and transverse fissures, and contrasts finely with the crown of deep green foliage and the numerous cones, purple when young, and a rich red when mature.

The yellow pine is widely scattered over all the Sierra Nevada, besides forming a large portion of the forests of the Rockies and the Arizona mountains. As a source of lumber it is invaluable, standing second only to the sugar pine, in whose company the tree is found in its greatest perfection.

Everywhere accompanying this tree is found the post cedar, (*Libocedrus decurrens*), a handsome and striking species. Its perfect cone of foliage and vivid red trunk render it a conspicuous object, even when contrasted with its larger neighbors.

Of a height varying from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet, its branches sometimes form a perfect cone reaching from the very ground; though more commonly the lower part of the trunk is bare, showing its deeply furrowed fibrous bark, of a color rivaled in richness by the sequoia alone. The loose, stringy nature of the bark renders the cedar peculiarly subject to the ravages of forest fires, and their charred and blackened stumps only too frequently mar the beauty of the forest scene.

The straight grain and clearness of this wood renders it very useful for fence rails and shingles, but the size of

the tree is insufficient for profitable working in other lines.

The habitat of the great prince of conifers, the sugar pine, (*Pinus Lambertiana*), is entered at an elevation of about three thousand feet. Riding through a tract of noble yellow pine and post cedar, our admiration is suddenly aroused by a new giant of the forest,—a noble tree, two to three hundred feet in height, with a glorious shaft of lustrous gray, surmounted by a huge umbrella-like head of long dull green branches, bearing at their extremities pendent cones ten to eighteen inches long, of colors varying from purple to brilliant red. These trunks are often without limb or knot for two thirds of their length, and in dimensions and grandeur are almost peers of the giant sequoia.

The sugar pine is the most characteristic of the Sierra pines, and is of the utmost value to the lumberman, for from an average tree he can count on obtaining from twenty to sixty thousand feet of clean, strong lumber, surpassing every other kind in market value. Its range is extensive, but nowhere does it exist in forests of its own species alone, always mingling with various other varieties.

Before we reach the upper limit of this magnificent tree we meet a number of new and interesting species. The Douglas spruce mingles its somber hues with the silvery sheen of the red and white firs, and in choice localities the "big tree" towers above all its fellows.

The sequoias (*Sequoia gigantea*), with their smooth, straight tapering trunks uplifted to the height of three hundred feet, seem the type of youthful vigor and beauty, the plenitude of power. The deep rich red of their mighty boles, and their perfect cones of yellowish-green foliage raised high aloft, are a glorious sight, and their immensity is only recognized when we appreciate that the pines which surround them, dwarfed by their mightier neighbors, are themselves giants of the vegetable world.

The Douglas spruce (*Pseudotsuga taxifolia*), finds its most congenial home in the Oregon mountains, where it attains a size little inferior to the sugar pine, and constitutes the bulk of the timber of that great lumbering country. In the middle Sierra it is still a noble tree, but in dimensions yields to both pine and fir. Its foliage is a somber green, and its limbs, clothed with feathery leaves, and loaded with small pendent cones of curious structure, often cover the black-barked trunk from ground to summit.

In the region between four and eight thousand feet elevation the most abundant growth consists of two species of fir, the red (*Abies magnifica*), and the white (*Abies Lowiana*). By the unpracticed eye they are not readily distinguished, but the red fir is generally the larger. When young, this tree is one of the loveliest sights of the mountains. The bright silvery-white trunk, the fan-shaped branches arranged in whorls about the tapering shaft, and forming a perfect cone from the ground; the foliage, deep green above, gleaming with flashes of silver below; all these combine to produce an effect of wonderful beauty. At a greater age the trunk loses its delicate color, but the great height of two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet gives it majesty, and the branches, all of equal length, assume a very characteristic cylindrical form.

Placed on the ends of the topmost boughs, the large cylindrical cones stand bolt upright, and in the fading twilight seem like hosts of pygmy owls waiting for the shades of night ere they begin their nocturnal wanderings. To the camper that makes his bed under the open sky no tree is more welcome. Give him a heap of springy aromatic fir boughs on which to spread his blankets, with a glorious fire of tamarack pine crackling and leaping before him, and no monarch can boast a better couch or sounder sleep.

The higher wet meadows of the Sierra are almost exclusively occupied by the tamarack pine (*Pinus Murrayana*), a tree so subject to the attacks of numerous enemies that it seldom attains proportions which render it either imposing or beautiful. It loses the straight columnar habit which its larger cousins of more favored regions affect, its trunk almost invariably dividing into several branches. Its thin bark seems but a poor container for the abundance of resinous sap which gushes from the slightest wound, so coating the trunk as to render it, even when green, extremely liable to take fire. The snows of winter, always heavy in these high valleys, bend the tough branches into curious shapes, and this tree, of all known species, strangely limits its own life by so tightly twisting its limbs as to prevent the flow of sap.

The lofty mountain ridges are occupied by two twin brothers of the yellow and sugar pines, the black pine (*Pinus Jeffreyi*) and the little sugar pine (*Pinus monticola*). These trees differ from their types in few essential points other than size. They form extensive forest growths, and the latter, especially, is a conspicuous and valuable tree.

Beginning at an elevation of about eight thousand feet is a zone occupied largely by the hemlock spruce (*Hesperopeuce Pattoniana*). The habit of this tree is widely different from that of any of the trees hitherto described, and it gives a delightful picturesqueness to the wild scenery of its home. Its limbs are first directed downward, then outward, and at length upward, while the twigs, pendent and feathery, bear clusters of purple cones like tassels at their extremities. The general outline of the tree is pyramidal, and the top is always drooping, giving a very graceful effect, and the silvery foliage and finely checked grayish bark earn for it the name of silver spruce.

The traveler must journey high and

patiently, would he find the last of the Sierra pines. High on the Alpine peaks and on the very moraines of the glaciers, this hardy pioneer does battle with the elements and finds a meager subsistence in the clefts of the precipice. The white bark pine (*Pinus albicaulis*) is the last stage of differentiation to which the great sugar pine is subjected to fit it for its lofty mountain home. The spreading dome of the latter has become flattened into a mere platform of foliage but a few feet above the rocks, and so dense as to give firm footing to the mountaineer; the long arms have become creeping branchlets half an inch thick, so filled with balsam and seasoned by storms as to be tough as whip-cord; the half-yard pendent cones have become short, thick-set and

firmly planted, so that the angry wind may not wrench them off ere their mission is fulfilled. In short, this poor, stunted, storm-beaten Alpine pine is one of nature's best illustrations of her wonderful adaptation of means to ends.

Forest fires and the lumberman's ax have made great ravages upon the woods of the Sierra slopes. The State, unmindful of her high office, has permitted waste and wanton destruction to proceed unchecked and unpunished. It is to be hoped that the reservation of a large tract of the Sierra Nevada region by the recent proclamation of President Harrison will check effectually their destruction, and preserve our forests, the greatest gifts which bountiful Providence has bestowed upon our glorious State.

Charles Palache.



NIGHT.

A LAZY breeze spreads over all,
 The sun sinks down behind a cloud,
 The sky grows thick; a murky shroud
 And twilight shadows slowly fall,
 Till like a huge, illumined ball
 The fair moon rises, white and proud;
 And then all nature meekly bowed,
 Sleeps 'neath the starry sprinkled wall.
 The listless influence spreads away,
 That lowering languor all around;
 Then every joy of blithesome day
 Has changed to night on Puget Sound.

Frank C. Teck.

THE MAYFAIRS.

FOR it is impossible that either evil or good should be durable ; and hence it follows that, the evil having lasted long, the good cannot be far off.—*Don Quixote de la Mancha*.

MEMORY is truly catholic : the guests of that inner circle, of those we have remembered well, were not in every instance chosen for beauty, or wisdom, or worth ; but often for reasons we cannot fathom. Yet as I call up one personality after another that is mine by right of remembrance, I find that I have a goodly number of rare human specimens.

This and more came into my head while turning the leaves of an old book of exercises for the piano, which had on the fly-leaf the following inscription : “Began music with Mrs. Mayfair, June, 1878, in Santa Barbara.”

Dear little woman ! with what patience and tact she led her pupil along the path of art ! for whereas her clever fingers could almost always find a very pretty air in my exercises, I could find only time ! time ! time !—eighth notes, quarter notes, and half,—half notes, quarter notes, and eighth,—varied with whole notes and rests. She told me once that I had a good ear for time ; if more could have been said, she would have said it, for she had a habit of looking on the bright side for others as well as for herself.

Cheerfulness, indeed, was one of her ruling traits. There is a cheerfulness that seems to rest only on health and vanity, and wearies one ; but hers was not of that sort,—rather a “soft invincibility,” which must react from the manifold trials of life ; as the birds mount upward.

I have sometimes doubted whether Captain Mayfair was quite worthy of her, so many of the burdens of their dual life fell to her share. But he thought

her the best and brightest woman ever planned, and that goes far with wives ; and when I consider his unvarying loyalty, and how for his sake she could meet poverty half-way, I feel very kindly toward him, and reproach myself that I have ever let the thought enter my head that he might have done more for her. Had he not lost one arm in the Confederate army ? and besides, he was a man of few resources and robust prejudices.

Mr. Marley—whose lot joined the Mayfairs’ on Fig Avenue, and who sold milk-shake and other temperance drinks, taffy, and peanuts, on State Street—had found out that the Captain had his prejudices. For had he not offered him a good chance behind his counter, and had not the Captain rejected it ? When Marley came out one morning to the little division fence in shirt sleeves, his face shining with its recent washing and with good-will, and proposed that the Captain work for him, the Captain only muttered gruffly between his teeth, “I don’t know as I’ve any calling that way,” and would say nothing further on the matter.

Now Mr. Marley regarded his work as elevated by the cause he served,—the temperance cause ; besides, he had a thriving business, and when he handed the foaming tumblers over the counter, he beamed with conscious rectitude and an honest pride in his ability. But in Captain Mayfair’s eyes, the little stand, wedged in between two buildings on State Street, was only a peanut stand, and a peanut stand it must remain ; and Marley was little better than a street peddler.

And Mrs. Mayfair, who had been told of the project by Mrs. Marley over the garden fence, loyally disavowed to herself that she had wished the Captain to

accept; and speedily forgot that a vision of a little home of their own had flitted across her mind.

And the Captain forgot too, and never regretted, although it had been a really good chance.

But Joe Dawson, who owned a livery stable and hired the Captain sometimes to tend it, when he wished to be off training his high-stepping horse on the race-track,—Dawson had found out that the Captain had his strong points.

“Do you believe he can manage the kind of men you have to handle?” Dawson’s wife said to him one day: “he’s but one arm, ye know, and kinder feeble.”

“He ain’t one o’ yer ’fraid kind, withal he looks so dumpish sometimes,” Dawson answered her. “Yer oughter saw ’im when that ar reckless chap Rowlin brought back Bud with foam enough on her sides to make a fleece on. I came in when the Cap’n ’d about finished him. I tell ye, a flash o’ his eye is worth more ’n all the muscle of two or three such braggadocios as that ar Jim! though ’t would take two of the Cap’n to make a shadow. There’s spirit in this yere Cap’n, but it takes an idea to rouse him. I ain’t been so stirred myself for a coon’s age. It was onfeelin’ treatment for any human bein’ to give to any hoss,—specially Bud; and I’ low the Cap’n can’t abide that. There ain’t one man in a hunderd can discriminate a difference! now the Cap’n can discriminate a difference,—though he’s as full o’ crotchets as an egg is full o’ meat.”

The Captain spent many hours at the stable, fussing with the horses he could not own nor even drive; but it did not bring much money into the home exchequer. Dawson hired him only when he himself was away.

When Mrs. Mayfair had been first brought face to face with the problem of earning a living, she had prepared herself for teaching. She had reviewed

her boarding-school accomplishments, especially music; and an aged uncle had given her, to meet the world with, a course in the classics.

She told me once, in referring to her past, that she “went through the classics.” How the phrase thrilled me! it was so all-embracing! After much pondering, it remained an enigma with me how one small head could carry such propelling force. Neither could I comprehend the familiar way in which she told off on her fingers the gods of Olympus. A reverent imagination had given the ancient masterpieces an unearthly grandeur, to be apprehended by few, and by those only when the mind was at its highest tension.

I have no means of judging of her attainments. I never knew of her having a pupil in Latin or Greek. When she first made herself known to us, she left a card which read, “Mrs. R. C. Mayfair, Teacher of Music and the Classics.” But the card was yellowed by age, and the “Music” was underscored for emphasis; so I take it that the “Classics” had fallen into disuse.

In music, vocal or instrumental, she had a birdlike instinct for melody. She said that music came natural to her—as natural, I do not doubt, as ease of manner. She had not the master’s range of emotions, and grasp of sublime ideas; she could not, like Abt Vogler, build a structure “broad on the roots of things”; neither did she have the student’s knowledge,—with her deft hand and clever mind, prone to skip along to passable results, she was not one to strive for thoroughness in thorough-bass or counterpoint; yet the spontaneity of her music made it popular; and her talent had served her fairly well, though there were many teachers of her grade.

The home of the Mayfairs was on Fig Avenue. Does the name suggest width of driveway and sidewalk, long rows of trees from which the pedestrian may pluck the transparent-hearted “Smyr-

na" or the red-centered "Mission," and eat as he sits on the benches that recur at intervals? Then I must correct the fancy, for the "Avenue" was only a queer little alley, and within the memory of the renters of the cottages, no fig or other fruit tree had been seen in the yards or along the roadside.

I regarded the Mayfairs as living in a genteel way there. It is hard to tell on what I based my impression; I think the cause of it lay within themselves. Their front room, with its cheap matting on the floor, two chairs, a stand, second-hand window-shades, and a piano,—the pride of Mrs. Mayfair's heart, bought or being bought on the installment plan,—seemed ever a parlor. One scarcely knew what it held, such a tone of "Music and the Classics" had it. It was said of Madame Récamier that she gave an air of elegance to any room she used; and Mrs. Mayfair radiated a like magic,—not through any change she brought about in the room, but because she held fast to an *idea* of elegance that gave grace to hard acts, the state of mind being the vital thing. It was the *idea* that pleased you, and entered your mind direct, rather than by the medium of things, bringing your mind into accord.

How she swayed one to her point in other matters also! With what content she showed one day a made-over dress!

"I had only the cost of the buttons and thread," she said, parading it over a chair. "If a dressmaker had had the same work to do, she would have wanted new linings and new pipings, and new this and that, and more goods;—and who could have told the difference?" she added with *naïveté*,—as though she had haply found out the dressmakers to be a much over-rated craft, and was too shrewd to be awed by any hue or cry of Madame Grundy's.

She had succeeded in a general way. She had handled her theme, so to speak, with spirit; she had caught the motive

of the season's styles, and had even dared to suggest some of its novelties; but there is a limit to the power of mind over material, and there is such a quality as finish, and I think it likely that the people of fashion were not deceived as to the origin of her "costumes." Yet she so stirred the enthusiasm of her listener that she wanted to go home at once and remake a gown.

I can see her in fancy, sitting by my side, ready to follow the score with her pen-knife, or to preface the lesson with a few words. She had not a striking face, but pleasing, with traces of beauty; refined features, a head high where courage and faith abide, and a forehead round and wide where music is located.

The light hair was turning gray, there were wrinkles around the faded eyes and the small mouth; but the nose was straight.

She liked to talk,—converse was the word she used.

"My dear, it may seem to you that a vast deal of time is consumed in acquiring an educated ear, that will perceive the musical harmonies; to make any perceptible improvement in your touch. But I assure you that in no endeavor is one better repaid for persistent and unavoidable application. Music is a perennial solace to one's self and one's friends. It enlivens alike the domestic circle and adorns the repertoire of the virtuoso. It mitigates our cares and increases our social gayeties. No other accomplishment is so desirable, I think, for a young lady. It is woman's sphere to make home happy. Men can take upon themselves the hard tasks, but they can not cheer existence like women, useless creatures though they be,"—said with a light laugh,— "and music dispenses more refining and uniting attributes than any other acquirement a young lady can devote herself to."

With a celebrated author, she could have said, "I love words." She had an innocent and not unwarranted faith in

her persuasiveness. "So much depends upon presenting a matter well," she would say.

But all the little music teacher's eloquence availed nothing when two of her pupils were taken ill with the measles, and two others left the town.

Soon after this, I felt a change at the Mayfair's. Mrs. Mayfair's easy sociability was no longer to be depended on. Sometimes her face would gather slowly a grayness that belied her previous gaiety; sometimes she would lose herself for a moment, and her forehead would knit; again, there would come a droop to the corners of the mouth, and her eyes would take a far-away, clear look, as though escaping from the prison-house of earth and the turmoil of life.

The Captain at this time, while more studiously deferential toward his wife than usual, was gruffness itself toward others. A perverse spirit had taken possession of him that all her philosophy failed to rout. Once I heard her say to him, in perfect sympathy with his mood, in a severe tone, as though matters had come to that pass where something must be done, "I would forgive him and done with it, if I were you"; and I knew she would have her way.

If he was gruff without, he was glum within the house, and would sit with his lank figure bent forward, his one hand clasping his knee, and his thin, dark, brooding face held down, as though searching into the very inwardness of things. His dark, steadfast eyes would sometimes be lifted to follow her movements, or would seek her eyes with a deprecating glance. And Mrs. Mayfair would make an effort at brightening.

Day by day the cloud lowered over the Mayfairs, so that when one morning I met a dealer in second-hand furniture on their steps, with a stand in his grasp, I knew that affairs had reached a crisis with them.

On the next lesson day I dreaded to enter their house, and paused outside,

where the yellow butterflies were taking their living in the sunshine from the purple heliotrope. Captain and Mrs. Mayfair were standing by the piano when I came to the open door, and something white fell from his face upon the music she held in her hand. At the sound of my knocking, he turned toward me, frowned, and left the room. I glanced at the waltz music. I was not mistaken: there was a little raised signet on the cover.

In spite of the evidence of that white tear, I was, made aware, by some subtle mind-reading, that the pressure was lifted from the household. And, O joyful sight! there was a well known pitcher, and beside it, a plate with a few wafers, that told, as plainly as words, that the crisis was past, and the Mayfairs had had one of their little receptions: conversation and music, lemonade and wafers.

"We had a charming time last evening," said Mrs. Mayfair. "We deferred our reception last month for various reasons. A young man played the mandolin, he rendered several selections with admirable technique; and the two little Brownlow girls recited a poem, 'The Orphans.' They were dressed alike and it was very touching. Then Jimmie Sykes—you know him—recited a comic poem about a flying machine. It was irresistible! The young scapegrace has really quite a deal of talent in the comic vein; I was n't prepared for such dramatic ability. It was n't quite appropriate after 'The Orphans,' but he volunteered, and indeed it served to restore the spirits of the company. Then they would have it that I must sing, and I gave them a selection from 'The Bohemian Girl': 'I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls,' and here Mrs. Mayfair's voice had a just perceptible note of pathos in it.

"O, by-the-way," she continued, "the young man that plays the mandolin is going to take lessons of me, he has al

ready begun"; and she added with a plaintive remoteness of tone, "He is good pay, and" — with a sudden appealing earnestness, as she looked into my eyes — "some of them are not. You know — or rather you don't know" — and she paused as if to choose her words, and then said, half to herself, "Life is up hill and down."

And that was all; and I know nothing more of the fortunes of the Mayfairs. I never saw the Captain again, and the last time I met Mrs. Mayfair was soon after, when another pupil and I went with her to the beach.

I remember (how foolish to remember such trifles!) that she bought a nickel's worth of early apricots, about as big

as almonds; and that having passed them once and whetted our appetites, she folded the bag together and saved the remaining three for the Captain.

I had my last glimpse of her as she turned the corner towards her home; and I remember, as she held up her skirts to keep them from the dust, I saw that she wore old-fashioned, leathern gaiters, badly stretched at the sides, — a "bargain." Blithe heart, that could be happy with such shoes! And a woman, too, that had not scorned to dance out her youth in the best prunella!

I left town soon after for a trip; when I returned the little house on Fig Avenue was closed, and the former inmates were among the "people I had known."

Retta A. Garland.

THE HAUNTED SWAMP.

ALONG its edge stand tall, rust-colored weeds,
Through which green snakes and shiny lizards glide;
Amid the woven grass black beetles hide,
And frogs blow bugles in the rustling reeds.
From tangled sedge the timid wild-fowl leads
Her little brood; all silently they ride
Among the deep, dark pools; while down beside
A rotting log the watchful heron feeds.
When flying clouds obscure a bent old moon
Wierd sounds are heard; a low, distressing cry
Is borne upon the deathly wind; and soon
A ghostly maiden figure hurries by,
And at the passing of this form in white
The slender rushes shudder as with fright.

Herbert Bashford.

A MINISTER'S TESTIMONIAL.

SUNDAY night in Amarillo. Sunday night under a glaring white moon, which seemed to transmit in a less degree the same heat that had blazed from a fierce sun all day.

Up in the reputable parts of the town people gasped at open windows, or lolled on shaded piazzas; and down at Taggart's saloon a wild crowd defied the weather, with the aid of Texas whisky and Mexican monte.

Taggart's bar-room was full. Besides the usual attractions of gambling and drinking, "Sure-shot Green" had just come in with his band of rangers from a successful search after cattle thieves, and was relating the encounter to an appreciative audience.

"We jest left them down thar in the cañon," he said with a grin. "Saved you the job, Sher'ff. You're too damn slow about a matter o' business like that, and we knowed you'd have your hands full up here, ef the swag was paid out. They was makin' it over the line too, an' we had to stop 'em. It was one o' them embarrassin' cases, where a man can't stand on etiquette."

Over in the dance-house just opposite preparations were being made for a night of revelry. Of course the bar and the card tables would have the preference, but the gentler charms of music and the fair sex would soon assert themselves, and none knew this better than the proprietor. With his slouched hat pulled down over his villainous Mexican face, he was arranging the hall,—pulling back chairs, kicking over benches, and clearing a space for the expected dancers. The musicians were already in their places, and "the girls," a tawdry, desperate looking group, were huddled together, talking in shrill tones, when the guests poured

in. There was a wild rush for partners, the lights shook and trembled, and the fiddles rang out, but a voice was heard above all the din, as a big man towered above the heads of the surging crowd around him.

"See here, boys,—I've got a word to say before the fun begins," he shouted, and there was a lull. Some of the girls tittered, and a cow-boy in the back part of the hall took aim and fired at a lamp that hung directly over the speaker's head. The light flared out, and the crystal globe shattered into a thousand pieces, but he did not stir a hair's breadth.

"Now, look here," he said slowly, taking his revolvers from his belt, and laying them on the table before him, "I'm a peaceable man, but if anybody in this hall wants a little pertickler attention, he kin git it. I did n't come here to have no quarrel. I jest meant to make a statement. Boys, the Parson's goin'."

There was another pause, and then the Mexican thrust his wolfish face over the speaker's shoulder. "Damn him, let him go," he hissed between his white teeth.

"Now see here, Mocca, you be quiet. It's easy enough to tell what's the matter with you. You can't bear for nobody but yourself to have a chance at the swag. You did n't come here for your health, we all understand that,—but you ain't agoing to collar everything. When the boys have paid you for a dance in this all-fired old hall, damned ef that ain't all you'll git tonight. For I'm goin' to do somethin' fer another man that nobody can say Bronco Pete ever done for himself. I'm agoin' to ask these boys for help.

"Boys, as I said, the Parson's goin'.

We ain't never paid much 'tention to him, but whenever he could corral us in, he's divided the truth, reg'lar. He's nussed some mighty sick men 'mongst us,—he's branded some of the young ones, so that when there's a general round-up, they'll mebbe be cut out from the rest of the herd, to run on a better range. He tended my old mother when I was over the line and could n't git to her, and I've seen him look down a hole like this," lifting a revolver, "with as cool an eye as ef he seed heaven at the end of it. He's a parson, but I'll be damned ef he ain't a man, sir, an' I'm askin' you to chip in with me, an' show him that we know it."

There was a hoarse murmur of applause as the speaker threw a handful of coin into his own sombrero, and swept it around the circle. The chink of money was heard above the hum of voices, and scarcely a man failed to contribute. One poor creature tore the rings from her ears with a sob, and threw them in, and many a dollar was lost to the monte tables that night. When the din subsided, Pete counted the sum, and taking up his stand behind a table, turned again to the crowd.

"And now I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, who's agoin' to present this handsome testimonial? I can't—sure. My friend Mocca here would like to, but for pertickler reasons, *he* can't. The Parson's goin' to start before daybreak tomorrer mornin'. Who'll take him the swag?"

There was a dead silence. Nobody in this audience had ever been guilty of such an act of charity. Nobody would consent to such a lowering of his record now. In the hush a woman's voice was heard, and Mocca's wife glided out before them.

"I'll take it," she said, under her breath. There was some strange excitement upon her. Her wide eyes gleamed, and her lips were parted.

The Mexican sprang towards her with

a curse, but a glittering circle of revolvers hemmed him in.

"Stand back, Mocca!" Pete shouted. "We've never interfered with your family arrangements before, but your wife's got to have fair play this time. If she wants to go, she shall go,—and that's all there is in it, so just you simmer down."

When the pistols were lowered, she was gone. Not directly upon her errand, however. She flew first to the miserable little addition built off from the dance-hall, which she called home. In a rude cradle, shaded from the flare of a lamp, a baby lay. The dew of sleep was on its brow, the breath came softly from its parted lips. For a moment the mother knelt beside it, then lifting it she wrapped it carefully in a dark shawl, and knotting the money in a handkerchief about her waist she slipped out, with the sleeping child held to her breast.

On she went, dreading a stealthy step behind her, or the gleam of a knife. On and on, with the babe nestled to her bosom. The roar and din from the dance-hall came to her on the night wind,—the sob of the violins, the tread of dancing feet. The sounds reassured her. They had already forgotten her, and Mocca would soon be too drunk to follow.

She left the town behind, and the prairie stretched before her, wide and vast, a white waste in the moonlight. It lay like a fall of snow upon the Parson's little garden, when she reached it, and the red cactus blooms that his hands had tended looked, to her eyes like splashes of blood. It was late, but he was still awake. She could see his tall shadow thrown across the shutters, and he opened the door at her timid knock.

"Are you in distress? What can I do for you?" he asked kindly.

But she did not answer him until he had led the way to his humble study. There standing against the closed door, with her baby clasped to her breast, she

lifted her face to his. The terror in it startled him. For months he had looked upon this woman as his chief obstacle in turning the souls of men. For months her eyes had mocked him, and her lips, red like some poisonous flower of the prairie, had curled in disdain at the story of a Magdalen, and a forgiving Saviour; and now some strong anguish shook her, as she stood before him.

"Here is this," she said presently, handing him the knotted handkerchief. "The boys sent it. They meant it well."

He took it mechanically, scarcely comprehending her.

"And I have brought you a soul to save. You save souls, don't you? That is your work, as it is ours to damn them. Well, I have brought you one. It is white now. When you made the sign of the cross here," touching the sleeping child's forehead, "I waited to see an angel's fingers trace it too. If I keep it, it will be blackened. If I keep it, it will grow up like me,—or those other women down yonder. But you save souls. You say, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' Do you say that in Christ's name, and turn your own back upon them, to let them sink down into hell? This is my baby,—my own. I bore it,—I suffered for it,—I have a right to give it up. O, I beg of you to take it away with you,—to keep it pure and innocent,—never to let it hear of me—never to let it come near me again!"

As she held it out to him she knelt, fixing upon him her imploring eyes. But he hesitated. What was this she asked of him? What should he do? As he waited, sorely perplexed, she rose to her feet.

"Ah well!" she said wearily, "I can save her,—I have a way."

"What would you do, woman?" he asked sternly. "Give the child to me, I will take it. Go you, and sin no more."

And then, because he could not bear to see the parting, he turned away. But

he heard wild moans, and stifled cries, and long, long kisses on little hands and feet. Then the door opened and shut, and looking out into the night from the window where he stood, he saw a wild figure that ran and ran, without looking back, in the ghastly moonlight.

When the parson started away the next morning, with his sturdy old maid sister, a mysterious bundle went with them. They set out with many misgivings, but there was no pursuit of them, though his anxious eyes scanned every station they passed.

"I feel like a thief, Mary Jane," he said weakly, to the matter-of-fact woman.

"You've saved a soul from hell," she answered brusquely, patting the baby on her lap. "Its mother was right about that,—though it may all have been a trick to get rid of the child, poor little helpless creature!"

But the Parson thought differently when he visited Amarillo months afterwards. He was a brave man, but he trembled a little when he faced his old congregation, and he trembled still more when Bronco Pete came up to him after services, and requested the honor of his company on a stroll.

"You've lost some o' your flock, Parson," he said, when they had left the town behind them. "The dance-hall is broke up. Mocca went away after his wife died. Sorter lost his drawin' card, you know, for any man would 'a' rid twenty miles jes' to 'a' seen her face."

"She is dead, then," the Parson said, turning his head away.

"Yes, sir,—sorter pined away after the kid disappeared. Some of the boys 'spected Mocca of foul play,—he was a damned Mexikin, you know,—but I guess he was watched too close to get in his work, except by worryin' her to death. That, and the loss of the kid, is what killed her."

The Pastor walked along with a mother's cry ringing in his ears.

"She was straight, Parson,—though

such as you might n't b'lieve it, livin' as she did,—straight and faithful to that Mexikin dog. And she loved her baby. Damned ef I don't b'lieve there's a chance for any woman that loves her child. We give her a handsome send-off,—everything tip-top, you know, only we did n't have no preacher. She lays out here where the grass is long, and the prairie flowers come first. Mebbe you would n't mind sayin' a little sumthin' over her, with jest me to listen?"

The Pastor said it, while Bronco Pete reverently bared his head. When the prayer was finished, he stretched out his

hand, with a little buckskin bag upon its broad palm.

"Mebbe," he said, "in case you should ever see the kid, you'll keep this for her. There ain't a dollar here but what's been honestly worked for, and the time might come when she'd need it. And Parson, p'raps you'll excuse me for not going back with you. It's kinder lonesome here before the stars come out, and I sometimes wait awhile."

When the minister looked back, he saw a solitary figure bending to clear away the cactus and sand-burrs that grew upon a woman's grave.

Sallie Pate Steen.



HOPES AND FEARS.

THE adamantine laws of Nature hold
On all their operations as of old,

I.

UNITED STATES, I thought I saw thee stand
Like a great oak upon this continent;
In thy protecting shadow dwelt content
The lesser nations,—an unbroken band,
Free children of a mighty motherland;
O'er all the ancient world thy fame was sent,
The Arab heard it in his desert tent,
And the far Muscovite could understand.
And all thy strength was given liberty,
And all thy courage given unto peace,
And all thy fame was pure as morning light,
Awakening the islands of the sea
Far in the south, and ancient war did cease
To trouble earth, for power maintained the right.

II.

Ah, has the vision changed? Do sadder eyes
See forms and shadows rising from the sea
Where labor struggles down in penury?
Hear the fierce shouts! Alas! a dark surprise
Shakes all our patriotic prophecies
Of Justice and undying liberty,
Illuminating earth from sea to sea.
What will the dawning be, O great and wise,
Of yon oncoming century? What light
Of intellect, or what new star will beam
Upon the storm? What voice ordain a peace
Amid the troubled echoes of the night?
Can it be true we follow in the gleam
That sank the ancient world in gloomy seas?

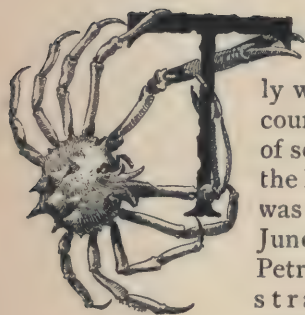
III.

What limit binds thee, and ordains, "No more"?
America, America, to thee
The world looked o'er the old Columbian sea,
As sailors lost look for a peaceful shore.
Why should the watching patriot deplore?
A mist is o'er the sun. The majesty
Of power o'ersadoweth the liberty
Of thy bright youth. A form is at the door
With eyes more fierce and wild than ever cast
Their glances from a gloomy desert's grot
On wanderer of some far caravan.
A voice is heard. The wisdom of the past
No answer gives unto the frowning doubt,
And man remains a mystery to man.

Jesse D. Walker.



THE WRECK OF THE PETREL.



HE skipper stood at the wheel, keenly watching the vessel's course, for hardly a foot of sea was visible beyond the leaping bowsprit. It was barely dawn of a June morning, and the *Petrel* was heading straight for the vast blank of the Pacific beyond the Golden Gate. The rest of the crew, three hearty young fellows, were clumsily occupied with stowing away the anchor and coiling ropes. All showed themselves to be more or less green hands but the skipper, whose nautical orders often required translating before they were understood. The four were off on a two weeks' cruise, their destination Monterey Bay.

The *Petrel* was a schooner yacht, thirty-six feet waterline, with clipper stem and overhanging stern, ten feet beam and five and one half feet draft. She was a keel boat, with both outside and inside ballast, about six tons in all.

Her cabin ran from a small cockpit to the mainmast. She was flush decked forward, with sleeping room for five under hatches, besides the galley in the fore peak. She carried for plain sail mainsail, foresail, fore-staysail, and jib, the fore-staysail coming to the stem head. Her light sails were gaff-topsail and maintopmast staysail. She steered with a wheel, and was steady as a ship even with the wind on the quarter. They had sailed her out from Fisherman's wharf at 3 a. m., to avail themselves of the strong ebb tide to carry them beyond the Heads.

By six o'clock the little vessel was pitching bowsprit under on the Bar in an ugly chop sea. The only object seen through the drenching fog was a ghostly pilot boat, dimly outlined on the weather beam. A few minutes later she put her helm up and ran across the yacht's wake, and disappeared. Tacking to the southward with a light south-east wind, the whistling buoy was left on starboard hand at 6:15 a. m., departure taken from there, and patent log set.



THE SKIPPER AT THE WHEEL.

The crew of the *Petrel* moodily passed the time; even the skipper experienced an inward uneasiness which was not of conscience. Toward noon, however, the sun opened rifts in the fog, and under its genial rays, and sliding along a smooth sea, the men sprawled on the decks and regained their wonted spirits. Jollity and hunger being uppermost in the minds of all, breakfast was soon under way on the galley stove.

By the middle of the afternoon the fog banking the shore line lifted, and Pigeon Point lighthouse stood out in plain view. It was evident to the skipper that Santa Cruz could not be made before long after nightfall, so, consulting that admirable work, the "*Pacific Coast Pilot*," he concluded to run into Point Año Nuevo anchorage. This was accomplished without any difficulty, and soon after supper all turned in and slept until 9 a. m.

The skipper's bald head first showed above deck. There was a fine nor'west breeze, and immediately he bawled down the companion way:—

"Below there! Don't ye hear the news? All hands make sail!"

At this the others scrambled out of the bunks and on deck. No time was lost in getting the anchor hand over fist, four willing tars seizing the chain and ignoring the aid of the gypsy, until it was catted with a bang. All sail was then briskly set, the course laid for Monterey, and the cooks, Billy and Ernest, began to argue about breakfast. As each had no end of original notions about ways and means of preparing food, it took something like two hours of controversy to one of actual cooking to concoct a modest meal of mush, hash, and coffee.

It was gallant sailing, this bounding over a sunlit sea of the hue of the blue sky above it! A cataract of water poured from under the lee bow, and, churned into foam, raced along the bends into the wake. Often a long leap

upon the back of a curling wave would send a wide river of froth off the lee beam. Only once did a drop of water come into the cockpit, when a quartering sea struck at just the right angle to lift it bodily up and over the rail. Three of the crew were sitting on the weather side and had their backs drenched, while the skipper, steering to leeward, got it as high as the knees. At two in the afternoon Monterey loomed under the bowsprit, distant about five miles. This meant over eleven knots in the best of the breeze across Monterey Bay,—not a bad pace for a craft of the *Petrel's* caliber. It was a glorious run,—just boisterous enough to give the proper dash and sparkle! The skipper was radiant:

"Go it, Sweetheart! See her flounce through it!"

His enthusiasm was received with a wild hurrah from the crew, which was suddenly arrested by the appearance of something on shore. They had come in closer to land, and the strange sight was presented of an abrupt cliff, its sea face boldly niched and filled with statues. Oscar seized the glasses and directed them to the granite pile:—

"It's only girls standing in the caves! I can see their dresses, and one is waving her handkerchief."

Sure enough, the supposed illusion resolved itself into a living reality, warm with fluttering colors and gay with calls and laughter. The *Petrel* courtesied toward the charming group.

"What place is this?" signaled the skipper, gallantly doffing his cap.

"Pacific Grove," answered a ringing girlish voice, and the statue in red pointed to a forest of stately pines coming to the very lip of the bay. The skipper waved his thanks and shouted again, "What rock is that?"—his voice struggling to convey a heartfelt appreciation of the fair sex in general, and his obliging informant in particular.

"Lovers' Point," the same young voice replied.

Hereupon a young man stepped forward, and making a trumpet of his hands, volunteered the information that safe anchorage was to be found well eastward of the point, as close in the swell sometimes rolled heavily. Grateful for this kindly suggestion, the crew sailed the yacht into an inviting cove, where a dozen or so Whitehall boats rocked off the beach, and merry bathers made interested groups on the white sand and in the warm, undulating water. From the smiles and friendly glances directed to the *Petrel* it was easy to see that her arrival was a welcome diversion to these summer campers.

Back of the lovely picture of bay and beach, the pines pinnacled every rise of ground, their ranks huddled closer in the sweeps and hollow between, where innumerable cottages and tents showed whitely through the dark plumes of the trees. Here and there a handsome church or villa, or a glimpse of garden plot or portico belonging to the big hotel gave a touch of elegance to the otherwise romantic wildness of the Grove.

Anchor was dropped abreast the town, and the crew fell lustily to work furling sails and clearing the deck preparatory to going ashore. When everything was shipshape, they plunged below to put on "shore-going togs," the skipper paying no small degree of attention to the adjusting of a smart silk neckerchief before the cabin looking-glass. Bump, went somebody's head against the deck beams, followed by an exasperated "Jee Clou!" from one of the boys.

"What's the matter?" called the skipper, pausing in a vigorous toweling of his shining pate.

Ernest drawled back:—"Nothing, Captain, only Billy hit his intellect and is swearing in Japanese pigeon English!"

When they finally emerged, and took possession of the rocking cockle shell alongside, they felt themselves a shade or two more respectable by the change

of attire. They rowed ashore, and securing the boat walked smartly up through the vistas of pines, enjoying every phase of the unique picturesqueness of the place. Pacific Grove is the only remaining point on the coast where the pines come down to the ocean. So dense is this forest even yet, that each street keeps its own green privacy intact, and a Rambler up its entire length gets but a faint conception of the size of the town. In reality it numbers fifteen hundred inhabitants, while the average of summer visitors is four to five thousand. The air is deliciously balmy with the breath of ocean and pines. Often these trees are amazingly small in girth, with hardly a handsbreadth of space between the trunks, and remind one of a field of mammoth grain wonderfully tall and straight, and heading evenly near the top.

So beautiful a spot could not be left in a hurry, and the crew of the *Petrel* unanimously agreed to make the Grove their headquarters during a week's cruise about the bay. As a rule, they took their meals aboard the yacht, though many delicacies in the way of fresh fruits and meats were added to the ship's larder. The first day out from San Francisco a can of corned beef had been opened, but after they had once liberally helped themselves, there seemed no getting away with the remainder. Billy showed feminine duplicity in his attempts to delude the others into eating the meat. A portion was fairly disposed of in hash, when he bethought him of the more elaborate subterfuge of a "French stew." This dish included cold mush, boiled eggs, cheese, sardines, canned corn, crackers, and olives,—in fact, every stale scrap left from the preceding meals. Much to the cook's chagrin, the others, with no very polite comments, peremptorily turned the stew over to the fishes, Ernest dryly remarking: "There are more of 'em to divide it among."

All the same, for days thereafter the

dumb waiter was never started from the galley aft without Billy's first clapping into it the half-used can of beef, which he declared was "filling to the table, anyhow."

The mornings were usually spent in setting up rigging and doing general tinkering, for when is there a time that nothing needs repairs aboard ship? In the afternoons there was always a crowd glad to take a dash to windward out in the lumpy bay. Once when there were nearly thirty aboard, a whale measuring the length of the "Petrel" spouted first on the starboard bow, then under the forefoot twenty feet away, and afterwards rolled his huge, land-like bulk above water and lazily disappeared,—all within a hundred feet of Lovers' Point. The ladies screamed, and several were on the verge of fainting, but the skipper proved a master hand at quieting their fears, and it was not long before a trio of the pretty dears were gaily assisting him to steer into port.

A memorable trip was to Carmel Bay, a few miles down the coast, past the round white tower of Point Pinos' lighthouse, the sheer outline of Sentinel Rock, and on by Cypress Point, where the pines fall back a half mile to give place to the growth of remarkable conifers known as the "Monterey Cypress." The branches of these trees are beaten by the wind into compact, umbrella-shaped tops, supported by thick trunks which are knotted and twisted as if by some giant hand. Between Point Cypress and a jagged promontory which local whalers call "Point Lobos," entrance is made to Carmel Bay. Up from the soft swells of surf, the land rolls away into bright hillsides, with hints of vales far inland, and the silver glint of streams. The lofty summits of San Carlos close warmly about the smooth, green pastures of the valley, through which a wide margin of willows marks the seaward course of the Carmel River. Prominent in this enchanting picture is

the venerable Mission San Carlos de Carmelo, standing within its ruined walls on a noble eminence fronting the bay. On a background of peaceful slopes cattle are grazing, but there are few signs of habitation to lessen the isolation of the gray old Mission, with its cross-tipped roof and black-arched hollows in the belfry turrets.

Keeping well off the outlying rocks of

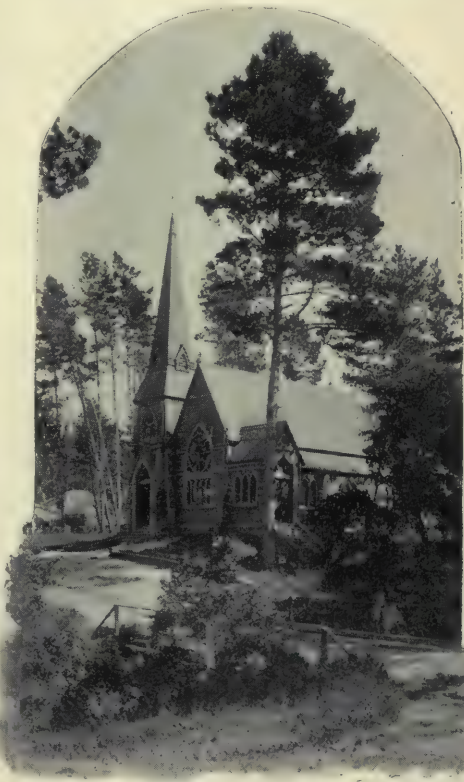


Photo by Charles K. Tuttle

A MAIN THOROUGHFARE IN PACIFIC GROVE.

Point Lobos, whose bleak cliffs grow a few scraggy pines, they made a circle of the bay, every tack revealing some fresh attraction of this romantic shore. Every one was keenly alive to the buoyancy of the yacht's motion, the wonderful transparency of the pale green brine, the wild fresh air, and marvelous dazzlement of the frolicking waves, each with its slender rim of froth. To the partial eye of the skipper the Petrel had never looked

so gay and trim, as, with swelling jibs and fore and main sails drawn hard by the steady pressure of the wind, he pointed her for the backward run to Pacific Grove.

One evening, lying at anchor, the boys seemed dull, and talked apart in a subdued voice, while the skipper, stretched his full length on the cabin house, was studying a chart by the ship's lantern. Finally, the three caught up their caps, and Oscar said:—

"Say, Captain, we fellows are going to have a little fun and won't be back till late. D' you like to go?"

The skipper straightened up and began gravely,—

"Why, you see, boys, I sort of promised your folks that I'd look out for you, and—"

Here Ernest dodged in between.

"Billiards, Captain! You know you'd like a game. Come ahead!"

The words were hardly out before the chart was hastily rolled up and tossed below, and all four found themselves in the dinghy, the skipper rowing with might and main as if heroically bent upon sharing the moral destruction of his young charges. They knew the nearest billiard room was just outside the town limits, as Pacific Grove is "strictly temperance" in its municipal regulations, even to the prohibition of billiards and dancing, as amusements notoriously connected with the selling of liquor.

It was after nine when the crew halted before the closed doors of the hall which an enterprising Yankee had set up to outwit the good people of the



Photo by Tuttle

THE MAMMOTH LIVE OAK AT PACIFIC GROVE.

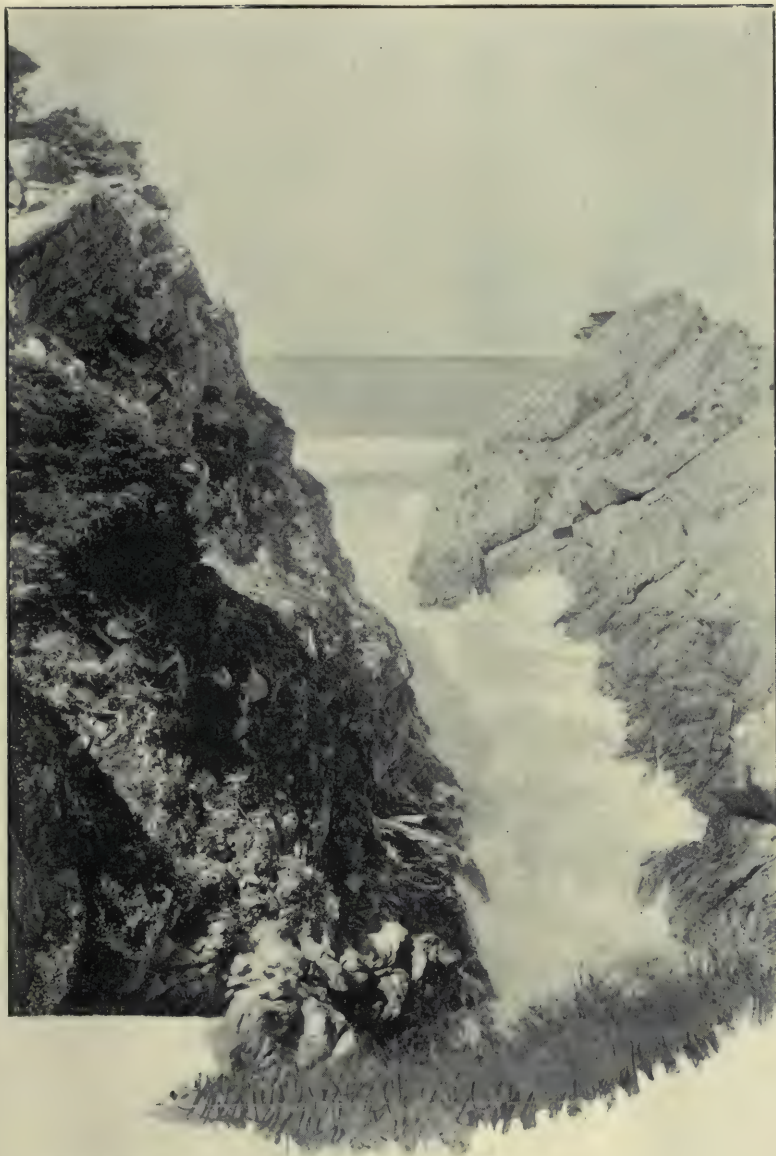


Photo by Tuttle

THE DEVIL'S PUMP.

Grove. The lights were out, and the proprietor had presumably gone home to bed. The indefatigable Ernest proposed a walk to Monterey, two miles farther on. All assented, and they trudged ahead in the dark, following the track of the streetcar, which had obviously made its last trip for the night. Every line fence on the way

had a ponderous gate which opened with an automatic lever. Billy, who had been over the road by daylight, warned the rest when these obstructions might be expected by yelling,

"Look out for your shins!"

At this they groped about until the lever was found and trod upon, and they heard the clash of the opening gate.



Photo by Tuttle

THE GHOST OF THE FOREST:—ON CYPRESS POINT.

Monterey is quaint enough by day, but at night the shadows of centuries seem to gather about its tottering casas on either side the narrow, gullied streets. Where the gloom concentrates are heaps of adobes and broken tiles, with here and there a rotting beam which once lent its support to some hospitable Mexican roof. Everywhere are mournful reminders of the past, when this decaying seaport was the dream of the early Spanish navigators, and the objective point of California's religious and political history. In the dimly lighted doorways were swarthy Mexican loungers, and many a dark-eyed senorita peeped at the strangers through the deep embrasure of a window. The dirtier quarters swarmed with Chinese fishermen, who are permanently established in the suburbs of Monterey.

After a wearisome search up the entire length of the principal street,

and many inquiries in the skipper's best Spanish, a table was at last found which was free from Mexican players. They fell to the game with zest, playing with double sides until midnight. On the homeward tramp the bright flares of the Chinese fishers were magnified far out to sea, and animated by this festive illumination, the boys made the pine groves ring with the improvised Petrel yell,

“Rah, rah, rah !

Cali—for—niah !

Petrel, Corinthian,

Zip ! boom ! ah !”

A dense mist had increased the darkness of the night, and tired and sleepy, they were glad enough to welcome the Petrel's riding light twinkling in the cove. When stumbling along the stony beach they heard a singular smacking, as of ponderous lips sounding all up and down the water line. Wondering but yet pushing forward, they reached the

boat, and to their consternation found their united efforts could not budge it. Hasty manual exploration disclosed a slimy cargo overflowing the gunwales. Just then a voice spoke to them, seemingly from the bowels of the cliff hard by,—

"I guess the kids have filled her with fish."

Midway up the black granite wall a star was visible, which went out and was shortly rekindled on a line with their staring eyes. It then moved nearer, a point of fire piercing the inky space. Steps were heard crunching the pebbles, and the star was seen to be a lighted candle in the hand of a tall apparition in a linen duster, whom Oscar recognized as one of his classmates. To his amazed question as to what he was doing "roosting in the rocks," the cadaverous youth let a wan smile flit across his blue lips, and evasively replied:—

"Oh, I never like to go to bed! I'm a regular owl."

Notwithstanding these nocturnal eccentricities, he proved to be very oblig-

ing, holding his candle so as to show up the skiff, which was packed with fresh barracouda. In their greedy chase after sardines these fish had been left stranded by the receding tide, and the smacking lips were the flapping flukes of hundreds of them yet alive and struggling to get afloat. It took a good half hour's work to fit the boat for passengers, and as they were "dressed up," it was but natural that several languages should be spoken before they were settled at the oars, and showering thanks upon their spectral light-bearer.

The next day the Petrel sailed for the Del Monte baths, and after all hands had enjoyed a refreshing swim, ran down to Monterey for the night, where a much quieter anchorage was found southeast of the wharf. The skipper had an errand to Pacific Grove, and returning too late for the street car, made the record of twenty-two minutes between the two towns. While making the skiff fast to one of the quarter bitts, bursts of extravagant mirth reached him from the cabin. Upon joining the rev-



Photo by Tuttle

SENTINEL ROCK.



COMING ASHORE.

elers, he found the three had been playing casino, and judging from their appearance the game must have been a warm one. Ernest and Oscar were down to their underwear, and Billy, without a stitch of clothing, was attempting to draw on a sock, while sharing in the convulsive laughter of the others. It turned out that the penalty agreed upon for the loser of a game was the taking off of some article he was wearing, and Billy's nudity graphically told the general course of the evening's playing.

In the morning the yacht was laid alongside the wharf, and the hose passed up and the tank filled from a convenient pipe. Then running up to Pacific Grove, goodbys were said and departure taken for Capitola at three P. M. The wind piped lively in the heart of the bay, and with the heavy chop sea, rendered it advisable to lower foresail and drop the main peak. The crew got a thorough soaking while stowing the foresail, but this only gave gusto to their chorusing of the rollicking old ballad :

"One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rollin',
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowline,—
'A strong sou'wester's blowin', Bill,
Hark! don't ye hear it roar, now?
Lord help 'em! How I pity all
Unhappy folks on shore now!'"

It was a swinging, buoyant thrash through mounting billows, dancing to their own music like the "Merry Men" of Stevenson. Half a dozen miles from Santa Cruz the wind moderated, when foresail was hoisted, main peak swigged up, and gaff-topsail and main topmast staysail set. Under this canvas the Petrel looked into the harbor of Santa Cruz at six o'clock, then stood along the shore eastward five miles to Capitola. Here anchor was dropped in four fathoms of water, when, with a short swell setting directly in, and the current running transversely, the little vessel rolled rails under, and kept two men busy saving crockery on the cabin table.

The morning dawned warm and cloudless, and after the bedding was spread on the booms to air and dry, the crew one and all went ashore to take in the pretty town. Numbers of campers were strolling about, or grouped in the shadow of the gray cliffs outlying Soquel Cove. On every side the marine and mountain scenery had a loveliness all its own. The bay spread blue and serene at their feet; along the creek the leaves of oak and alder quivered, the land swelled up and away into a hundred fruitful foothills, while high in the summer haze the Santa Cruz Mountains lifted their spiked crowns of redwood.

Several hours were passed in idling about the place, when the skipper noted a freshening of the wind. The boys were sent aboard to stow the bedding, below and put everything in readiness for immediate departure, while he made some necessary purchases of provisions.

"You needn't be the least uneasy about your holding ground," remarked one of the bystanders, a genial old sea captain of much experience in these waters.

Others present, fishermen and seafaring folk, heartily indorsed this opinion. Nevertheless, the skipper was

the wharf. To avoid swamping, they pulled dead to windward, then worked over ahead of the pitching *Petrel* and dropped down to her, always keeping bow to the sea. It was a close pull getting aboard, and the skipper, bounding to the chain, paid out its full thirty fathoms, when an ominous grating telephoned along the cable that the anchor was dragging. The same instant he shouted orders, never letting go his grip of the chain.

"Loose the jib! Jump below and cast off the chain! Bring the skiff forward!"

The boys, pale but nerved to action,



Photo by Susan A. Lewis

LINDSAY.

vaguely distrustful of his berth, and hurriedly laid in a supply of beef and bread, then made all speed to the wharf. He was none too soon. Within fifteen minutes the sea had taken on a tremendous swell, and he saw with dismay the surf breaking two hundred yards outside the anchorage. Some wind-storm at sea, joined with the peculiar formation of the bottom of this V-shaped cove, was transforming the placid bight into a veritable hell's cauldron. Hailing the schooner, he saw Ernest spring bravely to the boat, and after a perilous row the skipper embarked from the end of

labored unflinchingly. More than once Ernest sank from sight on the diving bowsprit, but he clung like a true seaman, "every finger a fishhook and every hair a rope yarn." Billy loosened the chain, but before Oscar could reach the taffrail, a fierce sea tore the stem out of the skiff and sent her whirling shoreward.

The doomed *Petrel* now dragged rapidly, and for one critical moment the skipper hesitated. Should he make sail, and risk the trough of the sea, or hold her head to it by aid of the anchor, and let her ground on the sand? Fearing to

attempt the former, he tightened his hold of the chain, and with sickening heart awaited the end. The crew, holding on by the foremast, stood on the fore hatch to keep the flooding seas from rushing into the hold. Hardly ten minutes of this, when a shock was felt. The keel had struck, and a tremor ran through the hull. Now with every monster wave the straining vessel rolled her length under, until she grounded and heeled to her bilge between seas. The cable was quickly slipped to swing her head to the land. Then steadily, foot by foot, the sea and current worked her toward the cliffs, where the sharp-toothed rocks were hungrily frothing for the ribs of the poor little ship. Her fate now indeed seemed hopeless. The skipper set his teeth, and his face looked drawn and ghastly through the driving spray.

A moment more, and the boys raised a cry. Some one had run out from the excited crowd on shore, and plunged headlong into the breakers. Now a dark object rose and sunk in the green swirl of waters, fighting its way nearer and nearer. Who of the hundred spectators was mad enough to attempt their rescue? A minute of wild-eyed suspense, and then the form of a man was made out, taking each breaker with a long dive, and coming up in the trough for momentary breath. But the seas were fast and furious, and the swimmer's efforts were becoming pitifully labored.

"Good God! he is lost," burst from the skipper with a groan.

But no, the undaunted head again appears; the long limbs renew their buffeting of the merciless waves,—feebler to be sure,—but four pairs of eager arms are stretched to help the hero on deck. It was Lindsay, the head fisherman and wharfinger of Capitola. A second for breath, and then the brave fellow gasped:—

"A line—give me a line! Quick! you are going on the rocks."

Not a moment was lost in getting the rope, when, with one end around his body, he dived back into the surf. Others waded to meet him, and soon another line was bent on to the ship's rope, and made fast to a pile, when with block and tackle attached, all Capitola, even to the children, tailed on and pulled for hours with a will.

Nor were there idle hands aboard of her. The skipper sprang below, ripped up the floor, stationed the crew, and in a short quarter of an hour three tons of pig iron ballast was dumped overboard, after which the vessel pounded less heavily. By sunset the phenomenally high tide had sent the yacht far up on the beach, where, in spite of every effort, she ran her bowsprit under the bath-houses, and snapped it off a few feet from the stem. Meanwhile all the rope in Capitola was brought into use, and a horseman dispatched three miles for more. With this additional line, Lindsay made everything secure, when with a deep drawn sigh of relief the skipper grasped the hand of the Petrel's preserver. The vessel had been saved by two short lengths.

Later in the evening, when the rest of the exhausted crew were in bed at the hotel, the skipper restlessly paced the beach for long hours, waiting for the going out of the tide. Every blow of the surf on the upturned bilge of the Petrel sent a shiver through him, and once in the extremity of emotion he shook his clenched fist at a leviathan wave biting at her side. Let him who has built him a ship,—studied its model, carefully handled her every timber, filled in the ballast with nicety of judgment, spent the best half of nights in settling the exact dimensions of spar or sail, shared blissful hours with friends aboard of her,—let such a man withhold not his sympathy from the unhappy skipper!

In the gray of dawn, at low water, the iron ballast, anchor and chain, and

other articles from the wreckage, were seen high and dry on the naked reef. The skiff, also, was saved by the praiseworthy efforts of a half-grown son of Lindsay. A broad furrow was plowed in the rocky reef by the Petrel's iron keel, a performance that dug more clams than Capitola had seen for a year. To everyone's surprise, the yacht was found to have sustained no injuries but the chafing of the bilges on the sand.

back into the water. It was at this juncture that the Nemesis of the disaster, one Waterat, an itinerant photographer and jack-of-all-trades, with a shrewd eye to the main chance, offered to undertake the job. He was a man of glib tongue and colossal confidence, who harangued the perplexed skipper this wise:—

"I want you to know, Cap'n, I've launched a dozen vessels in my time,



Photo by Susan A. Lewis

STRANDED.

This good fortune was undoubtedly owing to her proper construction. With six inches to the foot dead-rise, and a twenty-four foot iron keel bolted through keel and keelson, her spinal column is a rigid girder that took the shock of the blows, and prevented serious straining of the hull. A low-bilge boat would have been ruined by the incessant thumping on the rocks.

The question now of consuming importance was how best to put the yacht

and just tell you greased planks is the thing! If you take my advice you won't try house-movers. Who ever heard of a vessel's being moved on rollers? I'll get a good ready on today, and before tomorrow night, with a few dozen fishermen to haul on the mast lines to heel her down, she'll walk off into the water as pretty as you please. Lordy, how it 'll make the natives here stare!"

Beguiled by this apparent candor, the skipper gave him *carte blanche* to go

ahead, and order all the material and help he required. A new bowsprit was soon fitted, a cradle made to support the vessel, and a plank track laid for it to slide upon. Over a dull campfire on the dry kelp, a pot of tallow was kept simmering. Oscar was raised to the dignity of "slush," and it fell to him to grease the track with this malodorous compound at the cry,

"Hot stuff here!"

The balance of the crew were kept busy shifting planks and tending guy lines. Three days wore away, and the *Petrel* had not been moved a foot nearer her natural element. The anxious skipper was cordially commiserated by constant visitors to the beach, and the launching of the yacht became the one absorbing topic of interest. By the fourth afternoon, more through others' pointing out Waterat's blunders and thus preventing continued setbacks, the ship was moved a hundred yards along the beach opposite the buoy by which they were to haul out.

Before this, however, more than one spirited altercation took place between Waterat and the skipper. The partial success so far attained was, in fact, mainly due to the former's being at length induced to abandon the imbecile plan of hauling alternate ends of the vessel, and to the employment of stronger purchase better to utilize the strength of the horses. Waterat had probably been an observer, and perhaps an assistant, in similar operations, and seemed always to be trying to recall and copy methods and operations which continually eluded a defective memory. At his frequent breaks, the helping fishermen exchanged covert winks and smiles, but the skipper was in a fever of impatience. Once a block turned in the strap, and was badly chafed.

"I'll tell you what to do," Waterat exclaimed. "Turn it around!"

"You can't do that," the skipper rejoined. "The fall reeves only one way."

Waterat mumbled some excuse about having "forgotten," but nothing could have more clearly betrayed the novice.

The schooner was now blocked up in readiness for launching her betimes the next day, and there still being an hour before sunset, the crew, stiff and sore from their unwonted exertions, indulged in a revivifying plunge in the warm surf.

The next morning, with hope brimming high, the men began work, and the small boys congregated, as usual, to roast clams in Oscar's beach fire. After a couple of hours of irritating blunders on the part of Waterat, the *Petrel* was again started, but through faulty construction of the cradle and ways, she jumped the track when half way down. This mishap was the crisis of his incapacity and the skipper's impatience. Without further demur, the latter boarded the train, and upon reaching Santa Cruz, engaged the services of a house-mover, who proved to be a man of executive ability and conscience. His plans were painstakingly gone over that night, and on the following morning he was promptly on hand with team, men, and material.

Never was there a greater contrast between two men's methods of going about work. With the experience of five days' "fuss and fudge" under Waterat's boastful dictatorship, it was inexpressibly cheering to witness every detail of plan grow into reality at a word from this quiet little house-mover. Not an error was made, not the smallest effort wasted! The contemplation was inspiring. It was the man against the elements. There was no hesitation, even to the dashing into the surf up to his armpits to secure a tackle. The track was laid well out in the waves, so as to get the vessel as far down as possible, in order to float her at high water. With every moment of this telling work the skipper's spirits rose, and he obeyed exultingly.

At last the supreme moment approach-

es! The fall is stretched along and the horsehitched. The *Petrel's* crew, dressed lightly for wet work, board the vessel and man the windlass. The faithful Lindsay is with them, and as he was the first to reach her when her end seemed inevitable, so is he the last to tread the deck when her deliverance is at hand. As each swell mounts to her counter, the horse gets down to a steady pull, and the crew at the windlass catch and hold every inch made to seaward. At first the gain is hardly perceptible, and Lindsay and the skipper eagerly scan landmarks for assurance of some little progress. As the sea augments, each outward impulse is more than before. Now

the cradle falls to pieces under the force of the breakers! The schooner, though well heeled over, grates her keel on the sand. The tug is unceasing. Not an inch is lost, and the strain begins to lessen. A noble sea lifts her, and the windlass almost races under the handspikes, taking up the slack. All hands spring to the line! There is life in her keel,—she is afloat! Lindsay turns a triumphant face landward and shouts,—

“Goodby, Capitola!” and caps are waved wildly amid frantic cheers.

With one impulse the skipper and Lindsay clasp hands. Their eyes meet, and with swelling hearts the two read each other friends for all time.

Ninetta Eames.



HOMEWARD BOUND.



APRIL.

CROCUSES, a morning meadow,
 Apple blossoms lightly stirred,
 Sudden rain, a wild bird's shadow,—
 Which the shadow, which the bird?

Snowdrops in the wet wood's hollow,
 Hyacinths in grasses long,
 Song, and silence swift to follow,—
 Which the silence, which the song?

Sunset's glories all a-quiver,
 Hesper in the blue afar,
 Starry gleams on lake and river,—
 Which the gleam, and which the star?

Crocus, snowdrop, thrush, and swallow,
 Sunlight, starlight, cloud, and rain!
 Smiles, and tears that swiftly follow,—
 Which the pleasure, which the pain?

Martha T. Tyler.



PAMPAS PLUMES.

IN my girlhood, I read an intensely interesting description of the steppes of Russia and of the pampas of South America, that created a glow of enthusiasm lasting through life, to be readily kindled anew at any suggestion recalling the wondrous imagery of the scenes therein represented. So there was a

One of Santa Barbara's pioneer heroines, with whose friendship I was honored, soon possessed a plant of the Collins variety, and together we watched the growth and development of these "strangers from afar," from the first peep of the white silvery points through their green sheath as they



A FIELD OF PLUMES.

charm in the very name pampas, aside from its syllabic utterance, when in later days I saw the tossing plumes against a fair Santa Barbara sky, in the gardens of Warren H. Mills and Geo. S. Collins, across the Estero; and when I became the happy recipient of one of these novelties, I guarded and gazed at it as a possession long coveted.

stretched upwards, glossy and glistening, toward the cloudless sky; receiving sharp rebuffs if attempting to pluck the treasures too hastily, or brushed against the sharp pointed leaves that turned downward in graceful curves. When gathered, one could almost see them move as they yielded to the warmth of the sunlight, and expanded in a few



A MATURE PLANT.

hours into the very spirit of grace and beauty.

My friend never wearied of them. Year after year her caressing hand stroked the responsive blossoms into unusual perfection, admiring them all the while, and she sent parcel after parcel to brighten wintry homes with a bit of southern memory. Centennial year some rare specimens went from her plot to Philadelphia, Hartford, Con-

pampas is said to be about 1,500,000 square miles. The best part of these plains is covered with a rich alluvial soil from five to six feet in thickness, somewhat salty, and containing some saltpeter; furnishing during the wet season abundant pasture to wild oxen and horses, but later in the year becoming parched and dry.

There grows, in all its native luxuriance, the grass that produces our



STRIPPING THE PLUMES.

necticut, and to Iowa. No less beautiful are they now. It is the eyes that change.

The word "pampas," in the Quicha tongue, means valley or plain. The pampas are the vast South American prairies, partly undulating. They stretch from 50° south in Patagonia, northward through the Argentine Republic to the Bolivian frontier. There are pampas, too, in Peru, and the whole area of

beautiful plumes named *Gynarium Argentinum*, from the fact that only the plumes of the female plant are furnished with the long hairy blossoms.

Pampas plumes were first introduced into England from Buenos Ayres in 1843, but not till 1848 brought into the United States. They are easily raised from seed. Varieties have been obtained tinted with purple, others with yellow, also with variegated leaves.



THE DRYING FIELD.

They were first introduced in Santa Barbara in 1872, by Mr. Joseph Sexton, who obtained the seed, and in two years several hundred were sold as ornamental plants for gardens. In 1874 it was accidentally discovered "that by pulling the immature plumes from the sheaths and exposing them to the sun, the male plumes would hang heavy like oats, while the female would fluff up and become light and airy." The discoverer experimented in curing, sold some in Santa Barbara, sent others to San Francisco, and sent samples to a leading florist of New York, who ordered three hundred, and immediately doubled the order. Pampas plumes became a "fad," and the growth of them developed into an industry. The pioneer grower extended his plantation to five thousand hills, and estimated the crop at one million plumes.

Three leading horticulturists have by

cultivation and propagation transformed the heads of the pampas grass, in their natural state common and very like our native reeds, to which they are allied, into the present results, thus creating the demand and supplying the market.

Latterly, a lady near Whittier's has twenty-eight acres planted between walnut trees, and in 1890 sold 260,000 plumes at from \$30 to \$65 per thousand.

I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. E. S. Hayward for the following information.

Plumes require a low, moist soil, about the same as for corn, and are cultivated in much the same manner as corn. The land should be plowed deep before planting. They are easily raised from seed, but to secure positively the female plants, that yield the finest plumes, it is customary to propagate by division of roots. These roots are set about sixteen feet apart each way.

The field is cultivated thoroughly for the first year or two, as many times as is necessary to keep the weeds down. No plumes are borne the first year. The second year will average twenty-five to a bunch, the third year seventy-five, the fourth, fifth and sixth years at least one hundred, and after that the plant deteriorates.

The grass should be lightly trimmed early in September, before the plumes appear, that they may be easy of access; for in California one bunch will sometimes attain a height of twenty feet, a diameter as great, and a weight of 2200 pounds. The plumes begin to ripen or show through their green sheath about September 10th, and the harvest continues till October 1st, requiring constant attention, as the plumes do not ripen all at once. They should be cut when they have pushed through the sheath about six inches. This part of the work necessitates care. Strip off the sheath by stripping upwards. If the effort is made to strip down, not even stiff gloves will protect from severe cuts, but in the former method there is no especial wear. As you strip, lay them in rows, four to six inches apart, for two days and nights. Turn them each day; the sun and dew will fluff and bleach them beautifully. Take to the dry-house and leave them in large piles, till the stems are dried,—it may take two weeks,—after which sort and pack in three-quarter ton boxes, square measure.

The market is in Europe, principally London and Hamburg. It is said that one firm in Germany utilizes them in

the holiday cards of dried grasses, and sends them to the United States for sale.

At first they brought fancy prices,—\$2.50 each in New York. For a long time the standard retail price was fifty cents each, but they now retail from ten to twenty cents. Last year (1892) the grower received but one cent for small plumes, and two cents for large ones.

The florists use them for decoration, and dissect them for dried grass bouquets. They have been utilized as campaign badges; and in Santa Barbara's grand floral displays, among the most picturesque decorations in the street parades, phaeton, horse, and driver, have worn them in adornment. In the Pavilion, the national banner has been emblazoned on the wall, its stripe of red and white, its stars on field of blue, all formed of the pampas plumes; for you must know they take dye readily, and retain it.

There are at present three leading varieties known,—the heavy plume, as the Collins, the long, slim plumes, called the Spence, and the Hayward, both long and heavy. The rose-colored or smoky plumes are from the male plants and are not considered good. They are somewhat used for upholstering, but are said to be too brittle. If some Yankee would invent a toughening process, or some method of utilizing even the imperfect plumes for mattresses, etc., it would be a benefaction; for it is a clean material, easily grown, and certainly as available as the pulu, used so commonly a few years ago.

S. E. A. Higgins.

A PHANTOM OF THE HIGH SIERRA.

EVEN the most incredulous mind finds occasionally an odd thrill of fascination in stories of the unseen and supernatural, especially when heard at a time and amid surroundings in harmony with the spirit of the tale. Never were circumstances more favorable to an eery mood than those under which the following story was related to the writer. Place,—the lovely shore of Susie Lake, a pretty little sheet of water well up in the mountains behind Tahoe; familiar, doubtless, to some readers as a fishing ground of most excellent quality. Time,—the hour of late twilight, when even to a stout heart the stillness and shadows seem to press about in menacing tangibility. Persons,—a couple of tired fishermen trudging campward, accompanied by an Indian guide, a silent little party until the guide, pointing to a low cliff, around which the trail took a seemingly unnecessary turn inland, remarked impressively: "Big haunt there; may be boss see him tonight," and proceeded to beguile the remainder of the way with the story of *The Ghost of Susie Lake*.

IN early California days, before the eager search for gold had sent the white man through every nook and corner of the country, the lake was well known to neighboring Indian tribes, and every summer its solitude would be broken by fishing parties which, in spite of the cold of this upper region, camped for a week or two along its shore. For several seasons it chanced that two of these companies, seeking the place from opposite slopes of the great mountains, paid their annual visits at the same time, meetings that resulted in a mutual feeling of friendship and interest; in something more, indeed, for one summer a little red-skinned Cupid found his way

aloft to these chilly heights, and there amused his mischievous self, as Cupid will, by attending diligently to other people's business. He flitted restlessly across the lake from camp to camp, perched himself on the rough dug-outs when the men went fishing, and warmed his fingers at the fire when the women busied themselves with the rude cooking. And thus it happened that before the fishing was over, Mantua, a tall young brave whose father, Hahma, led one of the parties, had made up his mind that Taon-Tish, daughter of Ahmona, chief of the other band, was the only girl who could satisfactorily adorn his wigwam in the valley.

He often saw her by her father's fire or on the narrow strip of stony beach; a picture to make even the slow heart of an Indian throb with unwonted quickness. The slender grace of her figure—a beauty not too common among women of her race—could not be hidden by the scant, heavy lines of her deer skin robe, which at the waist was caught by a belt of willow bark, finely woven and splendidly colored and beaded. The dark face was dainty in outline and glowing with the radiance of soft, mild eyes; her head was delicate and well poised; and her voice sweet as the distant echoes from the great cascade over which the waters of the lake plunged on their way to the great river far below. Indeed, Cupid had winged his arrow with no mean charm when he aimed at Mantua's heart.

Nor had he been idle in Ahmona's camp, and Taon-Tish was fully aware of the attractive graces of the handsome young Indian whom she saw so often with her father's men. Her glances in his direction were shy and few, but comprehensive, and Cupid laughed a knowing laugh when she suddenly developed

great concern about her appearance,—spent much time over her simple gown, arranged with a coquettish touch the narrow, flat band of brilliant scarlet feathers that held back from her face the long tangle of thick black hair, and then stole pleased but bashful glimpses of the effect in the convenient mirror of a sheltered bit of water.

An Indian's wooing is rather an undemonstrative proceeding, but this of Mantua's flourished in its way, and when the parties separated, it was with the understanding that at the close of the next season's fishing Taon-Tish should leave her father for the lodge of Mantua.

That next meeting was a time of great interest,—not to the lovers alone, who exchanged quiet greeting, with suitable dignity on one side and becoming coyness on the other, but to the whole of Ahmona's people; for at the first encounter Hahma had wonderful news to give them. He told of strangers about his fire: beings of marvelous appearance and powers, whose faces were pale, like a worn out midday moon; who clothed themselves in odd garments; who talked with each other by means of magic marks and pictures, unintelligible to the wisest sign-readers in the tribe; who could, if angry, summon thunder and lightning to their aid, with awful and deadly effect. With a strange Indian, who could speak their language and that of the tribe, the white men had come a short time before to Hahma's camp with friendly greeting and wonderful gifts. When preparations were begun for the fishing trip they had asked to visit with him the mountain lake, and now they were come, and to be seen by the curious.

It is needless to say that the appearance of white men created a stir of excitement and interest among the Indians, and it was not entirely distasteful to the Spaniards—for such they were—to pose before the wondering natives as beings from a distant and superior world. There were six or seven of them,

led by one Don Casa de Marlo, whose fearless, adventurous spirit was responsible for the wild excursion. It was with lazy good nature that the travelers allowed themselves to be gazed at by the admiring but dignified men from Ahmona's camp, who hastened to see the wonderful strangers. De Marlo, to their amazement, responded to their greeting brokenly but intelligibly in their own tongue; a quick ear for language having enabled him to acquire not a little of the limited vocabulary of his entertainers.

Even the women came across the lake to see the white men, and in a softly chattering, laughing group watched from a modest distance the marvelous performance of gun and pistol. Among them was Taon-Tish, and once as Don Casa's glance strayed carelessly in that direction, it was caught and held by the beauty of her face and the grace of her figure. The Spaniard had a critical eye for a pretty woman, and it was long since one had gladdened his sight; so he stared at the girl till, becoming conscious of his gaze, she moved uneasily away. The discovery was a pleasant one, and as he dwelt on it ideas, vague but attractive, of an interesting episode before him flitted through his mind. It would be entertaining to watch the operation upon her of his cultivated charms. He had little doubt as to their effect, for he was a magnificently handsome man, and after the manner of handsome men, placed unlimited faith in his powers of fascination.

But surely, never were circumstances so against a flirtation, for the chances he found to practice his arts were few and far between. Indian girls are absurdly shy, and Taon-Tish, true to this characteristic and endowed with unusual individual dignity, was even more difficult to reach than a Spanish beauty, guarded by the ever-present duenna. Still, De Marlo was not easily discouraged, and felt confident of finally overcoming all obstacles. So he spent much

time in Ahmona's camp, for he quickly worked himself into the Indian's good graces, and was a visitor always welcome to share his meals and enjoy his fire. But although continually on the watch for a word or tête-a-tête with the daughter, he could scarcely get speech of her.

Yet, in spite of this, he sometimes hoped that affairs were about to take a favorable turn, for certain gifts that he ventured to send through the father were accepted, and he had the satisfaction of seeing her wear some showy jewelry and a most gorgeous red sash — vanities of his own elaborate wardrobe — with which he strove to gain her favor. Once or twice he succeeded in meeting her alone, as she busied herself about the work, bringing water from the lake or gathering wood for the fire; but even then he could make little impression on her indifference. She received without response the courtly gesture of his greeting. His tender glances were quite wasted, as she would scarcely lift her eyes to his face, and the speech he tried to make so winning stumbled and tripped hopelessly in the unfamiliar language. The necessity for caution also handicapped him in all his proceedings, for should his designs be discovered he might expect summary vengeance at the hand of her jealous lover.

But all the difficulties only made the Spaniard more determined, and seemed to fan the idle fancy that first attracted him to Taon-Tish into a passion that gained strength at each rebuff. His pride, too, was roused, and his self-esteem wounded. He felt outraged and insulted that, with all the power of those charms which had been fatal to the peace of many a Castilian beauty, he should be unable to win a smile from this barbarian. He was unaccustomed to be balked in his wishes, and he vowed to himself that he would not endure it now.

Perhaps certain deep potations in

which he had been indulging added to his excitement on one particular evening, as, sitting by Ahmona's campfire, he brooded over the matter; and possibly, they had something to do with his sudden decision that hitherto he had pursued an entirely wrong course. Authority, he declared to himself, and fierceness, not tenderness, were needed to subdue the savage. Taon-Tish *should* love him, whether or no, and a mighty oath registered this fierce determination.

Later in the evening, catching sight of her in the dusk, going toward the lake, he rose and followed, finding her as he hoped quite alone. There, acting on his new principle, he suddenly addressed her with imperious vehemence, and his caution quite forgotten, declared his passionate love and fiercely demanded hers in return.

The startled girl, comprehending his meaning more by his tone and gesture than by his speech, in which Spanish and Indian were mixed, shrank from him; but the angle of the bank in which they stood hemmed her in save in his direction, making flight impossible. De Marlo saw and understood her quick glance as she took in the situation, and this, with the repulsion she so clearly manifested, enraged him, till losing all self-control he tried to seize her in his arms. But this passed the girl's endurance, and with a swift, well-aimed blow, that for the moment dazed her tormentor, she darted by him and so escaped.

It was not long before De Marlo perceived that instead of improving he had well nigh ruined whatever chances he might have had; for Taon-Tish from that time on never left the protecting presence of the other women. She ceased also to wear his gifts. The red sash disappeared from her waist, and to the Spaniard's intense disgust, he once or twice saw it adorning the well knit frame of his rival.

How elaborately and plentifully he

cursed Mantua for his luck! Don Casa had heard that at the end of the season Taon-Tish was to become his wife, and this intelligence had anything but a soothing effect, especially as he knew that the time for departure was drawing near.

At last he heard with a shock of consternation that on the next day but one Ahmona expected to return to the valley. With a passion that surprised him, De Marlo realized that his game was hopeless, and the prize fairly within his rival's hand.

But before the last day was over, news came to him that suggested a way in which he might still lead a forlorn hope. There had been a bitter quarrel — about the rights of which he knew little and cared less — over the ownership of a dugout, causing the parties but lately so friendly to part in the fiercest hatred; a state of affairs entirely fatal to Mantua's matrimonial prospects.

The quick brain of the Spaniard instantly conceived a daring plan: namely, to leave with his men Hahma's company, and betake themselves to the enemy. Once established in Ahmona's camp with the field to himself, Don Casa felt that he might yet be able to overcome the girl's anger, and ingratiate himself with her. This accomplished, he could boldly ask her hand from her father. Such unions he had found not uncommon in many parts of the country, and this could lightly be shaken off when he pleased. It was a chance, and he resolved to try it.

Feeling the necessity for caution in the matter, De Marlo secretly sent the interpreter to Ahmona, bidding him say that the white men, weary of the company of one so base as Hahma, no longer desired to remain with him, and begged permission to attach themselves to such a respected chief as himself. He was to arrange with the Indians to send canoes after dark to a certain point of the shore, where the Spaniards, leav-

ing camp one by one, so as to excite no suspicion, would assemble and be carried across the lake, departing early the next morning with their new hosts. Judicious gifts were to be offered, and a smoke signal could report the fortune of the errand.

When, in the afternoon, Don Casa saw the thin wreath that announced success, he felt that victory might still be his. The men were cautioned to observe the greatest secrecy in their movements; and the night promised to aid the enterprise, for before sunset black clouds began rolling over the mountains and gathering thickly in the east; while a sullen wind swept sighing along the lake, and from time to time the dim, heavy rumble of thunder shook all the air.

As the hour for the rendezvous approached, De Marlo, engaged in entertaining the Indians by the fire, was conscious that, one by one, his men were slipping away; and he exerted himself to the utmost to hold the attention of the group about him. A test had been undertaken of the skill with which they could hurl an arrow at a mark, and he his dagger, — a slender, gleaming bit of steel, ending in a delicately wrought and brightly jeweled hilt, the admiration of the camp. In the dusk, lighted only by the flickering fire, keen eyesight as well as a steady hand was needed for successful aim, yet so dexterous was De Marlo that his competitors had hard work to equal him; but they would not abandon the sport till several purposely false throws on his part gave them the palm. It was then some time before he could make an unobserved departure; but at last he succeeded, and hurried along the shore a full half hour behind the last of his party.

The clouds hung black over the sky, and he was forced almost to grope his way aided only by the lightning, which occasionally flashed brilliantly and threateningly from the dark mass above.

The air had grown still and heavy with the approaching storm, but the restless lake sent uneasy little waves along the beach, or threw them with sullen petulance against the rocks.

The rendezvous was to be on the further side of a little cove, sheltered by a small island from any possible view of the camp,—a precaution that a clear night might have rendered necessary. When De Marlo reached the place, he was appalled to find it deserted: neither dug-out, red man, nor Spaniard, to be seen. Quick, horrified thoughts of treachery and murder chilled his blood in a moment, and he recoiled with a smothered oath as a flash showed him a dark object, horribly suggestive of a prostrate man, lying almost at his feet.

When he gathered courage to approach it, he was relieved to find only an empty cloak, which, as he held it in the darkness, gave out the sharp rustle of paper fastened to the inside. Here, then, was a message; one that must be read. Thankful for the screen of the island, he struck a light; and by the aid of a burning wisp of grass deciphered the scrawl, which told him that the Indians, fearing to be on the water after the breaking of the storm, insisted on an immediate departure, either with the Spaniards or without. In this case his men had decided to go, and promised to send some one around the lake on foot to meet their leader and escort him to camp.

Angry though he was at this desertion, there was but one course to be pursued, and De Marlo hurried on, struggling with the fierce gusts that suddenly began to sweep across the water, giving warning of the near approach of the storm. He was panting when he reached the top of a little rise,—a cliff, the lake side falling steeply down to the water below,—and he stood there for a moment to recover his breath.

Above, the wind moaned and sighed

through the branches of a lonely pine,—a landmark conspicuous all along the lake for its height above the low, scrubby growth of the trees around. As he waited, a dead branch, torn away by the wind, broke with a sharp crack and whirled almost to his feet, bearing with it something that seemed like a long streamer. Curious, he stooped to look closer, but started up amazed as by a sudden glare of lightning he recognized his red sash.

How came it there? Like a flash rose the remembrance of seeing it in Mantua's possession. He must have tied it to the branch with a purpose, for it was firmly fastened,—and that very day, for the silk had been wet by no night dews.

What was its object? A signal undoubtedly to Taon-Tish! For a tryst, perhaps under that very tree; perhaps—cursed thought—it was already kept elsewhere, and his game had slipped through his fingers after all; for, once together, he could not hope that the lovers would again part.

But would the girl on such a night venture across the lake to the meeting? Incredible! If she came by land, and the appointment was for the great pine, he could possibly meet and intercept her. He would hurry on.

But first, springing to the edge of the cliff, he strained his eyes, peering over the water, if, perchance, by the fitful glare of the lightning anything could be seen there. The storm had burst. Rain fell in torrents, and the wind, howling as if with the voice of frenzied demons, swept in great gusts up the lake, while the thunder, with a roar made continuous by the echoes, growled around the circle of the hills, and crashed with deafening detonations overhead. By the incessant lightning he caught glimpses of the white lake below; lashed and torn into a mass of struggling, tossing waves. No canoe could live in such a sea. But—what was that—there—near the shore? Ah! Santa Maria have

mercy! there had been a dark, pitching something. Would the next flash *never* come? A log perhaps,—a torn branch! Ah! now! Great God in heaven! a canoe, driving helpless, in that raging hell; capsized or not, there had been no time to see. There—again! Yes, it is upright; can it hold so?

The wind was driving it inland, but there was only a tiny stretch of beach, then the cruel rocks, and *then*,—De Marlo covered his eyes in the darkness at the vision of what would come if it struck there. For one instant only; then he was straining them again, and as a flash that seemed the opening of heaven itself streamed through the sky, he saw the canoe again; saw a woman crouching low, but still with a hold on the paddle as the frail bark, rising on the crest of a wave tore shoreward,—toward the beach, thank God! toward the beach! Then his heart seemed to stop beating; his veins chilled into ice; he felt as if turned to marble, save for a thunder that roared through his brain, deafening him to the crash of the elements without; and time was not, but eternity rolled upon him as he waited.

The flash, when it came, seemed to snap the fibers of his being, and he staggered back against the tree with a long, trembling sob of relief; for, standing on the sand below him, he had seen Taon-Tish, her face still towards the water, where the dugout, caught from beneath her very feet as she sprang to the shore, and whirled back to destruction, was drifting rapidly away.

Unnerved entirely, and vainly attempting to still the wild beatings of his heart, which in the reaction from the horrible suspense seemed to tear him asunder, De Marlo leaned panting against the pine. The nerves of the Indian must have steadied themselves more easily, for presently he became conscious of her approach. At the same moment she caught sight of his figure, and with a glad little exclamation took

a step nearer. In an instant he had sprung to her, and the reality of all earthly things,—storms and raging waters, treacherous Indians, lost companions, danger, death, faded from him, as he clasped in a fierce embrace the form that for so many days had haunted him, felt her breath on his cheek, and crushed his very soul into hers in a long, passionate kiss.

His recall to earth was immediate, as the girl, cruelly undeceived as to who it was, attempted to free herself from his grasp. But he held her fast, and pressed her unwilling lips again and again. "Ah!" he cried; "you shall hear me now; you cannot run away this time, for I have you fast! You shall hear me and promise the love I want,—I will not take no!" and he went on in a breathless stream, entreating, commanding, promising, using every plea and motive he could call up; till, spent with his eagerness he paused and waited for a reply, loosening his hold a trifle to allow her to speak.

The girl drew herself back as far as possible, anger and dignity in every motion. "Taon-Tish love Mantua! hate white man! always!" And the depth of scorn in her tone left no room for doubt as to the truth of her words. Suddenly, with a quick movement, she wrenched herself free, and would have darted away, in the darkness but the man once more caught her tightly in his arms.

As he did so she gave a wild, strange cry, that seemed to pierce even the din of the storm, and to his consternation Casa was sure that he heard an answering call borne on the wind from the direction of the camp.

"Curse it!" he muttered, "the dog of an Indian has heard. He will be here and make short work of me, if I stay. I shall lose her yet!" and the idea of defeat turning all his passion to fury, he hissed to the girl, gasping under the gagging weight of his hand:—

"Fool! I heard him too. Your lover may be coming, but he cannot save you. Never shall you be his, I swear it by all the powers of heaven and hell! Sooner will I kill you with my own hand"; and he loosened the poniard at his belt. "Choose the love or the dagger of Casa de Marlo?"

He lifted his hand to allow an answer, when Taon-Tish, summoning all her strength, sent forth her very soul in a great cry: "Mantua! Man-tu-a!" It rang wild above the crash of the thunder, and the wind caught it and carried it far on,—a long wail that sobbed itself away far among the distant hills. The swan's death song; for the next instant the Spaniard's dagger was buried deep in her breast.

A moment's pause,—a heavier splash of the waves on the rocks below,—and then the next flash shone on the cliff, deserted save by the tall pine that still sighed and moaned in the gale.

Morning dawned clear and beautiful as if storms had never raged over the glistening lake, which laughed and sparkled under Mantua's eyes, as he stood looking out from the elevation of the cliff. No smoke rose from the deserted camp of Ahmona opposite him: save for this, everything was the same as yesterday. Only the great pine lay shattered by an angry bolt; and grating on the shore a little distance away floated a capsized and battered dugout, while on the strip of sandy beach near the cliff he had found a water-soaked band of red feathers. These,—and the echo of a cry! The little waves splashed merrily against the rocks below, and ran mockingly up to him. They were saying to each other that in the deep water beneath, with something gleaming in her breast, lay a still form held down by a cruel stone bound about her with a long red scarf.

FIVE years had sent their snows and rains on the hills around, before Man-

tua again visited the lake; but at last he came, and one summer afternoon his canoe floated quietly around the foot of the cliff. He sat very still for a time, looking up at the knoll above, and out over the water. The familiar scenes brought back, as if but yesterday he had seen her, the graceful figure of Taon-Tish, and her clear eye and soft voice again answered his own, as in their last meeting. Only the tall trunk of the blasted pine, bleached already by the weather, rose above him to show the years that had passed since that day; those long years that still left a large part of his heart under the water of the lake, with the drowned girl, lost in that awful storm.

Presently he took up the fishing spear that lay beside him, and bent his gaze on the water below. The sudden gleam of a fish flashed beneath, and the slender rod cut through the water in pursuit. But what monster could it be that so taxed his strength to draw it to the surface? Then, as he gave a quick tug, the resistance gave way with a suddenness that almost sent him from the canoe.

Clinging to the barb he found a dark fragment,—a piece of dressed deer skin, water-soaked and rotten. He regarded it quietly for a while, then with the spear again in his hand, pushed the dugout farther from shore, and resumed his fishing.

When at last he neared camp, the full moon was rising over the sharp edges of the eastern mountains, sending long lances of white light against the upper slopes of the opposite hillsides. Mantua turned and watched the soft radiance spreading and descending, over the scattered snow banks, that all the year linger in the hollows around; over the black, scrubby trees; flying lower and lower, till the line must be just above the little knoll.

But what is the thing that the touch of the moonlight has called forth?—something huge and white, standing

clearly defined against the dark background of hills, on the crest of the rise? With startled, straining eyes Mantua gazed at it,—the figure of a woman, of unearthly height, but graceful proportions; her white garments falling about her like a veil, but beneath, plainly visible, the delicate curves of head, neck, and shoulder. With outstretched arm she pointed to the lake below,—stood thus for an instant, and was gone; a birth of the moonlight and his disordered fancy. But as she vanished there breathed through the air the faint echo of a weird note,—a long-drawn sigh, “Mantua! Mantua!”

“It is her spirit,” murmured the Indian in an awed tone. “Taon-Tish is calling for me! I will come!”

The next day Mantua’s dug-out was again beneath the cliff, the owner gazing far down, as if trying to pierce the depths below. Then he fastened the canoe to a branch that hung out over the water, and taking a full breath, dived into the lake,—an icy bath. His lungs must have been deep, for it was long before he reappeared; but at last he rose,—stamped on his face the hate and passion of a demon, clasped in his hand the silver-hilted dagger of Casa de Marlo.

That night he returned to the place from which he had seen the vision, and with eyes fixed on the hill awaited with feverish impatience the hour of moon-rising. Again he saw the noiseless, rapid spread of the light, and again before his wondering eyes there flashed into sight the phantom, huge, and pale, and still. Then Mantua, the dagger in his outstretched hand, swore to the spirit one oath of vengeance, strong with the hate and determination of an Indian, whom no obstacle of time or distance will balk of his victim.

ONE evening in early summer a small company of white men made camp under a grove of tall pines growing close to the shore of Lake Tahoe. The set-

ting sun lit up with a tender pinkish radiance the summit of the southern mountains, while below purple shadows began to creep shyly from the protecting shelter of cove and cañon, where for some hours they had been lurking, gathered here and there, and stole swiftly out over the water, up to the heights above, wrapping earth and sky in a filmy, ethereal veil, through which the stars sparkled down.

But the beauty growing about did not for a moment hold the attention of the group now drawn close around the fire in earnest conversation, turning often to their Indian guide, who moved back and forth, busy in preparations for the night. At last he appeared to grow impatient of their constant questioning, and stopping in their midst remarked: “Señors, tomorrow you shall see all for yourselves. The gold is but a day’s journey farther up. ‘How much?’ Enough. It lies among the stones; larger pieces than those,” pointing to some small yellow bits, nuggets of pure metal, which lay in the hand of one who seemed the leader.

What is bringing *him* here into the mountains again? The eager glow in his eyes, his fierce clutch of the gold, are sufficient answer. And the Indian? It is Mantua, changed almost past recognition by a deep scar across his face, and in this aspect, under the name of Pedro, stirring no memories in the Spaniard’s mind.

“And shall we see the ghost, too,—your great white spirit that guards the mine?” asked one of the men, with a laugh that rang a little uneasily in spite of would-be bravado.

“That I know not. Tomorrow will show. *Buenos noches*, señors,” and turning to where his blanket lay, the Indian wrapped himself in it and soon seemed asleep.

The Spaniards lingered for a time, discussing the rich prospects ahead, then, one by one, followed his example.

The fire slowly burned away to a glowing heap of smoldering ashes; the pines whispered gently overhead; on the beach, tiny waves lapped softly, with a monotonous, sleepy voice; while a full moon, glorious in the eastern heavens, flooded all the world with her tranquil light. In awful contrast to the peace and beauty without, there raged a fire in the heart of Mantua, who long lay awake, clutching beneath his blanket a silver-hilted dagger, and muttering exultantly, "Tomorrow!"

The next day's trip was a hard one for the sturdy little horses that carried the party. At first across a stretch of sandy flats, thinly covered with scattering pines; then by a narrow, winding lake,—*"Fallen Leaf"* the guide called it. After that up and up, around the spur of mighty, snow-crowned Mount Tallac. At noon they rested in a little level, green and cool with rank grass, where Pedro showed them a cold spring, refreshing and invigorating, with a pleasant mineral sparkle. Then up again, by the side of a foaming stream, the way growing steeper at every step, the country wilder and grander. They were indeed in the heart of the mountains. Great rugged cliffs towered about them and chasms of awful depth yawned beneath,—a very fastness of the gods.

Don Casa de Marlo rode along in startled amazement, for the way had grown suddenly familiar,—the outlines of the crags; the bends of the creeks; the little patches of marshy land. What strange chance was leading him here again? He grew uneasy as he pondered, but it was too late for retreat, and even should their goal be the lake he knew, it would be a remarkable coincidence, nothing more. The place was known to all the Indians in the country round. He would allow no thoughts of the past to trouble him, while the future glowed in so golden a light ahead.

It was late evening when the party, ascending the last divide, caught the

glimmer of water below, and then in a few moments they were making camp on the very spot where old Hahma's fire had burned. Don Casa felt a strange thrill as he realized it, but he resolutely turned from unpleasant memories, and fixed his mind on the affairs of the moment.

As soon as supper had satisfied their hunger, the men sought Pedro, eager to question him, some as to the exact location of the gold, some about the possible appearance of the spirit. They found him a few rods away, gazing intently up the lake, which was dark, untouched as yet by the beams of the tardy moon, which just began to glisten on the hill-crests above. Paying no attention to their presence, he continued his watch, till the eyes of all involuntarily followed his own. "Ah," he suddenly cried, "look!" and a quick, icy shudder seized them, as a huge white figure loomed above the shore, hovered there for a moment, and was gone.

The Indian turned toward them: "Now," he exclaimed mockingly, "is the heart of the white man still strong to brave the wrath of the spirit and rob her of her gold? Let him return to the valley and the daylight!"

"But the spirit,—what is it?" almost gasped De Marlo, who had felt a great wave of horror sweep over him at the apparition.

"Ask the wise men, and the old women. I have not learned magic. So? does the señor fear?"—for Casa was shaking as if with an ague.

He moved angrily away, and followed by the rest, hurried back to camp, where they attempted, with boisterous merriment and frequent recourse to their flasks, to steady their nerves after the late unpleasant excitement.

The men turned in late that night, and De Marlo fell asleep quickly, only to waken with a start, disturbed by a light touch on his shoulder. It was Pedro, who, with a gesture of silence,

whispered to him to arise and come out of ear-shot of the others.

"Señor," he said, "listen to my speech! Your men are many and greedy. Tonight I hear them talk low; they think Indian asleep, and they plan murder,—your murder, señor,—that so they may have more of the gold, your share and theirs. They are cowards, but a coward can strike a brave man from behind, and you are but one."

The Spaniard was physically a brave man, but his face grew white in the moonlight at this revelation.

Mantua continued: "Señor, this is my word: go now, while they sleep, and gather what you can, only leave enough so that the others may not know. Then take an equal share with the rest, and none can envy you."

The proposal seemed to suggest the only way in which De Marlo could defeat the treachery of his companions, and after a moment's hesitation he consented.

Noiselessly and quickly they took their way up the shore, the Spaniard needing all his energies to keep pace with his guide, and too absorbed in present necessities for thoughts of the past. Thus they hurried on by well-remembered landmarks,—the great rocks; the bay with its island; the smooth beach,—and finally stood on the little hill, beneath the ruins of the pine tree.

The Indian was quivering with excitement; his eyes blazed like fires in the darkness, as he whispered, "There! All around! Look close!" and stooping, handed his companion something that glimmered yellow.

De Marlo's eyes searched in vain for other nuggets, and he was about to turn with anger to his companion, when suddenly, giving not a moment's notice, with the lithe spring of a tiger Mantua was upon him, choking him, bearing him backwards to the earth.

The Spaniard was strong, and struggled manfully, but in vain, against his

enemy's immense advantage, and the deadly grasp never for a moment left his throat. He fought, and writhed, and twisted, till he could do no more, and lay helplessly staring into the face above him. Then the Indian spoke:—

"Spaniard, listen! you are almost through, and the spirit of Taon-Tish will be at rest. So? You know me now? No! there is no use,—you are helpless; Mantua has you fast. As she died, you shall die. The Spirit took me to her, far below the water where you cast her, and when I drew your dagger from her breast I swore that at this very place I would plunge it into yours. So I left my people to find you, and for two years wandered up and down, till I came on your track and followed it as a hound the deer trail; till I ran you down. And now I have brought you here, fool that you were! I lied to you with gold stolen from a Mexican. *There is none here!* No, be quiet. And now the dagger is thirsty, it has waited long. *There!*"

The Indian sprang to his feet and regarded his work. It satisfied him, and with a long, wild yell he plunged among the trees and disappeared. His vengeance was complete.

Don Casa de Marlo was found by his horror-stricken men,—whose treachery was a mere invention to lure him to his death,—and buried on the knoll beneath the blasted pine. Then they attempted as best they could, unaided, to make the dangerous descent of the mountains; but only two or three ever reached the valley to tell the shocking story.

THE tale was finished as we neared camp, and a common impulse turned us both to look in the direction of the little hill. Lo! as we stood the moon peered above the mountains, sending her milky flood across the lake to the slopes above us. We watched the light creep downward, gleaming on the snow banks, throwing out the black shadows of the stunted trees; and then at the instant

it struck the white trunk of the blasted pine, which to this day crowns the little knoll, before our incredulous eyes there rose and hovered for an instant an heroic ghostly figure: a woman veiled in graceful draperies, which left distinct the outline of a well poised head and outstretched arm.

Then the light changed. Sweeping

lower it caught first, the crest of a single wave, and in another moment the whole surface of the lake flashed into glorious silver, dancing and sparkling under the soft night breeze. But we felt a chill as it sighed by, for borne on its wings we seemed to hear a long-drawn breath, a low, weird, sobbing cry,—“Man-tu-a! Man-tu-a!”

M. Floyd.



IN ROSS VALLEY.

ABOUT us were the hills; between them showed
Glimpses of cañons and the winding road.
We saw before us, wrapped in shadows, rise
The mighty form of misty Tamalpais;
A stretch of valley, and a leafy dell;
Behind us rose the roofs of San Rafael.

On many a bank, in many a fragrant nook,
The wild flowers bloomed; the graceful poppies shook
Their yellow heads; the long-stemmed lilies swayed,
Purple, and white, and golden; in the shade
Of fragrant pines, the dainty wild rose grew;
And softly in the breeze the fern fronds blew.

Hills upon hills in faint and fainter lines,
 Lost in the haze and clothed with firs and pines ;
 But ever in the distance as we drove,
 The mountain's lofty crest still towered above.

Nearer, the purple mist grew gray and brown ;
 Faded and lost the house-roofs of the town.
 On all the valley and the woodland ways,
 Lay the soft glamor of a golden haze,
 Dim with the memory of Arcadian days.

Virna Woods.

AMONG THE DIGGERS OF THIRTY YEARS AGO.



IGHT was fast closing in on a cold, rainy March day, as Woodman drove into town. The horses were thin and jaded, and in keeping with the old, unpainted farm wagon, with its irregular, battered

bed, sitting low between the mud-covered wheels. There was nothing unusual in the appearance of the man or his outfit, to excite the interest or curiosity of one unacquainted with his practices ; but to old residents his presence was proof positive that he was "attending to biz," "bringing in quail."

To those familiar with the early history of Mendocino County, the name of Woodman is well known. He made himself famous as an "Injunman" and kidnaper of Indian children, and was a terror to the tribes living north of Ukiah. Even in comfortable homes of the whites his name was more feared by the children than the famous "Booger Man."

For many months a few Indian children at a time had been brought down from the mountains on horseback, two or three tied on one horse. They varied in age from two to twelve years. Mr. C— provided a stopping place for the "quail," en route to Sonoma and Napa counties. They came ready picked, and to make them presentable to the outside world, the kind lady of the house provided them with traveling costumes ; a single article of dress to the child, an old shirt or a bit of calico fashioned into the mere semblance of a garment, without hem, band, button, or sleeve. And thus the poor little shivering bodies, already sore from mountain travel, were put on horses and rushed into civilization at the rate of thirty-five or forty miles a day.

Meeting with no opposition or unfriendliness on the part of the settlers, he grew less discreet, and on March 24, 1862, deliberately drove into the town of Ukiah, as I have said, with a wagon-load of almost nude boys and girls, snugly covered over with dripping wet blankets.

While he was making himself com-

fortable, after disposing of his load, a friend entertained him with the unguarded remarks of some citizens, which resulted in his making application next day to County Judge William Henry for the guardianship of the children, under the State law recently enacted, which authorized the local county courts to bind the Indians to persons believed to be suitable as guardians, who were supposed to be solicitous of their temporal and spiritual welfare. This was done with the intention of providing homes for the Indians not immediately under Federal authority; but in most cases it brought about little less than downright slavery.

Never in the history of this judge's jurisprudence had he decided any point except after "taking it under advisement," and this was no departure from the rule, for he slept a night on it before he was convinced that Woodman would make a good guardian for the captives he had bagged.

So the articles of indenture were granted, and Woodman proceeded as far as Sanel, where he was arrested on a charge of abduction, brought before Justice Knox, was found guilty, fined \$100, and the children sent to Ukiah and lodged in jail, until they could be disposed of by the district court. District Attorney William Neely Johnson brought suit to annul articles of indenture, and \$500 damages for the children. The court granted the prayer of petitioner, annulled the articles, and gave the custody of the children to the District Attorney, without costs or damages.

In the county jail on that day could be seen, huddled in one corner, shivering from cold and fright, sixteen children, eight boys and eight girls, the smallest a girl of six, and the largest a girl of thirteen. Now, what was to be done with them? Here was an opportunity to do real missionary work, and better the condition of these unfortunate creatures.

So the proposition to return them to their parents and native wilds was not to be thought of. "They would be so much better off among the whites," and the proper way was to furnish them with guardians and comfortable homes.

Guardians to assume the care of them were easily found, but with a few exceptions the comfortable homes were lacking. Not one in ten ever had more than one or two garments at one time, barely a respectable covering; and there is no exaggeration in the statement that a bit of blanket or an old shawl, on the hard floor, was the regulation bed.

It is believed they generally had enough to eat, but one neighbor furnished an exception to this, for she made no secret of trying to cook "just enough for me and Joe; if there is anything left, I give it to Billy; if there is n't, he can go without; *he is so mean.*"

Billy was a very bright little fellow of six or seven summers, and certainly merited better treatment, for he washed the dishes, did chores generally, and put in all the odd time wheeling the baby. He was as plump as a partridge, but it was due more to the neighboring swill pails than failure in the housewife's exactitude in "cooking just enough."

Woodman was allowed to go his way, which did not differ from the past, except that perhaps he came in a little later, and depended entirely on pack animals; it was more convenient if he had to take to the brush to avoid meeting people,—for he certainly did prefer to find the guardians himself, and relieve the District Attorney of any further trouble. The reason is evident, when it is known that a personal friend gave \$50 to be allowed the privilege of becoming the guardian of Lucy, a little girl of six years of age, "the worst-looking little shrimp of the lot," and another friend was driving a bargain for one of the more likely ones (prices ranging from \$80 to \$100), at the very

time Woodman was arrested at Sanel. He also spent a night at the Woodman residence, in Long Valley, and witnessed a lesson in English given the "little brown cubs" that had been captured. They were brought in and ordered around like so many dogs. Whistling "Grey Eagle," and flourishing a riding whip, he made the chubby feet dance, when the little hearts were sad with the knowledge of murdered parents and lost homes. "Lie down! Roll over! Stand up, and git!" concluded the performance, and they were hustled back to the smoke-house and locked up.

Woodman said the Indians were killing his stock on the range, and he had to kill them to protect his property; and the children he did not want to keep met the same fate as the parents.

Judging from this it was worth a neat little sum to assume charge of the more likely ones. Even slow, awkward little Lucy soon learned to rock the baby and wash dishes, and her mistress lulled her conscience into the belief that "Lucy was much better off."

This manner of civilizing became so prevalent, that at one time there were few families in town that did not have from one to three Indian children. Poor little things, like caged birds, they were even deprived of the companionship of one another, lest they strike out for home and liberty; though their youth, the distance, and the hostile tribes through whose country they must pass, made it an almost desperate attempt. Three little fellows succeeded once in getting forty miles in the direction of home, but their capture discouraged other escapes.

About this time the Department of Indian Affairs ordered all Indians living in their tribal relations to the reservation. Many of them had been there, and not liking the treatment they received, preferred rations of acorns a part of the time and starvation afterwards to going under Uncle Sam's protection.

An attempt was made to force them to the reservation, but they fled to the hills and did not return until the officers were at a safe distance. The local story runs that then a learned judge of Calpella in his blandest tones tried persuasion. "Now, boys," he said, addressing them, "I have been here among you a long time, and you all know I am *amicus humani generis*, or I would n't be talking to you today; and I am thoroughly convinced that it would be to the interest of every one of you to go *sine mora*. Of course you would be kept *sumptibus publicis*, and if everything did n't go *ad gustus*, it certainly is the great *desideratum*. We do not intend to force you to go *nolens volens*, but as I have tried to make you understand, it most assuredly is *commune bonum*."

O, why did n't he say "*nix cum rouse*," and give them a certain time in which to guess the puzzle!

Before the second appearance of the officers, determined to enforce the governmental order, many of the Indians took advantage of the State law, and obtained guardians,—whole families being bound to one person. The rest again sought shelter in the mountains. Conspicuous among the latter were Captain John and family.

In Little Lake Valley some persons were bitterly opposed to Indians, and aided the officers in getting them to the reservation. A little later some of the exiles returned to their homes and were shot down like wild animals. Two old blind squaws escaped in the brush and were soon several miles from their murdered companions; but it was not long before hunger overcame their discretion, and their piteous howls attracted the attention of some hunters, who kindly took them to a neighboring valley. From that day to this, Little Lake Valley has had no resident Indians.

The Indians were quiet and well-behaved, and made their guardians no

trouble; but to the shame of some of the guardians, the same cannot be said of them. In many cases a great mistake was made as to the party that needed restraint. A few of the Indians were allowed to remain in the rancheria, were paid for all labor as before, and kindly treated, but the majority were forced to come and live on the ranch and work without remuneration. Some complained that they did not even have enough to eat. Some guardians were so exacting that if an Indian was wanted for work he must come, unless his excuse was as good as that once given for a witness who did not appear in court. There were nine reasons why the witness was absent. "State them," said the Judge. "In the first place he is dead." Just so with the Indian who would remain at home in harvest time; to do so with impunity he must be dead. Once an Indian who refused to work had his hands tied behind him with one end of a lariat, the other being securely fastened to the horn of the rancher's saddle; thus the trio started for the harvest field. The horse bucked his rider off, and dragged the Indian some distance. When he was picked up, both arms were dislocated at the shoulder, having been turned from back to front. This of course was an extreme case, and did not meet with general approval. A more common method of correction, as an Indian expressed it, was to be "whipped with a picket fence."

Many times, under the cover of night, the rancheria has been surrounded by human monsters, armed with knives and pistols. The poor creatures, afraid of their very lives, have many, many times left their beds and fled for protection to a neighboring farmhouse. If an Indian dared attempt a defense of his wife or sister, he was fortunate indeed if he escaped a shot or stab, in connection with a sound beating.

The kind farmer who gave the Indians permission to come and sleep in his

barn at such times was a good Samaritan on many occasions, and is still able to laugh over his great surgical feat of putting in place Sam's protruding liver, and stitching a knife wound of several inches in length, which was inflicted by a boy still in his teens.

Once, a boy on his way home from school threw a stone at some majellas, and killed a baby that hung in a basket on the mother's back. It was the expressed opinion that he was a bad boy, but no complaint was made; probably his parents never even heard of the circumstance.

Gratitude is an unknown sentiment among the Mendocino Indians. In all my intercourse and acquaintance of thirty years, I have never known but one who exhibited the remotest approach to such a sentiment or emotion. He presented a fish, saying, "You give me mucho bread, I like you have fish." His politeness must be excused on the ground of his having lived among the Greasers from childhood. Many kindnesses were rendered by settlers, even to the verge of "spoiling the Injuns;" and very many more would have been, but for this ingratitude of the recipients. I will give a single instance. Jim engaged to work for a stated time, but after a few days failed to appear. In the meantime he met with an accident, and sent for his employer, who found him suffering from a compound fracture. The skillful fingers of the farmer soon made him comfortable, but the destitution in the *casa* made it necessary not only to make daily visits, but to furnish food and clothing for several weeks. The very first time Jim got out on crutches (provided by the farmer), he called on his benefactor for the small sum due him for work, and received it without one word of thanks, either for his just dues or for the kind attention accorded him in his affliction.

Through a lapse of thirty years I can hear the kindly tones of Mr. B—, urg-



From painting by Grace Hudson

A "QUAIL."



Photo by Carpenter

IN THE DIGGER COUNTRY.

ing Mary, a six-year-old Chemire, to come and sing. Mary is very bashful, and a great deal of persuasion is necessary before she will sing for company. "Come, Mary, and sing for pa," he repeats for the fourth or fifth time, and patiently waits, violin in hand, while she moves at a snail's pace, until she stands by his knee. The scene has been rehearsed many times, and Mary knows just how many notes are played before her part begins. Then, in a piping, flat, squawky voice, she sings "Happy Day" in a manner never before dreamed of. "By Jupiter, how that girl can sing, haw, haw, haw," and Mary retires, blushing several shades darker than usual.

In the same household was Dick, a Wylackie boy of twice Mary's age. In various ways he made it very unpleasant for her. The chief of these ways was in appropriating what he chose of the the rations allotted the two, and in never allowing her to forget that she was a Chemire, and "black." "Chemire, Chemire, black Chemire!" was hissed in her ear, until the child in desperation cried: "I 'ain't no blacker 'n you are."

"Put out your hand," was the response.

Now Mary was, as Dick said, black, and the comparison would have been unfavorable to her had not the chubby little hand been extended palm upward. Dick sheepishly pocketed his, and the only appropriate way of expressing his exit is to say he slid out. He continued to taunt her with her tribal name, but the question of color was forever settled.

Under the careful training of Mr. B—an Indian boy mastered the banjo sufficiently to accompany the violin, and the two furnished music for more than one fandango.

The nearest the writer ever came to possessing one of these household treasures was under the following circumstances:—

Some packers from the mountains deposited for the night a large box in Mr. W—'s yard. Kind-hearted Mrs. W— was sure there was an Indian in it, and when an opportunity offered, listened for breathing and heart-beats, tapped gently on the box, and asked,—

"Be you hungry?"

No response.

"Don't you want to get out?"

All was quiet as the grave.

"O, perhaps the Injun is dead." With that thought she hastened to the house without further investigation.

The box was delivered to the owner, and when Mrs. W— called and heard the sweet tones of that dear little organ that had been packed one hundred and fifty miles on the back of a mule, she laughed over her anxiety to "help an Injun out of a box."

On one of Cap's trips down from his stock ranch, he stopped for the night at a farmhouse. Three Indian boys accompanied him, and although the weather was cold, they had no clothing except shirts, miner's sizes at that, although the boys were little higher than a chair. Cap told quite a pathetic little tale of the death of their parents, and friends of the boys wanted him to raise them, etc, etc., all of which was not disputed by the boys, as they could neither speak nor understand one word of English; but they knew how to eat, and the farmer's wife fairly stuffed them before making them comfortable for the night in the kitchen, before a large open fireplace. In an adjoining shed hung half a beef, and those little fellows put in a good part of the night cooking and eating such scraps as they could haggle off with a dull case knife; and then before it was fairly daylight they captured a lot of young chickens, thinking no doubt they were grouse. Timely interference saved the chickens, to the disappointment of the boys.

Of course, the Indians had names, but no amount of persuasion could induce them to disclose any. If asked "What is your name?" the stereotyped answer was, "No name." "O, yes, you have a name. What is it in Injun?"

"No name."

A name was as necessary for an Indian as for a mule; so physical characteristics, peculiarities of dress, personal surroundings, occupations, or locality, furnished the most of them with something to be called by.

A little girl and boy, for instance, were brought from the mountains, the one on a gray, the other on a brown horse. She became Nelly Grey, and he John Brown. An old decrepit fellow came regularly, and while sitting flat on the ground made a pretense of work in pulling weeds or grass, or at least in going through the motions of doing so. There he would sit by the hour, gazing



BILLY KEPT PLUMP.

straight at the house, and looking like little else than a heap of cast-off clothing. He was dubbed "Old Weedy." A tall, gaunt Indian, with very remarkable heels, as long as Sambo's head, and so very high that they threatened an infringement on his calves, strode up to the door, clad in nothing but an early Spring smile, and dew fresh from the wild flowers; thenceforth he was "Wet Heels."

None, perhaps, suffered such a painful christening as "Legs." He assured some vaqueros that he could ride a bucking horse, and permitted himself to be

securely tied on the back of one, and then, Mazeppa-like, was turned loose. The horse began to buck, and peals of laughter greeted his ears. How grandly he felt, as this was probably his very first ride, and he imagined it an easy matter to keep his seat and ride "la mismo Americano," but it was for a moment only; then down he went like a shooting star, and was so badly mixed up with the animal that a bystander remarked, "Could n't see nothin' but legs." The horse had to be lassoed and thrown before he could be extricated. Though badly bruised and bleeding, he lived



"O, HAPPY DAY, THAT FIXED MY CHOICE,"



"BE YOU HUNGRY?"

more than thirty years to enjoy the sobriquet of "Legs."

This brings to mind one of his last visits. "Nelly," he said, familiarly, addressing the lady of the house, "I have come to see if you won't give me something to eat, and some clothes."

"Why, Legs, have you turned out a beggar?"

"Well, you see, I'm sick and can't work. I want some money to get some tea and sugar; ten cents 'll do. I told Mrs. Sullivan I was comin' down here among my own folks. I know'd they'd help me."

He had not overrated the generosity of his "own folks," for he was remembered otherwise than in their prayers.

At one time there were various rumors of a disposition on the part of the Indians to assert their rights, and rid themselves of their white neighbors. The northern tribes that had suffered the loss of so many children were supposed to be the instigators of the scheme. A few settlers took the matter in their own hands, and following up the supposed offenders, shot six at one time in Redwood Valley.

The captive children ere long began

to show signs of failing health, and in a few years the majority of them fell victims to hasty consumption, and found a last resting place in a plot at the back of the cemetery set apart for this purpose. The county records, bearing the names and ages of the sixteen that were brought into court, is the only monument to the memory of a host of these little wards of the State.

A number of the little, pale, wistful faces are still remembered. A few of the children were kindly cared for when sickness made them helpless. One at least received the care of a penitent heart, that realized but too late the great injustice done the little sufferer. Probably the most cruel fate of all befell two of the sixteen before mentioned. There

came a day when Lucy was unable to wheel the baby or be of any service; it was then that she was taken to a neighboring rancheria, and left among her tribal enemies, who were themselves in squalor and want. Rumor said an old squaw poisoned her; be that as it may, she did not long survive the cruel treatment.

The other case was that of a bright, rosy-cheeked girl of twelve, who fell to the lot of a monster, who was never called to any account for her inhumanity. When enfeebled by sickness Rosa became an object of hatred, and one cold, stormy night in midwinter, sick and half clothed, she was driven from the house, and the key turned in the lock. The next morning she was found in a



CAP'S BOYS.



OLD WEEDY.

dry-goods box at the back of the yard, drenched to the skin and cold in death ; and the dog, whose house it was, robbed

of his quarters and wishing to be near his little friend, lay wet and shivering on her cold body.

Helen M. Carpenter.





WASHINGTON AT MONMOUTH.

FAMOUS PAINTINGS OWNED ON THE WEST COAST. IV.

WASHINGTON AT MONMOUTH.—IN THE ART GALLERY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

THE fourth of the OVERLAND's series of famous pictures was given by Mrs. Hopkins-Searles to the University of California,—the work of Emmanuel Leutze, a German, but American by education and feeling, who became, under Lessing, his greatest successor in the Düsseldorf school.

Born in Württemberg in 1816, he was brought to Philadelphia when a child. A painting, "An Indian Looking at the Setting Sun," enabled him to go to Düsseldorf in 1843. He obtained the gold medal at Berlin for his "Washington Crossing the Delaware," now at the Kunsthalle in Bremen. Other famous paintings of his are "Washington at Monmouth," painted in 1852-54, "Columbus Before the Council at Salamanca," "The English Iconoclasts," "Lady Godiva," "Washington at Princeton," and the fresco in the Capitol at Washington, called "The Advance of Civilization to the West."

Leutze was the best historical painter in America up to 1860, rivaled only by a few compositions of Copley and West, and a few of the battle pieces of Trumbull. He spent his last ten years in America, and died just before the news of his election to succeed Lessing as head of the Düsseldorf school had reached him.

G. W. Benjamin says of him, in his "History of Art in America":—

Leutze was a man who was cast in a large mould, capable of grand enthusiasm, and aspiring to grasp soaring ideals. . . . He was Byronic in the impetus of his genius, the rugged incompleteness of his style, the magnificent fervor and rush of his fancy, the epic grandeur and energy, dash, and daring, of his creations.

It will be remembered that Washing-

ton had been all winter of 1777-78 at Valley Forge, drilling his troops. Sir Henry Clinton had succeeded Howe in command of the British at Philadelphia. Hearing that the French allied fleet would soon blockade the Delaware, he decided to transfer his army to New York, and suddenly crossed the river and started through New Jersey. Washington decided to harass him on flank and rear, and finally, on June 28th, to offer battle.

General Charles Lee, second in command, had opposed this course in council, but had insisted on his right to command the advance in the movement. The day opened favorably, and Washington, coming up with the reserves, fully expected from all reports, and from the certainty that there had been no severe fighting, to find the advance still moving vigorously forward.

But Lee's vacillation and weakness of character, his personal vanity, too, in seeing his prediction of failure verified, caused him to yield ground at the approach of a column of British. He told Lafayette, who earnestly remonstrated, that "he did not know the British grenadiers," and soon the advance guard was in disorderly retreat.

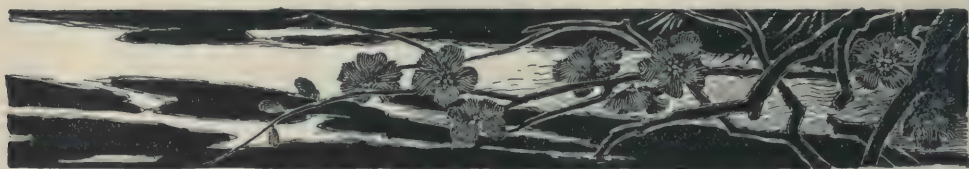
At this moment Washington appeared with the Continentals, and wild with anger at the disobedience to orders, the shame and needlessness of the retreat, dashed up to Lee, crushed him with one of his rare outbursts of anger and the only oath he was ever known to use in public, and turned to check the retreat.

This is the instant Leutze has chosen to paint a unique Washington. Violent

anger, impetuous action, imperious command, all are exhibited in intense degree. No need to say that these defeated militia turned, and won a victory over grenadier and Hessian, and that Monmouth was one of the few pitched battles of the Revolution where, at the close of day, the Americans held the battle-field.

Johnson awards to Hamlet among

Shakespeare's plays the prize of *variety*, and so this painting is admired for the great number of its figures,—Lee, Lafayette, Hamilton, officers, scouts, soldiers, and stragglers, all carefully wrought portraits. But nobody thinks of the variety of characters in Hamlet, and as little are seen the details of this picture, till after long study of its noble portrayal of Washington.



A BYZANTINE EMPRESS, A. D. 393-460.¹

FORTUNE, INFORTUNE, UNE FORTE UNE.

THE eighty years from the death of Theodosius the Great to the final overthrow of the Western Empire under Romulus Augustulus were years of stir and tumult, vivid with contrasts. Barbarian hordes, wild and threatening, poured forth from the North, and their leaders, Alaric, Genseric, Attila, loom up like Knights of the Apocalypse, spreading ruin and desolation. In contrast with these wild-eyed warriors are the grave figures of the Christian fathers of the fifth century, Augustin, Jerome, Ambrose, John Chrysostom, already surnamed the "golden tongue," and Pope Leo I. the Christian Demosthenes. These great doctors and theologians, who built up the edifice of Christian doctrine and dogma, were none the less unconscious allies in the destruction of the antique world. The teachings of the Christian preacher undermined the foundations of pagan wisdom and

transformed the ideals of ancient art as surely as the torch and battle-ax of the barbarian.

In the midst of these times there lived in the city of Plato, where the old paganism was making its last and desperate struggle, a beautiful girl, daughter of a Greek philosopher, herself a priestess of philosophy. Her star destined her to the throne of Byzantium, and after brilliant years in Constantinople as its Empress, to wander a pilgrim in the mountains of Judea. The French device of *fortune, infortune, une forte une* belongs to her of right, and there is not a more charming figure in the history of the fifth century, nor perhaps in all history, than that of this fair Greek girl.

I.

ATHENAI, future Empress of Byzantium, under the name of Eudocia, was born in Athens a few years before the

¹ Copyright by Sara Carr Upton, March, 1893.

end of the fourth century. She was the daughter of Leontius the Sophist, and her name shows that from her birth he dedicated her to the goddess of wisdom. The Greek philosophers of that age often made disciples of their daughters, who thus became future apostles of their doctrines.

A well educated Greek girl of the period knew philosophy, grammar, rhetoric, mathematics, astronomy, music, poetry, and the art of embroidery; for as we learn from Sozomenes, there was not a noble lady at the court, nor in the palace of the patrician, nor in the house of a country gentleman, who dared to be unskilled in the art of weaving and embroidering in gold and purple.

Although war and despotism had already at this time heaped up ruins in Athens, the gulf which separated this age from classic antiquity was not measureless, and many master-works yet remained intact. The Parthenon, the Propylæum, and the temple of Victory, were still in view from the broad steps of the Acropolis. The child Athenais could play on the marble seats of the temple of Dionysius, and let her eyes look off over the blue, sparkling Egean and Salamis. How could their beauty fail to tinge her awakening soul, while she, perhaps, listened to tales of the heroic deeds enacted there?

Study in Athens was like a perennial heroic worship, and an initiation into sacred mysteries. Athenian public life centered in the academic halls, and professors and students seemed to have lived a life very like that at the universities of Bologna and Padua in the Middle Ages.

History does not mention the conversion to Christianity of any rhetor or philosopher of note in the fourth and fifth centuries, but it was a usual thing for Christians to study under learned pagans. Chrysostom, the great patriarch of Constantinople, was a disciple of Libanius at Antioch. Basil and Gregory

drew knowledge from the fountains of pagan eloquence in Athens. And Synesius of Cyrene speaks with enthusiastic gratitude of the treasures of thought he had learned from Hypatia, who, at the time of Athenais's youth, presided, in the chair bequeathed her by Plotinus, over the Academy of Alexandria. No doubt reports had come from the East to Athens of the genius, the beauty, and the eloquence, of the unfortunate Hypatia, and it is easy to imagine that her example roused the ambition of Athenais and her girl companions.

The father of Athenais held the chair, or as it was called, the throne, of sophistry in Athens. He seems to have been a modest man, and had not put himself forward for this distinction, one much coveted, but which was only reached through merit, popularity, and the votes of all the sophists. It happened, however, that a certain African general, Olumpiodorys, a man of letters and a courtier, was shipwrecked on the Attic coast. The distinguished foreigner was fêted and courted in the polite city of Athens, where the modest merit of Leontius attracted this man of the world. Olumpiodorys suggested his new friend for the chair of sophistry, and being thus brought to notice, his fellow citizens wondered that they had not thought of him before, and he was appointed to the post.

In these degenerate times, fortune was soon gained by teaching the transformed doctrines of Plato, and such of the old literature as the questionable taste of the age had allowed to stand. In addition to salaries from his state and town, a sophist was paid for his discourses on public occasions before the senates of other cities or before the Emperor. If he pleased the people, he returned with fortune assured forever. Leontius soon made himself a name, and with the sums that flowed in bought lands, houses, statues, and lived with all the luxury and refinement of a rich

citizen. In this home grew up his two sons and his daughter. His whole care and attention were bestowed on Athenais, who had the gifts of rare beauty and grace, as well as the fine intelligence, which fitted her to inherit her father's chair, and to teach philosophy and eloquence no less well than the far-famed Hypatia. The after years of Athenais prove that she never forgot the Homer she now learned, nor how to declaim tirades of Demosthenes, and passages from the great tragic authors, with all the exquisite harmony and music demanded by the fine ear of the Greek. Her father, as an astrologer, had, of course, drawn the horoscope of his darling, and the prognostications foretold that she was to wed a king. The astrologer had faith in his science as well as in the talents and beauty of his child, for, when he died, he was found to have made a will which read as follows :

I desire that one hundred pieces of gold be given to my dearly loved Athenais, for she already possesses in herself all that is needed for happiness, and that in greater degree than any other woman.

Leontius writes his character of idealist and philosopher in these words. But philosophy seemed cold to Athenais, and her star very distant. She besought her brothers to give her a third of the patrimony, but they were deaf to her entreaties. She went to law with them, but lost her suit, and was turned out of the house, where she had ruled, by these inexorable brothers.

Thus fairly driven towards the star of her destiny, she set sail for Constantinople, with what remained of her hundred gold pieces, to lay her wrongs at the feet of the Empress Pulcheria.

II.

ATHENAIIS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

To follow our heroine, we must now leave the shores of Attica for the capital on the Bosphorus, where Theodosius the younger sat on the throne of Constantinople.

Theodosius was now a youth of about twenty, and the only son of five children to whom their father, Arcadius, had bequeathed the government of his depraved and corrupt court. The boy was only seven when he ascended the throne, but his sisters were older, and one of them, Pulcheria, had inherited the strong will and vigorous understanding of their grandfather, the great Theodosius.

Under the influence of her pure and heroic character, court life changed into an almost monastic simplicity. The chanting of hymns and psalms, of vespers and matins, took the place of former revelries.

The prince's boyhood thus passed under a regency, one might say, of monks and maidens. Pulcheria was proclaimed regent in her seventeenth year, and appointed guardian to her brother. At the same tender age, aspiring to devote herself without temptation to her brother and to her country, she took vows of perpetual virginity, and the church of Santa Sofia guarded these vows on a marble tablet inscribed in gold and gems. The younger sisters took similar vows, and in the royal palace the princely children lived the austere life of a convent.

Under the guardianship and instruction of the patriarch of Constantinople, Bishop Atticus, the virgin Queen Pulcheria acquired a taste for general learning as well as for Christian theology. Philosophers and rhetoricians were called to teach her science and literature, so that her general culture was in no way inferior to that of her pagan sisters, Hypatia and Athenais.

These quiet years of the Roman Empire of the East, when the rule was, so to speak, in the hands of a young damsel, present a singular picture of calmness and peace in the midst of the general ruin, desolation, and warfare which raged in the western half of the kingdom and elsewhere.

The years went on, and the youth, half king, half monk, had reached the age of manhood, and his sister and guardian, the regent Pulcheria, was seeking for him a consort.

A very complete idea of the young prince's personality may be gathered from the description of chronicles, and the traits and lineaments accord with his character. He was neither tall nor short, and had the blonde hair and beard so prized among the Romans, especially in the East; prominent blue eyes; and a thin, finely cut nose. Pulcheria herself had carefully trained him in deportment, the tradition of the East which laid such stress upon form, so that he well knew how to maintain a grave and dignified demeanor in public, to wrap the folds of his mantle about him with grace, to walk well, to sit well, and to compose his face and voice to an appearance of benevolence or severity. His favorite study was that of minerals and precious stones, and the only art he excelled in was a sort of fine writing or illuminating: scarcely the tastes of a monarch who would have to deal with men and affairs and rule an empire. He had all a woman's repugnance for bloodshed and the sight of blood. The people hailed in these traits the mildness and clemency of a second Marcus Aurelius.

Pulcheria was too intelligent not to know that her brother's wife would be either her ally or her rival, and that the step was an important one to her as to him. The young Cæsar declared that his own desires were for a marriage of inclination and affection without regard to rank or riches; but though all the marriageable girls in the Empire, both Roman and Barbarian, were passed in review, none found favor.

At this moment Athenais, in all the splendor of her rare beauty, the charm of her youth, the grace and eloquence of her language, threw herself at the feet of the Empress, told the tale of

her misfortunes, and implored the royal aid.

Pulcheria perceived at once the singular distinction of the Greek girl, and questioned her concerning her life. As Athenais eagerly and eloquently replied, a sympathy was awakened between the ruler and the suppliant. The Christian soon found that she was talking with a worshiper of heathen gods, and her pious heart leapt with the hope of converting so much grace, beauty, and intelligence, from false idols to the true God.

An impulse born of the moment suggested to her that the Providence in whose mysterious guidings she believed had brought to the palace and to her very feet the consort for her brother, so long and vainly sought. Her own strong inclination towards the stranger made it seem to her not unlikely that Theodōsius might feel the same charm, and before the interview was over the usually prudent and deliberate Pulcheria had begun to hope and to plan for this result.

Athenais's imagination was too poetic and her heart too young not to be touched with Pulcheria's ardor, and she breathed in deep breaths of the religious air that encompassed her. After a year at court, among the ladies of honor to the Empress, and after daily spiritual instructions from the Bishop Atticus, the pagan Athenais was baptized the Christian Eudocia.

In the mean time the inclination of the young Emperor turned in the way Pulcheria most desired. He was less impulsive than his sister had been, but Athenais had made friends at court who added their voices to that of the Empress to bring about this marriage. Among them was the young Paulinus, a gallant and handsome youth, son of a patrician, and a chosen companion, almost foster brother, of the young Emperor. Their studies and pastimes had been shared from childhood, when

Pulcheria's wise instinct had made her seek out brave, enthusiastic, boy-like Paulinus, to stimulate the retiring nature and quiet tastes of her brother. A close attachment had followed this association, and now that the two boys had grown up, no one was so near to the heart and confidence of the Emperor as the young Paulinus. A strong friendship also existed between Pulcheria and Paulinus, owing to the affection which each centered upon the young Emperor. He was the first to whom Pulcheria confided her hopes for the young Greek girl's conversion and marriage. Paulinus entered into her plans with his whole heart, and admired Athenais with all Pulcheria's enthusiasm.

To see a parcel of young people in the midst of this ceremonious court life, and in this age and country, settling their own affairs, strikes one as a curious anomaly; but there was no obstacle nor intrigue in this case to prevent the course of true love; no marriage settlements, no dowry from the bride, except her beauty and wit; so in a very short time the betrothal took place, and Theodosius bore off a willing bride. The marriage was celebrated on the 7th of June, 421, with splendid festivities, in the Church of Santa Sofia, which had so recently been the scene of the young girl's baptism.

For Athenais, this marriage was a bright end to the cruel uncertainty of her life as a disinherited daughter, and no doubt her young heart beat high with joy and pride, as she listened to the acclamations of the people, who saluted her the bride of their Emperor.

The marriage pageant was the most gorgeous ever seen in Constantinople, chroniclers say. We will not tarry over its splendors, however, but will at once enter the palace where Eudocia is now to reign.

The ambition of Constantine had been to build a palace which should surpass

that of the Cæsars at Rome, and the incomparable site that he selected for it, on the narrow strait which separates Europe from the coast of Africa, placed the new palace at once above any rival. From her windows Eudocia could look out over the whole city, of which she was now the Empress. ♦ White marble steps led to the sea, where gay ships were anchored, waiting the pleasure of the sovereign. The residence itself, like that of the Palatine, was a labyrinth of palaces, courts, gardens, and corridors; and all the luxury of the East and the art of Greece had vied with each other to produce beauty and magnificence without end. In the middle was the great throne-room for occasions of solemn state, and near by, the porphyry chamber, where the royal children were born. On the southern side a gateway and sumptuous gardens led to the circus, the meeting ground of the people. On the west was the principal gate, opening into the court of bronze, the propylæum of the imperial residence, formed of palaces and porticos supported by golden bronze columns, where stood the Emperor's pretorian guards. Passing from here between the Church of Santa Sofia and the palace of the Senators, we come to the first of the beautiful squares, the Forum Augusteum.

At the time Athenais became the wife of Theodosius, the city of Constantinople was not quite one hundred years old, and the life of the city was full of sharp and jarring contrasts. After building the city Constantine populated it by force, and compelled the dwellers in cities near and far to come to it. The foundation stratum of the inhabitants was Greco-Byzantine, but the Latins, who had been sent to people the new metropolis, were from the first in the majority. Little by little other elements flowed in, so that now Romans, Greeks, Syrians, Egyptians, Armenians, and Hebrews, as well as the barbarians, who formed the nucleus of the army,

combined to give the capital on the Bosphorus the same chaotic character that belonged to its model, the Rome of the third century. The form of public life was Roman. The language of polite society, of the state and court, was Latin. Greek, however, was the language of the Church, and it was the Church which maintained and nourished in the minds of the people Greek literature, Greek eloquence and civilization.

The aspect of the city was pagan, and the classically accustomed eye of Athenais could rest on many masterpieces of art that had been torn from their places in Athens to adorn Constantinople. Nothing reveals more clearly the somewhat brutal confusion of religions in Constantine's mind, than his disposition of the works of art which he had brought to the new city by right of might. In the forum of Constantine, a porphyry monolith supported a statue of himself. The head and features were his own, but the rest of the figure was a bronze Apollo from Troy, and the seven nails which nailed Christ to the cross were ranged like an aureole about the head.

Immediately after her accession to imperial power, Athenais sent for her brothers. They had fled when the news reached Athens that their sister was Empress, and they were in hiding. They were brought to the palace pale and trembling, but Athenais had prepared a reception for these unkind brothers worthy of the philosopher, her father. "I see you expect punishment and my anger, but why should I be angry? You were predestined to fulfill my horoscope. In denying me my heritage you have given me a crown. Have I not cause to be grateful to you?"

One of the brothers was made prefect of Illyria, and the other remained near her at the palace, conquered, let us hope, by so much reason and so little resentment.

The philosopher's daughter had nev-

theless given up her freedom, and henceforth her every step was guarded and her life hedged in with court etiquette and ceremony. Slaves spread gold dust every morning over the halls her feet were to tread; and while she passed from one part of the palace to another, attended by her ladies and dressed in royal robes, crowds of courtiers and slaves, on whom she must not deign to bestow a glance, bent low before her.

The royal pair had a common taste for study, and each continued to carry on their respective pursuits under the new conditions of life. The Emperor had invented a lamp which filled itself automatically, so that he could sit late into the night, and yet spare the vigil of a slave constantly to refill the lamp while his master wrote. Sozomenes, a chronicler of the times, relates this, and at the same time compares Theodosius to Moses for meekness and to Solomon for wisdom.

In this first year of her new life, Athenais composed a poem celebrating a victory of the imperial arms in a battle with the Persians. Although all the court poets had vied with each other in singing this victory, the poem by the young Empress was acknowledged even by them to be the best. Not long after this triumph, from the porphyry chamber a daughter was born to the race. This daughter was Licinia Eudossia, whose life was destined to be second only in adventure to that of her mother. Theodosius, now at the height of his satisfaction, invested his wife with the title of *Augusta*, which made her the equal of Pulcheria in royal honors.

Observers, however, and men who still kept something of the old Roman patriotism, could not fail to notice that Theodosius's mind remained confined within the circle of his pastimes and studies, and that the Emperor was unable, and scarcely attempted, to cope with the momentous interests on which the fate of the Empire depended. Mat-

ters really unworthy his high office engaged his attention, while he left Pulcheria to unravel the coils of state. A gossiping court chronicler relates that he signed away his wife to be Pulcheria's slave; and some see in this tale the first signs of a rising jealousy between the two *Augustas*. His aversion to reading state papers was so constant, that others say Pulcheria resorted to this device, hoping to startle him to a sense of responsibility. As usual one day, in his haste to set out for the chase, he signed pell-mell all the papers laid before him. On his return he was surprised not to see Athenais come to meet him, and still more when Pulcheria appeared with the paper he had signed, giving his wife into slavery to his sister. She read him the lesson, pointed out the moral, and the paper was torn up.

As time went on, theology became more and more the chief interest of the palace. It was the one topic of discussion from monarch to slave, and the practices of religion were the business of the day. To Athenais's mind, nursed in philosophical subtleties, these questions of Christian theology, and the meaning of the practices of the new religion, were of intense interest. She went deeper and deeper into her studies, which took on an exclusively Christian character. She wrote at this time a poetical paraphrase of the Scriptures from Genesis to Ruth, and a similar translation of the prophets to Zacharias and Daniel. These poems end with the following lines:

These verses taken from the Holy Law have been composed by me, Eudocia, Empress, of the illustrious race of Leontius.

Her race and individuality were therefore still dear to her. Priscus, indeed, says that though baptized Eudocia, she never gave up her pagan name of Athenais.

The praises of contemporaries, courtiers, and court poets, might be open to suspicion of flattery, when bestowed on

the poetry of their Empress; but in the ninth century, when the glamor of her station, and even her personality, had been long forgotten, the learned Photius praises her poems with sincere admiration. "Not because written by a woman amid the distractions of court life, but because they deserve admiration," writes Photius, at the beginning of his analysis of Athenais's poem on the love of St. Cyprian and St. Justina, and their martyrdom during the persecution of Diocletian. The story of the lives of Cyprian and Justina was a popular one in the East, whence it passed to the West and became a favorite devotion at Rome. Sorceries and witchcraft, charms and spells, held a strong place in the popular imagination of the Rome of that age; and as Cyprian had been a potent magician, and had used the most powerful spells of his black art to gain Justina's love, there was a peculiar attraction in representing the sorcerer turned saint. This biography is a tissue of marvels and transformations, with all the machinery of demonology and magic then in vogue.

For a long time this poem was known only through Photius's analysis, but two successive discoveries have made it possible to reconstruct the entire manuscript. One of these discoveries was the finding in England in the seventeenth century the original "Acts of St. Cyprian of Antioch," inserted by error of the copyist in the acts of the bishop of Carthage of the same name. The second discovery was still more fortunate. Two long fragments of the poem itself were found in the Medici library in Florence, among some manuscript poetry of Saint Gregory Nazianzen.

In her poem Athenais takes the principal idea of the legend, but develops it in a way entirely her own, and, while retaining the historical details, strikes another key-note. Her heroine is Justina, and her aim is to paint a young Christian girl in mortal combat with the

spirits of hell, triumphing at last through the virtue of the cross. Her constancy and faith win Cyprian's conversion, and the two become joined in martyrdom.

In the legend the chief character is Cyprian, and Justina is only an accessory. Athenais's poem is a Christian poem in the full sense of the word, and one of the first. It is not without singular interest that we note the poetic instinct of this Greek girl and Empress of Orient, which impelled her to choose for the first Christian poem the same legend which Calderon took more than twelve centuries later for his tragedy of *El Magico Prodigioso*, and which forms the nucleus of Faust.

The poem is divided into three cantos, and each has a distinct action leading towards the whole. The first contains the love and conversion of Cyprian. The second is in the form of a confession to the faithful, and gives an account of his adventures and his education in the schools of magic. The third book relates to his episcopacy, and ends with the martyrdom together of the faithful lovers.

The first scene opens in the house of the maiden Justina. She lives with her parents, who are pagans, her father a priest of Jupiter, and the two old people are lamenting the change which conversion has made in their daughter. She has left the world, leads the life of a recluse, and answers all her suitors that she looks to heaven for her husband. While they are thus lamenting, an angel appears to them, and in a vision reveals the meaning of the faith of Christ. The father, Eulysius, cuts off the long beard he wore as a priest of Jupiter, and he and his wife are baptized.

Justina is of such heavenly beauty that all her reserve is not enough to discourage her many suitors. One of these, Aglaide, makes a plot to carry her off as she goes to church. On the church steps, at the moment he thinks to seize her, he slips and falls to the

pavement, and all the faithful who have run up at the noise, laugh and rejoice at his discomfiture. In Antioch there dwelt at this time a great magician, whom the very demons obeyed. Aglaide, incensed at the scorn of the girl he loves, and furious at the derision of his friends, offers the magician "two talents of gold and two of glittering silver" if he will charm Justina into love for him. Cyprian, who is rich, scorns his money, but pities the lover, and invokes for him a demon who reaches Justina's room just as she makes the sign of the cross in prayer. The demon retreats at once, and returns to report.

"Be off," cries Cyprian in a rage, "you are nothing but a coward."

Then another demon is called up who fails like the first. The maiden is protected by an armor of prayer, fastings, and mortifications, against attacks from demons of this order. The magician thinks he must see for himself this slender girl who dares to defy men and demons.

From this moment the powerful Cyprian, who falls more hopelessly in love with the Christian maiden than all the others, enters the scene, not to leave it again. His passion for Justina takes possession of all his thoughts, and as she has no more encouragement for him than for other lovers, Cyprian calls up from Erebus, by a fearful incantation, a most evil and potent demon, to whom he says: "I love a Galilean maiden; she must be mine."

"She shall be thine," replies the haughty and audacious demon. "Judge of my power to work evil. I was in the first ranks of the angelic cohorts when my father ordered me to follow him. I abandoned the King who rules the seven orbs of heaven, and made war on his faithful. One of my exploits was to undermine the foundations of heaven, and through a fissure to let down a whole troop of inhabitants from above.

Through me Eve, the mother of the human race, was deceived, and Adam was banished. When Cain killed his brother I guided his hand, and the earth owes it to me that, having drunk blood, it is sterile, and produces nothing without labor except thorns and weeds. In my desire to offend God, I heaped up under his eyes all that he most abhors. I whispered adultery in the ear of the spouse. I made men worship idols until they poured libations before furious bulls. I suggested crimes, and they performed them. What more need I say? But there is more,—when the Word of God came down to save the lost, I persuaded the Jews to hang the Eternal Son of the Father to a tree."

"Enough," said Cyprian, "thou art a prince of hell."

At the third hour of the night the demon enters Justina's room to weave his enchantments about her. She awakes with a start, and recognizes a servant of the evil one from his eyebrows singed in the fires of hell. Terrified and with a beating heart, the young girl calls on the name of Christ, and finds safety under the sign of the cross.

After this scene, which is not lacking in dramatic action nor in poetry, the demon returns to the magician, and is met with sarcastic reproaches, and Cyprian bids him also "begone." Cyprian then uses the still more potent incantation of Thessaly to evoke a spirit who may serve him better. A ghost appears, and says, "I know already what you desire."

"Go then and perform my will," says the magician. And when the Thessalian ghost returns discomfited, Cyprian cries: "You, too, tremble before this girl? Here is some mystery. Confess to me what is hidden under this."

"Seek not to know," said the demon. "I cannot bear to reveal what I saw there. But if you will swear by my power and empire not to betray me I will tell you."

The magician swears.

"This, then, is the truth. I saw the Crucified One, and my eyes cannot bear the sight."

"What! Is Christ stronger than you?"

"Alas, yes! We may lead mortals by our wiles, but if, in the midst of our triumphs we meet a current of good, it pierces the breast, and brings us, be we men or angels, to the judgment of the Crucified."

These devils were all too simple, and, for the honor of hell, Satan, the father of devils, undertakes the last temptation. Satan does not stop at half measures, but calls to him a legion of perverted spirits, spirits of allurements, desires and lusts, called *Ætos* in the mythology of the poem; in one word, all the allurements of sense and mind.

Justina is awakened to a sense of Cyprian's splendid manly beauty, and a struggle between a first love and duty begins in her heart. For seventy days these new temptations assail, until at last her frame gives way in the battle. Her friends think her dying, and physicians say there is no hope.

"I shall not die," says the young girl. "I have no malady; I feel only a hot wind, which circulates in the air and consumes my members." Her constancy triumphs, and she recovers.

Cyprian now sees that the powers of earth and hell cannot prevail, and nothing remains for him but to crush out this passion which absorbs him. "Extinguish this fire that burns and devours me," he commands his familiar spirit who had served him so long.

"I cannot. We are powerless for good, as we are powerful for evil."

Then comes a terrible scene between Satan and Cyprian, filled with mutual curses and reproaches, and at last in despair Cyprian says: "I will call on Justina's God. I will kiss the ground her feet have trodden. I will ask her to sign me with the cross." At this threat the demon tries to strangle Cyp-

rian, who cries out, "Come to me, God of Justina!" Satan lets go his grasp, but only to shoot his last worst arrow. "You think a man of your crimes will be heard? Christ only cares for the innocent. He will reject you, but I shall have you to eternity, and make you suffer for your ingratitude."

These words sank into Cyprian's despairing heart like lead, and he resolves to starve himself to death. At a moment when his life hangs only by a thread, a Christian friend comes to tell him that Christ's doctrine is pardon. Cyprian is converted, burns all his books of magic in front of the temple, and the bishop admits him as a catechumen.

Then follows the confession of errors, which forms the second book. This is the most curious of the three, and reads like the tale of a voyage in the lands of magic. All the countries which had schools of initiation into the mysteries of magic are passed in review, each with its special rites and mysteries. It is a course of demonology in the fifth century, compiled by a daughter of a sophist,—a calling nearly allied to that of the mystagogues of Hellenism.

Cyprian, from his birth, had been consecrated to the Sun, in the mysteries of the serpent Python. At seven years old, after a bloody baptism under Mithra, his father sends him forth on his travels, to be trained in the profession of magic. In his confessions, we revisit with him Athens and Thessaly, Argos, Lacedemonia, and Phrygia, and have a glimpse at their gods and rites, until, at twenty years old, he reaches the great sanctuary of magic at Memphis. Here he sees the transmigration of souls performed by demons. He sees the union of spirits of darkness and dragons, whence crimes and passions are engendered in the earth. He sees how phantoms are born which terrify men, but which have nothing real in them, for he tells, "demons cannot create; they can only imitate real and permanent forms. The images

they present, the riches they give, are but lies, illusions, and vapor." From Egypt Cyprian goes to India, where he sees incredible mysteries, but as neither the poem nor the legend specify any of the mysteries of India, it seems to follow that little was known then in Greece of the religion of that part of the East. He learns the sacred sciences of the Chaldeans, and the diviners of Babylon taught him the science of numbers, which guides the chorus of the stars and presides over the destinies of men.

When his education is completed he returns to Antioch, a finished magician, and practices his art, with offerings of human sacrifices at his orgies; with transformations to allure and deceive.

The confession ends with the declaration of his love for Justina, the spells he had used to obtain her, the defeat of his infernal spirits, and his repentance.

The third book brings us back to Justina. The gentle maiden has conquered her love, but it is not extinguished. She determines to put an invincible barrier between it and herself. She consecrates herself the spouse of Christ. She cuts off her long, beautiful hair, gives all her goods to the poor, turns her house into a chapel, and takes vows for the service of the Church.

Cyprian becomes a model of humility and virtue, and wins more souls than he had perverted. He receives the gift of miracles, and Antioch chooses him for her bishop.

The wind of persecution, however, has risen in the Empire. Cyprian and Justina are summoned before the prefect of Tyre, to sacrifice to the gods of the Empire. They refuse to do this and are cast, bound together, into a cauldron of burning pitch. The flaming liquid shrinks away from them, and they are not even scorched. Like the Israelites in the fiery furnace, the two martyrs sing praises to God. The people are amazed and moved, and a sedition is imminent, when a servant of the prefect

steps out and says : "I know this man : he is a sorcerer. I have taken lessons from him, and can do this very trick." He leaps into the boiling liquid and disappears forever.

The frightened prefect sends them to the tribunal of the Emperor Diocletian at Nicomedia. There the shrift was short. Justina and Cyprian are beheaded and their corpses thrown to the crows and dogs. There was a Roman ship in port manned by Christian sailors. They took the bodies of the martyrs on board and concealed them in the hold of their ship. They set sail for Rome, and when they landed at the quay on the Tiber at midnight, a Roman matron stood there awaiting them. A dream had warned her of the approach of the holy relics. She received them reverently, and entombed them in a chapel dedicated to their worship, built on her own lands near the temple of Claudius. This chapel was still there in Eudocia's day.

With such occupations the daughter of Leontius began the years of her imperial life, and from this time to the time of her daughter's marriage the chronicles have little to say of her. Her character was silently forming, and her destiny shaping itself in these years. In the Empire there were events enough, famine, earthquakes, and plagues, and ferocious combats between the factions of the circus ; and on this side of what was formerly known as the frontier of the *Pax-Romana*, was an ever-increasing pressure of northern barbarians.

What most claimed the attention of the palace, however, were the ecclesiastical disputes, which threatened from their acrimony and heat to disturb the domestic peace of the Empire. The names of Nestorius and Eutyches were more agitating to that world than those of Alaric and Attila. Should the Virgin Mary be called *Theotokos*, *Anthropotokos*, or *Christotokos* ? The Emperor, who thought himself no mean theolo-

gian, was the foremost Nestorian of the Empire, and Nestorius proclaimed it blasphemy to call the Virgin Mary the Mother of God. Opinion in the palace was divided, and the royal brother and sister took opposite sides, which increased a slight alienation which had made a rift already between them. The weakness of Thodosius's nature, which had early shown itself in his desire to escape the serious business of governing in order to illuminate manuscripts or go a-hunting, had now taken another form. Jealousy of his sister's superiority had replaced his previous carelessness. Courtiers were not wanting to fan this flame, nor were the eunuchs slow to perceive that dissension in the palace was their path to power. Neither the guiding hand of the Church, nor Pulcheria's wisdom, nor the gentle reason of his young Athenian wife, could infuse true manliness into the debile nature of this degenerate descendant of Theodosius the Great.

He fell, like his father Arcadius, under the dominion of base and servile flatterers ; and if Theodosius was a Nestorian, it was because Nestorius was a courtier. He skillfully praised the Emperor's theology, and as skillfully for his favor with Theodosius, insulted Pulcheria under cover of his patriarchal authority, by reprimanding her for cherishing too tender a feeling to befit the spouse of Christ for Paulinus, who was the imperial intimate, and had been so for many years. The courtier made a false step here ; for Pulcheria never forgave this insult, and her dislike for his doctrine changed to hatred of the man, which pursued him to exile and to death.

III.

THE EMPRESS AT JERUSALEM.

THE year 437 was the most brilliant point of Eudocia's life. Her daughter was made queen of the Western world by her marriage with the young Valen-

tinian, while the mother was queen over the East. But when the gay wedding festivities were over, and the bride and only child gone from the palace, Eudocia turned restlessly for some purpose in life to fill the new-made emptiness. It came to her in the shape of the fulfillment of a vow of Theodosius, that the Emperor should make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, when their daughter was happily married. One of the wedding guests too had made a deep impression on Eudocia,—the Roman matron, Melania, who had given up riches and station to become a nun and pilgrim. She had journeyed from her monastery at Jerusalem hoping to convert a noble Roman relation who was to be present at Valentinian's marriage. Saint Melania was a powerful character, and did much to bias Eudocia's future course of life.

The Empress's journey to Jerusalem, although called a pilgrimage, was more like a triumphal procession, for she traveled with a large suite and all the pomp due to the royal consort. After passing the Hellespont, the royal convoy steered toward the beaches of Ilium. Who knows that Athenais did not tarry a moment at Troy, to salute the shades of Homer's heroes? Sailing by Lesbos and Chios, the birthplace of her loved Homer, leaving behind Samos and Rhodes and Cyprus, the island of the Paphian Venus, the imperial pilgrim landed in Syria.

Antioch, that queen of the East, welcomed her with honors and festivities. Until Constantinople was built, Antioch had ranked as the third city of the Roman world, and the renown of her beauty and luxury was wide-spread. In the days we speak of, the citizens still had the right to celebrate the Olympian games, and crowds flocked to them from near and far, until their prohibition under Justinian in 520. There were no theaters like those in Antioch, and no other such exhibitions, as splendid as they were dissolute.

The church at Antioch was founded by St. Peter, and claimed supremacy over the other bishoprics. Its school of theology was the rival of that of Alexandria. It counted among its scholars St. John Chrysostom, Theodore of Mopueste, the clairvoyant, Theodoret, and Nestorius, who, on account of his realistic doctrine of the two natures, aroused the opposition of the Alexandrian school with its mystical tendencies.

The grace and eloquence with which the daughter of Leontius spoke to the Antiochians from the gold throne in the Senators' palace showed that she had lost none of the sophists' art. She delicately praised the glories of the city whose guest she was, but when the Empress ended her discourse with the Homeric verse, "From this is my glory, that I too am of your stock and your blood," the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. The Greek woman had gained all hearts, and they raised a golden statue to her in the Senate, and one of bronze in the Museum, both of which were still in place in the seventh century, when the Paschal Chronicles were written.

These scenes have altogether an antique and pagan air, not easy to harmonize with the pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulcher. It is like a touch of impulsive nature, to see the Athenian heart spring from its Byzantine trammels to meet its own kind. Fortunate for Pulcheria that she did not witness this outburst which took the Antiochians by storm.

Pilgrimages to Jerusalem had become for the Western world, in the days of Eudocia, an almost universal custom. They were not actuated merely by the spirit of curiosity to visit the very places where the holy drama had been enacted, nor even by the spirit of devotion and worship. Their origin was in a spirit more universal. Another and a stronger current set towards the Holy

Land, and carried there every year thousands of human beings. Christians the world over were coming to claim Jerusalem as their own. The road taken by many pilgrims long before Eudocia is marked out in the itinerary from Bordeaux to Jerusalem, which dates from A. D. 333; and over this same road followed thousands and thousands of Romans and Burgundians, of Franks and of Saxons, in the next centuries. When at last the sword of the Mussulman had destroyed the Christian establishments, the whole Western world joined hands to rescue Jerusalem from the infidels, and what had been pilgrimages only changed in form; the pilgrims of the earlier ages became the crusaders.

Following the guide-book we have just mentioned, Eudocia, in setting forth from Antioch, would have embarked from the Daphne palace, and sailing down the Mediterranean, past Laodicea and Tripoli, would have touched at Berytus and the ancient cities of Tyre and Sidon, still famous for precious stuffs and purple dyes. Then towards Ptolemais, along the coast under Mount Carmel, the Empress reached Cesarea, the last city of Syria. Here she was received by the bishop and the Byzantine governor, who joined her train as far as Jerusalem.

Saint Melania was awaiting her at Jerusalem, and after making the adoration of the Cross and visiting the holy places, nun and Empress went together to a monastery, which the latter hardly quitted during her year's sojourn in the holy city. This retreat, as it were, was the turning point in the life of the woman. Her initiation into the mysteries of the Christian religion, in the place of its birth, under the spiritual guidance of the devout Melania, was a sacred event. She found something different from the theological battle of words she had left behind at Constantinople.

After a year she returned to her pal-

ace, carrying with her a portrait of the Virgin Mary by Saint Luke, some other relics, and Saint Peter's chains. Some links of these chains were sent to her daughter in Rome, who built a basilica for their safe keeping; and after fourteen centuries the pilgrim still goes to *San Pietro in Vinculo* for a sight of the sacred bonds.

IV.

THERE was no apparent change in the condition of things at the court on Eudocia's return, but she was not long in finding out that flatterers had gained more and more influence over Theodosius, and that his jealousies, so fostered, had taken deeper hold. Her friends were still in power: Paulinus was prefect of the pretorium and guest at the royal table; Cyrus, the Egyptian general, poet, and scholar, whom she had honored with her friendship, was still minister. But the real change was the favor with the Emperor of the eunuch Chrysaphius. No eunuch about Arcadius had shown such artistic genius for intrigue, such refined cruelty, as this man, who was a barbarian by origin and had been a slave. He masked his base qualities under a noble and even majestic appearance, that captivated the weak monarch. It is not proved that Eudocia listened to any of the whispered intrigues of this serpent, but it is certain that she herself, about this time, fell a victim to a court intrigue.

We have seen the intimate footing on which Paulinus stood at the royal palace, living in the royal household like a member of the family. We have seen his devotion to the Emperor, his admiration for Eudocia, and his appreciation of Pulcheria, which drew down upon her the episcopal rebuke. For twenty years these four persons had met in daily friendly intercourse, but of late jealous suspicions of everyone had haunted Theodosius; and now an incident happened which has passed into history,

and which serves, naturally enough, as the transition to an historic catastrophe, although it has an echo of the Arabian Nights.

A Phrygian peasant, who had grown an apple of great size and beauty, makes an offering of it to the Emperor at the feast of the Epiphany, on his return from church. The prince rewards the peasant, and is so pleased with the mellow, red-cheeked fruit that it seems to him worthy to be laid at the feet of the Empress. The Empress in her turn sends it to Paulinus, who has been kept away from the Epiphany celebration by an attack of gout. Unluckily, Paulinus, who does not know who has sent him the beautiful fruit, sends it as an act of homage to the Emperor, who is amazed to see his gift to the Empress return to him in this way, which confirms to him his most jealous suspicions. He summons the Empress, and in haughty tones asks her where is the apple he sent her. The Empress has a moment of hesitation as she sees the Emperor's dark brow, but courageously says, "I sent it to our beloved Paulinus, who is ill." The scene of anger and accusations which follows ends with an order from the Emperor to seize Paulinus and put him to death, whereupon Eudocia asks the imperial permission to withdraw from her husband's side, and pass the rest of her life in Jerusalem.

The Emperor granted this request and she left the palace forever.

The second voyage to Jerusalem of this woman whose fate we follow was in truth the pilgrimage; and although royal honors were still paid her and she had a train of ecclesiastics and attendants, the journey was made in all haste, with no joy. At Jerusalem Eudocia installed herself in a palace with a small court about her, and this done threw the whole passion of her nature into works of piety and public good. Cast now entirely on her own resources, her life in its independent action shows what

a great queen she might have been had her consort been a man and a statesman as well as an Emperor.

She was destined a second time to arouse his jealousy. Her popularity in Jerusalem disturbed him. The praises she won irritated him. Her energy in good works was a reproach to him. The people compared her to Helena, the mother of Constantine. Her power threatened his, and she must be crushed.

One morning Saturnius, the count of the Emperor's body-guard, appeared in Eudocia's palace at Jerusalem. He had no sooner entered than he fell upon and killed her two faithful followers, Deacon John and the priest Severus. These two ecclesiastics had been attached to her household in Constantinople, and were now the trusted instruments of her benevolent plans.

Again Theodosius had struck at her through her friends, and the maddened queen took quick vengeance. Saturnius was put to death in her presence, it is certain, and some say by her own dagger. The Emperor's counter-thrust to this was to take away her rank and revenues, and to recall her retinue.

No longer an Empress, she accepted her return to the rank of a private individual with apparent indifference, and continued to do in the measure of her means what she could no longer do with royal bounty.

Theodosius, the mild calligraphist, had grown in course of time into a suspicious tyrant. Fortune was failing him on all sides; he had killed or disgraced his best friends, had banished Pulcheria from the palace, and each day saw him more isolated in sullen solitude from all but Crysaphius. The end was not far off, however, and one day while hunting in the environs of Constantinople, his horse took fright and threw him into the little river Teuce. In falling he broke his spine, and was carried on a litter to the palace, where he died two days after, in the fiftieth year of his age and

the forty-second of his reign. Its corruptions had been so boundless, his own actions so vacillating, and the peace he concluded with the Huns so ignominious, that Seridas has called him "the coward Emperor." Yet, no doubt he died as such a man would die, in the belief that he was deserted by all he had loved and misused by fate.

The imperial claims of Athenais were now buried in her husband's tomb; but a new life had taken hold of her which was blotting out the thought of past honors and past disenchantments. She had become a passionate Christian; the mystical ideas of Eutyches and the monophysites were as attractive to her nature as the materiality of Nestorius was repellant. In the controversy as to the divine and human nature of Christ, her heart refused to give up the divine. Christ had become for her God, and for him she had abjured the divinities of Greece. The widowed Empress, therefore, in the next years gave herself to the support of the cause of the Eutychean heresy, or of the monophysites, so-called, with her enthusiasm and all of her influence in Palestine.

Among the monks of Palestine at this time was a bold young fanatic named Theodosius, who had a name for learning and intelligence. He was so fierce a Eutychean as to be surnamed the "Phantasmatic," for he preached that the body of Christ was only a phantom, an illusion, without flesh like our flesh, and claimed that it was only the essence of the Word which suffered on the cross. From the pulpit of the Church of the Resurrection in Jerusalem this young monk hurled anathemas at Juvenal the Bishop, at the Pope, and at the Council of Chalcedonia, calling on men to resist that Council's definition of the incarnation even to martyrdom. This sedition grew into an insurrection, and when the Emperor Marcian sent his general, Dorotheas, to quell it by force of arms, the gates of Jerusalem were barred against

him by order of Eudocia and the rebel Theodosius.

Pulcheria was now reigning in conjunction with Marcian, and new proofs of the sober greatness of her soul are seen in her gentle efforts to win from the heresy the woman she had chosen for her brother's wife. Jealousies had so embittered their intercourse since those early days that she dared not try direct persuasion, but appealed to Athenais through Eudossia and the young princesses, her daughter's children. Even Pope Leo himself wrote two letters full of tact and logic, to the lamb strayed from the fold.

But nothing moved her until she received the news, coming sharp and hard upon her own many misfortunes, that after a terrible tragedy of events her only child Eudossia and the young princesses, widowed and orphaned, had been led captive to Carthage. At last, quite broken in spirit, it seemed to her that her obstinacy in what the Church pronounced a heresy, and her disobedience to the higher powers, was drawing down heaven's wrath upon her family as well as upon herself.

If Jerome, the father of the Church, wept in Palestine over the first fall of Rome into the hands of the Goths, the sorrow of this lonely mother forty-five years later in Jerusalem, over the second fall of the empire of the world, was no less bitter. She felt herself borne down by the wrath of heaven, and in her anguish turned for consolation and counsel to no other than Saint Simeon Stylites, who was in these times a court of appeal, as it were, for king and people in their days of calamity.

Simeon had tended his father's flocks in the valleys of Cilicia until the age of thirteen, when an inner voice called him to solitude and mortification. A convent of Cenobites proving too soft a cushion for his ascetic spirit, he left it for a solitary cave in Mount Thelamissa. The strange penances and tortures he

inflicted upon his poor body made him the ideal saint of the times, and it became the fashion to consult him as an oracle; and in truth his trenchant judgments savored often of the spirit of wisdom and counsel. Very soon his small earthen cave became insufficient to protect him from the crowds of curious or faithful that thronged to visit him. Syrians, Persians, Armenians, kings and queens of the Arabians, pilgrims from the Greek and Iberian countries, came for his blessing. To escape this perpetual homage, which put his soul in peril, Saint Simeon built a pillar to the height of sixty feet, and made his abode on top of it. A space about four feet in diameter was the summit of the pillar, and here he passed thirty cold winters and as many hot summers, in a little cell without roof, open to the burning sun and storm and cold. It was so narrow that he could not lie down, and the little sleep he took was enjoyed standing with his back to a beam, tied by cords lest he should fall. He said that on this pillar he felt nearer to heaven and to the voices of angels. From the country around he could be seen with hands extended in prayer, as Theodoret says like the light in a candelabrum, "*illustra lucerna tanquam super candelabrum posita.*" He would receive but few visitors and they had to climb by a ladder to his cell. Even in those days people were not wanting to accuse him of ostentation in his mode of worship, and the bishop, to prove his character, once ordered him to come down from his pillar and dwell below. He obeyed so simply and cheerfully that soon after he was allowed to return, and to live his life on the apex he had chosen.

Eudocia now turned to Saint Simeon as to one who had dared to despise all that the world holds dear, and who had an insight beyond its veils.

"How have I incurred the divine displeasure?" she wrote him in a letter she sent by the choir-bishop Anastaius, "and what must I do to avert it?"

Simeon's reply to her reads as follows:—

Know this, O my daughter! The devil, seeing the riches of your virtue, desired to sift you like wheat. The pernicious Theodosius was the instrument of your temptation, and has confused and cast clouds over your soul, which loves God. Take courage; your faith will not fail you. I am surprised you send so far, while you have the spring you need near you. I speak of that man of God, Euthymius. Follow his teaching, and you will be saved.

Euthymius was the abbot of one of those many *lauras* or assemblages of cells in the desert, where each monk led a solitary life, but a life secure in some measure from attacks of nomadic tribes. Their origin was one of the strange phenomena of those strange times. As early as the end of the third century many noble and patriotic souls began to despair of the human institutions which their ancestors had believed to be eternal. They saw it was impossible to defend the frontier of the Empire against the ever encroaching barbarians. They felt the moral decay and political corruption which were undermining the institutions and the whole framework of the Roman world. Hence a strange and new fact, which the writers of the eighteenth century have denounced with bitter indignation, or have attacked with the weapon of ridicule. Thousands of noble and high-minded men, many of them with names belonging to the past glories of the republic, gladly left the pleasures, the refinement, the literary culture, of the great cities, to seek refuge from their unrest and dissatisfaction far from all human society in the solitude of the deserts of Egypt, Arabia, or Palestine. In this movement we see the transition state of what afterwards took the form of monachism. Hence, also, the presence in Palestine of such ascetics as Saint Jerome, who had fled with the books of Plato and Cicero in his hands, seeking to forget in the desert the pleasures and passions of the degenerate Roman society of

which he had been the ornament, and which he had come to despise. And here now was Euthymius, chief band of monks in the Laura of Pharam, in the desert near Jerusalem.

Eudocia shrank from the rebuke she knew she would receive from Euthymius. He was, it is true, of the mythical school, which had her sympathy; but he had withdrawn himself and his monks from all connection with Theodosius and the late rebellion. A *laura*, being merely a collection of small huts, was a very simple and movable establishment. Its abbot, like a general in retreat, could decamp with army and baggage at the approach of danger or troublesome neighbors. This was what Euthymius had done when he heard that Theodosius was coming to his *laura*, to ask aid and support in defying the decision of the Council of Chalcedonia. The whole band had withdrawn deeper into the desert.

The penitent was obedient to the dictate of Saint Simeon, and resolved to speak face to face with the holy man to whom he had referred her. But added to the fact of his recent removal to a more inaccessible part of the desert, there were other obstacles between her and her purpose. The abbot never entered the precincts of a city, and no woman must cross the threshold of the *laura*.

Eudocia was not to be turned back from finding the road to salvation, and resolved to build a castle or fortified place in the desert of Ruban, not far from Euthymius's retreat, and where he might consent to see her. When the castle was built messengers were sent to entreat his presence. The messengers found that, hearing of Eudocia's purpose, the recluse had moved again, still farther away into the desert. After many weary marches and much trouble in finding him, and many entreaties after he was found, he consented to go to the tower where the Empress awaited him. She cast herself at his feet and said, "I

see that in spite of my unworthiness God deigns to visit me through your presence."

After giving his benediction the old man replied: "Daughter, take heed for the future. Misfortune has befallen you because you let yourself be led away by the snares of the evil one. Give up your self-will. Accept the decision of the Council, and submit to your bishop Juvenal."

The proud and unhappy penitent obeyed, and her return to allegiance brought many laymen and monks who had been sowers of schism amid her followers in the rebellion.

Life's glories and ambitions and pride had now passed away from Eudocia, but the eyes of the once beautiful Greek were looking forward and beyond towards eternal glories which pass not away, and the light in her eyes now was the light of faith.

Near the *laura* where she had found peace and absolution, the broken-hearted queen built a church, and the time she did not spend in charity and good deeds was passed on her knees in this sanctuary, during the rest of her mortal days.

In her sixty-seventh year, feeling that death was near, she desired to see Euthymius once more, and to bequeath him her possessions. The ascetic refused to grant this last interview, and wrote to her: "Daughter, look not to see me again in this life. Why trouble yourself with such cares? The Lord will soon call you. Think, therefore, to prepare your soul for the journey. Speak no more of me in this life, but remember me when you come into the presence of the Lord."

On Athenais's deathbed, as the events of her life crowded on her memory, a vision of the unfortunate Paulinus rose before her, and at this solemn moment she affirmed again that her affection for this friend of her youth had ever been free from stain or reproach.

Outside the gates of Jerusalem was a

church built by Eudocia to St. Stephen, martyr, and here she asked that her body might rest, rather than be carried to Constantinople and laid in the basilica with the princely race to which she belonged by marriage. It would almost seem that some antique superstition clung to her, and that she sought protection with the angels of Calvary from the gods she had abandoned.

Life rarely brings greater contrasts

than it brought to this pagan, daughter of a pagan ; to this dethroned Empress who led a civil war for a question of theology, and who, at last, burnt out her passionate heart in prayers and penitence.

The singular interlacement of her life with the moribund Hellenism, and with the dissolving Roman Empire changing into the hands of barbarians, makes a strange link in history.

Sara Carr Upton.



COMPENSATION.

PERCHANCE her worth was never learned;
 It may be that her love was spurned;
 At beck and call an abject slave,
 No hope for her this side the grave.
 But as she breathed the self-same air
 With Rosalind and Juliet fair,
 Whom Shakespeare sang is ne'er forgot,—
 Nor greasy Joan that keeled the pot.
 While valiant knight hath died for fame,
 Yet left an unrecorded name,
 Both Dick and Tom will live in rhyme
 Unbroken to the end of Time.

John Murray.

THE GUARANY.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF JOSÉ MARTINIANO DE ALENCAR.

PART SECOND.

I.

THE CARMELITE.

IT was March, 1603, and therefore a year before the opening of this story.

By the side of the road followed by the then infrequent expeditions between Rio de Janeiro and Espirito Santo stood a large inn, where dwelt some colonists and Christianized Indians. It was almost nightfall. One of those fearful tempests that frequently occur on the slopes of mountain ranges was descending upon the earth. The bellowing wind lashed the huge trees, which bowed before it their aged trunks; the thunder reverberated in the dense clouds driven hither and thither through the sky; and the lightning flashed with such frequency that forests, mountains, nature itself, seemed bathed in an ocean of fire. In the spacious hall three persons were watching with a certain pleasure the dreadful struggle of the elements.

One of these men, short and fat, reclining in a hammock in the center of the porch, with his legs crossed and his arms folded uttered an exclamation at each new havoc of the tempest.

The second, leaning against one of the rosewood pillars that supported the roof, was of a swarthy complexion, and about forty years old; his face showed some traces of Jewish blood; his eyes were fixed on a path that wound in front of the house and was lost in the forest.

Opposite him, leaning against the other column was a Carmelite friar, who watched with a smile of profound satisfaction the progress of the storm. His handsome face and strongly marked features were animated by a ray of intelligence, and an expression of energy

that clearly revealed his character. Seeing this man smiling at the tempest and meeting with unflinching eye the flash of the lightning, one perceived that his soul possessed a strength of resolution and an indomitable will capable of wishing the impossible, and contending against heaven and earth to obtain it.

Brother Angelo di Luca was there as a missionary, charged with the propagation of the faith, and the care of souls among the heathen in that region. In the six months of his ministry he had succeeded in civilizing several families, and expected soon to receive them into the bosom of the Church. A year had passed since he had obtained from the general of his order the privilege of leaving his convent in Rome, that of Santa Maria Transpontina, for the house which the order had founded in Rio de Janeiro in 1590, to engage in missionary labors. Both the general and the provincial of Lisbon, touched by his ardent religious enthusiasm, had expressly recommended him to Brother Diogo do Rosario, then prior of the convent in Rio de Janeiro, asking Rosario to employ in the service of the Lord and in the glory of the order of the Most Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel the zeal and holy fervor of Brother Angeló di Luca. Thus it was that the son of a fisherman from the lagoons of Venice found himself in the interior of Brazil, leaning against the pillar of a house, watching a tempest which was redoubling in fury.

"Shall you start tonight all the same, Fernão Aines?" said the man in the hammock.

"At daybreak," replied the other, without turning.

"And with such weather?"

"It is not that that hinders me, you are well aware, Master Nunes. This cursed hunting excursion!"

"Do you fear that your men will not return from it in time?"

"I fear that destruction will overtake them all in the forests in such a storm."

The friar turned. "Those who follow the law of God are secure everywhere, brother,—in a wilderness as in this building: the evil alone have to fear the fire from heaven and find no shelter to save them."

Fernão Aines smiled ironically. "Do you believe that, Brother Angelo?"

"I believe in God, brother."

"Very well; but I prefer to be where I am, rather than standing on some precipice."

"Nevertheless," spoke Nunes, "what our reverend missionary says—"

"Brother Angelo may say what he will. Here, I laugh at the tempest; there, the tempest would laugh at me."

"Fernão Aines!" exclaimed Nunes.

"Cursed idea of a hunting excursion!" muttered the other without noticing him.

Silence was re-established. Suddenly a cloud opened; the electric current, winding through the air like a fiery serpent, struck a cedar standing in front of the building.

The tree was rent asunder from tip to root; one part remained standing, slender and mutilated; the other fell and struck Fernão Aines on the breast, hurling him mangled to the rear of the porch.

His companion remained motionless for some time, and then began to shake as though shivering with ague; with his thumb extended to make the sign of the cross, his teeth chattering, and his features contracted, he presented an appearance at once terrible and grotesque.

The friar had turned livid, as though he were the victim of the catastrophe; terror for a moment disturbed his countenance; but a sardonic smile quickly

escaped from his lips, still bloodless from the shock.

After the first fright, they both went to help the wounded man; he made a great effort, and raising himself on one arm uttered, amid a stream of blood, the words, "A punishment from heaven!" Perceiving that there was no hope for his body, the dying man sought spiritual remedies, and with a weak voice asked Brother Angelo to hear his confession. Nunes took him to a room that opened into the porch, and laid him on a leather bed.

It was already dark; the room was in the greatest obscurity, only illuminated now and then for an instant by the lightning, which threw its bluish light upon the confessor, leaning over the penitent to catch his voice, which was gradually becoming weaker.

"Hear me without interruption, father; I feel that I have but a few moments left, and though there may be no pardon for me, I wish at least to make amends for my crime."

"Speak, brother; I am listening."

"Last November I arrived at Rio de Janeiro, and was entertained by a relative of mine; both he and his wife gave me the most cordial reception.

"Having during his life as an adventurer traveled much through the interior, my relative spoke to me one day of joining him in an expedition which would result in great riches for us both.

"On different occasions we conversed about this project, until he unfolded it completely to me.

"The father of one Roberio Dias, a colonist of Bahia, guided by an Indian, had discovered in the interior of that province silver mines so rich that they might pave the street of Lisbon with that metal.

"As he had to traverse a pathless and inhospitable wilderness, Dias had written down the necessary directions to enable any one to find at any time the place where those mines are situated.

"The paper had been abstracted from its owner without his knowledge, and through a long series of events, which I have not strength to relate, had come into the hands of my relative.

"Of how many crimes had this paper already been the cause, father, and of how many more it would have been, if God had not finally punished in me the last heir of this legacy of blood!"

The dying man stopped for a moment, exhausted, and then continued feebly:—

"It had already become known upon the arrival of Governor Dom Francisco de Souza that Roberio had offered to Philip II. at Madrid, the discovery of these mines, and that the King not having rewarded him as he hoped, he persisted in keeping silent.

"The reason of this silence, which was generally attributed to spite, was known only to my relative, who held the paper: Roberio, upon his arrival in Spain, had ascertained his loss, and had wished at least to secure the reward.

"The secret of the mines, the key to that wealth surpassing all the treasures of the caliph, was in the hands of my relative, who, needing a devoted man to aid him in the undertaking, thought he could choose no one more suitable than myself to share his risks and hopes.

"I accepted this partnership of crime, this compact of robbery, father. It was my first misstep!"

The voice of the adventurer became still more inaudible. The friar, leaning over him, seemed to devour with his half-opened lips the words murmured by the dying man.

"Courage, son!"

"Yes! I must tell all! . . . Fascinated by the description of that fabulous treasure, I entertained a wicked thought. . . . that thought became a desire . . . then a plan, and . . . finally was realized. It was a crime! I assassinated my relative and his wife."

"And—" suggested the friar, in a hoarse voice.

"And stole the secret!"

The friar smiled in the darkness.

"Now it only remains for me to seek God's mercy, and to make reparation for the evil I have done. . . . Roberio is dead, his wife is living in distress in Bahia. . . . I wish this paper delivered to her. . . . Do you promise, Brother Angelo?"

"I promise! The paper?"

"Is . . . concealed"

"Where?"

"In yon . . . der"

The dying man gasped.

Brother Angelo, leaning completely over him, with his ear pressed to the sufferer's mouth, from which bubbled forth a bloody foam, and his hand upon the heart to see whether it was still palpitating, seemed eager to retain the last breath of life, in order to draw from him one word more.

"Where?" murmured the friar from time to time, in a hollow voice.

The sick man kept gasping; the last throes of life, which goes out like a flickering lamp, scarcely moved his benumbed body.

Finally the friar saw him raise his stiffened arm, pointing to the wall, and felt his icy lips, quivering convulsively, whisper in his ear a word that caused him to spring upon the bed.

"Cross!"

Friar Angelo stood up, and looked wildly around the room. On the head of the bed was an iron image of Christ upon a large wooden cross, rough and ill-wrought.

With mad eagerness the friar seized the cross and broke it upon his knee. The image rolled to the floor. Between the pieces of wood appeared a roll of parchment, flattened by the pressure to which it had been exposed.

He broke the seal with his teeth, and going to the window read by the uncertain aid of the lightning the first words of an inscription in red letters, which ran thus:—

True and exact description of the route which Roberio Dias, the elder, followed in the year of grace 1587, to the neighborhood of Jacobina, where with the favor of God he discovered the richest mines of silver that exist in the world; with a summary of the signs, landmarks, and latitude, of the locality where those said mines lie; begun on the twentieth of January, the day of the martyr Saint Sebastian, and terminated on the first Sunday in Lent, on which with the blessing of Providence we reached this city of Salvador.

While the friar was endeavoring to read, the dying man was struggling in the last agony, awaiting perhaps the final absolution and extreme unction of the penitent. But the monk saw only the paper that he had in his hands, and sinking upon a bench, with his head resting on his arm, fell into a deep meditation.

What was he thinking? He was not thinking; he was raving. Before his eyes his excited imagination exhibited a sea of silver, an ocean of molten metal, white and resplendent, that was lost in immensity. The waves of that silvery sea now flowed in gentle undulations, now rolled in angry billows, throwing off flakes of foam that resembled diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, sparkling in the sunlight.

Sometimes, too, on that smooth and polished surface were reflected, as in a glass, enchanted palaces, women beautiful as the houris of the prophet, virgins graceful as the angels of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

Thus slipped away half an hour, during which the silence was broken only by the loud breathing of the dying man and the roar of the thunder; then ensued an ill-boding calm; the sinner was dying impenitent.

Brother Angelo rose in a desperate mood, tore off his habit, and trampled it under foot; on the bedstead was a change of clothing, which he put on; he

then took the weapons from the dead body, seized the felt hat, and clasping the manuscript to his breast, moved toward the door.

The footsteps of Nunes walking in the porch without were heard,

The friar stopped; the unexpected presence of this man before the door gave him an inspiration. He took up his habit, put it on over his new garments, an concealing the adventurer's hat in his sleeve, covered himself with his large cowl; then he opened the door and approached Nunes.

"*Consummatum est*, brother!" said he in a sorrowful tone.

"May God have mercy on his soul!"

"So I hope, if strength does not fail me, to carry out his last vow, which is a reparation."

"For a grave sin?"

"For a crime, brother. Give me a light; I am going to write to Brother Diogo do Rosario, our prior, for perhaps I shall never return, nor you hear any further news of me."

The friar wrote by the light of a torch a few lines to the prior of the convent in Rio de Janeiro, and taking leave of Nunes, set out.

As he was turning a corner, the heavens opened, and the earth was ablaze with the glare of a lightning-flash, so vivid as to dazzle him. Two bolts, describing fiery spirals in the air, had struck the forest, and diffused around a suffocating smell of brimstone.

The Carmelite was seized with a vertigo; he remembered the recent scene, the terrible punishment which he himself had foretold, and which had been so speedily realized.

But the dazed feeling passed away: still trembling and pale with terror, the reprobate raised his arm as if in defiance of the wrath of heaven, and uttered a horrible blasphemy:—

"You may kill me; but if you spare my life, I will be rich and powerful, though the whole world oppose!" There

was in these words something of the impotent rage and fury of Satan hurled into the abyss by the irrevocable sentence of the Creator.

Going on in the darkness, he reached a large hut in the rear of the inn, in which he had gathered a few families of Indians; he entered and awoke one of the savages, whom he ordered to prepare to accompany him at the break of day.

The rain was falling in torrents, while the wind beat against the thatch walls, and whistled through the straw. The friar did not close his eyes, but spent the night in thought, tracing in his mind an infernal plan, in the accomplishment of which he would be deterred by no obstacle: now and then he would rise to see if the horizon was yet illuminated.

Finally day came; the storm had exhausted itself during the night; the weather was calm.

The Carmelite, accompanied by the savage, set out; he wandered over forest and plain in every direction; he was in search of something. After two hours he espied the clump of thistles near which a year later occurred the last scene that we have narrated; he examined it on all sides, and smiled with satisfaction.

Climbing the tree and descending by the vine, he and the savage entered the space with which we are already acquainted. The sun had been a short time above the horizon. On the next day, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, a single man issued from that place; it was neither the friar nor the savage. It was a bold and fearless adventurer, on whose face the features of the Carmelite, Angelo di Luca, were still recognizable.

This adventurer was Loredano. He left in that place, buried in the bosom of the earth, a terrible secret,—a roll of parchment, a friar's cloak, and a corpse.

Five months afterward, the vicar of the order informed the general at Rome

that Brother Angelo di Luca had died as a saint and martyr, through his zeal for the apostolic faith.

II.

YARA.

ON a fine summer evening, two days after the scene at the inn, the family of Dom Antonio de Mariz was assembled on the bank of the Paquequer, in a little valley between two rocky hills.

The grass that carpeted the rugged slopes and the trees that had sprung up in the fissures of the rocks, and inclining over the valley, wove a pretty canopy of verdure, made the retreat very picturesque. There could be no more agreeable place to spend a summer afternoon than that arbor full of shade and freshness, where the song of the birds formed a concert with the tremulous murmuring of the waters. Therefore, though it was at some distance from the house, the family occasionally came, when the weather was good, to enjoy some hours of the delicious coolness that lingered there.

Dom Antonio, seated by the side of his wife, was surveying through an opening in the foliage the blue and velvety sky of our country, which the sons of Europe never tire of admiring. Isabel, leaning against a young palm tree, was watching the current of the river, and softly murmuring a lay of Bernardim Ribeiro.¹

Cecilia was running about in the valley, chasing a pretty humming bird, which in its rapid flight shone with a thousand colors. The lovely girl, laughing at the turns the little bird made her take, as if it were playing with her, found in this amusement a lively pleasure. But finally, feeling tired, she went and reclined on a mound of grass, which formed a natural sofa at the foot of the rock. She rested her head on the slope,

¹A Portuguese poet of the first half of the 16th century.

while her little feet nestled in the grass, which concealed them like the wool of a rich carpet.

Some time passed without the smallest incident to disturb the pleasing tableau formed by their family group. Suddenly through the canopy of verdure that covered the scene, was heard a shrill cry, and a word in a strange tongue :

"Yara !"

It is a Guarany term, signifying *lady*.

Dom Antonio rose, and casting his eyes rapidly around, saw on the height overhanging the place where Cecilia was lying, a strange picture.

Standing firmly braced on the narrow space, an Indian covered with a light cotton tunic was supporting with his shoulder a fragment of rock that had become detached from its bed and was on the point of rolling down the declivity. He was making a supreme effort to sustain the weight of the stone, which was ready to crush him, and with his arm extended to the branch of a tree was keeping his balance by a violent tension of his muscles. The tree quivered ; for some moments it seemed that rock and man would give way together, and be hurled upon the girl.

Cecilia upon hearing the cry, raised her head and looked at her father with some surprise, without suspecting the danger that threatened her. To see, to spring to his daughter, to take her in his arms and snatch her from death, was the sole thought of Dom Antonio, which he acted on with all the strength and impetuosity of paternal love.

As the nobleman laid Cecilia almost swooning in her mother's lap, the Indian leaped into the valley ; the rock, rolling over and over from the top of the hill, buried itself deeply in the ground. Then the spectators of this scene, recovering from the shock, uttered a cry of terror at thought of the danger that was already past.

A wide furrow, descending from the

eminence to the place where Cecilia had been reclining, showed the course the rock had taken, tearing up the grass and plowing the ground. Dom Antonio, still pale and shuddering at the danger to which Cecilia had been exposed, turned his eyes from that spot, which to his imagination looked like a grave, to the Indian, who had risen like a beneficent genius of the Brazilian forests. The nobleman did not know which to admire more, the strength and heroism by which he had saved his daughter, or the miracle of agility by which he had rescued himself from death.

As to the feeling that had prompted that act, Dom Antonio felt no astonishment ; he was acquainted with the character of our savages, so unjustly calumniated by historians, and knew that apart from war and revenge they were generous, capable of a great action and a noble impulse.

For some time an expressive silence reigned in that group, which had been transformed in so unlooked for a manner. Doña Lauriana and Isabel were on their knees returning thanks to God ; Cecilia, still frightened, leaned on her father's breast and kissed his hand affectionately ; while the Indian, humble and submissive, kept his eyes fixed on the girl he had saved, with a look of deep admiration.

Finally Dom Antonio, putting his left arm around his daughter's waist, advanced and extended his hand with a noble and kindly manner ; the Indian bowed and kissed it.

"To what tribe do you belong ?" asked the nobleman in Guarany.

"I am a Goytacaz, replied he proudly.

"What is your name ?"

"Pery, son of Ararê, first of his tribe."

"I am a Portuguese nobleman, a white enemy to your race, conqueror of your land ; but you have saved my daughter ; I offer you my friendship."

"Pery accepts it ; you were already a friend."

"How so?" asked Dom Antonio with surprise.

"Listen."

The Indian began in his language, so rich and poetical, with the sweet pronunciation that he seemed to have learned from the breezes of his country or the birds of the virgin forests, this simple narrative:—

"It was the time when the trees were golden.¹

"The earth covered the body of Araré and his arms, except his war-bow.

"Pery called the warriors of his tribe and said: 'My father is dead; he who shall prove himself the bravest of all shall have Araré's bow. War!'

"Thus spoke Pery; the warriors answered, 'War!'

"While the sun lighted up the earth we marched; when the moon rose in the heavens we arrived. We fought like Goytacazes. The whole night was one battle. There was blood, there was fire.

"When Pery lowered Araré's bow there was not in the city of the white men a cabin standing, a man alive; all were ashes.

"The day came and illuminated the field; the wind came and carried away the ashes.

"Pery had prevailed; he was the first of his tribe and the mightiest of all the warriors.

"His mother came, and said: 'Pery, chief of the Goytacazes, son of Araré, you are great, you are brave like your father; your mother loves you.'

"The warriors came and said, 'Pery, chief of the Goytacazes, son of Araré, you are the most valiant of the tribe and the most feared by the enemy; the warriors obey you.'

"The women came and said: 'Pery, first of all, you are handsome as the sun and flexible as the wild reed² that gave you your name; the women are your slaves.'

¹ September, when several species of trees are covered with yellow flowers.

² Pery signifies *wild reed* in Guarany.

"Pery heard, and did not reply; neither the voice of his mother, nor the song of the warriors, nor the love of the women made him smile.

"In the house of the cross, in the midst of the fire, Pery had seen the Lady of the white men. She was fair as the daughter of the moon. She was beautiful as the heron of the river.

"She had the color of the sky in her eyes; the color of the sun in her hair; she was clothed with clouds, with a girdle of stars and a plume of light.

"The fire ceased; the house of the cross fell.

"At night Pery had a dream; the Lady appeared; she was sad, and spoke thus: 'Pery, free warrior, you are my slave; you will follow me everywhere as the great star accompanies the day.'

"The moon had reversed her red bow when we returned from the war. Every night Pery saw the Lady in her cloud. She did not touch the earth and Pery could not ascend into the sky.

"The cashew, when it loses its leaf, seems dead; it has neither flower nor shade, and weeps tears sweet as the honey of its fruit. So was Pery sad.

"The Lady appeared no more, but Pery saw her always before his eyes.

"The trees became green; the little birds built their nests; the *sabia*³ sang; everything laughed; the son of Araré remembered his father.

"The time of war came.

"We set out; we marched; we reached the great river. The warriors set the nets; the women made a fire; Pery looked at the sun.

"He saw the hawk pass. If Pery were the hawk, he would go and see the Lady in the sky.

"He saw the wind pass. If Pery were the wind, he would carry the Lady in the air.

"He saw the shadow pass. If Pery were the shadow, he would accompany the Lady by night.

³ A bird resembling the nightingale in its song

"The little birds slept thrice. His mother came and said: 'Pery, son of Ararê, a white warrior saved your mother, a white maiden also.'"

"Pery took his weapons and set out; he was going to see the white warrior, to be his friend, and the daughter of the Lady to be her slave.

"The sun was nearing the mid-heavens, and Pery also was nearing the river; he saw in the distance your great house.

"The white maiden appeared.

"She was the Lady whom Pery had seen; she was not sad as the first time; she was joyous; she had left behind the cloud and the stars.

"Pery said: 'The Lady has descended from the sky because the moon, her mother, gave her leave; Pery, son of the sun, will accompany the Lady on earth.'

"Pery's eyes were on the Lady, but his ear was attentive. The rock cracked and threatened to injure the Lady.

"The Lady had saved Pery's mother; Pery did not wish the Lady to become sad and return to the sky.

"White warrior, Pery, first of his tribe, son of Ararê, of the Goytacaz nation, mighty in war, offers you his bow; you are a friend."

The Indian here ended his story.

While he was speaking, an appearance of savage pride of strength and courage gleamed in his black eyes, and lent an air of nobility to his demeanor. Though ignorant, a son of the forests, he was a king; he had the royalty of strength. As soon as he had ended, the pride of the warrior disappeared; he became timid and modest; he was now only a barbarian in the presence of civilized beings, whose superiority of education he instinctively recognized.

Dom Antonio listened to him smiling at his style, now figurative, now simple as the first sentences that the child lisps on its mother's breast. The nobleman translated as well as he could this

poetical language to Cecilia, who, recovered from her fright, was eager — in spite of the fear that the Indian caused her — to know what he said.

It was evident from the story than an Indian woman who had been rescued two days before by Dom Antonio from the hands of the adventurers, and whom Cecilia had loaded with presents of blue and scarlet beads, was Pery's mother.

"Pery," said the nobleman, "when two men meet and become friends, the one who is at the other's house receives his hospitality."

"It is a custom that the aged have transmitted to the youth of the tribe and the fathers to the sons."

"You will take supper with us."

"Pery obeys you."

The evening was waning; the first stars began to appear. The family, accompanied by Pery, went to the house and ascended the esplanade.

Dom Antonio went in for a moment and returned with a beautiful carbine, bearing the nobleman's coat of arms, the same that we have already seen in the hands of the Indian.

"It is my faithful companion, my weapon of war; it never hung fire, never missed the mark; its ball is like the arrow of your bow. Pery, you have given me my daughter; my daughter gives you her father's war-gun."

The Indian received the present with deep gratitude.

"This weapon, which comes from the Lady, and Pery will form but one body."

The bell in the courtyard sounded the hour of supper. The Indian, harassed by strange customs, and under the influence of a feeling of awe, did not know how to act. In spite of every effort on the part of the nobleman, who felt an indescribable pleasure in showing him how much he appreciated his act, and how overjoyed he was to see his daughter alive, the savage did not touch a mouthful.

Finally Dom Antonio, perceiving that

every entreaty was vain, filled two goblets with Canary wine.

"Pery," said the nobleman, "there is a custom among the whites for a man to drink to him who is his friend. Wine is the liquor that imparts strength, courage, joy. To drink to a friend is a way of saying that the friend is and shall be strong, courageous, and happy. I drink to the son of Araré."

"And Pery drinks to you, because you are the father of the Lady; drinks to you, because you saved his mother; drinks to you, because you are a warrior."

At each word the Indian touched the goblet, and drank a mouthful of wine, without making the least sign of dislike; he would have drunk poison to the health of Cecilia's father.

III.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

PERY had returned at different times to the house.

The aged nobleman received him cordially, and treated him as a friend; his noble character sympathized with that uncultured nature. But Cecilia, in spite of the gratitude that his devotion to her inspired, could not overcome the fear she felt at seeing one of those savages of whom her mother gave her so hideous a description, and whose name had been used to frighten her when a child.

On Isabel the Indian had made the same impression that the presence of a man of his color always produced; she remembered her unhappy mother, the race from which she sprung, and the cause of the contempt with which she was commonly treated.

As for Dona Lauriana, she saw in Pery a faithful dog that had rendered a service to the family, and was sufficiently rewarded with a piece of bread. We must, however, say that it was not from a bad heart that she thought so, but in consequence of prejudices of education.

One morning, a fortnight after Cecilia had been rescued by Pery, Ayres Gomes crossed the esplanade, and sought Dom Antonio, who was in his armory.

"Dom Antonio, the stranger to whom you gave hospitality two weeks ago, asks an audience of you."

"Show him in."

Ayres Gomes introduced the stranger. It was that Loredano into whom the Carmelite, Brother Angelo di Luca, had transformed himself.

"What do you wish, friend? Is anything lacking?"

"On the contrary, sir, I am so well situated that my desire would be to remain."

"And who hinders you? As our hospitality does not ask the name of the seeker, so also it does not inquire the time of his departure."

"Your hospitality is that of a true nobleman; but it is not of that that I wish to speak."

"Explain yourself, then."

"One of your band, is going to Rio de Janeiro, where he has a wife and children, who have arrived from the kingdom."

"Yes; he spoke to me about it yesterday."

"You lack, then, one man; I can be that man, if you have no objection."

"None whatever."

"In that case, may I consider myself admitted?"

"Wait; Ayres Gomes will explain to you the conditions to which you subject yourself; if you agree to them the business is decided."

"I believe I already understand those conditions," said the Italian, smiling.

"Nevertheless, go."

The nobleman called his esquire, and charged him to acquaint the Italian with the conditions of the company of adventurers that he had in his service. This was one of the prerogatives of Ayres Gomes, who discharged it with all the gravity of which his somewhat grotesque

appearance was susceptible. Upon reaching the esplanade, the esquire drew himself up, and began the following introduction:—

“Law, statute, rule, discipline, or by whatever better name it may be called, to which every one subjects himself who enters into the service of the Cavalier Dom Antonio de Mariz, nobleman of rank, of the stock of the Marizes in direct line.”

Here the esquire moistened his throat, and then proceeded:—

“First: Unquestioning obedience. Whoever refuses shall suffer death.”

The Italian made a sign of approval.

“This means, Sir Italian, that if some day Dom Antonio orders you to leap down from this rock, say your prayers and leap; for in one way or the other, feet foremost or head foremost, on the faith of Ayres Gomes, you will have to go.”

Loredano smiled.

“Secondly: To be contented with what there is. Whoever—”

“With your leave, Senhor Ayres Gomes, do not give yourself unnecessary trouble; I know all that you are going to say, and therefore excuse you from continuing.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean that all the comrades, each one in his turn, have already described to me the ceremony that you are now putting in practice.”

“Nevertheless—”

“It is useless. I know everything, accept everything, swear everything you wish.”

And saying this the Italian turned, and proceeded to Dom Antonio's room, while the esquire, angry at not having carried out to the end the initiatory ceremony to which he attached so much value, muttered, “A low class of people!”

Loredano presented himself to Dom Antonio.

“Well?” said the nobleman.

“I accept.”

“Very well; now but one thing remains, which Ayres Gomes naturally has not told you.”

“What, cavalier?”

“That Dom Antonio de Mariz,” said the nobleman, placing his hand on the Italian's shoulder, “is a rigorous chief to his men, but a true, loyal friend to his comrades. I am here the lord of the house and the father of the whole family, to which you now belong.”

The Italian bowed to thank him, but more than all to conceal the alteration in his countenance. Upon hearing Dom Antonio's noble words he felt agitated; for his brain was already at work upon the plot that we saw revealed a year later.

When he left the place where he had concealed his treasure, the adventurer had gone straight to the house of Dom Antonio de Mariz and asked the hospitality that was refused to no one; his intention was to proceed to Rio de Janeiro, there to arrange the means of turning his fortune to account.

Two ideas had occurred to his mind when he found himself the possessor of the paper of Roberio Dias. Should he go to Europe, and sell his secret to Phillip III. or the sovereign of some powerful nation hostile to Spain? Should he take into his service a company of adventurers, and explore on his own account this fabulous treasure, which must raise him to the pinnacle of greatness? This last idea pleased him most.

Meantime he formed no positive resolution. His secret having been bestowed in a safe place, and himself relieved of that weight which made him tremble at every step, the Italian resolved, as we have said, to seek hospitality of Dom Antonio de Mariz. There he would mature his plan and mark out the road he was to follow; then he would return for the paper, and with it march to riches, fortune, power.

At the nobleman's house the ex-Car-

melite with his keenness of observation studied the situation, and found it favorable to the carrying out of an idea which soon began to take form in his mind.

Mercenaries, who sell their liberty, conscience, and life, for a salary, have a true devotion for only one object, money; their martyr, their chief, their friend, is he who pays them most. Brother Angelo knew the human heart, and therefore no sooner did he become one of the band than he formed an estimate of the character of the adventurers. "These men would serve my purpose perfectly," said he to himself.

In the midst of these reflections a circumstance occurred that produced a complete revolution in his ideas. He saw Cecilia.

The image of that beautiful girl, chaste and innocent, was to his ardent nature, long sealed as with a crust of ice by monastic life, a spark upon powder. He thought this woman as necessary to his existence as the treasure of which he dreamed; to be rich for her, to possess her to enjoy his riches, was from that time forth his only passion.

One of the adventurers was about to leave the house; Loredano solicited his place and obtained it, as we have seen; his plan was formed. What it was we already know. The Italian purposed to become chief of the band, to possess himself of Cecilia, go to the hidden mines, obtain as much silver as he could carry away, proceed to Bahia, capture a Spanish ship, and make sail for Europe. There he would equip a fleet, return to Brazil, explore his treasure, draw from it immense riches, and——. And the world opened before him, full of hope and happiness.

For a year he worked upon this enterprise with sagacity and intelligence; he had gained over the two most influential men of the band, Ruy Soeiro and Bento Simoes; through them he was preparing for the final issue.

There were only two persons who

could ruin him. Now, Loredano was not a man to overlook the result of treason, and to put into the hands of his accomplices a weapon with which they could slay him; hence the idea of that will which he had intrusted to Dom Antonio. Only in that paper, instead of having revealed his plot, as the Italian had told Ruy Soeiro, he had merely pointed out the treason of the two adventurers, declaring that he had been seduced by them; the friar had lied therefore even in death, when the paper was to speak.

The confidence which he had in the character of Dom Antonio gave him entire peace of mind; he knew that under no circumstances would the nobleman open the will that had been placed in his keeping.

Thus lived Brother Angelo di Luca, under his new name of Loredano, in the house of Dom Antonio de Mariz, preparing for the realization at last of his constant thought. He had waited for a year, and as he said, was tired. He had resolved at last to strike the blow.

But let us not anticipate: it is still 1603, a year before he was ready to act, and we have still certain circumstances to relate that will serve as an introduction to this story.

IV.

CECY.

A FEW hours after Loredano had been admitted into the house, Cecilia, going to the window of her room, saw Pery on the opposite side of the declivity, looking at her with deep admiration. The poor Indian, timid and reserved, did not venture to approach the house except when he saw Dom Antonio walking on the esplanade; he was conscious that in that dwelling only the noble heart of the aged cavalier felt any esteem for him.

He had not made his appearance for four days; Dom Antonio had begun to

think that he had returned with his tribe to the regions where they dwelt. The Goytacazes ruled over the entire territory between Cape St. Thomas and Cape Frio. They were a warlike people, valiant and fearless, and on different occasions had made the conquerors feel the force of their arms. They had completely destroyed the colony of Parahyba, founded by Pedro de Góes, and after a siege of six months had in like manner laid waste the colony of Victoria, founded in Espirito Santo by Vasco Fernandes Continho.

Let us return from this slight historical digression to our hero.

Cecilia's first movement on seeing the Indian had been one of fright; she had fled from the window mechanically. But her good heart was vexed at that fear, and told her that she had nothing to apprehend from the man who had saved her life. She remembered that it would be wrong and ungrateful to repay the devotion which he showed to her by showing the repugnance he inspired. She accordingly overcame her timidity, and resolved to make a sacrifice to the gratitude she owed to him. She went to the window, and beckoned him with her pretty white hand to approach.

The Indian, unable to restrain his joy, ran toward the house, while Cecilia sought her father, and said to him:

"Pery is approaching, father; come and see him."

"Is he? Good!" said the nobleman. And in company with his daughter, Dom Antonio went to meet the Indian, who had already reached the esplanade.

Pery had in his hand a little basket, woven with extraordinary delicacy of very white straw, like lace-work; through the interstices were heard feeble chirpings, and a slight noise made by the little inhabitants of that pretty nest. He knelt at Cecilia's feet; without venturing to raise his eyes, he presented to her the straw basket.

Opening the lid, the girl was startled, but smiled. A swarm of humming birds was fluttering within, and some escaped. One came and nestled in her bosom; another began to hover around her fair head, as if it mistook her rosy little mouth for a flower.

She was delighted with those brilliant little birds, some scarlet, others blue and green, and all of golden luster, and exquisite and delicate forms. When she grew weary of admiring them, she took them one by one, kissed them, warmed them in her bosom, and grieved that she was not a pretty, fragrant flower, that they might kiss her too and hover constantly around her. Pery looked on, and was happy; for the first time since he had saved her life he had succeeded in doing something that brought a smile of pleasure to her lips.

Still, notwithstanding this happiness, it was easy to see that the Indian was sad; he went up to Dom Antonio and said, "Pery is going away."

"Ah!" said the nobleman. "You are going back to your country?"

"Yes; Pery returns to the land that covers the bones of Ararê."

"Ask him why he goes away and leaves us, father," said Cecilia.

The nobleman translated the question.

"Because the Lady does not need Pery, and Pery must accompany his mother and brethren."

"But if the rock threatens to injure the Lady, who will defend her?" asked the girl, smiling, and alluding to the Indian's narrative.

Hearing the question from Dom Antonio's lips, Pery did not know what to reply, because it reminded him of a thought that had already passed through his mind: he feared in his absence the girl would be subject to some peril, and he not be near to save her.

"If the Lady orders it, Pery will remain."

Cecilia, as soon as her father translated the Indian's response, laughed at

his blind obedience ; but she was a woman, and a trace of vanity slept in her girlish heart. To see that wild soul, free as the birds that hover in the air or the rivers that coursed through the plain, that strong and vigorous nature, which performed prodigies of strength and courage, that will, untameable as the mountain torrent, prostrate at her feet, a vanquished and submissive slave ! She must have been other than a woman not to have felt a pride in her control over such a nature. • Women have this characteristic, that, recognizing their own weakness, their greatest ambition is to reign through the magnetism of this weakness over whatever is strong, great, and superior to themselves ; they love intelligence, courage, genius, power, only to vanquish and subjugate them.

"The Lady does not wish Pery to go away," said she, with a queenly air.

The Indian understood her perfectly.

"Pery will remain."

"See, Cecilia," said Dom Antonio, laughing ; "he obeys you !"

Cecilia smiled.

"My daughter thanks you for the sacrifice, Pery," continued the nobleman, "but neither of us wish you to abandon your tribe."

"The Lady has ordered it," replied the Indian.

"She wanted to see if you would obey her ; she has learned your devotion, and is satisfied ; she consents to your departure."

"No !"

"But your brethren, your mother, and your free life ?"

"Pery is the Lady's slave."

"But Pery is a warrior and a chief."

"The Goytacaz nation has a hundred warriors powerful as Pery, a thousand bows swift as the flight of the hawk."

"Then you are determined to remain ?"

"Yes ; and as you do not wish to admit Pery to your house, a forest tree will serve for his shelter."

"You offend me, Pery !" exclaimed the nobleman. "My door is open to all, and above all to you, who are a friend, and who rescued my daughter."

"No, Pery means no offense ; but he knows that his skin is red."

"And his heart golden."

While Dom Antonio was continuing his efforts to induce the Indian to depart, a monotonous chant was heard from the forest. Pery listened, and descending from the esplanade ran in the direction whence came the voice that was chanting with the sad and melancholy cadence peculiar to the Indians the following lament in the Guarany tongue :—

"The star has shone ; we set out with the evening. The breeze has blown ; it bears us on its wings.

"War brought us ; we conquer. The war is over ; we return.

"In war the warriors fight ; there is blood. In peace the women work ; there is wine.

"The star has shone ; it is the hour of departure. The breeze has blown ; it is time to go."

The person singing this savage song was an aged Indian woman, who, leaning against a tree in the forest, had seen through the foliage the scene enacted on the esplanade. On reaching her, Pery became sad and troubled.

"Mother !" exclaimed he.

"Come !" said the woman, advancing into the woods.

"No !"

"We are ready to depart."

"Pery remains."

The woman looked at her son in utter astonishment. "Your brethren are going."

Pery made no reply.

"Your mother is going."

The same silence.

"Your country awaits you."

"Pery remains, mother," said he, with a voice betraying emotion.

"Why ?"

"The Lady has ordered it."

The poor mother received that word as an irrevocable sentence ; she knew the control exercised over Pery's soul by the image of Our Lady which he had seen in the midst of a fight, and had personified in Cecilia. She felt that she was about to lose her son, the pride of her old age, as Ararê had been the pride of her youth. A tear trickled down her copper-colored cheek.

"Mother, take Pery's bow ; bury it near the bones of his father ; and burn Ararê's cabin."

"No ; if some day Pery returns, he will find his father's cabin, and his mother to love him ; everything will be sad till the moon of flowers brings the son of Ararê to the country where he was born."

Pery shook his head sorrowfully : "Pery will not return !"

His mother started with a movement of terror and despair.

"The fruit that falls from the tree does not return to it again ; the leaf that becomes detached from the branch withers, dries up, and dies ; the wind carries it away. Pery is the leaf ; you are the tree, mother. Pery will not return to your bosom."

"The white virgin saved your mother ; she should have let her die rather than rob her of her son. A mother without her son is a tract without water, which burns and kills whatever approaches it." These words were accompanied by a threatening look, in which was revealed the ferocity of a tiger defending its young.

"Mother, do not injure the Lady ; Pery would die, and at the last hour would think of you."

Both stood some time in silence.

"Your mother will remain," said the woman, with a tone of resolution.

"And who will be the mother of the tribe ? Who will guard Pery's cabin ? Who will narrate to the children the wars of Ararê, mighty among the mightiest ? Who will tell how many

times the Goytacazes have set fire to the city of the white men, and conquered the men of thunder ? Who will prepare the wines and drinks for the warriors, and teach the sons the customs of the fathers ? Pery uttered these words with an enthusiasm roused by the recollections of his savage life.

The woman became pensive and replied : "Your mother will return ; she will await you at the door of the cabin in the shade of the jambo¹ tree ; if its blossoms come without Pery, your mother will never see the fruit."

She placed her hands on her son's shoulders, and rested her forehead on his, while their tears mingled.

Presently she withdrew slowly ; Pery followed her with his eyes till she disappeared in the forest ; he was on the point of running, calling her, and going with her. But the wind brought to his ear the silvery voice of Cecilia talking with her father, and he remained.

That night he had built, on the edge of the rock, the little cabin that was to be his world.

Three months passed. Cecilia, who for a moment had overcome her repugnance for the Indian when she ordered him to remain, forgot the ingratitude of the action, and no longer concealed her antipathy. When he approached her, she would utter a cry of fear and flee, or order him to retire. Pery, who already understood and spoke Portuguese, would withdraw humbly and sorrowfully. Nevertheless his devotion remained constant ; he accompanied Dom Antonio on his expeditions, aided him with his experience, and guided him to deposits of gold or precious stones. Upon his return he would spend the whole day in the fields in search of a perfume, a flower, a bird, which he would deliver to the nobleman with the request that he would give it to Cecy, since he no

¹Of the genus *Eugenia* (order *Myrtaceæ*), several species of which yield fruit, among the finest of tropical regions, and remarkable for a delicious balsamic odor.

longer ventured to approach her himself.

Cecy was the name which the Indian gave his mistress after he had learned that she was called Cecilia. One day the girl, hearing him call her so, and finding a pretext for getting angry with the submissive slave who obeyed her slightest word, reproved him sharply.

"Why do you call me Cecy?"

The Indian smiled sadly.

"Can you not say Cecilia?"

Pery pronounced all the syllables distinctly; this was the more to be wondered at since his language lacked four letters, of which *l* was one.

"But then," said the girl with some curiosity, "if you know my name why do you not always say it?"

"Because Cecy is the name which Pery has in his soul."

"Oh, it is a name of your language?"

"Yes."

"What does it mean?"

"What Pery feels."

"But in Portuguese?"

"Mistress must not know."

The girl tapped her foot impatiently on the ground. Dom Antonio was passing; Cecilia ran to him. "Father, tell me what *Cecy* signifies in that Indian language which you speak?"

"*Cecy*?" said the nobleman, endeavoring to recollect. "Yes! It is a verb, meaning to *pain*, to *grieve*."

The girl felt a twinge of remorse; she was conscious of her ingratitude; and remembering what she owed to the Indian, and the manner in which she treated him, she thought herself wicked, selfish, and cruel.

"What a sweet word!" said she to her father. "It is like the song of a bird."

From that day she was good to Pery. She gradually lost her fear, and began to understand that untutored soul. She no longer saw in him a slave, but a faithful and devoted friend.

"Call me Cecy," she would sometimes

say to the Indian, smiling; "that sweet name will remind me that I have been unkind to you, and teach me to be good."

V.

BASENESS.

It is time to continue this story, interrupted to relate some antecedent events.

Let us return, then, to the place where we left Loredano and his companions, terror stricken by that unlooked-for exclamation.

The two accomplices, superstitious as were persons of the lower classes in that age, attributed the occurrence to a supernatural cause, and saw in it a warning from heaven. Loredano, however, was not a man to yield to such weakness. He had heard a voice, and that voice, though dull and hollow, must have been the voice of a man. Who was it? Could it be Dom Antonio? or one of the adventurers? He could not tell; his mind was lost in a chaos of uncertainties.

He made a sign to Ruy Soeiro and Bento Simoes to follow him, and securing in his bosom the fatal parchment, the cause of so many crimes, sprang into the plain. They had advanced perhaps a hundred yards, when they saw a cavalier crossing the path they were pursuing. The Italian recognized him immediately; it was Alvaro.

The young man was seeking the solitude to think of Cecilia, and especially to reflect on a circumstance that had occurred that morning, which he could not understand. He had seen Cecilia's window open, the two girls appear, exchange glances, and then Isabel fall on her knees at her cousin's feet. If he had heard what we already know, he would have understood perfectly; but, distant as he was, he could merely see without being seen by the girls.

Loredano, upon seeing the cavalier, turned to his companions. "There he

is!" said he, with a look gleaming with joy. "Fools! to attribute to heaven what you cannot understand!" And he accompanied these words with a smile of deep contempt. "Wait for me here."

"What are you going to do?" asked Ruy Soeiro.

The Italian turned with surprise, and then shrugged his shoulders, as if his companion's question did not merit a reply. Ruy Soeiro, who knew the character of this man, understood the action. A remnant of magnanimity still lingering in his corrupt heart prompted him to grasp his companion's arm, to hold him back.

"Do you wish me to speak?" said Loredano.

"It is besides a useless crime!" chimed in Bento Simoes.

The Italian fixed upon him his eyes, cold as the touch of polished steel. "There is one more useful, friend Simoes; we will consider it at the proper time."

And without waiting for a reply, he plunged into the bushes that covered the plain at that point, and followed Alvaro, who was proceeding slowly on his way.

The young man, though absorbed in thought, had all the watchfulness that the hazardous life of our hunters in the interior, compelled to penetrate virgin forests, imparts. There man is surrounded by dangers on every side; in front, behind, on the left, on the right, in the air, on the ground, there may spring up an enemy that, concealed by the foliage, approaches unseen. The sole defense is an acuteness of hearing capable of distinguishing among the vague noises of the forest such as are not produced by the wind, coupled with a rapidity and certainty of vision able to explore the gloom of the thickets and penetrate the dense foliage of the trees. This gift of practiced hunters Alvaro possessed; and as soon as the wind

brought to his ear the sound of dry leaves crackling under foot, he raised his head and looked around the plain; then, by way of precaution, he leaned against the thick trunk of an isolated tree, and folding his arms over his carbine waited. In that position the enemy, whatever it was, beast, reptile, man, could attack him only in front.

Loredano, crouched among the leaves, had observed this movement and hesitated. But his secret was compromised; the suspicion he had entertained that it was Alvaro who a little while before had threatened him with the word, "*Traitors!*" was confirmed in his mind by the caution with which the young man avoided a surprise. The cavalier was a terrible enemy, and wielded every weapon with admirable dexterity. The Italian had reason for hesitating; but necessity urged, and he was brave and active. He advanced toward the cavalier, resolved to die, or save his life and fortune.

Alvaro frowned as he saw him approach; after what had occurred the evening before, and that morning, he hated the man, or rather despised him.

"I wager you have had the same thought as I, cavalier," said the adventurer when he got within a few steps of Alvaro.

"I don't know what you mean," replied the young man coldly.

"I mean, cavalier, that two men who hate each other meet better in a solitary place than among their companions."

"It is not hate that you inspire in me; it is contempt. It is more than contempt, it is loathing. The reptile that creeps along the ground causes me less repugnance."

"Let us not dispute about words, cavalier; it all comes to the same thing I hate you, you despise me! I could have told you as much."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the cavalier, putting his hand on the hilt of his sword. So rapid was the movement.

that the word had no sooner escaped from his lips than the steel blade touched the Italian's cheek. Loredano sought to avoid the insult, but there was no time.

His eyes became inflamed with rage. "cavalier, you owe me satisfaction for the insult you have offered me."

"It is fair," answered Alvaro with dignity. "But not with the sword which is the weapon of a cavalier; draw your bandit's dagger and defend yourself."

With these words, the young man sheathed his sword with the greatest calmness, fastened it to his belt so as not to embarrass his movements, and drew his dagger, an excellent Damascus blade.

The two enemies advanced toward each other and engaged. The Italian was agile and strong, and defended himself with consummate skill; yet twice already had Alvaro's dagger, grazing his neck, cut the collar of his doublet.

Suddenly Loredano sprang backward, and raised his left hand as a signal for a truce.

"Are you satisfied?" asked Alvaro.

"No, cavalier; but I think that instead of wearying ourselves uselessly here, we had better adopt a more expeditious method."

"Choose whatever weapon you please, except the sword; all others are indifferent to me."

"Still another thing: if we fight here, we may prejudice each other; for I intend to kill you, and I believe you have the same intention with respect to me. Now it is necessary that he who falls should leave no mark to betray the survivor."

"What do you propose under the circumstances?"

"The river is at hand here; you have your carbine. We will station ourselves each on a rock. The one that falls dead or merely wounded will belong to the

river and the cataract; he will not inconvenience the other."

"You are right; it is better so. I should blush if Dom Antonio de Mariz knew that I had fought with a man of your class."

"Let's start at once, cavalier; we hate each other enough not to waste time in words."

Both went on in the direction of the river, whose noise was distinctly heard.

Alvaro despised his enemy too much to have the least fear of him; besides, his noble and loyal soul, incapable of the least baseness, had no thought of treachery. It did not enter his mind that a man who had challenged him to fair and open combat could be infamous enough to strike him in the back. Accordingly he continued on his way, when the Italian, letting fall his sword belt purposely, stopped an instant to pick it up and fasten it on again. What passed through his mind in that interval was not in accord with the noble ideas of the cavalier. Seeing the young man advance, he said to himself: "I need this man's life; I have it. It would be madness to let it escape and place mine in jeopardy. A duel in this desert, without witnesses, is a fight in which victory belongs to the smartest."

While saying this the Italian cocked his carbine with the utmost caution, and followed Alvaro at a distance, that the ringing of the iron, or the silence of his footsteps might not arouse the attention of the young man.

Alvaro went on tranquilly; his thought was far away, hovering around the image of Cecilia, at whose side he saw Isabel's large black eyes full of melancholy languor. It was the first time that that dark face and that ardent and voluptuous beauty had mingled in his dreams with the fair angel of his love. Whence came this? The young man could not answer; but something, almost a presentiment, told him that in that scene at the window there was between the

two girls a secret, a confidence, a disclosure, and that he was that secret. Accordingly, when death was approaching, when it was already breathing upon him, and was ready to seize him, unconcerned and absorbed in thought he revolved in his mind ideas of love, and fed himself with hopes. He did not think of death; he had confidence in himself and faith in God; but if by chance some fatality should overtake him, he was consoled by the idea that Cecilia, whom he had offended, would forgive him, whatever resentment she might still harbor.

With this he put his hand in his bosom and drew out the *jasmin* the maiden had given him, already withered from

contact with his burning lips; he was about to kiss it again, when it occurred to him that the Italian might see him.

But he did not hear the adventurer's step. His first thought was that he had fled; and as cowardice is associated in noble minds with baseness, the idea of treachery presented itself. He was on the point of turning round, but did not. To exhibit any fear of that wretch was abhorrent to his pride as a cavalier; he held his head erect and went on.

He little knew that at that moment the hammer of the carbine, moved by a firm finger, was descending, and that the ball, guided by the sure sight of the Italian, was ready to speed on its way.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]



IS IT WORTH WHILE TO LIVE?

WORTH while? and does it pay? Ay, naught on earth
 That I'm familiar with is better worth
 Than living. Just to breathe, and eat, and drink,
 To sleep like Sancho Panza, love, and think,
 Pays better dividends to me and mine
 Than stock in any patented machine,
 Or city lots, or telephone of Bell.

But mark my bounds and limitations well.
 My pen is dipped in common writing fluid.
 No seer am I, to augur like a Druid
 Of things ahead, or like the Boston fair
 Tell every symptom from a lock of hair.
 I'm only second, not a seventh son,
 And when my dissertation all is done,
 I'll warrant woes and troubles still there be
 Whose compensation you will fail to see.

Examples these:—Yon witless pauper boy,
 Forgetful if he ever knew a joy;
 His parchment face a silhouette of grief,
 His limbs distort in angles past belief,
 His days delightful as King Phil. of Spain
 Allowed to Protestants throughout his reign,
 Or Claverhouse to highland Covenanters,
 His nightly visions sweet as Tam O'Shanter's.
 Pain, pain, eternal round of aching pain,
 From morning light till morning comes again.
 Such utter woe and tribulation fill him,
 I wonder would it be a sin to kill him?

Or one of Alexander's convict nobles,
 As o'er Siberia's frozen mud he hobbles,
 His honor gone, his fortune, children, wife:
 His hearth-stone desolate: his doom for life.
 What single glow athwart his leaden sky
 Can Campbell's all-enduring hope supply?

Or, nearer home, those stolid men of brawn
 Whom scarce a ray of sunlight falls upon,
 Who delve in mines, or feed the engine's maw,
 Their wages dogs', their bed a cot of straw.
 Yon hectic girl whose needle cannot save
 Herself, her virtue, from an early grave.

Hath life a price to them? Is life a boon
 To mother mourning for her felon son?
 To men insane? To worn out debauchees
 In love with wine, but forced to drink the lees?
 Or, once again, is life worth while to those
 Who sing, "This world's a wilderness o' woes?"
 Deem laughter sin, and think their heavenly chance
 Proportioned to their hatred of the dance?
 Await a harp the better land within,
 But can't endure the dulcet violin?
 Neglect the peaceful glades of Central Park,
 To tell the tale of Noah's flood and ark?
 Live half in doleful fable, half in dreams
 Of future walks beside celestial streams?

All these—why they should tarry here, or care to,
 Is more than I can ever guess, or dare to.
 God keeps the record of their woe and bliss;
 He only knows which way the balance is.

We long to live. From birth to mumbling age
 The saint, the sinner, simpleton, and sage,
 Count every vital breath they draw a gain.
 I know, when bent with age, or mad with pain,
 They shriek, (a hundred times I've heard them,) "Oh,
 I'd rather die, than do or suffer so!"
 But mind, when Death, the solemn dun, appears,
 Prepared to give receipt for all arrears,
 On marble writ, in eulogistic terms,
 The sage or fool, the saint or sinner, squirms,
 Pleads sophistries of therapeutic law,
 Tries every trick he ever heard or saw,
 The bitterest powder takes, the biggest pill,
 To shun the payment of his honest bill.

We hate to die. As pitiful I've stood
 To soothe the pain of gray decrepitude,
 The cureless pain that saps the outer fence
 While traitor anodynes benumb the sense,
 I've asked,—I hope with due humility,—
 "Were choosing lawful, would you live or die?"
 And ever yet they've answered, weak, but clear,
 "With all my pain, I'd live another year."

They say the direst suffering mortals know
 Is mild beside the fierce maternal throe.
 Now mind my theme, and hear the lady's wail,
 "Oh, Doctor! Help! I die! I know I shall!"
 Not "Let me die!" and all such cries at random.
 She wants to *live*. *Quod erat demonstrandum*.

But soon, ah, soon shall rapture supervene!
 Forgotten fear, forgot the vale of pain.
 On heights of joy her giddy senses whirl.
 The doctor nods; the women whisper, "Girl!"
 Ay, joy rejoicing! Ring the merry chime!
 Another crystal drop the stream of time
 Hath mingled with its rolling, surging flood.
 A leaf unwritten from the scroll of God
 Hath floated down to earth like falling snow.
 What shall be written on it, none may know.

Worth while to live? Go ask the mother-wife
 What ransom buys that bit of panting life
 Upon her breast. Ask her the selling price
 Of dimples, velvet lip, and wondering eyes.
 In after years ask her the sum and measure
 Of all the laughter sweet, the joy and pleasure
 That baby's infancy bequeathed to her,—
 The nestling close, the soft, contented purr,
 The first, uncertain step she took, and fell,
 The word she meant and tried in vain to tell,—
 All these, and things like these a hundred score,
 For mother's toil are payment better, more
 Than all the money Vanderbilt has made,
 Or gold the Bank of London ever had.
 No wonder painters rave and men go wild
 O'er Raphael's Madonna and the Child;
 For what can tell a tale of perfect bliss,
 If not the blending trust and love in this?

Well, you admit it pays the mother, may be;
 A word will show it doubly pays the baby.
 Awhile she sleeps almost continually;
 And Socrates and Sancho both agree
 That sleep is man's divinest boon and right.
 Awake, and what a blessed appetite!
 How brief and light her hours of labor be!
 And what an autocratic ruler she!
 But leave the girl awhile until she grows;
 That girls are happy everybody knows.

Now what about the boy, the bold, bad boy?
 The tousle-headed, unregenerate boy,
 Whose freckles almost hide his eyes of blue,
 Whose energy has pushed his elbows through?
 I've been a boy, and don't you dare to tell me
 Unmingled trouble, plague, and woe, befell me.
 I've had more fun in half a summer's day

Than some folks I know have from June to May.
 Would I return and be a boy again?
 Not for the wealth of all my fellow men.
 But when I cracked that nut and ate the meat
 I thought it rich and rare and honey sweet.

Each morn a boy awakes, the world is new
 To put his interrogatories to,
 To be investigated, seen, and felt,
 Crawled over, under, prodded, tasted, smelt.
 A shake and wriggle doff his robe of night,
 A couple more will set his toilet right.
 Now, whoop! He's coming down the baluster,
 As fast as Milton's hero through the air.
 A hasty meal,—*in parvo multum*, though,—
 And whoop! Again he's gone before you know.
 He's gone to make the snapping turtle snap,
 To set his rabbit snare and woodchuck trap,
 To sail the frog-pond, dare its highest wave,
 To build a fort, a dam, to dig a cave,
 To fight the turkeycock and bumblebee,
 To climb the belfry, shed, or maple tree,
 For swallows', wrens' or yellow-hammers' eggs,
 To make a puzzle-board with wooden pegs,—
 To do, in short, the greatest thing he can,
 And dream of greater when he grows a man.

School? Study? Yes, they damped his joy;
 But, recompense! he whipped the biggest boy!
 Mumps? Measles? Scarlatina? What are all
 But resting spells between the games of ball?

His falls, you say, of course. Who ever saw
 So good a showing up of Newton's law?
 He fell from steeples, chimneys, every place
 With altitude enough. He fell from grace;
 But few his tears and light his bruises prove,
 Till, O, unlucky wight! he fell in love.
 At seventeen, you say? No, at eleven,
 And she, the worshiped one, was twenty-seven.

No doubt, Pasteur or Koch will yet discover
 The pathogenic germ that ails the lover.
 Until they do, we, like a doctor wise,
 Describe the symptoms as they may arise
 In boys unvaccinated, ere the cheeks
 Have lost the dainty bloom that Horace speaks
 About. A queer disease,—it oft recurs.
 Each new infection proves a little worse,
 Like rheumatism, heart disease, or gout.

The cheeks and forehead have a breaking out
 Of lobster red; tongue dry and much inclined
 To stick, whene'er he tries to speak his mind;
 Peculiar appetite; seems not to note
 The taste of things he pushes down his throat.
 Chalk, candy, mouldy bread, Limburger cheese,
 All taste alike to him who hears and sees
 Alone the voice and form of Mary Jane.
 Sometimes the patient groans as if in pain,
 Anon he vents his woe in doggerel verse.
 ('Tis hard to tell which symptom is the worse).

A kindly beam from out her hazel eye
 Will goad the pulse and raise the fever high
 Enough the best thermometer to break;
 But let her coldly frown, or let her take
 Another fellow's arm, the chill comes on,
 As one who, basking 'neath a summer sun,
 Feels down his back the joker's lump of ice.
 O luckless wight! So full of miseries!

But stop! Whoa, Pegasus! Where are you going?
 We've lost the track. My argument is showing
 The very opposite of what I want to prove.
 To live like this, forever sick with love,
 Were hardly worth the outlay and the trying.
 No wonder lovers always talk of dying.

In patience wait. The youngster's woe and trouble
 Are but the angry foam, the noisy bubble
 Of mountain brook. The river flows at length,
 Full-bosomed, deep, the type of joyous strength.

From valleys take the rivers. Let their beds
 Dry rock appear,—sand, boulders, withered reeds,
 Uprooted trees, wrecks, things dead and dank,
 With wood and meadow dead on either bank,—
 So drear were life with love, true love, away:
 A moonless night, a sunless, winter day.

From language prune the loving paradigm,
 And flowers of speech would die on every limb.
 The verb is found in every mood and tense;
 The thought itself is wide as human sense.
 "Philéo," chants the Greek, across the sea,
 The Roman maiden answers, "Amo te,"
 And Gretschén's low "Ich lieb," Marie's "Je t'aime,"
 And Mary's frank "I love you," mean the same.

Worth while to live? Ay, sweetheart, while thine eye
Sheds into mine the beam of constancy.

But other joys remain. Suppose that fate
Denies or takes away the darling mate,
Makes the hot flood that ran at love's command
A desert river, sunken in the sand;
Do not despair. Look upward, outward, on;
The psalm of life hath stanzas more than one.

Let Nature be thy mistress; let thine eyes
Drink morn and eve the beauty of the skies;
Bow down; inhale her breath, the violet;
Or, pressing to her bosom closer yet,
Accord thine ear to hear within her frame
The deep, deep heart-throb of the great I Am.

Earth is so full of things to know and see,
From northern lights to animalculæ;
Mites, atoms, men, bright flowers, trees, and rocks,
Things winged and swimming, tides, and earthquake shocks.
In such a labyrinth can we not find
A place to lose the burdens of the mind?

Accomplishment is worth. To bear right on,
And leave behind you something made or done.
Away with Kenelm Chillingly! Away
With all th' indifferentism of the day!
Who would not live a century of woe
To write like Dickens, paint like Angelo,
To plan the Abbey or the Parthenon,
Like Burns to sing, succeed like Edison?

But think you then the world is all complete,
And fame all gathered, like a sheaf of wheat?
No, no, the world is tender yet and young;
The loudest pæans never have been sung.
A thousand victories invite us on,
Grander than Trafalgar or Marathon.
Poet and sage alike the truth proclaim
That evening's glory is tomorrow's shame.

Who yet has seen the navies of the air?
Who yet has seen o'erhead the polar star?
And who shall crush the slaver's traffic out,
Soften the plutocrat, the Russian knout?
And who shall write our country's Illiad?
And build the abbey for her noble dead?

And sometime in the ages war shall cease,
 And Krupp and Cramp shall forge the tools of peace.
 Revealed the parable, salvation's plan,
 A heaven on earth, the brotherhood of man.

F. Blanchard.

ETC.

It is ground for congratulation to lovers of their country's honor that less hasty counsels have prevailed in the matter of the annexation of Hawaii. A certain amount of chagrin must necessarily be felt by adherents of the retiring administration, since it had committed itself to the pushing through of the treaty without investigation; and therefore, to secure a just deliberation it was necessary for the incoming administration to reverse the last act of its predecessor,—a step that courtesy would gladly avoid where it is possible. There need be no party feeling about it, however, for to Republican senators as well as Democratic is due the credit of defeating the attempt to rush the treaty to confirmation. The whole matter can now be taken up again from the beginning, and sifted to the bottom. No harm will come to anyone from a decent delay and a careful inquiry, and the nation will be saved the disreputable appearance that snap-action in such a negotiation would in any event have had, even should it not prove in the end to be dishonorable action. The deliberate course of a well-meaning people is usually just, whatever impulsive or temporary injustice it may have to its charge; and if there has really been no valid tender of Hawaii by her people, to the United States, we can now be reasonably certain that advantage will not be taken of what has passed to make a practically military seizure of an unwilling territory. If, on the other hand, an honest and general desire for annexation appears in the islands, it is next in order to consider how far such a step would be advantageous to this country. It may be that the situation of affairs in Hawaii is such as to justify morally the annexation, and it may be that it is a good thing to do from a business point of view. The country is not yet in a position to judge as to either point. Very little more is known this month than last. The one thing that has become clearer is that Queen Liliuokalani need not be considered as a factor of any consequence in the problem. Her own envoys—unless they are incredibly shrewd in concealing their hand—are willing to surrender her case without a struggle. They may truly represent

her indifference, or they may be betraying her interests; but in either case they make it evident she is without a party of any weight, and is impossible hereafter as the ruler of Hawaii. Of course, no one in America holds any such view of the rights of royalty as to think that the Princess Kaiulani has any claim to the throne that may not be set aside by the will of the people. The real question is only the more emphasized, What is the will of the people? That the men who hold at present the control of the islands are among the most valuable residents there, men personally very estimable, is highly probable. But the best of men in their position—subjects legally of a government they regard with some contempt, but in spirit still Americans, and longing for American rule—may easily, and with a clear conscience, turn filibusters.

At the moment of this writing, it is impossible to say with just what degree of promise for Civil Service Reform the administration opens. Mr. Cleveland's friendship for it is well known, but it is also well known, from the conduct of his former term, that he does not regard the reform the prime need, to which other considerations are to be sacrificed, and in behalf of which his administration is to stand or fall. Even from the time of his nomination it was evident that the three things of prime importance in his mind were the maintenance of a gold standard of exchange, the reduction of tariff duties to a revenue basis, and the infusion of a spirit of economy and prudence into all the financial dealings of the government. Perhaps all these policies are merely specific applications of one principle with which he has especially identified himself,—the checking of a socialistic tendency to lean upon government aid in business; or, as he has phrased it, the conviction that "the people should support the government, not the government the people." And there is no doubt that the application of the same general principle to the civil service stands next in Mr. Cleveland's purpose after these leading policies of finance and taxation. The best friends of the Civil Service Reform

believe that there need be no conflict between them ; that the case will not occur in which, in the long run, anything will be gained for the revision of currency or tariff laws by making concessions as to the civil service. They have a good deal of reason to trust that Mr. Cleveland thinks so too : but the question is, Will he be able to wait for the long run ? The present condition of the treasury of course supersedes every other consideration, and leaves the administration with scarcely more ability to think of any but the immediate crisis than Lincoln's had when it came into office.

THERE is, however, no way apparent, so far, in which the management of the treasury crisis should call for any sacrifice of the civil service. With a narrow majority of the administration party in the Senate, and the presence in that majority of bitter enemies of the President, one might look to see him making concessions of patronage to these enemies under threat of the defeat of legislation that he felt must be carried at any cost. As a matter of fact, it is evident that the President is not in the least afraid of anything of the sort. It is evident that even before his election he had settled positively into the conviction to which he always inclined, even before he was thought of as Governor of New York, that enemies of that sort were better defied than conciliated ; that Tammany is better crushed than bribed. He seems to know what he is about in this, and to have the backing of the people of the country. So far, therefore, the indications are most excellent for the reform of the civil service. But the appointment of the secretaries and the assistant secretaries is the decisive thing, and on this side of the continent we do not know yet how far even the secretaries already

appointed are loyal to the reform. There are no known enemies to it among them, and no one that has been conspicuously its advocate. It is quite conceivable that in this cabinet, as in his former one, Mr. Cleveland would appoint some members for their qualifications in other respects, even though they were unsatisfactory in this one. In his former cabinet Mr. Bayard, and Mr. Whitney, and Mr. Endicott, left nothing to be asked in their conduct toward the civil service ; but as long as the Post-office, Treasury, and Interior departments were unreformed, it could not be called a reform administration. It may possibly be necessary for the Treasury and Interior departments to sacrifice something of fidelity to Civil Service Reform in carrying through other measures ; but there seems no possible reason why the Post-office should not be this time organized in a manner to announce this reform as its leading policy. Beyond such slight presumption that Mr. Bissell shares Mr. Cleveland's views in this respect as may be ventured on the strength of their partnership in law, we do not know how he stands ; and though it must be pretty well known in New York, we have seen no comment on the point in Eastern papers.

THE junior senator from California is credited by the interviewers with some unwise utterances about the civil service. Mr. White has the reputation in this State of being an honest, intelligent man, and even if he did say what was attributed to him, we have faith to believe that a few years at Washington may bring him to a wiser attitude, as the same experience has brought other men before. To be a senator makes a man either a civil service reformer or a spoilsman, and Mr. White seems to be neither at present.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Royce's *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy*.¹

NOTHING could be farther from the popular conception of the *aridity* of metaphysics than Prof. Royce's *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy*. With the exception, perhaps, of a few pages in the second part, where large and abstract questions are handled in brief space, the whole is interesting and easily intelligible.

The book is divided into two parts, the first historical, treating by selected aspects the chief think-

ers and problems since Descartes. Standpoints are sketched, lines of development emphasized, and omissions of men and opinions made, with a view to making clear what present problems are, and to the laying of an historical foundation for the second or doctrinal part of the book. In this historical portion the matter is enlivened and pedagogically enriched by many apt comparisons and flashes of insight.

On the relations of the philosopher and the laity to metaphysics Dr. Royce says : "In the life of non-metaphysical people, reflection on destiny and the deepest truths of life occupies much the same place as music occupies in the lives of appreciative, but

¹ *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy*. By Josiah Royce. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. : Boston : 1892.

much distracted amateurs. The constant student of philosophy is merely the professional musician of reflective thought. He daily plays his scales in the form of what scoffers call "chopping logic."

Of Hegel he says: "People usually call Hegel a cold-hearted system maker, who reduced all our emotions to purely abstract logical terms, and conceived his absolute solely as an incarnation of dead thought. I, on the contrary, call him one who knew marvelously well, with all his coldness, the secret of human passion, and who, therefore, described, as few others have done, the paradoxes, the problems, and the glories of the spiritual life. His great systematic error lay, not in introducing logic into passion, but in conceiving the logic of passion as the only logic; so that you in vain endeavor to get satisfaction from Hegel's treatment of outer nature, of science, of mathematics, or of any coldly theoretical topic."

Taken all in all, an easier door by which to enter modern philosophy would be hard to find than the first section of Professor Royce's volume.

The "Suggestions of Doctrine" that make up the second part are those of idealism, and lead from the subjective nature of all our knowledge, which Berkeley asserted, to the conception of a divine World-Self, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, and who lives, and thinks, and suffers in us. Of the certainty of this result, the author says: "While the whole of the finite world is full of dark problems for us, there is absolutely nothing, not even the immediate facts of our sense at this moment, so clear, so certain, as the existence and the unity of the infinite conscious Self." "The profoundest agnosticism . . . already presupposes, implies, demands, asserts, the existence of such a World-Self."

Of this World-Self, the universe, as science knows it, is one aspect. Here time and space, physical law, and cause, are supreme; there is no freedom, and man is a part of this universe of science. The inner world of feeling, of æsthetic and moral values, is another and deeper universe, of which man is also a part; here time and space do not limit; physical causation is unknown, and as organic parts of the World-Self we share his absolute freedom, and paradoxically, even help to constitute the nature of the very universe of the outer aspect by whose laws we are physically bound.

But in a world that the World-Self freely chooses as the most reasonable and perfect world, what place is there for evil? The reply of idealism is the Hegelian doctrine of the existence of a thing through its opposite,—the eternal conflict. Evil is present in the world as something to be forever hated, striven against, and conquered, and in this way becomes a part of the perfection of the world, as the scorned temptations of the saint become part of his saintliness.

The meaning of the conflict is, however, not al-

ways so easy to see; and for the deeper pessimism that comes from experience of the seeming willfulness and insane purposelessness of fate, of true-hearted effort that reaps only harvests of suffering, of pearls cast before swine, of hereditary disease, and "unearned baseness,"—for this insight into the sadness of the world there is no balm, but the mystical trust that the World-Self sees the whole to be reasonable and planful; and this further thought, that he suffers at all points as we do, suffers in our very selves, and everywhere and forever triumphs.

This doctrine of the World-Self is of course reached by a process quite different from that of naïve anthropomorphism.

No reader of the second part of this book, whether he agree or disagree, can fail to admire the frankness of the author in stating his creed, and the heroic ideal that it presents. Three appendices and a copious index complete the volume. The frequent abbreviation of cannot and do not into "can't" and "don't" is a suggestion, but hardly a pleasant one, of the informal lectures in which the book originated.

Thoreau's Autumn.¹

A FEW months ago this concluding volume of the series made up from Thoreau's journals came out. The editor reminds us in a preface that he said before that his own interest in the journal "is in the character and genius of the writer, rather than in any account of the phenomena of nature"; and much has accordingly been omitted in making up the volumes. He feels—and surely he is right—that over and over again, after all these years, should be brought to young people's minds this unique instance of a life made so rich by a literal breach with social forms and prosperity. Why should it have been unique? Almost every person of sensitiveness and love of nature sighs for the "lodge in some vast wilderness"; many a social theorist declaims of a return to simplicity. Why did Thoreau only do what so many would like to, and what seems so easy a thing, as he did it? Not because every one is too timid to make the breach with appearances. Not entirely because possessions—one's own cottage, and furniture, and horse, and clothes, and pictures, and a bit of land in fee-simple—somehow wind themselves about the human desire and affections; that is not so true in youth, when the choices are made, as later on. But no one with youth and power seems to be free of bonds and links of all sorts, netting him in with his fellows in their activities, and making him live as they live. Perhaps no wise person would wish to break with the world of mankind as completely as Thoreau broke with it: to keep on terms with Nature, and correct society by solitude,

¹Autumn: From the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1892.

solitude by society, is all that our instinct truly prompts us to; and to obtain emancipation from all the unnecessary small tyrannies that life among men lays on us. How great a gain for virtue, for wisdom, for tranquility and peace, it is when this emancipation can be achieved, even though one continue to dwell in the midst of men, and make no displeasing breach with their ways, most of us somewhat perceive. There is no source from which a sense of the value of thus living a real life, and one's own life, can come to a young person more keenly than from Thoreau. If the present reviewer were mapping a course of reading for boys and girls in their high school and college years, Thoreau would never be omitted from it. There is practically no danger of infecting them with the selfish element in his isolation; all their danger and temptation is from the other side in these days,—from the arena, not from the wilderness.

This book is, as a matter of course, full of the most delightfully quotable paragraphs. It is, indeed, nothing but a long succession of such paragraphs, gathered from out the jottings of about a quarter of a century of autumns. Thus, as we turn over the pages:—

Oct. 3, 1858. How many men have a fatal excess of manner! There was one came to our house the other evening, and behaved very simply and well till the moment he was passing out the door. He then suddenly put on the airs of a well-bred man, and consciously described some arc of beauty or other with head or hand. It was but a slight flourish, but it has put me on the alert.

Oct. 5, 1857. I hear the alarum of a small red squirrel, and see him running by fits and starts along a chestnut bough toward me. His head looks disproportionately large for his body, like a bull-dog's, perhaps because he has his chaps full of nuts. He chirrups, and vibrates his tail, holds himself in, and scratches along a foot as if it was a mile. He finds noise and activity for both of us. It is evident that all this ado does not proceed from fear. There is at the bottom, no doubt, an excess of inquisitiveness and caution, but the greater part is make-believe and a love of the marvelous. He can hardly keep it up till I am gone, however, but takes out his nut and tastes it in the midst of his agitation. "See there, see there," says he. "Who's that? O dear, what shall I do?" and makes believe run off, but does not get along an inch, lets it all pass off by flashes through his tail, while he clings to the bark as if he were holding in a race-horse. He gets down the trunk at last upon a projecting knob, head downward, within a rod of you, and chirrups and chatters louder than ever, trying to work himself into a fright. The hind part of his body is urging the forward part along, snapping the tail over it like a whiplash, but the fore part mostly clings fast to the bark with desperate energy.

Oct. 7, 1857. I do not know how to entertain those who cannot take long walks. The first thing that suggests itself is to get a horse to draw them, and that brings me at once into contact with the

stables and dirty harness, and I do not get over my ride for a long time. I give up my forenoon to them, and get along pretty well, the very elasticity of the air and promise of the day abetting me; but they are as heavy as dumplings by mid-afternoon. If they can't walk, why won't they take an honest nap in the afternoon, and let me go? But when two o'clock comes they alarm me by an evident disposition to sit. In the midst of the most glorious Indian summer afternoon, there they sit, breaking your chairs, and wearing out your house, with their backs to the light; taking no note of the lapse of time.

Oct. 9, 1860. I wonder that the very cows and the dogs in the street do not manifest a recognition of the bright tints about and above them. I saw a terrier dog glance up and down the painted street before he turned in at his master's gate, and I wondered what he thought of these big trees, if they did not touch his philosophy or spirits, but I fear he had only his common doggish thoughts after all. He trotted down the yard as if it were a matter of course, or else as if he deserved it all.

For two or more nights past we have had remarkable glittering, golden sunsets, as I came home from the post-office, it being cold and cloudy, just above the horizon. There was the most intensely bright, golden light at the west end of the street, extending under the elms, and the very dust a quarter of a mile off was like gold dust. I wondered how a child could stand quietly in that light, as if it had been a furnace.

Oct. 16, 1859. When I really know that our river pursues a serpentine course to the Merrimack, shall I continue to describe it by referring to some other river, no older than itself, which is like it, and call it a Meander? It is no more meandering than the Meander is musketaguiding.

As the substance of this book was earlier in print, in magazine form, one or two extracts have had a chance to go the rounds of quotation already, notably the sunny account of the return of 706 unsold copies, out of an edition of 1000, of his first book, with the comment, "I have now a library of nearly 900 volumes, over 700 of which I wrote myself."

Van Ness's *The Coming Religion*.¹

Mr. Van Ness has attempted no small problem in his book, a statement of the three religions of the day, and a reconciliation of them. These three "religions" are not always recognized as such; they are, the religion of Jesus, or the Gospel of Love; the religion of science, or the Gospel of Evolution; and the religion of humanity, or the Gospel of Socialism. A religion, according to Mr. Van Ness, offers something to worship, excites passionate devotion, has something to say of conduct, and inspires a hope and fosters a fear. He shows that each of the three systems of thought mentioned meets all of these requirements, each in its separate way. The statement of

¹The Coming Religion. By Thomas Van Ness. Boston: Roberts Brothers.: 1893.

the religion of Jesus is rather of the traditional belief than that held by its foremost exponents today, the conception of God is rather the external Jehovah of the Jews than the immanent Deity of modern thought, indeed it is nearly this latter view that Mr. Van Ness puts forward as the compromise, or rather combined, conception gained from uniting the ancient idea with the First Cause of science. The statement of the socialistic position, studied respectfully and soberly, is perhaps the most valuable chapter of Mr. Van Ness's work; for it tends to remove ignorant prejudice, and that is always worth doing. But the conclusions reached in the final chapter, and the eclectic religion that results, are hardly likely to satisfy many people. The Christian will still yearn for a prayer-hearing God, which is here denied him, and each of the other modes of thought will find no gain in the importations from foreign systems. This, or a similar result, may come in the slow results of time, but the contemplation of it from present standpoints gives little cheer.

Briefer Notice.

*Essays in Miniature.*¹—When Agnes Repplier gathers herself together for battle, her trumpet breathes no uncertain sound. Her onslaught on the fads and affectations in literature, her war against all that is morbid in fiction, is irresistible.

She likes the story to have a plot, she believes its purpose is to amuse, and if it fails in that, no amount of good or bad theology in it reconciles her in the least. She will have fair play even for the villain, she kicks when her pleasure is marred by pedantic notes, she objects to changes in magazine covers that make them lose the charm of the familiar. She will have the good old nursery tales told to children in spite of the fact that Puss in Boots told lies, and that Jack the Giant Killer was a bloodthirsty fellow. And all these positions and many more she defends with great valor, or rather attacks the opposition with great fury, in her short, trenchant, and altogether delightful essays.

¹*Essays in Miniature.* By Agnes Repplier. New York: 1893: Charles L. Webster & Co.

*The Real and Ideal in Literature.*¹—A miscellaneous collection of essays on literature, the most important of which is that giving the title to the book. It is valuable in the present tendency to laud realism, as a clear and thorough argument for the ideal in art in general and in literature in particular. The essay deals deftly with the subject, and does not run into evasive generalities, so frequently the case in treating such subjects. If read attentively, it cannot help weakening the convictions of the supporters of pure realism in art,—a result much to be desired in this age.

Books Received.

Art and Industry, Part II. By Isaac Edwards Clark. Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office: 1893.

The Chief Factor. By Gilbert Parker. New York: The Home Publishing Co.: 1893.

Målmörda. By Joseph T. C. Clarke. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1893.

Fifth Biennial Report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the State of California, '91-'92. By George W. Waltz. Sacramento: State Printing House: 1893.

A Roman Singer. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1893.

Fair Shadow Land. By Edith M. Thomas. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1893.

Marnion. By Sir Walter Scott. New York: The American Book Co.: 1893.

Robinson's New Primary Arithmetic. The American Book Co.: New York: 1893.

Robinson's New Practical Arithmetic. The American Book Co.: New York: 1893.

Robinson's Rudiments of Arithmetic. The American Book Co.: New York: 1893.

School Room Classics, XV. The Theory of Education. By William T. Harris. New York: C. W. Bardeen: 1893.

¹*The Real and Ideal in Literature.* By Frank Preston Stearns. J. G. Cupples Co.: Boston: 1893.



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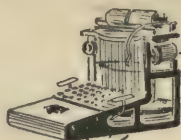
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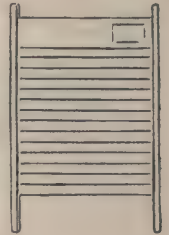
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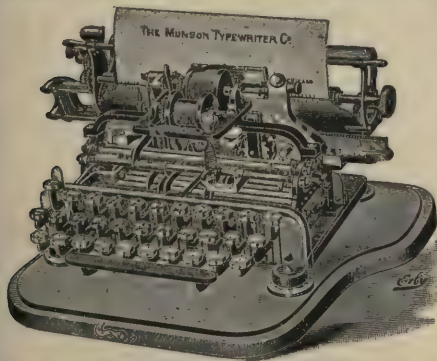


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CONTENTS OF RECENT OVERLANDS.

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- Over the Santa Lucia, *Mary L. White*. With 15 illustrations.
To ———
Fisheries of California, *David Starr Jordan*.
True Greatness, *E. E. Barnard*.
The University of California. II. Lick Astronomical Department, *Milicent W. Shinn*. With 17 illustrations.
Siwash, *E. Meliss*. With 5 illustrations.
Old Angeline, the Princess of Seattle, *Rose Simmons*.
How Mrs. Binnywig Checked the King, *R*.
What Constitutes a Mortal Wound, *J. N. Hall, M.D.*
The Mother of Felipe, *Mary Austin*.
In the Last Day, *M. C. Gillington*.
A Snow Storm in Humboldt, *E. B.*
A Physician's Story, *Theoda Wilkins*.
The Sea-Fern, *Seddie E. Anderson*.
George William Curtis, Citizen, *Warren Olney*.
Love's Legend, *Lenore Congdon Schutze*.
Etc. and Book Reviews.

DECEMBER.

- The Restaurants of San Francisco, *Charles S. Greene*. With 12 illustrations.
The Sacking of Grubbsville, *Adah Fairbanks Batelle*.
Indian Traditions of Their Origin, *William E. Read*.
Aged, *Juliette Estelle Mathis*.
The University of California. III., *Milicent W. Shinn*. With 9 illustrations.
A Peninsular Centennial. Vancouver's Visit in 1792 to the Bay and Peninsula of San Francisco, with Map, *W. H. McDougal*.
A Last Walk in Autumn, *Neith Boyce*.
Mexican Art in Clay, *E. P. Bancroft*. With 6 illustrations.
Point Lobos, *Virna Woods*. Illustrated.
Congressional Reform, *Caspar T. Hopkins*.
A Mexican Ferry, *A. D. Stewart*. With 10 illustrations.
Helen, *Marshall Graham*.
Down o' the Thistle, *Ella M. Sexton*.
The Illuminated Certificate, *Marcia Davies*.
Recent Fiction, Etc. and Book Reviews.

JANUARY.

- Christmas Eve, *Ella Higginson*. With illustration.
Famous Paintings Owned on the West Coast, I. Beethoven Among His Intimates.
Seaward, *Martha T. Tyler*. With illustration.
A Kindergarten Christmas, *Nora A. Smith*. With 11 illustrations.
Tennyson, *John Vance Cheney*.
An Unromantic Affair, *Quien*.
San Francisco Election Machinery, *William A. Beatty*.
Christmases and Christmases, *Phil Weaver, Jr.* With 8 illustrations.
Song.
A Peninsular Centennial, II. Vancouver's Visit to the Mission of Santa Clara. A Study, *William H. McDougal*.
Four For a Cent, *Malheureuse*.
Spinning Song, *M. C. Gillington*.
Not Unto Us Alone, *Julia Boynton Green*. With illustration.
Brander's Wife, A Christmas Story, *Flora Haines Loughhead*. With 2 illustrations.
Original Research.
The Silver Question, *Henry S. Brooks*. (SEE OVER.)

CONTENTS OF RECENT OVERLANDS, Continued.

The Waiting Rain, *Eleanor Mary Ladd.*

The Guarany. I-IV. From the Portuguese of José Martiniano de Alencar, *James W. Hawes.*

A Story of the Northwest, *L. A. M. Bosworth.*

In Lincoln's Home, *William S. Hutchinson.*

Etc. and Book Reviews.

FEBRUARY.

Inter-Collegiate Football on the Pacific Coast, *Phil Weaver, Jr.* With 19 illustrations.

Silent Partners, *C. A. Stearns.*

Famous Pictures Owned on the West Coast, II. The Man with a Hoe. With illustration.

Among the Diggers of Thirty Years Ago, *Helen M. Carpenter.* With 10 illustrations.

Nocturne and Fantasia, *Charles E. Brimblecom.*

Life in an Insane Asylum, *Charles W. Coyle.* With 6 illustrations.

A Santa Barbara Day in Winter, *Harriet W. Waring.* With 6 illustrations.

Jardin de Borda, *Arthur Howard Noll.* With illustration.

Merit, *Elizabeth S. Bates.*

In Vespero, *Isabel E. Owens.*

Asyma. From the Modern Greek. *Albin Putzker.*

Codrus. *Lewis Worthington Smith.*

The Guarany. VII-XII. *James W. Hawes.*

Under the Southern Cross, *Mabel H. Closson.*

Impending Labor Problems, *Austin Bierbower.*

Etc. and Book Reviews.

MARCH.

In the Wilds of Hawaii, *Edward Wilson.* With 5 illustrations.

The Footsteps of Pele, *N. E. Fuller.* With 3 illustrations.

A Dead Volcano, *Mabel H. Closson.* With 3 illustrations.

Lauth, *Frank Norris.* With 8 illustrations.

My View of San Francisco Bay, *L. Gertrude Waterhouse.* With illustration.

In the Mount, *Eleanor Mary Ladd.* With illustration.

Moonlight on the El Dorado Hills, *Virna Woods.*

A Scrap of Frontier History, *Charles Harkins.* With illustration.

Fancies, *Martha T. Tyler.*

A Glimpse of a California Olive Ranch, *Berkeley Wallace.* With 3 illustrations.

Progeny, *Elizabeth S. Bates.*

Famous Pictures Owned on the West Coast, III. Constance de Beverley. With illustration.

The Lady Banksia, *William M. Tisdale.* With illustration.

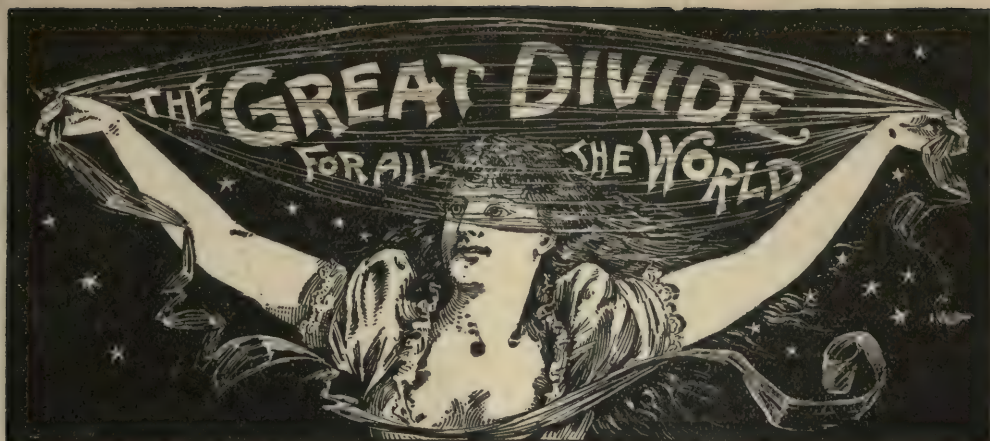
The Free Coinage of Silver by the United States Government, *John C. Henderson.*

If She Should Die, *Herbert Bashford.*

The Guarany. XIII-XV. *James W. Hawes.*

Etc. and Book Reviews.

The March Overland: There is a South Sea island flavor about the March number of THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, for it contains no less than three articles on Hawaii, all beautifully illustrated. "In the Wilds of Hawaii" is a charming paper by Edward Wilson, in which he recalls boyish recollections of a vacation on the islands. N. E. Fuller describes in a graphic way the great eruption of Mauna Loa in 1887, and Mabel H. Closson sketches a trip to Haleakala, the dead volcano. The pictures that accompany these three papers have never been surpassed for beauty or delicacy of finish. Perhaps the most remarkable is "Pele's Wrath," an actual reproduction from a photograph of the flaming lava stream on its way down the mountain side. Another finely illustrated paper is "A Glimpse of a California Olive Ranch," by Berkeley Wallace, in which will be found many interesting facts in regard to the culture of the olive. Frank Norris, the author of "Yvonne," has a weird sketch of the effort of a mediæval doctor and a monk to restore a dead man to life. The sketch is full of strength, but the early part, which pictures the wounding and death of "Lauth," is far the most realistic. Other papers are "A Scrap of Frontier History," by Charles Harkins; "The Free Coinage of Silver," by J. C. Henderson, and a very clever Spanish-Californian story, "The Lady Banksia," by W. M. Tisdale.—*San Francisco Chronicle*, Feb. 25th, 1893.



I had a dream; I stood on the brink of a lake; it was inky black and bottomless. A mighty power born of this depth and blackness seized me and drew me slowly to itself. I cried aloud for help. I heard a voice say "Turn around." I turned and saw a light in the distance. And lo! the awful power that held me vanished.

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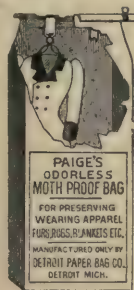
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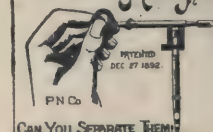
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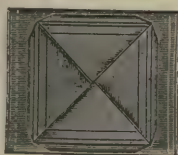
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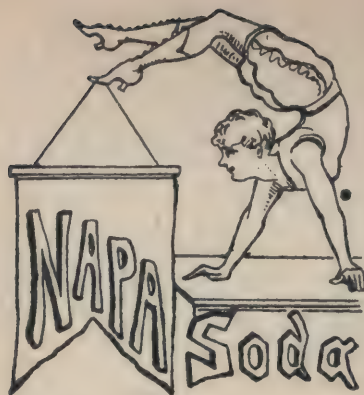
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Statement for the Year ending December 31st, 1892.

Assets	\$175,084,156 61
Reserve for Policies (American table 4 per cent)	\$159,181,067 00
Miscellaneous Liabilities	734,855 67
Surplus	15,168,233 94

Income.

Premiums	\$32,047,765 34
Interest, Rents, etc	8,191,099 90
	\$40,238,865 24

Disbursements.

To Policyholders	\$19,386,532 46
For Expenses and Taxes	7,419,611 08
	\$26,806,143 54

The Assets are Invested as Follows :

United States Bonds and other Securities	\$ 65,820,434 89
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, first lien	69,348,092 54
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	10,394,597 50
Real Estate	15,638,884 26
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	7,806,672 55
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, etc	6,075,474 87

Insurance and Annuities.

	\$175,084,156 61
Insurance Assumed and Renewed	\$654,909,566 00
Insurance in Force	745,780,083 00
Annuities in Force	352,936 01

Increase in Annuities	\$ 82,732 98
Increase in Payments to Policyholders	630,820 60
Increase in Receipts	2,604,130 71
Increase in Surplus	3,137,266 78
Increase in Assets	15,577,017 93
Increase in Insurance Assumed and Renewed	47,737,765 00
Increase in Insurance in Force	50,295,925 00

NOTE.—In accordance with the intention of the Management, as announced in November, 1891, to limit the amount of new insurance actually issued and paid for in the accounts of the year 1892 to One Hundred Million Dollars, the amount of insurance in force, as above stated, includes the amount of such voluntary limit with but a slight increase unavoidable in closing the December accounts.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement, and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus a Dividend will be apportioned as usual.

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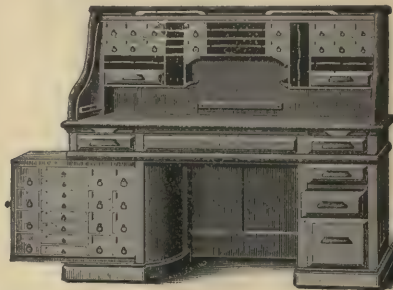
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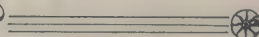
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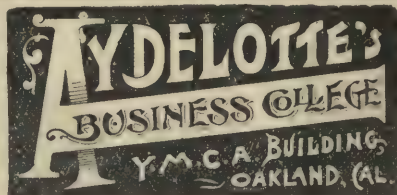
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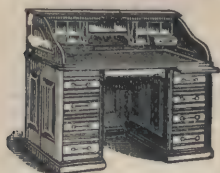
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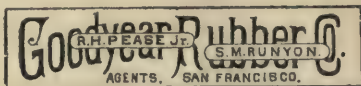
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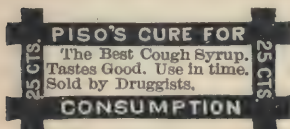
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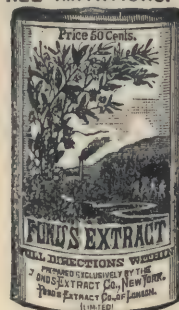
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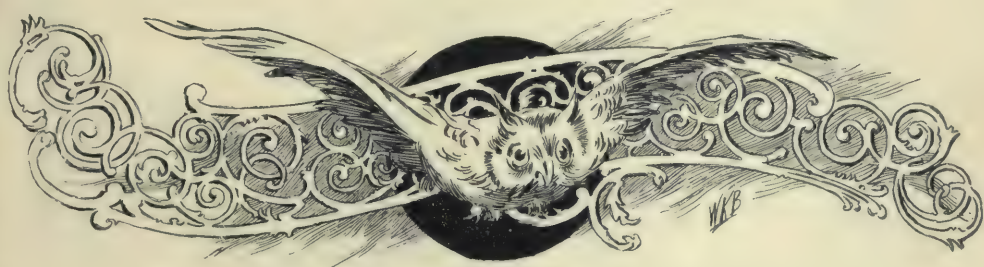
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ARCHITECTURE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

It is with a strange sense of the unfitness of things that one writes of the architecture of San Francisco, for architecture as an art has received so little consideration in the city during the most active building epochs, that she can boast of but few structures indeed that possess true architectural merit. Whether her architects are to blame for this, or whether they have so stooped to cater to the ignorance of their clients that they have forgotten or thrown aside any good ideas of their own, would be a very debatable question. The blame certainly rests on the shoulders of both, but with the public rests the remedy; for at the present day the city has several architects who have the power and the will to improve the tastes of her people, to give them an education in merely walking in the streets, and turn their ideas from their perverted channels.

Architecture is not only the science of construction and the art of erecting

a building, but it is the art of erecting an expressive and a beautiful building. By expressive, I mean that a building should express its main constructive facts, its arrangement, plan, and even to



AN EARLY BUSINESS BLOCK.  
MONTGOMERY AND JACKSON STREETS.



MILLS BUILDING FROM BUSH STREET.

some degree the purpose for which it is built. It should also express the feeling of its architect, should show some love and study on his part for the output of his brain. We know the endless expressions of the human face, and a building, though immobile, can express many things. It can express stability and solidity,—as the Pitti Palace, or some of our own Richardson's great commercial warehouses; it can express airiness and aspiration, like a Gothic cathedral; it can express a homeliness and the family hearthstone, like our colonial residences,—or it can express nothing at all, like the great majority of our latter day American buildings.

A beautiful building is one which, first of all, possesses unity of purpose, a predominating "*motif*," great or small, emphasized and enriched by lesser fea-

tures. If we look about us, how few buildings do we see which conform to these simple rules. What a love of display is developed in this fin-de-siècle architecture, and what cheap and tawdry display it is, too. Houses of wood masquerade as stone, stucco is cut in rustic to look like granite, galvanized iron is made to match with stucco. It is no shame to build a house of wood, and many very artistic effects can be gained in the use of this material, as may be witnessed by any of the timber or half-timbered architecture of northern Europe;—then why should anybody disguise wood, and make it simulate brick or stone? Now that stone quarries are being opened up, it is to be hoped that the abundance of the real material will check this peculiar phase of San Francisco architecture.

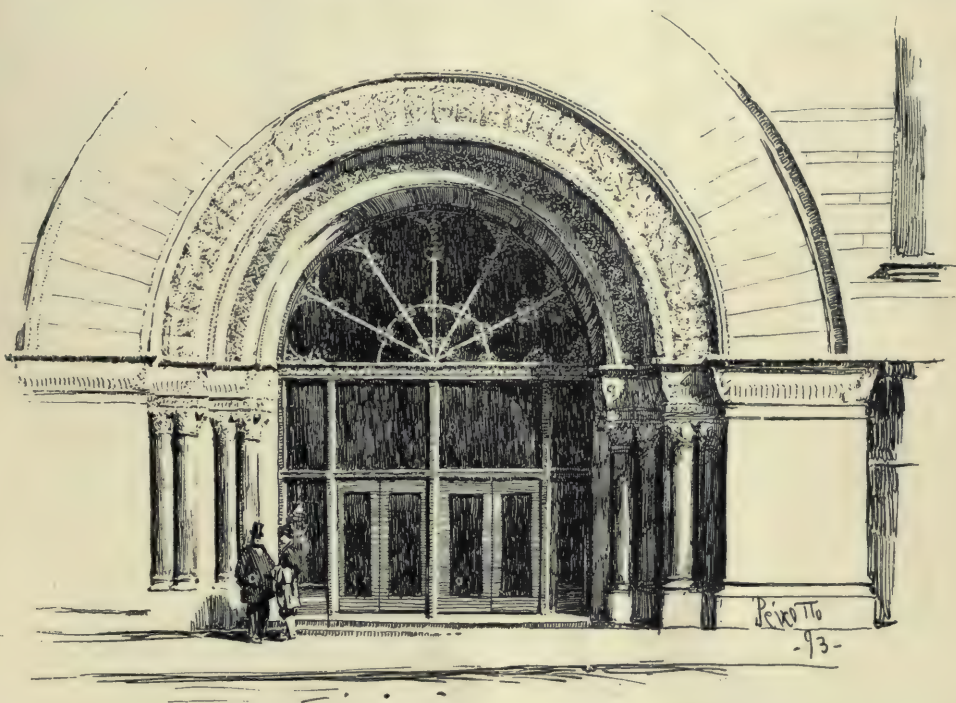


In designing in wood, architects undergo a great temptation to use most lavish detail, and the typical Western Addition residence is a striking example of how difficult it is to resist this temptation. This over-lavish, meaningless detail is the greatest crying evil of the San Francisco residence. It does not seem to be generally understood that we may have a very good, even an expressive building, with no detail at all,

may not be placed at hap-hazard on a structure simply because it looks pretty, for in this way the use of detail becomes trivial, and loses its architectural character.

## I.

THE "49er" architecture in the downtown districts began with one or two story buildings, the material for which



ENTRANCE TO MILLS BUILDING.

but we may not have misplaced ornament, which is only an excrescence on the design, and not an organic part of it. Well designed and effective ornament in the right place gives the finishing touch of expression and balance to a building, and emphasizes and strengthens its constructive features. A building so designed becomes an organized whole, from which no feature can be taken without injury to the unity and consistency of the design. Ornament

was for the most part shipped around the Horn, or, as in the case of several stone buildings, brought from China. There are several of these old types left, and some notable ones, too, dating from a later period. Take such a building as the old "Globe Hotel" on Dupont and Jackson; today it stands as a lesson to our gingerbread architects. In the buildings of this period the details were often coarse and gross, but they at least had the merit of proportion and "*motif*."



CORNER ENTRANCE TO CROCKER BUILDING.

On the corner of Montgomery and Jackson stands another pleasing specimen of early architecture. It is a striking pile, remarkable for good proportions and its solid repose. It is built of cut granite to the first floor, and stuccoed brick for the remaining three stories. The principal features consist of the balconies running the entire length and breadth of the building, marking each floor level, and casting large and effective shadows. It reminds one of a glimpse of Spain. The details on the cornices and corbels, though somewhat heavy and bulky, are carefully studied, and the iron work on the balcony railing is especially worthy of notice: in fact, the whole building, with its now

venerable aspect, presents a decidedly picturesque effect. It is a strange fact that since the early sixties San Francisco architects have entirely abandoned this style of architecture, so characteristic and so suited to the climate, and it is with great pleasure that I notice a revival of the type in a building on Sutter Street near Taylor, designed by A. Page Brown, who also has plans for a row of similar houses to be erected on California and Jones streets. This building shows a due appreciation of unbroken wall spaces which are greatly neglected, but of great value, properly disposed. The design is simple and the detail rich and effective, while the material is thoroughly consistent with the design.



During the period of the greatest growth of San Francisco, architecture was rather a matter of quantity than quality, and the less said about it the better, unless in the way of condemnation; but the last five years have seen some remarkable additions to business streets, buildings which would be ornaments to the streets of any American city.

The Mills Building was designed by Burnham & Root, of Chicago, and it can stand as an example to all Western architects of a model office building,—simple, with no ornament except what is required to express its architectural features, well proportioned, of good and durable, though not too costly material, it is a model of all that is refined in the modern American commercial palace. It is an architectural composition, and not mere walls pierced by window openings, or what is more common, window open-

ings scantily framed in strips of wall. It consists of a two-story basement of Inyo marble, carrying a buff brick superstructure of seven stories, crowned by a two-story attic. The angle piers, so important to the appearance of solidity in a lofty building, are massive and sufficient; between them, piers spring from the third story, crowned in the eighth by arches, the subordinated curtain walls emphasizing the story heights. The effect of height is strengthened by the strongly marked lines of the piers, held in check by the subordinate horizontal lines of the window openings.

The focus for ornament is the Montgomery Street entrance, which rises to an arch through the two basement stories, and is as large and ample as it should be; for the entrance to a building of such magnitude, where hundreds of people are housed, should be sufficient to provide for the exit and entrance of a



HIBERNIA BANK.

large crowd. This doorway is admirably detailed, though there is a feeling of thinness and lack of depth, and the glass screen gives a thin, papery effect that spoils the impression of a "solid hole in the wall." The interior of the building is highly satisfactory and in good taste, though the first impression on entering is marred by the shallowness of the vestibule. The wrought iron work, espe-

The Crocker Building occupies the other end of the same block, and between them stretches one of those gaps which so disfigure our business thoroughfares. It consists of a number of two-story buildings, among them a two-story erection but just put up, which will probably stand for many years. If San Francisco has any regard for the ensemble of her streets, a municipal or



NEW TRINITY CHURCH.

cially on the spiral staircase and in the elevator wells, is beautifully executed.

The same architects designed the *Chronicle* Building, whose enormous clock-tower is conspicuous in the view from every hill-top. Here they had a most unpromising problem, and the result can not be called a satisfactory solution. The lot was too small and too irregular in shape to accommodate so tall a structure, and as a result we have all tower and no structure. Two very pleasing oriel windows are to be noticed.

dinance should be passed regulating the maximum and minimum height of buildings, as has been done by several of our Eastern cities and by nearly all the large cities of Europe, thus securing a general uniformity of sky-line which would be restful and dignified.

In designing the Crocker Building, Mr. Brown also had a difficult problem to solve. The principal fault seems to lie in a lack of unbroken wall space,—a lack of "repose." The great cornice seems to have slipped too low, and



breaks into the three elements of the design,—the base, building proper, and cornice,—while the arcaded attic, though in itself a charming feature, is scarcely a fitting crown to a structure of such magnitude. The treatment of the massive basement story is successful to a marked degree, as is also the corner entrance. The main corridor running from Market to Post Street, finished in a soft brown marble, is really a work of art. The ceiling is coffer-vaulted, and the walls composed of a series of arcaded panels beautifully detailed. The detailing of the entire interior is carefully studied, and displays great taste.

Pissis and Moore have given us a scholarly building in the new Hibernia Bank, on the corner of McAllister and Jones streets. It clearly declares its purpose, and the interior arrangement is plainly expressed by the exterior.

From a utilitarian standpoint it may have been advisable to place the main entrance on the corner, but it does seem that the artistic effect would have been enhanced, had the main opening been placed in the center of either façade, preferably in the long one on Jones Street. Still, the design is chaste, and the body of the building is in all respects admirable. The ornament is well studied and consistent with the building material, a fine white granite. The interior of the main banking room is rich and harmonious in color.

The Mercantile Library by the same architects is notable for simplicity and extremely satisfactory color, so well suited to the climate of San Francisco. It is in the style of the Italian Renaissance, as is also the new building for the Bohemian Club, now being erected on Sutter Street,—a very promising plan by the same firm.



NEW CHURCH OF THE ADVENT.

Of late years we have had many remarkable erections for mercantile uses,—remarkable for everything except beauty,—and in the case for instance of the building of the Academy of Sciences and its new vis-a-vis, I can think of no better simile than that of two gigantic grimalkins trying to outface each other by the horror of their countenances.

## II.

SAN FRANCISCO has but little to boast of in ecclesiastical architecture. This is in a great measure due to the abuse of wood construction, which entirely de-

sandstone and is modeled after the early English Gothic style. Its principal feature is the great square tower, pierced on each face by a large opening, flanked by lesser ones, and heavily buttressed. The nave and transept are short, the main body of the church being under the tower.

Only a block from here is a small church, designed by Willis Polk, which shows the possibilities of half-timbered work when properly treated. The façade is a charming design, and it is a pity that so beautiful a tower should be so hidden by the surrounding houses. The interior is even more successful than the exterior. The nave and transepts are finished throughout in redwood, while the aisles are paneled with the same material up to the springing of the arches, while the vaulting is done in roughly finished plaster. The trusses of the roof are seen throughout, and the paneling of the inside of the tower is a feature of the interior.

The Church of the Advent on Tenth Street was designed by Coxhead & Coxhead. It is built of a light-colored brick and terra cotta of the same shade. The unfinished towers and heavily buttressed front, with the deep

prives these buildings of picturesque effect. Among the older churches the best are the First Congregational on Post Street, the Synagogue on Sutter Street, (a really fine piece of architecture,) and Grace Church, which has lately been greatly improved by a remarkably well-designed tower, whose delicate profile adds greatly to the silhouette of Nob Hill.

The most interesting piece of church architecture will undoubtedly be the new Trinity Church, now being erected on the corner of Bush and Gough streets, from the designs of A. Page Brown. It is built throughout of a greenish-gray

window facings, make up a pleasing façade, while the interior is fully as satisfactory. It is lighted by triple dormer windows in the clerestory and single openings in the triforium, which is in the nature of a concealed balcony, very ably handled. The choir screen of wrought iron, and the choir stalls and the wooden pews, are well designed, and greatly assist the picturesqueness of the interior. On Fifteenth Street is the Church of St. John by the same architects. While highly picturesque from every point of view and scholarly in detail, its plan is better suited for a cathedral than for a small city church. What pity that its size



RINCON HILL TYPES.



could not have been doubled ! One feels so like Gulliver in the land of the Lilliputians.

Another well studied church is St. Dominic's on Steiner Street. It is so satisfactory, both externally and inter-

in isolated cases, at an abnormally high figure. In consequence, almost every home, however unpretentious, has its small garden or bit of lawn, and the dwellings themselves are designed more like the Eastern country-house than like a

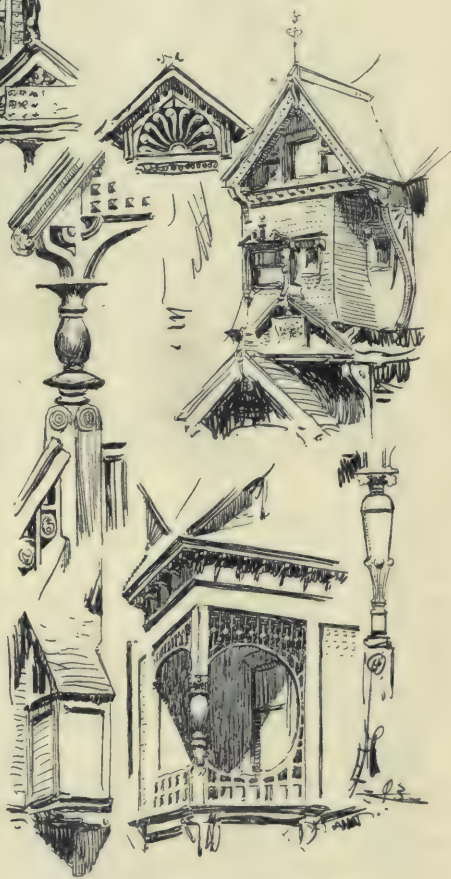
city residence. The great profusion of flowers adds greatly to the beauty of the streets, though it is to be regretted that in these latter days these pretty gardens are giving place to the stone "area," and in many cases the dwellings are erected on the line of the street. Another point which should receive attention is the question of fences. Most of the gardens are shut off from the



nally, that one wonders how the architect that planned it, could have evolved so unsuccessful a building as St. Mary's Cathedral on Van Ness Avenue. What a shame that such an expensive edifice and so desirable a site should have gone to waste. The church is unpleasant in color, clumsy in design, and the colossal staircase, of sufficient proportions to lead to St. Peter's in Rome, leads one to a meager doorway which is entirely lost by its vast surroundings.

### III.

THE residence portion of San Francisco is decidedly distinctive, and also decidedly suburban for a city of its size. This latter fact is due to several causes, the main one being its topography. There are no natural hindrances to the growth of the city in several directions, so that land has not been held, except



QUEEN ANNE MONSTROSITIES.

street by stiff iron railings, which in themselves are neither a means of protection nor ornament. Why not dispense with them altogether, and thus apparently widen the streets? In Chicago, for instance, and especially on Dearborn Avenue, the absence of fences is especially noticeable, and for this reason the street looks half again as wide as the average San Francisco street, where in reality their widths are about equal.

When San Francisco was mapped out,

not have been a more interesting city if the streets had followed the contours of the hills, and wound corkscrew-like to the summits, instead of having been chopped in mathematically straight lines to their tops? Picture these streets spirally ascending, each summit crowned with a handsome residence, a church, or a public building. Viewed from the bay, the profile of the hills would then be varied, the smaller buildings piling up and up, in irregular masses, serving as a pedestal to the heavy buildings



A COLONIAL RESIDENCE. WASHINGTON AND BUCHANAN STREETS.

with all the cities of the world as models, it seems odd that its streets should have been laid out on the checker-board system. No account, apparently, was taken of its incomparably beautiful site. With its many hills, its magnificent bay and perennial sunshine, it could have been made a wonderfully picturesque city. No city in America has a site endowed by nature with so many charms, and yet there are several cities the approach to which are more interesting. Would it

above. From these winding streets there would have been caught innumerable views to the north, to the east, in every direction; the ascent would have been more gradual, and the views from the hill-tops doubly enhanced by the picturesque foregrounds. Then, there would not have been these interminable vistas of house fronts, but less comprehensive architectural groups, which would often be pleasing and picturesque. Any one who has seen the Italian towns





ENTRANCE BY POLK.

can form an idea of how beautiful the effect would have been, for even Naples or Sienna is not more blessed by nature than San Francisco. Even as it is, how fine is the profile of Telegraph Hill at sunset, when we forget that the old far-cical castle on its top is only of wood. Even from a utilitarian standpoint, there is little excuse for the system of right angled streets. Washington is one of the most delightful cities of America, and it owes a great part of its beauty to its varied street plan.

As the general effect of an American city depends less upon its monumental edifices than upon the aggregate of its dwellings, there is therefore with us no architectural branch so deserving of careful study. San Francisco dwellings as a rule are distinctly suburban in type, both from their architectural treatment and on account of the material of which they are built. Until very recent years wood has been used exclusively in residences, even the most palatial homes of the railroad kings on Nob Hill being built of this material, though it is often masked and made to appear as stone, as in the Colton house, which, though thoroughly simple in plan, and beautifully designed, loses much of its

interest because it imitates stone construction in wood.

San Francisco's residences have been strangely subject to what are known as "fads." Each new style of architecture that has been evolved has rapidly spread, and left its impress on all the buildings of its time. The first "up-town" district was on Washington, Jackson, Vallejo, and neighboring streets, extending as far west as Stockton, and in "Happy Valley," which comprised the small streets between Market and Howard. The hum-



ENTRANCE BY SCHULZE.

ble homes of those days were of a simple cottage type imported from the East.

In the "fifties," the French consul imported a small house from France, which found many admirers and imitators, and left its impress on many residences of this period. It was a peculiar flat-front erection, with double window-openings, small iron balconies on the first floor and a recessed doorway. The more pretentious ones were built of

would have supplied material for a long line of architectural study, and been productive of many charming residences. It made an eminently habitable home, with its wide veranda and heavy shutters, and was devoid of all ostentation, — a good mirror of the life of those days. Many good examples of this type are still left up on Rincon Hill, and on the east side of Russian Hill.

In the latter sixties, when South Park



INTERIOR BY POLK.

brick faced with stucco, and ornamented with an adaptation of classic detail. A number of these residences still stand on Howard and Harrison streets, with a few over at North Beach.

After these, in the early sixties, came the Rincon Hill type, which was capable of great elaboration and picturesque effect. As Viollet-le-Duc says, "Only primitive sources supply the energy for a long career." So this simple type

was the center of the fashionable district, these houses gave place to the "swell-front" style, which reminds one of the New York houses of the same period.

With the advent of a new decade came the "bay-window" age, which continued to increase in favor until 1880. Building activity was at a fever heat in those days, as row after row of these bay-window houses testify. Indeed, they are to



the Western Addition what the brown-stone front is to New York or the sandstone apartment house to Paris. They were built after a set plan, which underwent little or no variation even in ornament. The façade was divided into two perpendicular sections, one being occupied by the bay windows, the other by the porch, supported by fluted Corinthian columns and crowned by a single window. A "double house" had a bay window on each side of a similar porch. The bay window achieved an overwhelming success; it afforded a view in three directions, and in this city of hills the views are numerous and extended; and it admitted a great deal of sunlight to the room, so no house was complete without it, and it has continued to multiply until we have endless successions

of bay windows, as in the Palace Hotel, the Pleasanton, and other large apartment houses.

When this conventional bay window pattern was broken into some ten years ago,—when San Francisco first began to look for something in touch with the rest of the country,—what was the result? With infinite sorrow let it be said that this unfortunate renaissance took place when the Queen Anne and Eastlake crazes were at their height. There was an increase of display, but not an improvement in art. Queen Anne became the fashion, and to its coming is due many architectural monstrosities. Queen Anne and Eastlake are terms which have been made to "cover a multitude of sins," and in their name every tenet of architecture has been violated.



INTERIOR BY BROWN.

They have been made to cover all the later American work which would otherwise have been impossible to classify, and the vagueness of the terms admirably fit them for that purpose. The houses perpetrated in their name exhibit no fixed type, but are mere nightmares of the architect's brain. They are piled up without rhyme or reason,—restless, turreted, gabled, loaded with meaningless detail, defaced with fantastic windows and hideous chimneys. Pacific Heights exhibits only too well the dire effects of this craze. The horror of it is that these are the so-called "artistic" homes of San Francisco.

They begin with a more or less plain basement, run through two stories of absurdities into a roof which bristles into all manner and shapes of turrets and chimneys. At first the material at least was uniform, but now even that is tortured with stone, brick, shingles, and slate, jumbled helter-skelter together. The more "features" a house has, the more "artistic" it is considered. The public craves display and wants something new and fashionable, for it believes that there is a fashion in architecture as there is in bonnets.

Notwithstanding the multitudinous atrocities, a hard-enough-look will find some well considered designs along our residence streets. One of the most pleasing, architecturally, is a house on the corner of Washington and Buchanan streets. This residence and several more of its type are the work of A. Page Brown, to whom San Francisco is indebted for some of its most refined domestic architecture. The house is the best specimen of the colonial style in the city, and is, besides, a thoroughly pleasing composition. Simple in plan, good in proportion, chaste in ornament, harmonious in color, it stands like a lone missionary in a heathen land. As a whole, it is more entirely satisfactory than the residence on the corner of California and Taylor streets, whose unity of pur-

pose is destroyed by the division of material. This robs the house of its proper proportions by lessening the effect of height, and the portico, in itself so exquisitely designed, would have formed a more integral part of the structure had the brick been carried to the cornice, as originally intended. We are also indebted to Mr. Brown for the Crocker Old People's Home, a long, picturesque edifice with high-pitched roofs, large dormer windows, and heavy projecting eaves, and for a beautifully simple house at the end of the Pacific Avenue cable cars. Whether this colonial type is suited to our city, whether it is not better in the towns of New England, where it originated, is a matter for the future to decide. His plans of the old Spanish type, alluded to in the beginning of this article, seem more Californian, and hence preferable.

Two sketches of entrances are presented, both remarkable for the grace of their design. The one by Mr. Polk is especially interesting for its exquisite detail, a feature of all his work. That by Mr. Schultze shows the possibilities of ornamental fret-work, when properly handled,—a style of decoration entirely unknown in this city. Another treat is promised in the plans for the Whittell house, now being erected on the corner of California and Jones streets. From the architect's design and from the portion already built, it is safe to predict that this dwelling will be one of the chief architectural attractions among San Francisco residences.

#### IV.

ONE word in closing, concerning interiors. Until very recent years, having built the walls and roofed in the house and tacked on the exterior detail, the architect's work was considered as finished, and he was banished accordingly. It is only in very recent years, indeed, that he has *built* beauty in the



interiors. The owner was quite satisfied when he had called in the carpenter to insert flimsy, machine-made doors, and meager mouldings; the marble cutter to insert a ghastly, stolid white mantel, and the plasterer to stick on a badly designed cornice and a flourish of absurdity over the gas fixture, which in itself was marked by a ridiculous lack of originality. In design, the proportion of the rooms was no consideration,—large or small, they had ceilings of the same height,—and if there is one thing a ceiling ought not to have, it is excessive height.

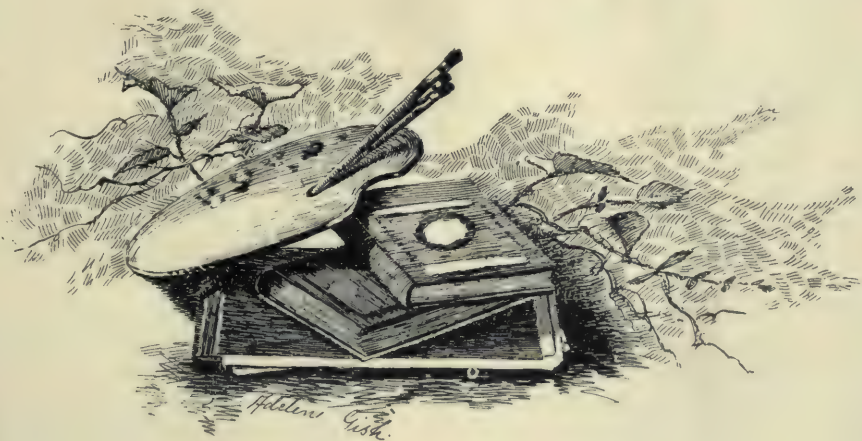
In a few of the most modern houses, the architect has been allowed to give the benefit of his skill and taste, and where he really understood his business there is as a result some very satisfactory interiors. The mouldings, door frames, and cornices, show originality; the mantels are portions of the wall, and not mere excrescences, and the proportions of the room are well considered. In the two accompanying illustrations are good examples of how interesting interiors could be made. The room designed by Mr. Polk is finished throughout in large panels of redwood, dovetailed where the paneling is too large to be made of one board. The ceiling is supported by

heavy beams, ornamented with delicate mouldings. His beautifully designed mantels and picturesque staircases are notable features of his interiors. His redwood is always left either in natural finish or simply waxed, so as to show the exquisite color and texture of the wood.

The interior by Mr. Brown is finished in oak. Special attention is called to the designing of the doors and the banisters of the staircase.

Such from one observer's point of view, is the present architectural status of San Francisco. While the past errors are deplorable, the future promises marked improvement. Scattered here and there are a few promising evidences of the dawn of better days. With the rapid improvement in railroad facilities and the consequent increase of culture in every direction, brought about by this close communication with the Old World, there will no doubt come a conception that architecture is an art, that buildings are to be erected not for mere utilitarian purposes, but to enhance the beauty of cities, to tender to their practical needs, and to arouse in their citizens sentiments of appreciation for the good, the true, and the beautiful.

*Ernest C. Peixotto.*



## THE HYPNOTIZED GHOST.

PROFESSOR S. A. M. POTTS had two things that annoyed him,—his name and an enemy.

At a period in his career when he had not been in a position to prevent it, his parents and god-parents, aided and abetted by the church of his fathers, had fastened upon him for all time the name of Shadrach Abednego Meshach Potts, which in after years the Professor abbreviated to S. A. M. Potts, in consequence of which the newspapers in reviewing his performances, very often spoke of him as Professor Samuel Potts, for which he was always devoutly thankful, but was too conscientious to adopt the name as his own and dishonor those given by his parents, though the appellations were none the less a horrible bugbear to him.

So much for the first annoyance. As for the second, it is not quite clear why the Professor's enemy was his enemy. Let it suffice us to know that he was, and that late one cloudy afternoon the Professor learned that his enemy was alarmingly ill. The Professor heard this with much genuine concern. He did not believe in allowing an enemy to gain a superior position from which to assail and annoy him, and he did not doubt that a dead man, or, as he would have said, a disembodied man, occupied a much preferable tactical position to that of a mortal, and could do the said mortal much mischief, if so inclined. Ergo, there was but one of two things to be done. He must either remove the enemy's enmity, or see that the enemy's self was not removed.

The choice was not difficult. The renowned Æsculapius himself met his fate for interfering in the business of Olympus by preventing death, and the Professor proposed to run no chances against the gods, even had he had the

powers of Æsculapius, which, to do him justice, he did not pretend to possess.

The foregoing is a sufficient explanation of how it happened that the Professor visited his enemy on the afternoon of his death and extended the olive branch. But, alas! the enemy was suspicious of the proffered peace.

"I know you, Samuel Potts," he maintained, with awful sarcastic emphasis on "Samuel"; "you want to get me in a negative condition and hypnotize me; but I will die, I won't forgive you, and I won't be hypnotized."

Now this was clearly an ungenerous position, and it angered the good Professor, though he was careful not to show his annoyance. He was naturally somewhat proud and reserved, and only by an effort had he brought himself to a pacific attitude before his old antagonist. Not trusting himself to speak, he gazed in silence at the sick man for some moments. The enemy was also steadfastly gazing at him.

"Heavens!" thought the Professor, "what an opportunity!"

The Professor's head moved backward slowly and tensely, but his eyes remained on the sick man, fixed, dilated.

"Close your eyes," said the Professor quietly and solemnly. The enemy's eyes closed slowly.

"Open them if you can,—if—you—can," continued the Professor in a forbidding tone. The lids fluttered, but remained shut.

"What is your name?" asked the Professor.

"James Hostis."

"Ah, you are sure it is James Hostis?"

"Of course."

"You are sure it is not, say, Mary Ann Ferguson?"

"Quite sure."



"O, well, have it your own way," conceded the Professor carelessly. Then in a sudden, concentrated tone, he said, "*Now*, what is your name?"

The sick man hesitated.

"Come," said the hypnotist mockingly, "surely you know your name. Tell me what it is — tell me."

The most terrible moment of the Professor's life followed. James Hostis opened his eyes, raised to a sitting posture, pointed a long emaciated finger straight at the Professor, gasped "Mary — Ann — Fer — Fer — Ferguson!" and fell heavily back.

"My God!" cried the Professor in a tone of repressed horror, "the man is dead." And the Professor was right.

The Professor was right, and yet what was that sound as he bent his head to hear if the heart still fluttered? Do dead lips enunciate? Or was it an echo? For mingled with the death-rattle, yes, *after* the death-rattle, the words "Mary Ann Ferguson, Mary Ann Ferguson," hissed again and again seemingly close to his ear.

In a flash the Professor understood. Alas! too well he understood. The victim had turned victor! and the gathering dusk of that gloomy afternoon seemed to concentrate within the Professor's miserable breast. Here was a quandary indeed. Anyone knows that it is bad enough to be encumbered with the responsibility of control of a living being; but to have the control, and the hypnotic control, of a spirit, a soul, an essence, which would or might obey every impulse of your will, did you ever think what that would be? Surely not: nor had the Professor before this awesome moment; yet such was his position.

For a few minutes the Professor was utterly crushed by the weight of possible consequences of his rash act. Then a hope seized him, and he tried to *will* life back into the flesh before him. He seized one of the limp hands, whose clam-

miness darted a sudden chill through him, placed his other hand back of the lifeless head, forced himself to return the glassy stare of its eyes, and concentrated his energies upon the grewsome task. Vain attempt! vain, almost ludicrously vain! All was over. There was but one thing to do. He must notify the family.

He staggered to the door, which opened upon a hallway. As he opened it he heard a step at the end of the passage. He recognized it, though he had not heard it many times,—recognized it as one does a sweetly familiar tune. How he had longed for its music during those months of estrangement from the Hostishouse! It was the step of Amelia, upon whom he had dared to look with covetous eye. At any time the appearance of Amelia was enough to throw the Professor into considerable perturbation. Imagine, then, his feelings at this time.

"How can I break it to her? How can I break it to her?" he gasped, "How can I tell her, *her*, and he her father. Ha! a thought; Hostis!"

At the utterance of "Hostis" the Professor expected to feel something, to feel the response of the subject's will to his own. You may find it hard to understand this, unless you are a hypnotist, and one whose hypnotic faculties have received considerable cultivation at that.

But the Professor was surprised to find that he felt nothing. A joyful relief came to him. "Then I was mistaken!" he ejaculated delightedly. "Alas! no. Another thought."

He shrank from it a moment, then gathered courage and cried inwardly, "Mary Ann Ferguson!" and waited.

Ah! there was no doubt of the response this time.

"Mary Ann Ferguson," continued the Professor sadly but firmly, "tell your daughter that her father is dead."

Amelia came toward him with grieving face. "O, Professor Potts!" she

cried, "He is dead. I see it all by your face. And I was not even with him. O, O, my poor father!"

Poor child! She thought she guessed it.

More than ever alarmed by this illustration of his success, the Professor escaped as soon as decency permitted. He must be alone. He must think. And yet, horrible thought! he dared not think. At what time might not his thought impress his invisible subject, and then, O horror! what might happen? What might *not* happen?

In the miserable days that ensued, the Professor's whole aim was, as it weirdly occurred to him, to think, as he had seen men attempt to walk, along a chalk-mark. And the nights were as miserable as the days. He feared even to dream. Let anyone try to control absolutely his thoughts for ten minutes, and he may gain some faintest conception of the task before the Professor. It was truly awful. Had it continued, he must have gone mad. Neither must the reader suppose that this alarm of the mind was all there was to dread. Professor Potts has since averred that there were actual occurrences. Most of them were of too ridiculous a character to enter into this serious history, but you may gain some idea of their nature, if you have attended any of the public exhibitions of the Professor, or of other mesmerists, as doubtless you have.

Occasionally, too, the Professor found his old enemy of real service to him. A ghost is no mean ally, if you have him under good control.

"Under good control." Ah, yes, but that is the point. As the days went on, the Professor found his influence seemingly lessening. That, in itself, was grateful, but it lessened in such an erratic manner. At times Hostis obeyed him as iron does a magnet. Again, he felt no response to his influence, and occasionally he even suspected that Hostis was gaining some power over him.

During all these days the Professor

found an agonizing sort of pleasure in visiting Amelia. His opportunities to see her were ample. It was most natural that she should want to converse with the man who had been with her father last, most natural that he should be the one to console her grief.

Though by no means the highest form of happiness, this was pleasant enough to the Professor; or would have been if there were not that melancholy desire in the human heart to know all about the last moments of deceased dear ones. Imagine what an amount of strategic mendacity it required to answer such of Amelia's questions as, "What were dear papa's last words, Professor?" or, "Whom did my poor father mention last?"

Could he tell her that her father's last word had been "Ferguson," or that the person whom his dying breath had honored had been "Mary Ann" instead of Amelia?

What wary generalship it took, too, to prevent that never resting ghost from obeying some impulse of his mind which would reveal all his blackness to his beloved Amelia.

But grief assuages and love grows. Amelia began to think less of the departed and more of the Professor. Ah! what happiness he saw approaching. The tie to Hostis growing weaker; the tie to Hostis's daughter growing stronger. Respect for the dead, or for that appearance the world requires as respect for the dead, had prevented any close intimacy as yet, but the Professor now concluded that he could wait no longer.

"Next Sunday, next Sunday, from her own dear lips I will hear, I must hear her love," he declared.

Ah, that eventful Sunday! Too nervously anxious to sleep much, the Professor awoke in the morning tired and with a headache. Then, from excessive thinking of Amelia, he began to think intensely of Hostis. An eager desire to try the old influence possessed him. He resisted it, but it haunted him.



"Tush! tush!" he exclaimed to himself at last, "why wear yourself out over this thing. Do it, and be done with it."

The Professor found it no difficult thing to do. Indeed, the response of his familiar was so prompt, the execution so eager, that their very perfection alarmed the Professor. Everything went so smoothly that it seemed as if he did nothing. It did not feel like the action of a subject.

"Bah!" said the Professor, "I am growing nervous."

Nervous, or not, he did not like the sensation produced, and linked with it came a foreboding of evil, though what shape the evil was to assume he could not even imagine.

These occurrences, however, did not shake his determination in regard to Amelia. They rather strengthened it. Weary in body, mind, and soul, he turned to Amelia, and the answer he knew was coming, as the rising star in his dark heavens.

Nor was the Professor doomed to disappointment in this; but the day which had dawned brightly enough took on a soggy gloom over its sky after the sun passed the meridian. On just such a day had James Hostis passed from earth, and when the Professor arrived at the home of his beloved, he was ushered into the room that had been his enemy's. Amelia had fitted it up as a sitting room, and she asked the Professor's opinion of it. Poor man! He gave it ungraciously enough, and for two miserable hours he sat battling the oppressiveness of the room, the day, and the lurking presentiment of evil.

He was roused from these feelings into one of desperation by observing the dusk coming on. It seemed as if he dared not allow that room to darken before he had obtained possession of his enemy's daughter as a sort of a hostage to secure him against his enemy's machinations.

Suddenly he broke out with his impassioned address. He pleaded elo-

quently, he dropped on his knee, he seized Amelia's hand, and O, joy! the darkness rolled from his heart, for Amelia cast her eyes modestly down, he felt her hand tremble, she turned slightly away, then turned back, looked straight at him with her divine eyes, and said "Yes, Professor."

Now, "Professor" is certainly a gratifying title in its place, but just as certainly it is not a title a fervent lover cares to hear in the mouth of a sweetheart.

"Not 'Professor' to you, my lovely Amelia," he cried, passionately kissing her hand.

Amelia blushed a little and laughed a little. "Do you know,—de—dear, that I never heard any name for you but,—Professor Potts, Professor S. A. M. Potts?"

How foolish of the Professor to become embarrassed at such a moment, but his name had never seemed so diabolically ungainly as now. Inwardly he cursed that unhappy admiration of his parents for the story of the fiery furnace. How he wished he had had an elder brother! Amelia could not help noticing his hesitation and embarrassment, and though she still laughed, it was now at his, not her own, nervousness.

"Tell me, dear, is it Samuel?" she inquired.

"N—no," said the Professor, faintly, but bravely.

"Then, what is it? Come," she said, with gentle raillery, "*surely you know your name. Tell me what it is,—tell it.*"

The Professor gasped. Those words! those fateful words! Involuntarily he glanced across the room, where a bed had once been. What was that dim shape that seemed to grow out of the gloomy air about thirty inches from the floor? The figure of a man in a sitting posture, with his long emaciated finger pointed at him.

The Professor's brain reeled. All the blood in his body seemed to rush into

his head and then rush out again. He struggled madly for an instant. Then he felt his identity give way.

Sitting bolt upright, he extended his hand with the index finger directed

straight towards the dismayed Amelia, and in answer to her questions, he screamed out, "Mary—Ann—Fer—Fer—Ferguson."

The hypnotized ghost was avenged.

*J. Edmund V. Cooke.*

## MY BOARDER.

### A TRUE STORY.

IT WAS in a little cañon of exquisite beauty, at the foot of a grand old mountain, that my tent was pitched. The face of the country was pretty much "on end"; indeed, the foreman of the place remarked one day, that "there was n't level ground enough to lay down the boards to make a gate, and he had to make it in sections." But the hillsides were clothed with what seemed to be the forest primeval, unbroken by a path, save here and there narrow trails; immense redwoods, the beautiful madroño, with its soft red bark gleaming through bright green leaves, the wild lilac, which in the spring made with its blossoms a heliotrope haze, both in color and odor, great, spreading bay trees, with their intensely aromatic leaves,—but who can recite the list of the California forest trees?

The creek, which started from a spring cold as ice, away up in the mountain gorge, flowed through the bottom of the cañon, a raging torrent during the winter rains, and a peaceful stream of surpassing beauty in the summer, tumbling in waterfalls, gushing over rocks of all sizes and shapes, curling under green banks, with ferns and brakes mirrored in its bosom, watering the roots of the lovely wild lilies, fringed with the "running blackberry that would adorn the parlors of heaven," long sprays of yerba buena swinging over the banks, and tangling themselves up with the beds of water cress. Always the ripple of the

stream was heard, when the stillness of night fell and the sounds ceased, musical and sweet.

It was a little summer resort, one of the many lovely places, so common in California, to which city-weary people can flee with their children, and old clothes, and find a little respite from the wear and tear of life,—a few cosy cottages, with a central rallying place for meals, dancing, fancy work, and gossip.

"Cottages are well enough if one cannot do better," thought I, as I wandered around, and my lucky star was in the ascendant, for as I penetrated with some difficulty what seemed to be a dense grove of Monterey cypress trees, I found that it was in reality a circle of trees, with an open space in the center, evidently planted with a purpose, the fact of which was further attested by a low platform, or floor of boards in the center of the circle, and I was stunned by the inspiration which seized me that this was the spot for my camp.

No sooner thought of than accomplished; my tent was erected on the floor, and I took possession at once; a bright carpet was spread, a dressing bureau and washstand in one corner, an improvised wardrobe—which I ought to take out a patent for—in another, a table for books and writing, an easy chair, the American flag draped from the ridge-pole, and a bright little oil-stove with which to get up a tropical climate in the cool evenings. Could



any spot in the world be more cosy and comfortable?

I cut away a few small branches with a very careful hand, so as to make a zig-zag trail through which to pass in and out, but which did not show on the outside enough to betray my whereabouts to outsiders. A tent is the handiest thing in the world to live in. I pinned up my picture gallery on my canvas wall, stowed away my belongings in the tent-pockets,—it was just turn around once and reach all my things. My cot-bed I set up in my “back yard,” under the canopy of heaven, swung a hammock in the “front yard,” and called myself fixed.

As I sat in the tent door, admiring my arrangements and extolling the sagacity which had led me to the discovery of this bower of solitude, some small object flopped down in the middle of the tent, from — I have no idea where. I turned to see what it might be, and found it to be a tiny tree-toad, no larger than the end of my thumb, of a bronze color, with a little ball on the end of each small toe, after the manner of tree-toads.

I bade him welcome, and expressed a hope that he would make himself at home, which he immediately proceeded to do, for, after deliberately taking an observation, he sprang up on the wash-stand and sat on the sponge; in a short time he seemed to wish to make further explorations, and took up a position on the table. I soon observed that he was of the chameleon species, for he took the color of whatever object he sat upon, and was now slowly taking the tint of the red table-cover; presently he scrambled upon a book, which had a blue cover, and slowly his red color faded, and he became blue.

I was extremely interested and pleased. I expressed my admiration to him, and the hope that he would give me as much of his society as his other engagements would permit: he made no reply to any

of my remarks, but soon hopped away, explored a tent pocket, then sat in the door of the tent in a most meditative way, then disappeared, and I supposed I had seen the last of him.

The last rays of the setting sun filtered through my trees. The dinner bell rang. I could scarcely tear myself away from my new abode long enough to consume some dinner, but made short work of it and returned. It was no easy matter to strike the trail in the dark but finally I found it and entered. If my camp was attractive in the day-time, it was bewitching at night, with the moonlight shimmering down. I fired up the oil-stove and lit the lamp. Stretched out in a long bamboo steamer chair, the crimson shaded lamp making a soft glow, the little stove making a tropical temperature, an open pot-pourri of the leaves of the Castile rose — sweetest of all roses—giving off its perfume, I could just hear the rise and fall of the music, and the beat of dancing feet over in the parlor; just a suggestion of gayety, making my solitude and comfort seem more precious.

By and by the music and dancing ceased, the people scattering to their respective cottages. A few sauntered around the walks, singing snatches of songs. Soon all was quiet. I retired to my bed under the sky, with the old, old stars looking down in my face: the murmur of the stream was now the only sound — excepting two owls, who discoursed with each other from different parts of the woods in their own solemn and dignified fashion; then sleep, profound and dreamless, such as can be enjoyed only in the open air, and cannot be coaxed within the walls of a house,—after our early youth, when we can sleep anywhere.

We had a polyglot establishment at the little summer resort. The steward was an Irishman; the head cook, French; the stage driver, a Spaniard; the head gardener was a Dane; the assistant gar-

dener, a German ; the man who milked the cows was a Portuguese ; the youth who swept the walks and did chores was a mulatto ; the man who watered the lawn and handled baggage was a Vermont Yankee ; there were a dozen Chinese waiters and two Japanese. The jabber that went on sometimes, when any sudden excitement came up to set them all talking at a time, would have discounted the Tower of Babel. The boarders exhibited the same variety, always to be found in that sort of place.

The day had two excitements, one when the stage started in the morning, carrying the gentlemen to the station where they took the train to the city ; the other when they came back in the evening. Then there were excursions up the mountain, gentlemen donning flannel shirts and overalls, ladies short skirts and stout shoes, for the way was by narrow trails through dense chaparral, and over piled-up rocks of the most break-neck kind. There were horse-back parties, fishing parties, moonlight excursions to row on the bay, hay rides, and picnics, tennis, and croquet. It is curious to observe how hard people will work to amuse themselves.

I am, probably, a very lazy person, for I like to lie on the ground, and let Nature amuse me. I can lie for hours looking up through the tops of the trees, watching their endless motion, and hearing them talk to each other ; then turn over, and examine the small things that grow out of the ground ; all the tiny leaves and flowers that grow so close to the bosom of mother earth you cannot see them while standing upright, but must get into close communion with them by prostrating yourself. What delicate ferns and grasses I have found by putting my face down in the wild oats, and burr clover, and wild strawberries. It is also very diverting to watch small insects at work : ants, packing loads four times as big as themselves with as much alacrity as if the

fate of commonwealths depended on their exertions : but no use to even begin to enlarge upon the wonderful things we can find if we hunt for them.

As I went into my camp with hands full of fragrant "*wald-meisterchen*," there in the tent sat my small new acquaintance, as bold as if he had "jumped my claim" and taken possession. I beheld him with delight, and told him so.

"*Amiguito mio*," quoth I, "welcome. You honor me greatly. I am proud if any respectable little — or big — animal allows me to associate with it on terms of equality. You fill your place in nature much better than we do ; you have no prisons, or gallows, or divorce courts, or insane asylums, no paupers, no millionaires ; come and live with me ; it shall not cost you a cent ; the pleasure of your company will more than settle your board bill."

The little chap sat calm and unmoved by my impassioned harangue ; he rubbed the side of his head gently with the ball on one of his toes, in a meditative way, then climbed up, took a seat on the sponge, and seemed to go to sleep ; but he was not asleep ; he was revolving the matter in his mind, and finally decided it in my favor, for he took up his abode with me henceforth.

His habits were peculiar ; he had a way of appearing suddenly, apparently from nowhere ; sometimes I opened a bureau drawer, and out would step "the boarder." I would take down my ulster, and "*Amiguito*" would look out from one of the pockets. I have frequently opened a book which I had closed on the paper knife, and there he sat, as if absorbing knowledge through the skin by outside application. He liked to sit in a little hollow place in the top of the lacquer-ware lid of the sweet-jar of Castile roseleaves ; sometimes he reposed in the bottom of a tumbler, and I have known him to stay for days at a time in a tent pocket, sitting on the butt of a small revolver which lay there.



He would sit in my hand, if I first wet it with water, but he did not seem to like the warmth. I have often tried to hold him by closing my hand tightly, but he could make himself as thin as a ribbon, and squeeze out between two fingers, then turn up his bright goggle eyes with such a triumphant look, run up my arm, and sit on my shoulder, then make one of his long leaps, and clear out to parts unknown. Although he was so small that a four-bit piece would more than cover him, when he undoubled his hind legs for a spring he looked a quarter of a yard long. Soon, my boarder began to have more notoriety than he always liked. All the children in the place were my friends. I allowed them to play in my front yard, swing in my hammock, but forbade their going into the tent unless I was there, as I would not have my boarder's privacy intruded on when I was not by to defend him. He was so tiny, and his fashion of turning the color of whatever he sat on was about the same as having an invisible cloak, that I was always afraid of his getting hurt. I never went into my tent in the dark without putting my feet down as if I was stepping on eggs, in case he might be loafing around on the floor; he seemed to have such sublime confidence; I often found him curled up in my chair, or sitting in one of my slippers. Once or twice he allowed the children to handle him, throwing them into a frenzy of delight, but after that whenever they appeared would make himself scarce at once; he often sat upon the table while I wrote, but upon any one else appearing would spring into the tent pocket, with a knowing look at me, plainly saying, "Don't betray me."

With what kind of dainty provender he sustained his life, or made muscle for his prodigious jumps, I could never conjecture, for in all the months he lived with me I never knew him to eat or drink, nor did he ever make a sound, or leave the slightest trace of himself.

I often wondered what he thought about, and tried my best to get it out of him, but he knew how to hold his peace. Yet we discoursed together a great deal; that is, I did the discoursing, and he the listening; but every one knows that it requires a great deal more mental acumen to be a good listener than ever so good a talker. At any rate, we had a perfect understanding. I meditated much on the doctrine of transmigration of souls, and decided that in some of my previous forms I had been a tree-toad, and this was a small cousin, or maybe a twin brother, we had so many tastes in common.

More than one small animal made free with my quarters; once, when I was obliged to go to the city for a day, I found that a field mouse had made its nest in my best hat, which had been stowed away in a drawer; the nest was so beautiful, and so carefully made of dried grass which it had packed in, and lined with my red stockings, which it had chewed up for the purpose, that it went to my soul to disturb it; but my reputation as a "crank" being bad enough on account of my liking to live in a tent with a tree-toad and sleep under a tree, I could not risk making it worse by going to the city in my bare head, so I was obliged to evict the field mouse, with an apology.

Once, in the middle of the night, as I slept the sleep of the just under my tree, I was awakened by a motion of my bed. I said, "That is only a little earthquake," and composed myself to sleep again. A second and more violent movement waked me again. "That *is* an earthquake," said I. Just then a lifting-up movement nearly tossed me out of bed, and I discovered that the "earthquake" was the large house dog, that had evidently been lying under my bed asleep, and wishing to change his position had found the quarters too close for his height, as the cot had a canvas bottom, and my weight brought it down a good deal, and his frantic endeavors to get on his feet

had given me the shock attributed to the earthquakes. It required some moral suasion, and some more suasion of another kind with a stick, to induce him to go and look for other sleeping accommodations.

Life is leisure at a California summer resort. The hills were growing brown with the dried grasses and wild oats. The children were always getting into scrapes with mothers and nurses, from coming in when the lunch bell rang, with hands, faces, and pinafores, stained with the sweet wild blackberries that were ripening all along the banks of the creek, and on the warm hillsides.

Our little community was increased by the arrival of some Boston people, "tenderfeet," in regular California parlance. They were social, public-spirited, and good singers,—therefore popular. Once they came upon me as I lay stretched out on the ground, my head under a manzanita tree for shade. They sat down on a log, I threw down my book and prepared to be sociable. They told me where all they had been,—they had thoroughly "done" California; they had seen Yosemite, the Big Trees, Mount Shasta, Coronado Beach, Monterey, and the Cliff House. They had eaten figs and oranges at Riverside, had drunk wine at Anaheim, investigated the ostrich farm, admired the Presidio, and explored Chinatown, and were now taking a little rest before taking the back track by way of Alaska and the Yellowstone Park.

"How can you lie on the ground?" exclaimed one of the ladies, "don't you get that horrid tar-weed and burrs all over you?"

"I lie on the ground to absorb sanity; then it is warm and smells sweet; there is no tar-weed here."

"That is a curious reason for lying on the ground, that you want to 'absorb sanity,'—what becomes of your sanity?"

"O, I suppose it becomes dissipated from eternal friction with people, and

things; I never should be able to keep any wits about me if I did not get my skull in proximity to the earth very frequently; in the wet season when I can not lie on the ground I do not feel more than half-witted."

"How very queer! if I could not keep my wits without lying on the ground, I am sure I never should have any, for I would be sure to catch my death of cold the first thing."

"But there is no cold in the ground this time of year; it has been absorbing the sun for five months, and not a drop of rain, so it cannot be damp; rheumatic people, in this climate, are sent to the country to lie on the ground in order to be cured."

"What would be thought of such practice in Boston, I wonder."

"B'long California custom, as a Chinaman would say," laughed the Boston gentleman.

We strolled down the hill together.

"We hear that you live in a very romantic spot," he continued.

"Yes, I shall be happy to show you my abode; if you will stoop down your heads a little, so as to get through the trail," I answered, as I led the way, drawing the branches a little aside.

They all exclaimed at the beauty of the place.

"Why, this is Arcadia! I never dreamed this was anything but a grove of trees! Who would guess that it was anybody's habitation? Robinson Crusoe could hardly discount this! It only wants a parrot, and a goat, and a man Friday!"

Their eyes fell on the cot-bed. "What is the bed for? You do not sleep here?"

"Certainly. Who would sleep under a roof, even of canvas, if he could sleep under the stars?"

"But what then is the tent for?"

"Oh! to keep my things in; they would get scattered all around. Then it is handy to stay in evenings, if I want to read or write. Come inside, it is just



the time of day for the fresco work on my ceiling to be at its best. That is about all I have to exhibit in the line of decorative art."

For when the sun was directly overhead it threw the shadows of the tree-tops on the sloping canvas so strongly as to show very beautifully inside, and the breeze gently moving them changed them constantly to new lines of beauty.

"How perfectly lovely! I never saw such wonderful effects! What artist ever lived whose brush or pencil could trace such delicate lines as those?"

"May I look at your books?" said the gentleman. "I should like to know just what a person reads who lives in a fairyland like this, sleeps under the sky, and lies on the ground to absorb sanity."

He picked up a book, "Sartor Resartus! Ah!" said he, with a smile; he took up another,—"Leaves of Grass, Walt Whitman." The smile broadened on his face as he laid it down, and took up another, "Don Quixote," and he laughed outright. "I see," said he.

"You stopped too soon; you should have investigated further," said I.

My boarder sat on the pot, purring; seeing strangers, he leaped for the tent pocket.

"Oh! what was that?" exclaimed the lady.

"Only a little friend that lives with me; I call him my boarder."

"But what is it?"

"A tree-toad of the chameleon species, did you ever see one?"

I took him in my hand, but he ran up my arm, and seemed to wish to get out of the way. The lady drew her skirts together, and retreated toward the door.

"Ugh! I would n't have a thing like that around."

Quick as a flash the boarder made a spring, and lit on her back: her scream would have waked the dead, but he had not more than touched her when he leaped off again, scrambled into the tent

pocket, and sat on the revolver, with a sly wink at me. I assured her that he was the most harmless of creatures, could not hurt her if he would, and would not if he could, but she was as much terrified as if an alligator had been on her back.

"There is the lunch bell," said the gentleman, "we must go: thank you very much for your courtesy."

"Call again," said I.

"We shall be happy to, some day when your boarder is out," replied the lady; and so they departed.

I explained to my boarder that Boston people were not accustomed to the society of tree-toads, and did not appreciate them, and that they needed a missionary very badly. He did not seem offended; although he was quite capable of resenting an offense; for one day as I was washing my hands, and he was sitting in his favorite place on the sponge, I noticed a tiny mark of sand on the towel covering the wash-stand.

"*Amiguito mio*," said I, more for something to say than because there was any sense in it, "I shall have to start a door-mat for your benefit."

He instantly made a spring, and went out the tent.

"There now, he is mad," said I, and it looked like it, for he stayed away for two whole days, and the pangs of remorse I suffered may not be described. That I should have mentioned such a thing—even in jest—was outrageous; what if he never came back; it would be on my conscience forever.

But, at the end of the second day, just before I died of lonesomeness, he came in with as much alacrity as when he left, climbed up on the wash-stand, but instead of walking across the towel he sprang up on the edge of the basin in which there was a little water, got into it and washed his feet, then sat up on the sponge, saying as plain as words could speak, "There, can a fellow be any neater than that?"

I felt very humble, and wished to do works meet for repentance, but did not know what to do, so did nothing, but was careful thereafter always to leave a little water in the basin for his accommodation, and I frequently found him sitting in it when the day was warm; and we never had another misunderstanding.

He had two or three misadventures, but the same accident never happened to him twice; he had far too much intellect for that. I sat reading one evening, and my boarder sat meditating on a small broom which lay on the floor close to the oil-stove, which was burning, as if he liked to bask in its light; it was one of those stoves with a shallow place for water on top of the oil tank, and the water would become pretty hot when the stove had been burning a good while. Suddenly I heard a little splash, and the boarder had jumped into the water, and finding it hot he did some of the liveliest scrambling and kicking to get out, then sat on the broom handle and fanned himself with one small foot. I got some cold water and sprinkled on him to cool him, and congratulated him upon not being entirely cooked.

He could understand a word of advice, and act upon it as well as anybody. I found him one day, sitting up on top of the pitcher, which was half full of water. I said, "Now, *amiguito*, I am going out into the garden, and if you tumble into that pitcher you will have a time getting out, and I not here to help you." So I went out and got a branch of a tree which I stuck into the pitcher, with the top well out, and told him he could climb out on that and so left him. When I came back, there he sat very comfortably in the top of the branch, showing that he knew perfectly well what it was there for.

Summer waned into autumn; the

people began to drop off, one by one, and go back to their city homes.

"*Amiguito mio*," quoth I, "you and I will stay until the last gun fires," and so we did.

The autumn is a lovely season in California, the days are soft and warm; it seemed a shame to leave the little cañon sleeping so peacefully in the sun and go back to the windy city; but when at last the cook packed up his traps and went off in the stage, I realized that it was time to break camp, whether I wished to or not. So my tent was struck. I explained to my boarder that stern necessity compelled me to leave him, but I hoped he would find comfortable winter quarters; that I should be back early next spring, and hoped he would take up his abode with me again; and so bade him farewell, and left him sitting on a branch of a Monterey cypress, looking right melancholy.

During the winter I once went over to see the little cañon, when the creek was a torrent and the breast of the dam a small Niagara. Passing through the trail where the branches had grown together again I got into my old camp, and looked around for my boarder. A wooden box had been left lying on its side under the trees, and there I found him, curled up under some eucalyptus leaves. I bade him "hail" and "farewell," and charged him to be on hand in the spring.

And so he was, and for six consecutive summers I lived in my tent, and my small boarder came and lived with me, always showing up the very day my tent was set up. Finally, I left California and went East, and what he thought when I did not appear in the spring I cannot imagine. I only hope he has not forgotten me, but can think of me with half the pleasure and regret with which I remember him.

C. B. R.



## JOSE AND 'TÉO.



**T**HERE was distress in the cottage, and the boys knew not the cause. Dolores had told them to be still and keep out of the way, and they were trying to do so. They saw that Dolores had assumed control of the household, and that, soft as her heart might be, her head was now so full that it had no room in it for thought of them.

Doctor Vasquez's buggy was at the gate, and the Doctor was in the house, and so were Mamma and Dolores. But the boys felt that they were not wanted there. So they stood under the blue gum tree by the fence and looked at the clean-coated bay that had drawn the man of medicine in all haste from the town. 'Téo stuck a brown bare foot against the root of the gum tree, and ran his eye over the red tiles on the roof, while José's gaze sought the ground. Here was seen the difference in the natures of the two. 'Téo, the younger, was sunnier and hopefuller than the other. Although they were of the same parentage, their father English and their mother Spanish, there seemed more of the Saxon blood in 'Téo than in his brother.

"Les' go over t' Simpson's an' see Rass' new gun," suggested 'Téo.

José only sighed.

"Come on. They ain't no fun 'round here. If we make a noise we'll disturb somebody. Mebbe Rass'll let us take a shot. He let Lew Presley fire it off yesterday. I'm goin'. Come on."

There was not as much life in the suggestion as there might have been. It did not move the downcast José. Yes,

he was downcast. There was a doctor in the house, and nobody had seen fit to tell him why he had been called in. He moved his head until he could see through the pickets the horse's feet. One foot was white and had a long white fetlock. All the other feet were of the color of the horse's coat. He fell to speculating upon the reason for this, but he did not get very far before there was a "halloo" down by the olive trees. 'Téo had slipped out in the roadway and was calling to him to "come 'long." But the cry was not in the boy's usual cheery tone. The spirit of it was deadened by that something which had deadened everything in José's world that day. He glanced at the window in the adobe wall of the cottage. The doctor was standing there, looking out. He was always a solemn man, and he dressed in solemn style. His dark Spanish face was lighted by eyes that always seemed to José to have the power of looking into the brains of other people, which was why he always stuck his head down when the doctor's black orbs were upon him. But Doctor Vasquez had a far-away look in his eyes as he stood at the window just then, and gazed over the field and down to the channel, on whose waters the afternoon sun was dancing. He seemed to be studying out some knotty problem.

José slipped back around the corner, that the great man should not see him, — though for what reason he kept from his sight he could not have told, as there was no danger of a brain inspection then, — and passing through the gate he went out into the road, where the dust lay thick, and where the crisp brown autumn grass looked dry enough to choke the solitary sheep that nibbled at it gingerly as he passed along. The boy stood by the tail-board of the doctor's buggy,

with his hand on a hind wheel. He was undecided whether or not to follow his brother. Mrs. Simpson, their nearest neighbor, turned the corner. She came directly toward the cottage and halted at the gate.

"Matéo!" — she was always getting the boys' names mixed — "hez the doctor ben here long?" This came out in that high-pitched voice of her's — a voice sharp enough to pierce the adobe walls.

"No — yes 'm. Since noon."

"Wa'al, I hope —"

The doctor appeared at the door bare-headed, with his finger at his lips. "Sh-h!" he made sound. And then, drawing nearer to the visitor, he said, "She's low — very low." The doctor did not see José, or he would have whispered the words.

"Nothin' dangerous, I hope." The woman had toned down her voice, and had moved nearer the gate, and yet José lost not a word. "How about the baby?"

"It came two hours ago, — a fine girl."

The neighbor's eyes glistened.

"You don't say. My last was a gal, too. This makes three for the Orcutts, but I've got six. Sorry to hear she's took so bad. Is Mr. Orcutt to home? Not come yit? That's a pity. If anything should happen, it would be dreadful fur them children, an' fur Mr. Orcutt, too, — there is n't a whole souleder man in all Santa Barbara. I won't go in. I'm jest going up to town. Tell Dolores to let me know ef she wants anything, or needs any help with the baby."

What baby? Why should there be a baby? Why should "she" be low? Why should Dolores need help? Why should the whole world look so strangely dark? To a boy of nine these questions were deep ones and solemn. If she were so low, why did they not send for Father? Why was not something done? Why was there not something that he could do himself? He would run those stout legs of his off, if they would but say the word. To think he could be of

no service — that they would not even let him remain in the house — made him feel that he was very small, and of very little use in the world. As he started down the road he hated himself for his smallness, and stretched his legs as far as he could while he walked along, that his stride might be that of a man.

Tired of waiting for his brother, 'Téo had gone far ahead. The Simpsons lived nearer the channel shore than the Orcutts. When José paused by the big fan-palm in front of their neat redwood cottage, and looked down the avenue of tall eucalyptus trees toward the water, he threw his eye far to seaward, where a blue island rose up out of the depths and told him there was hope in its bosom, and cheer, and love. For on that blue island the boy's father watched the sheep, and watched also the low Santa Barbara shore, and the naked peaks above it that guarded the valley where dwelt his own. He had been gone from them a week. His stay on the island was generally for a fortnight, but his return had been looked for sooner at this time. Indeed, by right, he should have been there even now; but something kept him away.

"May be he's gone to one of the other islands — Anacapa or San Miguel," ran the boy's thought. "If I could see the schooner coming in now, would n't I leg it for the beach!"

But there was no schooner, and so he turned into the orchard, where on the fence, under the old orange tree, he saw a strange sight. Téo and Rass were hanging by their legs from the top rail, with blood-red faces, while each crunched a piece of white turnip between his teeth. On seeing José, Rass laughed, and out of his mouth flew the bit of turnip. He quickly let his body assume a more rational position for the process of digestion, and blurted out, —

"There, he's beat me, an' its your fault!"

'Téo swallowed his last morsel and



sprang to his feet, apparently just in time to prevent the last drop of blood in his body from rushing to his head.

"Beat yer! beat yer!" he cried in delight. For, be it known, Rass was four years older than his opponent in the strange contest, and there was on that account the greater honor. Seeing an inquiring look in his brother's eyes, 'Téo explained: "Y'see, he give me a stunt at hangin' by the legs, an' I hung on nearly as long as he did. Then he got this turnip an' give me this kind of a stunt; an' I eat all o' mine, but he did n't git his all down."

"Yer mean up," said Rass, who was bound to make light of the defeat.

There were some new calves to discuss over in the little corral, and there were larks in the stubble-field that required pebble-and-clod attention. After which there were some desultory tossing and catching of a rubber ball, and a little fingering of the new gun. But the stay at Simpsons' was not long, there being in all their forty acres nothing into which José could throw his heart, —for "she" was very low.

When they returned home the doctor's buggy was gone. That, to José, was some comfort. They stole quietly into the kitchen and ate their supper in silence. After which Dolores whisked a pink something before their eyes, and said it was their new sister. They looked closely and saw that the pink something was a wee baby. They stared at it for a few seconds. José was glad that there were to be some confidences, after all. He wanted to hold the baby in his arms and see her wink. But this was denied him. There was nothing he could do, and when the new sister was hustled quickly away, he felt as though a door had been shut in his face. It was time to go to bed, but the boys sat about in the rawhide chairs, with no sign of sleep in their eyes. Nothing was said. There seemed to be nothing to say. For 'Téo had looked a little way into the depths

of his brother's trouble, and his soul too had been saddened.

They sat there in the half-darkness until the rays of the big moon slanted in at the open window. José leaned over the casement and looked down the road. There was an awful quiet in the air, for the wind was light and the sound of the waves rolling in upon the beach came up to him but faintly. He saw the peaks of the Santa Ynez range, bathed in silver, and saw the orange trees over in the valley standing in solemn rows, in which light and shade were seen as in plowed furrows in a field. The leafage of the eucalyptus trees along the road took on the old ghostly forms. There was the knight in armor, on his shadowy steed, that he had sketched out before, and here was the stately lady waving her handkerchief to the man on the castle wall.

There was in him but little of the spirit of the dreamy view, and what little there was quickly fled when 'Téo came to him and whispered that Doctor Vasquez had come back and that he had brought another doctor with him. 'Téo had heard them say that Father ought to be there; and Dolores had cried a little, and said he would surely come tonight.

"He will come tonight?" Though his heart had sunk low at the first words of his brother, these last were words that gave José courage. "Then we will go down to the beach and watch for him."

"What would Muvver say? We oughtented to be out at night, you know."

"Yes, but then it will be doing something for her. You may stay, if you want to,—I'm going."

Matéo's eyes sought the pencil of light that glinted through the keyhole of the door of the sick-room, and he moved toward his brother, for he needed his company. No, he would not stay alone. They flung on their shapeless hats, each

of which had lost its band, leaving the brim to flap down all around. As they passed the old adobe chimney outside, 'Téo picked up an empty tomato can.

"What's that for?" asked José.

"Dunno — mebbe we'll find some little star-fish. You can find 'em easy 'nough at night."

Star-fish! It was plain that 'Téo had not been touched so deeply by this mystery, after all. The older boy thought it was well that he had not, and so they went along.

Nearing the beach, they heard the waves singing low to the sands. It was the same old song, only it seemed softer and sweeter in the moonlight. Such a waterscape! The light spray, made luminous by phosphorescent particles that glowed in its midst, the dark green waves, curling down on the beach; the great swell, rising and slowly passing in shore, swaying the long black seaweed, and now and again casting a snake-like piece of it on the shore; the broad expanse of the channel itself, and the dimly outlined hills of the nearest island, Santa Cruz. And above and before all else, the milky path of moonlight, broad as the Appian Way, stretching across the water, with its uneven ever-changing margin, its glittering side-streaks and flashes. And the diamonds and sapphires along the beach,—for such the pebbles here and there had become,—how they sparkled!

'Téo had eyes for the diamonds and sapphires and also for the star-fish, but José's gaze was to seaward. There was a steamer's smoke along the horizon, but no sail was in sight. The boy stood there, and though the breath of the night was warm he shivered. In his soul was a great yearning. The unseen and the unknowable—so he dreamt—moved dimly, as in clouds, before his sight. The track of the moon was a silver-pave road, that led far away to the end of the world and up to that other world on which he had bent so much

thought, and had learned nothing—nothing. A glimmer of the deep meaning of life seemed to come to him there, and yet there was more of death. At no other place could he have suffered as he suffered there. His was a nature made for sorrow—that supersensitive nature which is the curse of some children. He stood a long time with his face to the sea, while his brother waded in the shallow, dug in the sand, or hunted his star-fish, and took no great thought of the shadows of life.

And still no sail appeared on the channel. The breeze was landward, and beyond the lee of Castle Rock it was blowing strong enough to have brought up the schooner in no great time. Why did it not come?

José would have remained longer—much longer—but 'Téo was tired. So they turned their backs to the sea, and sadly made their way homeward. They cast weird shadows on the sands. It was a source of satisfaction to José that his shadow resembled that of a giant. He had felt so small all that day, that he gloried a little in this exaggeration. It was a very lonely walk—that back to the cottage. Their feet seemed weighted with lead. And it was with a feeling of depression such as they had never shared before that they made their way to the back door, where José sat down on the threshold, and the sleepy 'Téo felt his way into his little bed-chamber.

A deep sense of isolation stole over the boy. The vagueness of the dread that haunted him was the worst of it all. Had it come before him sharp and clear there would have been something for him to have battled with,—he was not afraid to fight. He heard Dolores come toward him in the darkness.

"*El padre*—why does he not come?" she was sighing to herself in her soft Spanish speech. "*Eso es terrible.*"

Then she saw the boy, and started forward in her impulsive way. "Why are you not gone to bed, *pobre niño*?"



"*La mia madre*—How is she?"

"Oh, she sleeps quietly, and *la hermana* (the sister) is sleeping. And you should be asleep."

"But what is it that is so terrible?"

"O, it is nothing; only poor Dolores is worn out with nursing, and is tired,—her nerves are gone."

"Then I will help," urged the boy eagerly.

"You? You should be in bed." Then, remembering that she was "*la madre*" for the time, she assumed the tone of command, "To bed—to bed, *al instante!*"

And so José crept to his lonely couch.

Next day came the father.

"*Una palabra, señor!*" cried Dolores, as he appeared at the door, with a worn and weary look upon his face—a gaunt look, such as she had never seen there before. She wished to prepare him for what he would see when he entered the sick-room. For the woman he loved lay dying there. "You are late, *señor*," she faltered. "She—she"—

He read from her face the thoughts she would have uttered.

"Yes, I am late, he cried in low, hoarse tones, "but not so late as I would have been had I not worked all night mending the boat. I started at dawn yesterday, but there was an accident to the crazy craft, and I was kept away when I should have been here by her side."

He stole quickly to the door, of the sick-room and closed it behind him, just as José reached out to grasp his hand. The father had not seen his boy,—he saw nothing but the wan face on the pillow; he felt nothing but the great suffocating grief into which he had been hurled headlong, as one is hurled from a steep place into the swirling deep. But José had been in the depths before him, and with the failure of this last grasp of his at something on which he thought he could lay hold he broke down, and gave himself over to his sorrow as only one of his years and his nature could do.

All through the long afternoon he waited about the house. He leaned upon the gate-post, and gazed down the road toward the sea. The surf was now booming in low, measured tones. Over in the orchard Téo was aimlessly pelt-ing stones through the leaves—aimlessly, for there was little use of putting any spirit into the play if José would not join him.

Just before the night fell the boys were called in. Their father told them, in a voice that was choked now and again, as only a strong man's voice does choke, that God would soon take their dear mother away. They must be good boys and not cry,—for that would pain her,—and they could go in and kiss her, but they must come back soon. The boys went in alone. The doctor had told the stricken man that his wife would live two or three hours longer. She had insisted upon knowing the measure of her remaining time on earth, and when they told her, she wanted to be alone with her boys for a little while.

It was well, perhaps, for the worn and stricken father that he did not see them there. The two little figures advanced toward the bed timidly. In the voice of one in the ebbing life, she told them to be good to their father and to take care of their little sister, for her sake. They promised, in broken tones, kneeling there by the bedside and burying their faces in the counterpane. Then she asked God to bless them, kissed them with all the fervor that was left in her spent frame, smiled upon them sweetly through her tears, and bade them her last *adios*.

They went away, and sorrow laid upon them with greater weight than ever its heavy hand. The father returned to the bedside and remained alone there with the dying one, as she had wished it, until the end came. Even when her breath had ceased and the calm, sweet face had been fixed in death, he would not believe that she was gone from him, and he still

stroked her long dark hair, and murmured, "Cita,—Cita,—my Cita!" in a dull, cold ear, until Dolores came and led him away.

They laid her in the old mission churchyard. The desolate man would not ride home from the grave. He could not sit in peace. He must needs keep moving, and in this unrest the boys shared, so that, each with a hand in his, they went slowly over a by-road to the home from which all that was bright, all that spoke of peace and cheer, had flown.

Before the open fire-place that night Dolores and the father went over the story of the mother's life. And José, whom they thought asleep on the lounge in the corner, drank it all in with a fierce joy, for he had never known his mother as he would like to have known her. There had been a mystery. It was a scrappy story, as all stories are where they are told between those who know the tale well enough beforehand, and who, therefore, do not fill in the bits that would make all clear to another who does not know. They took long to tell it, but it may be briefly set down.

Noricita Monteagle was the daughter of a Spaniard who owned a large coffee plantation in San Salvador, and Dolores had been her nurse and companion from childhood. When old Monteagle's superintendent, John Orcutt, who had come from Liverpool when a mere lad, had begun to regard the daughter of his employer in a light too tender to suit the girl's proud father, there had been a stern prohibition of any friendly relations whatsoever between the young couple. This angered Noricita, who had a will of her own, and led to a runaway. Dolores had flown with her mistress, and had been present at the marriage by the priest in the obscure mission church. Then they had taken secret flight to Santa Barbara, where they had led a quiet life. There had been reverses of fortune for Orcutt, and for years he had

been a poor man. The girl had sent repeated letters to her father, but they had never been answered. The tale was told forward and backward. The part of it supplied by Dolores was full of tender allusions to "the Senorita" in the happy days before she had left the parent roof-tree. She babbled on about these things until a smothered groan came from the man, who sat with head bowed toward the fire-light. The groan was answered by a quiet sob from the corner of the room, but this they did not hear.

"And to think that all the time she lived here in this miserable adobe she might have spent in that great house on the hillside, amid all the comforts and luxuries that wealth can command," sighed the heart-wounded man. "It was all my fault — all my fault."

Dolores saw that she had made a mistake. "O, she was very happy here — very happy. She often told me so. And then, who knows? perhaps her children will one day share her father's wealth. You know the mother was dead and she was the only child."

"Yes, but he was unforgiving, and as for me, I could not touch a penny of his, — not a penny. The children, though, that is another matter. She would have wished it. But then there is little hope of that, after all these years."

"And if it should be so — and if he gave us a mountain of gold — we would not look at it!" burst forth from the corner, in José's bitterest tones. "He was unkind to *Madre* — he was unkind to her. He drove her away. He would send no word to her. He was cruel — cruel! I could kill him!"

This was a surprise, but in spite of it, and in spite of all his sorrow, Orcutt could not keep back the smile of pride that came to his lips. This was his boy. He had Spanish blood in his veins, but he was his own boy. There was fire in him — noble rage. He would some day be a great man.



THE autumn passed, the winter rains fell, and the golden oranges appeared among the dark-green leaves. Some of the heart-pangs had been eased. The baby — Little Cita, the father called her — was to have the face and eyes of her mother,—yes, and her hair, too, it seemed,

the marketing, and even swept the floor and washed dishes. The care of a baby is work enough for two ever-so-willing hands, and Dolores, who was getting stiff in the legs and weak in the back, was glad of their help.

To work was pleasure for José, but his



"THEY CAST WEIRD SHADOWS ON THE SANDS."

though one can tell little about a baby's hair. The boys plodded through school tasks and home work, for they were useful boys, and being much needed at home because of their father's absence for long periods on the island, they helped Dolores mightily. They hauled in firewood, took care of the cow, did

chief delight was in books. There was so much to be learned in the world, and he knew so little. Dolores did not know it, but he read for hours every night in his little bedroom, shading the light by a newspaper, so that its rays could not shine out through the chinks in the adobe walls and betray him. Every book



"HE LEANED UPON THE POST."

upon which he could lay his hands he devoured eagerly, reading much that was good for him to know, and much also that was bad. The foster-mother wondered why his eyes were so red, and she also wondered why the candles melted away so rapidly, but as to these things the dear old soul never dreamt the truth.

"A mighty smart boy, that José," Mrs. Simpson would remark, "but he ain't nat'ral. 'Téo will make the strongest man o' them two."

In truth, 'Téo's face was fuller, and there was more color in it, for he sought the sunshine and was gayer than his brother. Nor was he by any means so sensitive or shy.

That sister of theirs! How the boys worshiped her and fought over her! When not at household tasks or books, José sat in his chair, with the little one in his arms, coddling her and crooning to her almost as tenderly as a mother could have done,—though not quite. Perhaps one reason why he loved her so was that over her plump little breast was pinned a small silver cross, set with three pearls, and bearing an oddly de-

vised monogram, "N. M." It was a relic of the dead mother's maiden days, and Dolores had been told from her mother's own lips that her child should wear it.

One day José and 'Téo were down at the beach, near the great rock to the westward of the town. They were talking of the future.

"I shall be a rich man some day," said 'Téo, who sat upon the sands and played with an abalone shell. "Dolores says so. And you, too, José. But we'll not have to earn our money—it's comin' to us."

"Yes, I know how it is coming," said José, with a look of disdain on his finely curved lips, "and for me I shall not have it so. And yet I should like to be rich, because if you are rich you can learn everything."

He looked down at the abalone shell, which was lying at his feet and was still being fingered by the careless 'Téo. "I want to know so many things," he went on. "I want to know how the abalone colors its shell. I want to know where the birds come from when they fly here in winter time; what makes the tides





"HE LOOKED DOWN AT THE ABALONE SHELL."

rise and fall on the beach; how old these hills are, and how the grass grows. And there are many other things I want to know. I wonder if I shall ever learn them all! Yes, to be rich, to go all over the world, and to read all the best books in the world!—it is a great thing!"

In these days he often awed 'Téo by these speeches, and 'Téo did not like to be awed. He threw the shell to the waves, and laughed to see it skip along above the foam before it sank.

"I'm goin' to be a rich man," he said, "but I ain't goin' to worry about such things as abalone shells. Over on the island, where father works, there's millions of 'em."

"Yes, they send them to France, where buttons are made of them. I wish I could go to France."

As if these children had not drunk deeply enough from the bitter cup, the day came soon upon them when their father lay in the old adobe with that upon his face which told of coming death. He had fallen from a cliff on the rugged island, and so injured his head that he

lay in a state of unconsciousness during the whole journey over in his little schooner, which had been steered across the channel by a fisherman. Doctor Vasquez had tried his skill in vain. He had brought the poor man to a realizing sense of his condition, but his death was only a matter of hours.

When the vital spark was about to take its flight, the father placed his hand upon José's head with great effort, and said: "You have been a good boy. I would like to have seen you grow up to be the man I know you will be, but God has not willed it so. I have told Dolores to write to Señor Monteagle — your grandfather — after I am gone, and to ask him to care for you. I did not like to do this, but you will be very poor unless some one comes to your aid after I am gone. I know you are proud and do not wish to be dependent, but remember, I ask you to take whatever he may offer — not alone for yourself, but for 'Téo and the sister, little Cita."

The boy bowed his head, and forced "yes" through his closed throat, while 'Téo sobbed wildly at his side. Orcutt

stroked the baby's dark, fluffy hair, and saw again the mother in her, and smiled.

"I leave her to you, Dolores," he said. Then he asked them to raise his head, that he might take his last look through the old window. His eyes wandered toward the sea. The sun was sinking below the arm of land that ran out into the channel to the westward. Between the low cliffs over there and the Santa Barbara shore the waters were rippling and flashing under the yellow rays. The schooner in which he had sailed across the channel so many times lay at anchor, rocked gently by the low waves. The ebbing tide swung her about until her

slender masts stood before the sun, and she seemed a thing transfigured.

Looking on this, he died.

No answer came to Dolores's letters to Señor Monteagle in the year that passed after the death of the father. It was a dark year for those in the little adobe. They gathered the fruit in the orchard and sold it for what it would bring. The boys did odd jobs, and Dolores washed and sewed for the people of the town. But the price of the little schooner she stored away in a secret nook in the old adobe wall.

José was getting stronger. He felt



THE SCHOONER LAY AT ANCHOR.





"HE GLANCED ACROSS THE FIELD."

more a man. He worked in the fields, picked fruit, shelled almonds, and drove the team for the neighboring landholders. There was one great regret that mingled with all this—his workaday life made schooling out of the question. But while handling the reins he thought of something beside the dust in the road or the harness on the horses' backs. There was always time to study at night, and he went at his books with a thirst which there seemed no assuaging. In the study of history he became deeply immersed. He began with his own native town, reading all that he could lay hold upon that related to the coming of the first explorers and their discoveries. It pleased him much to learn that the grave of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, who sailed into the channel in 1542, was upon the very island where his father had toiled for so many years. It gave the island importance, and placed it above the sneers with which some of his young neighbors had made reference to it. Then there was the story of the old padres, of the Indians and the missions. By the time winter had come

on he was full of this history. For an object lesson there was the double-towered mission church, with its cracked walls and crumbling columns, in whose neighborhood he now worked daily.

He plowed the fields before the ancient structure one day, and went over its story as he walked up and down the furrows. It was February, but the air was soft, and across the road bright oranges made warm yellow dots in the somber foliage.

"And this, that has taken so long for me to study out, is only a little patch on the great earth," he sighed. "And there are older countries. It will take a long time—a long time. And I must hold the plow while other boys are in the academies and universities. It is hard—it is very hard. Must I give it all up?"

He glanced across the field and saw a strange sight. A dark-clothed Spanish gentleman, with a distinguished air such as was possessed by none of the people he had known, was coming along over the stubble. José reined in his team and stared at the on-comer.

"*Buenas días!*" came the greeting, as the stranger drew near.

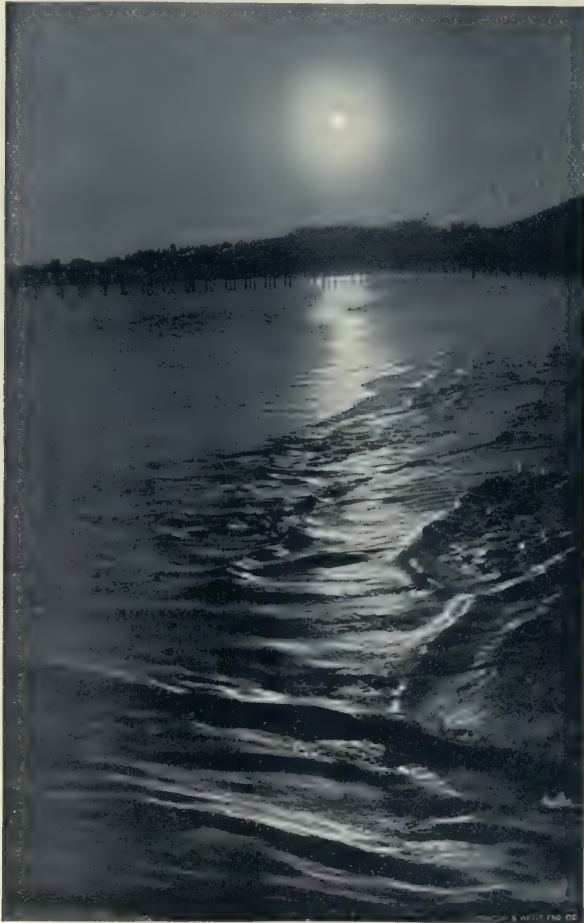
"*Buenas días! señor,*" returned José.

"Is this José Orcutt?" asked the stranger, still speaking in Spanish.

"*Sí, señor.* I am he."

"Then I have good news for you. I

"Yes: and I hold his estate in my hands. His last request was that I should come and make known to you, as soon as might be, the contents of his will. I came by the steamer last night. I found your cottage this morning, and the nurse wanted to run up and tell you



"THE MOON LIT UP THE WAVES AS THEY ROLLED SLOWLY IN SHORE."

am Señor Vallejo, the trustee of your late grandfather's estate. You are his oldest heir." And the visitor extended his hand. José shook it, and grasped the plow-handle again. There was little of regret in his tone when he said,

"My grandfather is dead, then?"

the news, or send your brother; but I wished to convey it in my own way, and beside, I knew the walk would do me good. You will be a rich man when you come of age."

"But he hated us,— he would send no word. Dolores wrote six times."



"Yes, his heart was hard, but it softened toward the end. Come to the cottage and you shall see the will."

It was night. The steamer had left the pier. Dolores was down in the saloon, talking with the Señor Vallejo. There was a bright light in her eyes. She broke out laughing on the slightest excuse. Little Cita played with her wonderful new doll, and Téó strutted up and down the saloon in his bright blue suit, fresh from the clothier's. It was a sailor suit, and he was on the sea.

Up on the deck, leaning over the rail, José stood alone. The moon lit up the waves as they rolled slowly inshore. Growing fainter in the distance was the spindle-legged wharf, and beyond it the avenue of blue gum trees in which he

had played in the days when his mother sang in the old adobe. And there, very faintly it showed now among the dark trees, was the roof of the low dwelling itself. He watched it melt before his gaze. Soon it was gone. But up on the slope the white towers of the old mission still showed, like two little oblong pieces of worn silver. In their shadow, he well knew, stood the one stone that marked the graves of his father and mother. His gaze clung to the spot, and a great sob shook his frame. After all his desire for the wealth that should give him great knowledge, he would have given all to have remained in that peaceful valley. As the mission towers faded, one thought strengthened him,—

"They wished it," he sighed, and sobbed again.

*Frank Bailey Millard.*





### THE DANCE OF PEACE.

"FIND it dull in Sitka?" No, indeed, not even in winter; for at that time the natives have their grandest celebrations and dances, and any one at all interested in Indian ways and customs can surely find amusement at these festivities.

No ticket or invitation is needed; the natives are flattered to have white people take an interest in their affairs. It is a little difficult to tell, in the absence of programs or play-bills, exactly when a performance is to take place. Natives

have no idea of time. An old squaw will tell me "tomorrow," but that may mean sometime within the next few days, or not until another week. The way to do is to watch for an unusual commotion in the rancheria, or Indian village, and, when it has the appearance of a disturbed ant-hill, to go over.

I had heard there was to be a Peace Dance in celebration of the settling of a long-standing feud between two families. As long ago as 1880 an old Indian



from Yacatat came on a visit to Sitka, and died here from the effects of drinking too much *hoochinoo*, a vile drink concocted from coarse brown sugar or molasses. The question was, who was to blame and should indemnify his bereaved family for his loss? Have we brought the temperance question down to such a fine point that we are surprised these people could not decide at once just who was responsible for this death? His family did not demand a life in return, but that they should be paid for his loss in blankets. The men who had distilled the *hoochinoo* were inclined to think it was their visitor's own fault, if he partook too freely of hospitalities offered, but his relations argued that he should have been restrained from inordinate drinking. It has taken all these years to arrive at any sort of a compromise. At last blankets were paid, but not nearly as many as at first demanded, and both sides were so delighted to have the matter settled that they concluded to celebrate the event by a grand Dance of Peace.

The dance was held at the house of Sitka Jake,—a most appropriate place for peacemakers, for over the door the owner has inscribed in large black letters the words, "The Head of a Large Family of Orthodox Christians." It is quite a large building, and looks from the outside as if it might have two stories, but inside it is not so divided. Very small sleeping rooms, hardly larger than closets, and partitioned off down the two sides and across the end opposite the door. The only windows are on the same side as the door, one above and one on either side. The fireplace in the center was covered with boards to make more room for the audience. The large smoke-hole in the roof afforded perfect ventilation, otherwise the smell of dried fish, skins, and seal oil would have been unendurable.

My friends and I were cordially welcomed by the natives, and shown to the

only chairs the building afforded. All the space but that left for the performers was soon filled with an audience of nearly two hundred people; men, women, and little children, sat closely together on the floor. Boys and girls able to climb occupied gallery seats on top of the small rooms at the sides and end of the apartment. It seemed as if every third or fourth squaw on the floor held a papoose that required refreshments continually during the whole of the two hours the performance lasted.

At one end of the room were two mattresses, and on them were stretched two full-grown men, smoking.

"Sick?" I asked.

They laughed, and tried to explain that they were "heads" or "bosses," but I could not quite make out whether they were representatives of the two factions that had been at war, or specimens of orthodox Christians.

The audience was not unattractive; jet black eyes sparkled under gay handkerchiefs worn as head gear by the squaws, sitting with Roman striped wraps around them. Old gray-headed men sat huddled up to their chins in blankets, rather picturesque in their ugliness.

At the first sound of the drum, the performers appeared. First came the women singers. Nearly all wore red-bordered blue cloaks, having hundreds and hundreds of pearl buttons closely sewed on for trimming. Feathers decorated their shining black hair. Their cheeks were painted in black and red with the heraldic device or emblem of their tribe. I counted thirty-five young women as they seated themselves on a long bench in front.

Then came the forty-seven male dancers. Each stood for a moment or so on the threshold, turning with a jerky movement to the right and left, to give beholders ample time to admire his costume. They were gotten up queerly enough. Yet as they stood before the

audience in red and blue capes, with bead and button trimming, yellow Chilcat blankets, ermine, squirrel, and eagle robes, their heads adorned with feathers, eagle heads, deer horns, and jewelry, it made a brilliant scene,—as effective, perhaps, as many represented on the theatrical stage. But never in the most impromptu theatricals were actors put to such straits to decorate themselves.

A few wore real wigs of long blonde hair; where procured, I do not know, but from appearances they may have been family heirlooms. Some, not fortunate enough to own hair wigs, wore imitations made of red and blue worsted. Others had eagle's down stuck in their own black locks. One had a large number of small mirrors fastened in his hair, another his head adorned with silver bracelets. A tall hat of abalone shells was really very handsome. A golden helmet proved on near inspection to be a pair of epaulettes put together with the white fringe standing up. Nearly all the faces were painted, most of them with red and black paint put on in blotches. One young fellow with an indigo blue face and white worsted hair was rather appalling.

As soon as all were in, the performance began with a clash and clamor of drumbeats. Rapidly dancing a sort of a breakdown, they shook their rattles and sang with loud, discordant voices. They were describing the horrors of war. After a while the drums and rattles were silent, the voices became sad and low as they wailed and sobbed of the misery of strife, and changed again as with entreating tones they begged for peace.

This ended the first act. There was no curtain to go down, so the whole company turned their backs to the audience. I was fortunately near an English speaking native girl, who kindly explained everything to me as it went on; otherwise, not being supplied with a libretto, I might not have understood that I was present at a carefully re-

hearsed operetta, and not a hap-hazard Indian dance.

After a few minutes' silence, at a given signal they all turned together, and again faced the audience, holding the "Band of Eternal Peace." A strip of red flannel about an inch wide, and long enough for every one to have hold of, as it wound in and out among them, was lowered, held up over their heads, or swung between them as they went through the figures of the dance, keeping such perfect time with their feet that the audience involuntarily joined with a sympathetic throb as the boards beneath vibrated.

With uncontrolled voices, yet harmonious, pure, and clear as the tones of wild birds, they sang the beautiful song of Peace. A music-loving friend at my side was very enthusiastic over a fine baritone voice. He would have had it cultivated, but I would rather hear the natives sing in their own way. I have heard them in the Greek church, and in the mission school; but where their voices have been trained, they do not sing with the pathos or joyful abandonment they have at their native dances.

The joyous Dance of Peace ended, they again turned their backs. But the entertainment was not ended; we were to be treated to an afterpiece, called "Steamboat."

Turned toward us, singing and dancing merrily, they suddenly stop, they see something in the distance; all peer in one direction, holding a hand up to shade their eyes. It was funny to see those Indians act so much like chorus singers in an opera, knowing it must be their own idea, and no trick of the trade.

Presently they hear something, then hands go back of their ears, and they still peer forward. The man with the baritone voice sings a solo.

He tells them it is the steamboat from "Boston" they see and hear. With a merry dance and joyful song they express their great delight. A bang on



the drum represents the gun of the steamer on arriving, and occasions more vigorous dancing and a greater display of wild delight.

The song ended, he of the baritone voice tells the others who listen silently that he is going far away on the steamer. A duet follows this solo, a friend exostulates with him.

"He don't want him to go," whispers Jennie, my little interpretress.

Whatever arguments he used were apparently unavailing, so they all joined in singing a farewell song, and then again turned their backs.

When they turned towards us once more, the scene was changed, though there was no evidence whatever that it had been. They were supposed to be standing on the wharf, assembled to bid their friend goodby. He sang of his grief at going, promising to return and not to forget them. Then there is a great leave-taking. They crowd around him to take his hand, singing words of cheer.

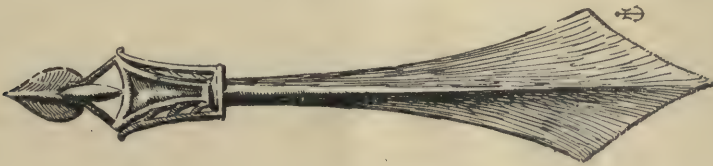
He breaks away from them, and is supposed to go on board, and the whole company joins in another farewell song more cheerful than the last.

They sing, cheer, and wave their hands, as the steamer is supposed to go farther and farther away, till at last they have to peer, shading their eyes to see her at all.

They turned their backs for the last time, and the performance was over.

This may seem like kindergarten play, but to me it was very interesting to watch these grown-up children amuse themselves in their own way. Not an intellectual treat, I grant, but we do not always go to the theater to improve our minds. A century before the time of Shakspeare, it may be, our English ancestors succeeded no better than these people in their first rude attempts at histrionic art. I doubt very much if their performances were as free from obscenity, vile insinuation, and immodesty, as this of the Sitka Indians.

*Anna M. Bugbee.*



### HER POPPIES.

I WOODED her as a lover,—dim-eyed Sleep,—  
 And still far off she stood; in her white hand  
 Bunches of poppies. The cool west wind fanned  
 The fainting flowers that the night dews steep  
 In drowsy balm. I heard the mighty deep  
 Singing its anthem,—all the voices grand.  
 I sunk my face in down,—her blossomed wand  
 Touched, not my pillow. O, the world to keep  
 Sweet tryst with thee, as the o'erwearied child,  
 Untroubled Sleep! Now thought is loud and wild,  
 And in the midnight monstrous shapes arise,  
 Still thou dost mock me with averted eyes!  
 Give me thy poppies; take my waiting breath  
 Into thine easeful arms,—thou twin of death.

*Sylvia Lawson Covey.*



# Shearing Time ... ON Santa Rosa Island.

IT WAS but a small party that drove over the dusty bit of road between Santa Barbara and Goleta one bright October morning, to take passage in the schooner Santa Rosa for the channel island of the same name. As the top of the mesa was reached, the little vessel could be seen swaying lazily at her anchorage in the little harbor, and the small boat on the beach ready to transport the passengers and their belongings to her deck. While the baggage was taken out, the idle ones of the party investigated the asphaltum mine at More's Landing.

Many tons of the glittering semicircular black blocks of the mineral were heaped about ready for shipment. The great ledge jutted down into the sea, a road being cut through it to transport the material to the pier. A shining black cliff above, bright fragments underfoot, each splitting from the mass with the same curve to catch the light. A portion of a great tree trunk, still intact, was seen embedded in the yet unconquered mass, a forgotten forest king embalmed there while yet time was young, and before man was.

Some of the party felt a slight misgiving as they stepped into the boat and left the solid earth behind, trusting themselves to the thirty miles sail in the little schooner, she looked so small, but Santa Rosa Island rested so soft and

blue on the still water of the channel it could not be very far away. When once on the deck they found the schooner commodious and comfortable, and being unused to the ways of fickle wind, the anxious were cheered by the captain's prophecy that "we would be there in a few hours if the wind would come up." This gallant officer soon made the ladies comfortable upon the deck with mattresses and pillows from the cabin, for they unanimously decided that they would not go below,—before the wind began to blow.

When the sails were set, the boat moved so slowly that motion was hardly perceptible. The sails flapped limply, the rudder clanked, conversation grew scarce. The kelp passed, the heavy regular swell of the deep channel water swayed the craft as regularly as a pendulum, and some of the party began to move about uneasily on their pillows as they watched the Santa Ynez Mountains move up and down the vivid blue sky in a manner that seemed abnormal to the vision, and strangely disturbing to the interior and generally unconscious processes of the human organism. The captain at the wheel was whistling for the wind, but it did not seem to hear him. Conversation died entirely. The small boy fished silently in the smooth water that looked as if covered with oil, and reflected sharp sparkles of bright light.



The philosopher curled up on the deck and said that unless someone had something very important to say, he hoped they would make no remarks to him.

Another member stopped her observation of the unquiet mountains long enough to observe—through large, round, bitter tears—how many fish could be seen in the clear green water, and wondered why that imperturbable boy did not catch some; but the only real interest was in the progress of the ship, which at noon was hardly preceptible: they were in a calm and must wait,—no help for it. The Portuguese cook handed out plates of mutton broth, which, though excellent doubtless, seemed to add insult to feelings already deeply injured, and was met by groans of protest from among the pillows.

Others, who were not ill, ate things and talked about them in an unfeeling manner for a time, but until one is thoroughly used to it the silence of a calm sea is quieting; one cannot talk trivialities in the near presence of the great glistening plain of slow-heaving swells, unbroken, and sinking softly into each other as they whisper by. A whale could be seen spouting now and then. When the small boy asked what they threw up the water that way for, the philosopher answered that it must be because they were sea-sick. And he turned over and groaned.

All the afternoon they hung midway of the channel without the power to move. As the sun grew low in the west, he seemed to be making arrangements for some unusual display; all the colors in nature seemed to be ranked about him in vast armies of tint and tone. Serried ranks of brilliancy, for which the palette has no pigments and language no name, suddenly appeared in the light fleecy clouds, sprang up from behind the island, and streamed along the shining track in the glittering sea, that now seemed to throb with opalescent, changing tints.

The display was magnificent, even the reticent captain, who had seen the sunsets in Santa Barbara channel more than half his life, exclaimed with astonishment. Those who were ill forgot it, and sat up speechless with the awe and beauty of it all, as the sun, nearing the top of San Miguel, seemed to change the shape of that mountain peak to a table land, with abrupt high bluffs jutting blackly into the sea of fire. The colors deepened and brightened every moment, until the disk sank out of sight behind the island, and they thought the show was over,—but no, he again appeared, shining apparently through a large hole directly in the solid land, which showed dark on either side and above! It was a very curious exhibition of the mirage that is often seen about these islands, though Anacapa is generally the favored one in that respect.

After sunset a deliberate breeze came, and slowly moved the schooner into the harbor between the islands; the air grew cold and colder, large sails were spread over the prostrate forms on deck to keep it off,—these grew heavier every hour as they grew more damp,—every hour that seemed longer than the other to at least one sea-sick and sleepless watcher, who saw the constellations rise and wheel across the indigo sky, and the pallid old moon sail wearily up in the gray edge of the coming day.

Anchorage was made at half past eleven, but landing was impossible until daylight, for the pier had been washed away, and the tide was too high to risk going through the heavy surf.

The wind bore a soft but constant sound of the bleating of sheep, and the smell of them, both dead and alive, was a self-evident fact to the now wind-tossed voyagers.

At half past six the captain took a long breath of relief, when the boatload of women folk was safely on the sand, for he was a bachelor of discretion, and unaccustomed to such heavy responsi-

bilities. All reached the shore safe and dry, except Mrs. Philosopher, who stumbled over the thwarts into a breaker, when the skiff was beached. She was rescued however, and being carefully dried before the cheerful fire, made ready at the cozy ranch house, she was found to be neither shrunken or faded by the action of salt water.

The heavy surf was now tumbling in on a steep beach piled with immense drifts of sand, sifted by the wind against the high bluffs of the bold headland. A storm was coming, and the spray from the churning water rose like steam above the banks. The mariners, seeing this from the windows, were glad to be on dry land, although said land was soon wet with rain, the fulfilled promise of the mirage of the previous evening. It rained at intervals for some days, and the green lances of an army of wild oats showed through the trampled dust of dead grasses and bur clover seed on the broad sides of the sloping pastures.

Quite a little village composed of the vast storing barn and shearing room, stables, pens, and sheds, and the dining and sleeping rooms of the men, stands by itself. Across the little stream is a large natural cave in the sandstone and clay, dry and water tight, where many of the men are comfortably housed at night. A quarter of a mile away stands the ranch house, behind a group of high-shouldered Monterey cypress, squeezed out of shape by the wind which blows steadily and hard most of the time. Here the owner of the island lives when at home in his island kingdom, which is one of the finest sheep ranches on the Pacific Coast, and on it is perhaps one of the largest flocks of sheep now owned by one man in California. That year the shearers handled forty-five thousand, not including the lambs; they now number nearly sixty thousand: besides there are raised many horses and hundreds of fine blooded cattle for the San Francisco market.

Santa Rosa has an area of sixty-four thousand acres, well watered, and intersected by deep valleys where the animals may always find shelter. Like the others of this group it is evidently of volcanic origin. Masses of black conglomerate stone, evidently fused by great heat, show themselves frequently, and lava can be found in places. Some trees are in the cañons, and a variety of small oak covers much of the steep hill-sides; it is curiously twisted in its growth and seemingly never decays, as the bleached stems cover large places where the sand drifts, and nothing now grows. A kind of iron wood, peculiar to the islands, is found here; it has beautiful fern-like leaves, with a slightly aromatic smell. Another large plant with leaves like sweet anise, rising in a green parasol from a thick fleshy stem, was also a stranger to the visitors. The wild flowers were not in bloom, but are said to carpet the ground in great profusion. The constant action of the wind has worn the sandstone and clay cliffs and exposed edges everywhere into strange caves, grotesque carvings, and little nooks: in the latter the foxes find a charming home, and in one bowlder standing apart in Cañon Verdi is a room large enough for half a dozen sheep to stand, and keep their fleeces dry during a sudden shower.

Several picturesque natural bridges are formed by the action of the tide and the surf, that is so much heavier there than on the main land in that vicinity. In the crannies of the rocky shore are thousands of abalones, of whose dried flesh and shells the Chinese fishers ship many tons to their countrymen. When alive the abalone is a pound or less of very unpalatable looking black crustacean life, and dried it looks and feels like the heel of an old boot. Immense sea urchins and star fish, anemones, crabs, and spiky little fish, are in the pools. Excellent fish of several kinds are to be had for the fishing, and for



some reason are better than those caught nearer the main land. Clams, mussels, and sometimes crabs, are to be had, but the large ones were very wary, perhaps because the men had then so much time to hunt them. There were over seventy men employed, — more than usual, for the broken pier was being mended laboriously from the sea end, where the pile driver was left standing when the rest was washed away.

All hands were catered for by Ah Ming, the Chinese cook. Wrinkled as a walnut shell is he and gray as a druid ; he must be very old, and deserves spe-

cial mention on account of his faithful service and his romantic history. He has been on Santa Rosa for sixteen or eighteen years, seldom if ever coming to the main land.

He was first found by the owner in a half starved condition on one of the remote beaches, where he had been wandering for days after reaching the shore and finding himself the only survivor of the crew of his wrecked junk. Having lost all he possessed, he attached himself to the service of those who cared for his needs, and has now been for years the most trusted servitor on the place.

As soon as the fleeces were dry, the shearers, some forty in number, were at work again. In a long shed, with small pens just beyond and separated by a low fence, they stand within easy reach of the woolly creatures with their silly slant eyes all gazing with indifferent helplessness as the men enter, and each seizing one of their number, drag him under the shed, and the sharp snip, snip, of the shears goes quickly over him as he is deprived of his six months' old coat, and all the dirt and burs he has collected in it during that time, in a very few minutes. Some of the experts shear over a hundred a day. The man gathers up the fleece and throws it on the table, calling out his tally number at the same time. It is passed on to the packer, who stands in a wool bag tied about a hole in the floor, and he tramples it in tight with his feet. The former owner gets on his feet and creeps meekly back to his fellows, and hides among them : sometimes one will bound into the air like a released spring, but none make any outcry, though the skin is sometimes badly cut by haste or awkward handling.

The sharp continuous sound of the shears, and the monotonous calls to the tally man, make an accompaniment of sound to the songs they sing nearly all the time. Some Spanish folk-song or



ballad will start in the corner, perhaps, and increase in volume as one and another takes up the air, until even the clicking shears are unheard.

Their leader was a nimble young Californian, with a bright color in his olive skin, sparks in his black eyes, and a tenor voice that would have made him a petted darling in a fashionable drawing room, if fate had not decreed that he should be a clever sheep shearer instead.

There was but one wholly white man among them; all the others were swart Spanish-Californians, and a picturesque lot of men they were, with old ragged clothes, bits of rag or a bright bandanna tied over the unkempt hair and about brawny bare throats. Some looked like the bloodthirsty pirates who sailed these waters a hundred and fifty years ago, and were, I have no doubt, direct descendants of those worthies, though they were in reality very cheerful and good-natured. One man looked like a modified mixture of a gorilla and an amiable Japanese dragon. Another had a shelf-like underjaw that worked in unison with his shears, and hung limply on its hinges during his moments of inaction. Others were bearded like Turks nearly to their eyes, with hair and beard black as a crow's wing. Younger men there were with clear, straight features, and beautiful lazy eyes of their race, yet undimmed by want or dissipation. One hard looking fellow had been given a motherless lamb that he tied near him where he was at work, and at frequent intervals he would pause to caress it, lifting its guileless little face to his and kissing it as a child might have done. But ashore, and half tipsy with the whisky they are not allowed to have here, he would be a different creature, and on short notice the knife he carries hidden about him would come out.

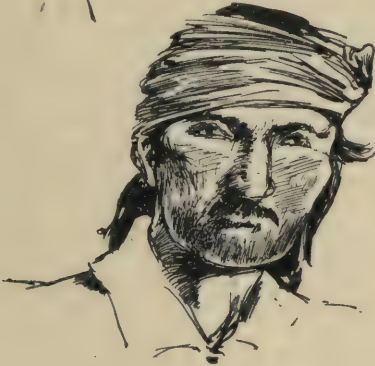
There is a store-room in the barn, where all the things the men need are kept, and here also is a perfect arsenal

of fire arms, — one might think there was danger of a foreign invasion, but they are only used to shoot birds, foxes, and wild hogs. The latter are very numerous, and sometimes attack and kill the lambs. They are dangerous things for an unmounted and unarmed man to meet. Many hundreds are shot every year, but it seems difficult to exterminate them. The foxes are small, hardly larger than a domestic cat, and almost as tame.

But now we will follow the sheep we left in the pen by the shearers. When all are sheared in one of these enclosures, other men drive them through a narrow lane that leads to the dipping tank, which is twenty feet long by five or six deep, and is filled with enough liquid to swim the sheep. It is a vile-smelling mixture of caustic soda, sulphur, and lime, kept at a temperature of one hundred and twenty degrees in a great cauldron. A man stands by the tank with a long crook wherewith he pokes under the unfortunate sheep, and helps any that may fail to reach the landing of the slanting, grooved floor, where they emerge, dyed a bright green, and stand to drain, assisting as much as possible by squeezing together in a common sympathy. It must be a terrible experience for the poor creatures, as the "dip" is so strong that it smarts if splashed on the hands, but they are free from disease for the next six months, if they survive the chill night that may follow the bath. Many of the lambs die, and even the curly horned fathers of the flock oftentimes make up their minds that life with "dip" in it so often is not worth living. All night the crying of the chilled creatures is heard, a depressing sound, not cheered by the raucous croak in the early dawn, of the countless ravens who are waiting to pick their bones when the dead are gathered up and dumped over the bluff.

During the days of enforced indoor life, the Flippant Member sang, "Wait





Till the Clouds Roll by, Jennie," until threatened with sudden death. The ladies killed spiders and gathered up the skeletons, — not of the spiders, but of some previous human organisms. Skulls turned eyeless sockets upon them from unexpected places, and jaw-bones grinned from book shelves and writing desks. They wanted to have a funeral, but the philosopher said they had been buried for a thousand years or so. The relatives were also dead, and a ghost so old as that would not be coming back to see about his old clothes, any way. So they were allowed to stay clothed in shrouds of newspapers. But it seemed when the wind drove scuds of rain across the hills that an army rose from the ground, fantastic, shapeless, but once human, and hurried over the old hunting ground in the arms of the dripping mists. Was it not the spirit of some old king of Nicalque who lived yet in

the feather coat of a woodpecker that tried every morning to transfer some message in his own telegraphy to the sleepers by the window under the cypress? It sounded like that,—dot-dot-dot-dash, two dots, and so on.

When the sun shone again, the horses were brought around, and those who went riding felt amply repaid for all the discomforts of the trip. The air was crisp and cool, washed by the rain and fresh from the sea. The mounts were sturdy and sure-footed, carrying the riders over the rocky trails as nimbly as goats. A vaquero would ride at full gallop down a trail so steep that one would think the horse would go heels over head by sheer force of gravity. The others soon learned to trust their horses, and go wherever the vaquero did, but not in a gallop; that pace was reserved for the long sweep of the high pastures, over miles of springy turf, no fence in sight, no gopher holes to look out for, a grayish white flock of sheep scattered here and there, like fallen clouds from a wintry sky. A red fox scampering now and then, or sitting calmly until the hoof-beats went by. We skirted a patch of prickly pear with its pink or yellow fruit held up for the birds to eat, who, it is said, also build their nests among its thorns, to avoid the predatory foxes. Great eagles soared in the blue above, and hawks were numerous, but the number of ravens was something astonishing; they wheeled overhead everywhere, and when the party stopped to open a gate, they lit on the stones and scolded aggressively. They were as big as hens, and as black in character as coals. They watch the sheep constantly, and if a weakly lamb falls behind, they pick out its eyes, and when it falls from pain and exhaustion, they tear it to pieces.

Soon the party thought it no fatigue to ride from ten to twenty-five miles without leaving the saddle. There were many points of interest to visit: the

abalone fishers' camp, the seal rocks, the rocky beach and parti-colored cliffs of the farther end, and the little river that runs through a green valley, where they saw hundreds of wild geese, making an elaborate toilet after their long journey from wintry northern weather. As we came near they rose, but when they saw that none of our party carried guns, they lit a hundred yards away, and resumed their occupation. Judging from the amount of white feathers they left on the ground, the Boy said they were taking off their winter flannels.

Many cañons were visited, each with a picturesque Spanish name far more musical than its translation would be. The top of Monte Negro, the highest point of the island, was not reached, but from many of the surrounding plateaus the view was magnificent. Two South American steamers and a brig were seen one day on the far blue rim of the Pacific. The coast line showed three ranges of mountains, the Coast Range looking like mere foothills in the foreground. And once, the lighthouse at Point Concepcion, which can only be seen on a clear day with a glass, was reflected in the magic mirror of the mirage larger than any fabled castle on the Rhine.

Indian tumuli are very numerous in many places, and in passing them the riders were sure to find something of interest. Beads there were,—perhaps made from the finger bones of some enemy or hated rival, and presented to a low-browed maiden wearing a few feathers in her hair and a smell of *passé* fish, by a dusky brave in a coat of whale-oil varnish and red ocher. The ocher banks are still there, with parts missing,—it may be said in passing,—as proof of the surmise above stated.

The human remains, found in such quantities on this island, have been covered in places by many feet of earth that formed over them in the course of centuries. Archeologists say they bear

evidence of great antiquity. Large, well formed, with finely developed skulls, they must have led a happy life, for food was plenty and climate bland. But now they are utterly gone, these people who were once glad of the sunshine, lived, loved, hated, and died, leaving no trace of their existence but these piles of bleached shells, broken implements, and crumbling bones, about a circle of stones that yet mark where their hearth-fires burned. Dozens of skulls may be seen on the surface and the loose sand is full of the fragments of bones. Tradition says they called their island Nicalque, and that they built their houses of whales' ribs set in a circle and covered with the skins of animals. Many whales yet come ashore dead, as five or six at a time have been found on the beaches, within a few years past.

Stones of various sizes with a hole through the center were often found. Mrs. Philosopher said she thought they must have been muffin rings. Her lord said she was nearly correct, the change of one letter would make them puffin rings, and puffins were cousins of the dodo, being themselves a sort of sea parrot and rarely found in this latitude now, though once very numerous, and "the end of a stick placed in the hole in this pebble would send it a long distance and kill the birds noiselessly."

"You may be right about the tufted puffin rings," said the Flippant Member, "but you can't prove that these little abalone disks, with a hole in one side, are not aboriginal poker chips. You see, they carried them on a string about the person somewhere, because they had no pockets. It must have been a relief to sit at a quiet game of draw after having the demnition grind of making holes in those hard stones with their primitive tools. And look at the macaroni!" he exclaimed, picking up a handful of the curious white tubes standing up everywhere through the sand, that did resemble the delicacy he



mentioned in shape, size, and color, but made of cement, apparently.

Again the rain came, the rides were discontinued, and the horses turned out in the corral, where they were soon joined by the pet elk, who scorned the society of any other four-footed creatures on the place, and any fences however high that kept her from her desire. She weighed as much as an ordinary horse, and was apparently awkward but astonishingly agile when she wanted to get anywhere or after any one, for her temper was none too amiable.

The shearers were again idle. They fished, hunted, and got up entertainments for their own amusement. They were always allowed the use of the shearing barn and a lantern one or two nights a week for this purpose, any way, and at this time they intended to prepare something more elaborate in honor of the infrequent presence of ladies on the island. All one morning there were evident preparations being made, and late that afternoon a motley procession reached the ranch house. It was headed by a farm wagon, in which was a figure clad in a petticoat made of wool bags and trimmed with shreds of red flannel, for which some of the party had evidently sacrificed their underwear. The face was tinted with red ocher, the flowing locks were horsehair, and it was girdled about with striped toweling. Whether it was to represent the goddess of the sheep raising industry, or a heathen deity, none could find out.

Other figures dressed queerly, elaborately decorated with ocher and feather head-dresses, and carrying spears, bows, and arrows, walked on either side, chanting a strange, slow refrain,—the four intervals of a chord descending, then a high, sharp note,—bending their bodies nearly to the earth and lifting the feet high when the figure flew back like a spring in accord with the refrain. It was like some weird Indian incantation. A mounted marshal, the picturesque lead-

er of the shearers, paused, as the procession countermarched before the gate, and invited the ladies to honor their entertainment that night.

This was as curious as the prelude. The principal number was an Indian medicine dance, all in pantomime, with a guttural chanting accompaniment by two or three voices. It represented a magician or medicine man, gotten up immensely with hair and feathers, and appearing to be extremely old, brought in to see a sick man who lay motionless on the floor. The magician gesticulated wildly, and waved a wand of hair and sticks over him. The sick man woke, sat up, rose slowly to his feet, and then began to dance about with the other figures, presumably of his friends or relatives. Around and around they went, faster and faster,—but all at once doctor and patient seemed to have a quarrel about something—the former's bill, perhaps,—and the latter was killed by one touch of the magic wand. Then the others expressed in a very realistic way the emotions of fear, anger, and revenge; the doctor was threatened more and more fiercely, the arrows were pointing at his bent and shrunken figure, he was about to lose his life, but begged to try his skill once more. The others withdrew a little, he bent over his victim, waved arms and body to and fro, then lifted the head, and slowly the whole body to its feet. The man was alive, and apparently well; he embraced all his relatives, and amid the wild dance that followed the magician was restored to his dignity, and retired with glory, as they shot their arrows in the air.

The songs that followed were many and varied, all in Spanish, the jokes were minstrel in fashion and local in flavor, put into the funniest English, that the hearers might not lose the point. Fancy dancing was another frequent feature, and as all these people dance as naturally as the Sandwich Islander swims, it was a pleasant and graceful one.

There was no stage setting whatever and but one light, which threw the swift shadows along the high rafters like fantastic goblins, and gleamed on the shining eyes and teeth of the non-performers who stood close about the back to lend their encouragement in a quiet way. As many men from that class of any other nationality would have yelled, and given noisy directions in language that would neither point a moral nor adorn this page.

When the sun again appeared, all merrymaking was laid aside quickly, and the delayed work pushed through. The relieved sheep were again turned into their wide pastures for another six months of peace, undisturbed by any foes except their own fears. Sometimes the sudden appearance of a horseman among them, or the near discharge of a gun, will set a few in a panic; they will run, and all the others in sight will follow, the tumult of their own flight adding to their terror, until they plunge into the nearest arroyo, or over the steep bluff, every silly beast following until all are crushed to death. Five or six hundred may be lost in a few moments by the inconsiderate or unknowing stranger, and for this reason campers are never allowed on the premises.

The shearers sailed home one morning, and the visitors felt that a return to civilization and the daily mail was imminent. They had known of no murders, cyclones, strikes, or politics, for three weeks: the world and its news seemed far off and unimportant. A few more rides and walks, the consumption of a little more delicate island mutton and dainty surf-fish, and they must again trust themselves to the mercy of Neptune, and the misery of that

"Deep, inevitable pang, by which fish, and game,  
and soup, and sauce,  
And all within are lost,"

to quote the Miltonian paraphrase of the Flippant Member.

A visit on foot to Steamboat Point

was taken, under the impression that it was only two miles or so distant; but after the natural bridge had been looked at, and the roar of the water rushing through a hole in the rocks whence it shoots into the air in vapor, making the sound of a steamer whistle that gives the locality its name, the party found they were very tired, and grew steadily more so in the long homeward climb up the steep hillsides covered with dry grass-stems, slippery as ice. The gentlemen at last went on ahead and sent back saddle-horses for the ladies, but they refused them with indignation. They had started to walk and walk they would, though the fact that they were in sight of the house before Santiago reached them with his horses may have had something to do with their firmness of resolve. They still believe that it was five miles over there and ten to return.

The last day was close at hand, the last ride must be taken, and it was to the far point where the most populous Indian tumuli are found, and where another natural bridge spans a deep embrasure with caving edges that overhang the sea. The trail was rough and devious part of the way, but the day was perfect. The tireless trade wind was pausing on its endless journey; little flecks of cloud shadow wandered slowly over the soft waves of the pastures, now clothed with a tender green like early spring.

In and out of the long lines of gray fences flitted the small, brown birds,—fences unmarred by advertisements and undisgraced by barbed wire. Here and there on the posts were masses of red lady bugs, like long washes of vermilion paint. Why the little creatures were there in such numbers, unless for pictorial effect, the combined wisdom of the party failed to surmise.

It was with regret that they turned their faces at last from the red and gold sunset, and toward the far blue coast line of the shore where life's duties were



waiting their return in the white-winged ship, then tacking a slow way between the cliffs.

With infrequent speech they watched their grotesquely lengthened shadows stalking on uncertain legs along the steep hill slope beside them, disturbing an occasional family of wild hogs that were gathering the acorns under the vine-like masses of scrub oaks. They would show the gleam of their savage tusks before a hasty exit with great clat-

ter of sharp hoofs among the stones and dry leaves.

An early luncheon had been eaten at the ranch-house and it was now growing late, so when the Boy suddenly exclaimed with an earnestness that proved he had been entertaining the thought for some time, "I wonder what we are going to have for supper," the Flippant Member answered with instant appreciation, "Let's hurry up and find out."

And they did.

K.

## PROVERBS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

PROVERBS are much more popular among Portuguese speaking people than they are in this country. Theophilo Braga says in effect that they embody the experience and wisdom of the common people, and are handed down from one generation to another as a sort of hereditary science. They usually take on poetic and rhythmic forms, or have a certain jingle that readily attracts the attention and fastens them in the memory. Of course much that is catching about them is lost when they are translated into English, for it not infrequently happens that there is a play upon words which gives a proverb its only title to popularity.

Anyone who has seen much of the Portuguese, whether in Portugal or in the colonies, must have been struck by the faith of the common people in their proverbs, and by their dependence upon them for guidance under all the circumstances of life. It is not at all uncommon to meet persons who are given to turning every bit of information that comes within their hearing into some sort of philosophical reflection. The aptitude that is attained at this sort of

rendition is sometimes quite striking. In the interior of Brazil I once met a man who had this habit. He was a man of but little education, and knew nothing of the Protestant religion; on one occasion he asked me to what saints the people of my country prayed. I told him that the majority of my fellow-countrymen did not pray to the saints, but to God himself. Some one remarked that he could not understand that; he answered that my countrymen thought that, "*O que Deus não quer, os santos não arranjam.*" — "What God does not wish the saints can't bring about."

Among those of the people who read but little, there is this advantage in the proverb and maxim form of wisdom, that the form fixes it in the mind as perhaps nothing else would. For example, at Macapá, a little town immediately under the equator on the north side of the Amazon near its mouth, the time and condition of the tides is a matter of interest to everyone, for the life

<sup>1</sup> There are several Portuguese proverbs with a somewhat similar meaning; one of them says that "What God does not want, the saints don't ask for." Another says, "Let God do his way, he's an old saint."

of the town depends largely upon what comes and goes upon the water. At that place this saying is in vogue:—

*Lua nova, lua cheia,  
Preamar as duas e meia:*

“New moon, full moon, high tide at half-past two.” This illustrates also the fact already alluded to, that proverbs from the Portuguese lose when translated into English, that rhythm which so readily fastens them in the memory. In the case just cited there is nothing in the English to help one hold the dates or the hours, but in Portuguese those things take care of themselves as it were. As another example of this take:

*As sopas e os amores,  
Os primeiros são os melhores,*

“Of soups and loves the first are the best.”

There are a great many proverbs relating to every phase and detail of domestic life, while many of the common facts of agriculture and rural life are preserved and passed down from generation to generation in the form of maxims. The following may be taken for examples: “My grandfather’s olive trees, my father’s fig trees, my own vines,”—referring to the ages at which those plants are most valuable. “A bad year comes to Portugal swimming,” seems to mean that rainy weather in January and February is not usually followed by good crops. “Oil, wine, and friendship,—the oldest is the best.” Besides such generalizations they have a long list of specific directions about preparing the ground, planting, harvesting, the care of the stock and domestic animals, the making of cheese and wine, and so on. That many of them are contradictory, others misleading, and others the embodiment of superstition, does n’t seem to discredit them seriously in the popular estimation. “Begin nothing when the moon is waning” is as fully credited as that “Everything white is n’t flour.”

Of proverbs relating to friendship, the

following are some of the best that have come to my attention: “The friend of everybody is nobody’s friend”; “Don’t trust a starry sky (i. e. for fair weather) or a reconciled enemy”; “Adversity will disclose your false friend.” “Take your friend to be loyal and he will be.”

Many of the Portuguese proverbs are precisely the same as some in our own and in other languages, such as “A rolling stone gathers no moss,” “Better late than never,” “Speech is silver, silence is gold,” “Not all is gold that glitters,” and that from the French,—“A scalded cat is afraid of cold water.” There are others that vary somewhat from ours, but in an interesting way. The following are examples: “There is no more dangerous water than that which makes no noise.” “God sends the cold according to the clothes.” “Four eyes see more than two.” “An old mule does n’t learn new languages.” “You can’t make a dart of a pig’s tail.” “Between the plate and the mouth the soup is often spilled.”

Some of those relating to love are: “The love of a boy is water in a basket,” “He who gets into war, the chase, or in love, will not get out of it just when he pleases.” “Love, fire, and a cough, tell on the owner,”—that is, “give him away.” “Love is work, not sweet words.”

Of marriage they say “If you want to marry well, marry your equal.” “Every one sings according to his ability, and marries according to his luck.” “Don’t buy a lame mule expecting that she will recover, or marry a bad woman expecting that she will mend.” “He who has neither mother-in-law nor sister-in-law is well married.”

To understand some of the following about women, it must be remembered that, among the Portuguese, custom denies to woman much of the freedom she has in this country: “Women and glassware are always in danger.” “Women and children should retire when the sun does.” “Of women and sardines, take



the little ones." "Of women and dogs, the quiet ones are best." "Women, wind, and luck, soon change." "It's a sorry house where the hen crows and the cock keeps still."

Circumspection is commended as follows: "The stewpan that boils much wastes the flavor." "Of keeping quiet one never repents, of talking he always does." "To talk without thought is to shoot without taking aim." "He is twice a fool who does wrong and then talks about it." "Talk little and well, and you will be taken for somebody." "The fish dies by his mouth."

These relate to the selection of one's companions: "He who lies down with dogs, gets up with fleas." "When a thief walks with a priest, either the priest is a thief or the thief is a priest." "A little gall spoils a good deal of honey." "Better steal with good people than pray with bad ones." "Play with a donkey and he will slap you in the face with his tail."

Faith in God is expressed in these: "God writes straight with crooked lines." "The wind fetches wood to him whom God would help." "God helps those who work." The lazy man, however, gets some comfort from the idea that "It's better to have God help you than to get up early in the morning."

These relate to the wisdom that age and experience bring: "If you want good advice ask an old man." "Why does the devil know so much? Because he's old." "An old monkey never sticks his hand into a gourd,"—that is, a gourd with a small opening into which he can't see.

Some of the Sicilian proverbs cited by Prof. T. F. Crane<sup>2</sup> are found in the Portuguese; for example: "The earth

covers the physician's mistakes." "If I spit at the sky, it falls in my face." The application of the last however is somewhat more general than that suggested by Professor Crane. I have heard it used in the sense that if we have contempt for those who are really our superiors we are only doing an injury to ourselves.

The inevitable influence of origin is set forth in the following: "The son of a fish knows how to swim." "You can't make good clothes out of poor cloth." "Once a day the son of an ass must bray."

Miscellaneous aphorisms: "A man is known by his laugh." "He who travels by short cuts is always getting into scrapes." "God gives nuts to those who have no teeth." I have seen this in the Spanish also. "In the blind man's country the one-eyed man is king." "The tail is the hardest to skin"; this is said of things that are hard to do, and of but little or no value when done; also of the tediousness of winding up any affair satisfactorily. "To shampoo the head of a donkey is a waste of soap." "Cloth catches fire by a single fiber." "A wrong confessed is half forgiven." "He who measures oil anoints his hands," said of persons who handle money and are suspected of dishonesty. "He who stumbles twice over the same stone is not far from breaking his head." "He who waits for a dead man's shoes will go barefoot all his life." "To do good to rascals is to pour water into the sea." "One day's fast means three bad days for bread." "Fortune gives her hand to a courageous man." "Three things ruin a man; to know little and talk much, to have little and spend much, and to be worth little and presume much."

*John C. Branner.*

<sup>2</sup> Lippincott's Magazine, March, 1885, p. 311.

## FAMOUS PAINTINGS OWNED ON THE WEST COAST. V.

THE BROKEN PITCHER. BY BOUGUEREAU. OWNED BY MRS. M. H. DE YOUNG.

"THE Broken Pitcher," a painting brought to this Coast by Mrs. M. H. De Young, is a good example of *genre*, and shows well the characteristics of Bouguereau's work.

William Adolphe Bouguereau was born in La Rochelle in 1825. After his studies at the College of Pons were completed he was put into a mercantile house in Bordeaux.

The tastes developed by his early training under Ingres were not to be smothered by commercial life. The ambitious young man succeeded in securing leave to spend two hours daily in the school of M. Alaux, where he made such surprisingly rapid progress as to excite the jealous animosity of his fellow students, for at the end of a year he won a prize for which the others had labored all their time.

This success so encouraged him that he abandoned business, against the wishes of his parents, who left him to his own resources. He gained a livelihood by painting portraits in country districts, until he accumulated means to study under Picot.

The Ecole des Beaux-Arts soon opened to him; and he won all the prizes there about 1848. In 1849 he exhibited in the Salon, and won the grand prize there in 1850, after which he went to Rome to study. His reputation as a great artist dates from 1854, when he painted "Le Corps de Ste. Cecile rap-

porté dans les Catacombes," which was bought for the Luxembourg.

Bouguereau's early training in the classic school, under Ingres, had a marked effect upon all his later work, and his greatest successes are with classic subjects.

He always sought perfection of form rather than color, as witness the face, and hands, and arms of this picture. He draws with a brush rather than paints. He had little sympathy with the realism of the *plein air* movement in art, of which Bastien-Lepage was the chief exponent. His figures, even though with outdoor backgrounds, are drawn in the studio, as can be seen from the top-light in the illustration herewith, so noticeable in his pictures, as well as the coloring, which is that of indoors. Bouguereau also goes so far as to disregard realities, such as the coloring of the feet in this picture, which bear no traces of the dusty road over which the little maiden has traveled, but look as if they had never touched the soil,—a noticeable feature of his style. The tendency of the artist to refine his subject is also evidenced in the face of the peasant girl, who has the refinement of features born of a cultivated ancestry.

René Ménard says of him, "M. Bouguereau always exhibits three qualities, which justify his reputation—knowledge, taste, and refinement."





THE BROKEN PITCHER.



## TO THE BERKELEY FOOTHILLS.

You hills, whose shoulders dimple 'neath the sun,  
I love your warm arms, dew and wind caressed,  
I love your brow set steadfast towards the west,  
I love your velvet cheek of brown and dun.  
One childhood's day my heart by yours was won;  
Ye lapped me in the noon with peace and rest.  
Among the fern and sage my head was pressed  
In ecstasy of love, till day was done.  
Years hence when life, and love, and I, are old,  
When in this world of hearts all hearts seem cold,  
When ties that bind are snapped and I am free,  
Some day ye'll woo me back, and I shall flee  
To pillow on your shoulder heart and head,  
And sleep within your arms till time is dead.

*Bertha T. Bradley.*





## HIDE · MY · SWEET ·

HIDE · MY · SWEET · IN · MY · BOSOM · HERE ·

HIDE · MY · SWEET · ! ·

CLOSE · THINE · EYES · NOR · BEHOLD · APPEAR ·

THE · ONE · FROM · THE · VAST · UNVENTURED · DEEP ·

WHO · FAIN · WOULD · HAVE · THEE · GO · FAST · ASLEEP ·

HIDE · MY · SWEET · ! ·

HIDE · MY · SWEET · IN · MY · BOSOM · HERE ·

HIDE · MY · SWEET · ! ·

CLOSE · THINE · EARS · THAT · THEY · MAY · NOT · HEAR ·

THE · FEET · OF · THE · ANGEL · DRAWING · NIGH ·

AND · THEN · PERCHANCE · HE · WILL · PASS · THEE · BY ·

HIDE · MY · SWEET · ! ·

HIDE · MY · SWEET · IN · MY · BOSOM · HERE ·

HIDE · MY · SWEET · ! ·

BUT · ALAS · ! · THE · EYES · BEHELD · APPEAR ·

THE · ANGEL · OF · GOD · ! · THE · STRAINED · EARS · HEARD ·

THE · SUMMONS · ABOVE · MY · STAYING · WORD ·

HIDE · MY · SWEET · ! ·

*Swain M. Best.*



## SILK CULTURE AS A CALIFORNIA INDUSTRY.

THE splendid material, silk, is the product of a precious insect denominated *bombyx mori*, from *morus*, the plant on which it feeds. Silk, called in China *se*, and by transition, *ser* by the Greeks, and *sericum* by the Romans; and hence, by the different nations of Italy, France, and England, it is variously called *seta*, *soie*, and *silk*, at the present day.

Seven hundred years before Abraham, and two thousand seven hundred years before Christ, silk was a fostered industry in China, under the special protection of its emperors and empresses. So late as A. D. 280, a silk attire in Rome was equal to that of gold by weight. In the sixth century silk culture was introduced into European Turkey by two monks, who had learned the secret in China, and who brought the eggs of the precious insect concealed in

the hollow of their pilgrims' staves. Up to this time Europeans had supposed silk to be the product of the bark of leaves of trees, or growing, like the finest hair, from branches, no one knowing it was the product of an insect. Mohammed the Second encouraged the

culture of silk throughout his dominions, and even after his defeat the Arabians continued the good work, and introduced silk and mulberry trees into Spain and Portugal, on conquest of those countries in 711.

In 1146 the industry was introduced into Sicily and Naples; in 1494, into France, where it was bitterly opposed, principally from misapprehension; and it was not till the great Henry of Navarre took it under his special protec-

tion that it took deep and permanent roots in the soil of France. Cardinal Mazarin and the astute Colbert, his successor, by bounties judiciously bestowed, made silk one of the most productive resources of the wealth and power of France. The humid climate of England has never permitted silk to become an industry of that country, although the British government has disbursed large amounts of money in endeavoring to establish it successfully among the nation's industries. In 1783 Connecticut was the first State of this country to offer a bounty for the fostering of silk.

There is no State in the Union that offers so fair a field for the expansion of the silk industry as the State of California, both as regards climate and soil.

Its climate is equal to that of Japan and Southern China, where silk is most produced, and superior to that of the silk-raising countries of Europe. California has produced, by actual trial, a better quality of silk-worm eggs, technically termed *grain*, than has ever been brought here from any part of the world.

The first mulberry trees raised in California were from seeds imported in 1854 from France, by Mr. Henry Hentsch of San Francisco, and planted in San José by Louis Prevost, a gentleman who had a thorough knowledge of sericulture. A year or two later, after the trees had begun to furnish leaves, an effort was made to secure silkworm eggs, to try the experiment of producing cocoons in California. Two importations of eggs were made in two successive years from China; but the wily Mongolians, suspecting the object of the importations, and at the same time anxious to secure the profits on the same, took especial care to sterilize the eggs before shipment; thus from neither of these lots

4



THE MOTH. 1

<sup>1</sup> For the use of all the cuts in this article, except the last, we are indebted to the California State Sericulture Commission.



could a single worm be produced. The third year orders were sent to both France and China. About two dozen worms were obtained from the Chinese importation, (the "heathen Chinese" had been a little careless in his process of sterilization,) but those from France yielded well and a good supply of worms was produced.

Since that time California has propagated a race of acclimated worms, with the result, demonstrated by Professor Rivers, of the University of California, that whereas 80 per cent is a good average from imported seed, the acclimated seed yielded 97 per cent. The loss in hatching therefore was but 3 per cent, while the loss of worms in feeding was much smaller; a truly phenomenal result. Superior eggs mean healthy, vigorous worms, such only as are capable of spinning cocoons which can produce the best quality of silk, thereby laying an absolutely safe foundation for silk culture.

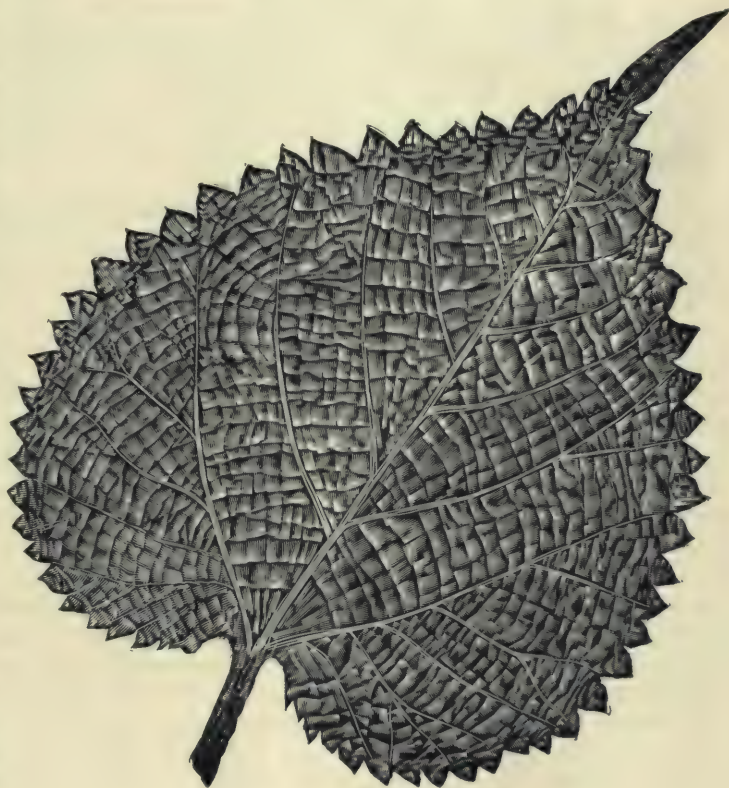
In 1864 the entire silk crop of France and Italy was diseased; California came to the rescue, and by sending its fine, healthy silk-grain to both those countries averted a disastrous commercial crisis, and demonstrated to the world the superiority of its own propagated worm. China, so far as is known, has never produced more than one crop of worms in a year;



THE SILKWORM.

occasionally two have been produced in France; in 1892 Southern California broke the record in sericulture by producing three crops of silk worms in one season.

The greater quantity of silk manufactured in California is of Chinese and Japanese production. This silk comes heavily loaded with a gummy substance which, when boiled off, diminishes the weight of skeins over thirty-five per cent. California silk is free from any foreign substance; "it is as soft as silk"; whereas, at first sight, Chinese or Japanese



A MULBERRY LEAF.

raw silk looks like horsehair, on account of the thread or fiber having passed through rice water and other substances, to increase its weight. Samples of silk raised in California have been forwarded to silk manufacturers in New York and New Jersey, and have been declared by them superior to the imported French and Italian classical silk.

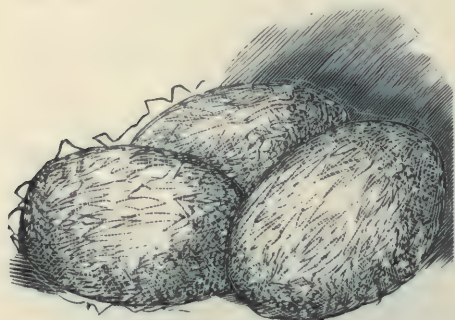
In competition with seventy-seven contestants, representing twenty States, the silk product of California carried away three of the first prizes. The crowning decision, however, regarding the quality of the silk raised in this country is one that was unintentional and unsought. Every one has heard of

of mulberry imported from Milan, not more than three have died. Equally successful have proved the Chinese many-stalked mulberry (*Morus multi-caulis*), the Japanese mulberry (*Morus Japonica*), the white mulberry (*Morus alba*), and the rose-leaf-Mulberry; which certainly speaks well for the soil of their new home.

"Where Worms and Food do naturally abound,  
A gallant Silken Trade must there be found."

As regards the "Silken Trade," the world at large expends annually \$400,000,000 for silk; one fourth of which this nation disburses; approximately \$30,000,000 for raw silk, and \$70,000,000 for silk goods. There are 400 silk factories in the United States, employing 40,000 to 50,000 workmen and women. The State of California alone has sufficient suitable soil to produce all the silk these factories require. One of the first statesmen of our age has said that when the soil, climate, and other circumstances will enable this country to produce by our own labor, on our own soil, any article which is extensively used amongst us, it is the duty of the government, so far as it may be deemed constitutional, to facilitate by all reasonable encouragement the production of that article. The people of this country have fostered, from the date of its first existence as a nation, two fabric industries, cotton and wool. These industries have given ample work to millions of our people, and made us practically independent of the world for all the ordinary or necessary articles of clothing.

California is pre-eminently a silk-producing country. This has passed the experimental stage. The silk industry within her borders is a fabric industry, the fostering of which would give employment to many thousands of women and children who greatly need the money their work would produce, and at the same time keep the many millions of dollars sent to foreign nations in our own country, and among the pro-



THE COCOON.

Monsieur Worth, the famous ladies' tailor of Paris, whose patrons are crowned heads and princesses without number. Whenever Monsieur Worth wants something especially fine in black silk, and black silk is the test silk, for some of his royal or noble patrons, something in quality that he can obtain no where else in the world, he sends to the United States of America for it.

Since Mr. Prevost planted the first mulberry seeds in Santa Clara County, upon the sunny slopes of the foothills of the Sierra Nevada and Coast Range mountains, as well as on alluvial flats and valleys, the mulberry tree has taken root, and now flourishes in thirty-five counties of the State. Out of many thousand trees of the Cattaneo species

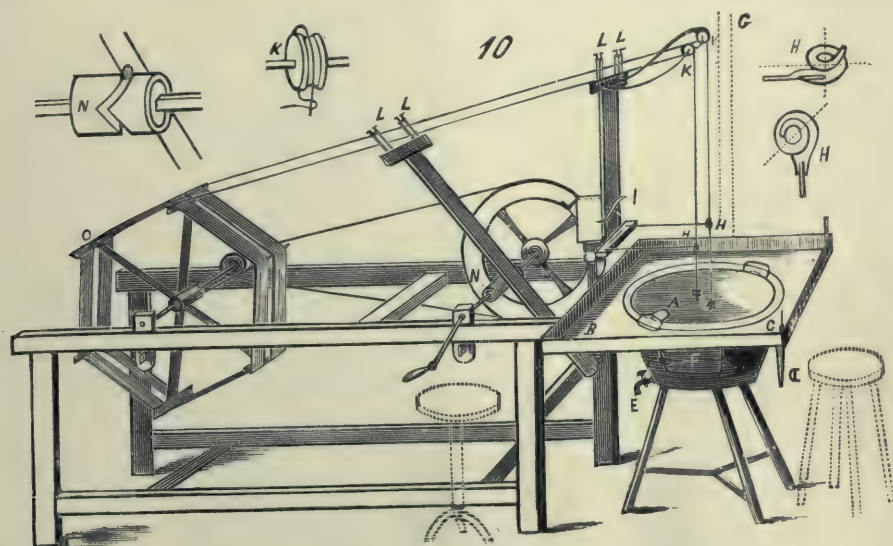


ducing and working population of California.

The assumption that sericulture in California is the dream of enthusiastic visionaries is as absurd as to say that viticulture or agriculture are dreams. Today silk manufacture has become the third textile industry in the United States, and California spool silk is largely exported to silk producing countries. California possesses, so far as is yet known, but little coal or iron, hence it is of the utmost importance that an industry like sericulture, for which she is

occupied it long ago, and no assistance or fostering care would be needed from the State.

For some years past labor in California, especially from the small industries of the farm, has not been worth what it was in former years. Prices have obtained which, a few years ago, would have been considered starvation rates. The people are, however, adapting themselves to the new order of things, and are now more ready than heretofore to consider the value to them of other industries which can be made



A LOMBARDY REELER.

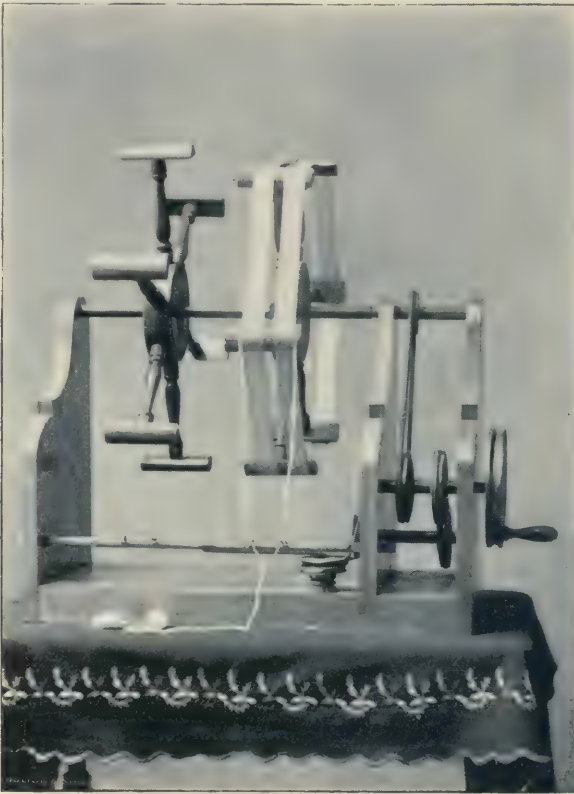
so naturally adapted and endowed, should be fostered to its utmost possibility. For by the fostering of an industry, the demand for which is a constantly increasing one, a wise foresight lays a foundation of future national wealth equal to that produced by either cotton or wool. And as a future source of national wealth, sericulture far outstrips both cotton and wool. The two former are from their very nature carried on and controlled by large capitalists, whereas sericulture is essentially an industry of and for the people. Were it a field for capital, capital would have

available. Sericulture is not expected to take the place of other industries, but to become an adjunct to them. Owing, however, to its dissimilarity to all our agricultural products and the pursuits of our country life, there is no general information on the subject in the land. If in Europe many millions of ignorant people are supported by raising raw silk, and fitting it for the use of the manufacturer; if China's teeming hundreds of millions of peasants—principally women and children—can successfully learn the raising and reeling of cocoons, it bespeaks but little of

patriotic pride or emulation that we in California, with every essential of sericulture at our disposal, cannot learn what the degraded population of China so easily accomplishes.

There is nothing visionary, nothing indefinite, nothing that has not been studied carefully and thoroughly, about silk culture in California. The visionary

silkworms has been in vogue for several centuries, the government, in 1842, saw fit to establish a silk culture school, where not only the best and latest methods of rearing silkworms could be learned, but also the reeling of silk. This was fifty-one years ago; today there are sixty-four such schools sustained by the Italian government.



A HAND REEL, INVENTED BY MRS. LOU PERRIN, A CALIFORNIA WOMAN.

thing about it is the supposition of some persons, not thoroughly understanding the subject, that our people with but one or two decades of experience can produce results equal with nations where silk culture has been fostered for thousands of years before the Christian era, for in China authentic records prove that silk was a fostered industry 2640 B. C. In Italy, although the rearing of

From the death, in 1868, of Mr. Louis Prevost to 1880 but little was heard of silk culture in California. The widespread mining excitement caused by the sudden and marvelous development of the Comstock mines in Nevada, and the sparse population in our valleys and agricultural localities, will, however, easily account for this. What might have been done in this direction had



Mr. Prevost lived, or had any other person with proper knowledge and executive ability in the enterprise come upon the scene at that favorable opportunity, who can tell?

On the 18th of November, 1880, was organized "The Ladies' Silk Culture of California"; a number of patriotic and intelligent women in the State, among whom were Mrs. T. H. Hittell, Mrs. E. B. Barker, Mrs. H. B. Williams and Mrs. W. B. Ewer, foresaw and believed that silk culture might be made a great industry, and one that might inure largely to the benefit of the masses of our women and children, and which could never pass into the hands of capitalists. Silk culture must, from its very character, always continue, as it has ever been, an industry for the poor—a home and family employment.

An early effort was made by the Society to secure some convenient locality for a station, and several locations were suggested before the choice fell upon what is now known as The Piedmont Silk Culture Station, at a point some three or four miles east of the city of Oakland. The station consists of about fifteen acres of land, on which a comfortable two-story house has been erected, to serve both for a cocoonery and a residence for the person in charge. There are about seven acres of mulberry trees upon the grounds, which are now in good fruit and leaf bearing condition, and capable of furnishing leaves for very extensive feeding experiments.

The work of the society from its start has been directed to the building up of the mulberry grove; to the annual experimental feeding of the silkworms for the production of cocoons and eggs, to the gratuitous distribution of mulberry slips and rooted trees, and eggs; and to the diffusion by word of mouth, by letters and printed circulars, of such information as has been deemed most conducive to the general introduction of silk culture among the great masses

of the people. Its efforts have attained results in ten years which took the government of France fully one hundred years to accomplish. It has demonstrated by practical experience that the production of silk in the form of the cocoon is an exceedingly simple thing. The mystery that hung around the whole subject has been swept away; large, expensive cocooneries, with nicely adjusted shelves and spinning frames, with furnaces and flues, with hygrometers and thermometers, and verometers, and hourly feeding by day and night, have been proved to be appendages not belonging to the subject in California,—that in our regular, dry summers, without rain, storm, or electricity, silk culture is reduced to a minimum of trouble, and conducted very differently to the old systems in France and Italy.

The Society at Piedmont has gratuitously distributed many thousands of mulberry trees in some thirty-five different counties in the State, and large numbers of families have been induced to engage in the business of silk culture.

It is argued by some persons that no matter how successful we may be in the raising of cocoons, the reeling process can never be made a profitable undertaking, as the market price of reeled silk will not allow a sufficient margin for the cost of operation on a profitable basis. The market price here being regulated by the cost of production in the cheap labor countries, it is further claimed, will prove a bar to successful competition.

One of the greatest causes of the tardiness of the development of silk culture in California is the argument respecting labor. It is said that our women and children would not undertake to work at this or any other labor at less than one dollar a day, while in China the same service is compensated at the low figure of six cents per day. This argument about the overshadowing disparity between the price paid labor in the Orien-

tal countries and what would be found necessary here is an ill-thought-out point of contention, to say the least. Six cents a day paid the Chinese silk-reeler does not by any means represent the cost of production in that country. Every pound of Chinese country-reeled silk has to pay toll at many gates before it reaches the American factory. There is the collector's toll for going around among the peasants and gathering up their product in small lots. Then comes the expense of the local department agency; and here, also, the local government exacts toll in the shape of a tax. It costs something, also, for the inland freight a thousand miles to Shanghai or Hong Kong. There it passes through the conditioning house, where it has to be *re-reeled* in order to fit it for the American market. Next, the Chinese silk guilds hold it until they can get their price for it. Then, when it is sold, it has to pass through the Export Bureau, where it pays another tax of ten per cent for the benefit of the Chinese Empire. Still another small expense is incurred for freight bills, insurance, and the charge on a bill of exchange from New York to China. Our Custom House charges a little for permit to land the silk in the United States; and lastly, before the silk can be used for manufacturing purposes it has to be boiled down to remove the gummy substances which have been added to increase its weight. So the six cents a day is only a small fraction of what is paid for Chinese reeled silk; and to make such an argument is about as reasonable as to say that the value of American cotton before the war was based upon the sum of wages paid the slaves. Even were these arguments logically correct, it must be remembered that six cents in America is by no means equivalent to six cents in China, where a day's food can be purchased for less than three cents.

In the same vein of reasoning, it is

just as indicative of intelligence to argue that California cannot compete with India and Southern Russia in wheat productions, because in the former country labor demands from two to three dollars a day, while in the latter labor is considered generously compensated if it receives fifty cents.

The facts are that California not only does compete with European countries in the matter of supplying the markets of the world with wheat, but does actually outstrip them; and this while paying four hundred per cent more wages to labor. The solution of this seeming enigma is our superior inventive genius. Our combined harvesters can do in a day, with the aid of three men, what it takes twenty or thirty Russian peasants to accomplish. Might I humbly draw a parallel between this and the silk industry!

Some may sarcastically remark that we have no superior labor-saving machinery for reeling silk. I reply, the combined harvester was not put in operation on the first farm in this country. We must make a start with the old methods, and trust to our actual natural and never-failing genius to improve them.

We have so many things in California in favor of silk culture that they far outweigh the difference in the price of labor.

First: Any one who goes into silk-culture with the intention of making it a business is not obliged to do so in the neighborhood of cities, where land is high. There is no necessity, either, of being near a railroad or a fine wagon-road, because in this branch of industry there is no teaming, as a man can carry on his back or on a mule many thousand dollars' worth of silk. The cost of buying three or four acres of good land here does not exceed the price of renting one acre in Europe. It is very important to understand that in France and Italy the silk-grower has to deduct



every year from his profits the large rent he has to pay.

Second : The climate is so favorable that no disease can be observed ; while in Europe, where the silk is cultivated, it is calculated the very best year when the losses are only thirty per cent ; but these losses vary from thirty to eighty per cent, according to the quantity of rain that falls, and the storms with thunder and lightning, during the time of feeding.

Third : The climate that is so favorable to silkworms is also, in the same proportion, favorable to the growth of the mulberry tree. The mulberry tree grows almost everywhere in California, but when it happens to be in the soil that suits it best, its growth is phenomenal.

Fourth : In the silk countries of Europe and Asia, the land has been cultivated so many years that it is exhausted. Manure has to be bought, and it costs a great deal ; it has to be carted, sometimes from a great distance ; then the work of spreading it on the ground and putting it in ; all this has to be deducted from the profits of the silk. We have no need of that here, as we have a virgin soil to plant in.

Fifth : In Italy and France large, costly buildings have to be erected for the sole purpose of raising the silkworms. In these buildings all kinds of costly apparatus are necessary. Such buildings and machinery are not necessary here ; our only requirement is a room to raise our worms in, but not a costly one ; and as to apparatus, we do not require any at all. In European cocooneries artificial heat is required, and is very costly. We have nothing of the kind here ; when we need more heat, it is for hatching the eggs.

Sixth : In Italy and France, to turn the mulberry leaves into silk requires much labor, but here it is almost nothing. Owing to our climate being so favorable, one man in a cocoonery here

can do the work of eight in Europe. Further, we have it on the best authority, that in the Neapolitan territory the largest silk-raising district in Italy, every mulberry tree pays to the government an annual tax of about sixteen cents, and every pound of silk about thirty-three cents. Even the refuse and unprofitable part of the silk and cocoons pay about one per cent to the government. Surely, if labor costs even nothing there, and it is still profitable to produce silk, it may be vastly more profitable here, with all the high price of our labor.

The inventive genius of America is proverbial, and who can doubt the application of skill and genius to the production of silk when occasion demands ? Improvements made here we know will almost simultaneously pervade our whole country ; but to introduce them into other silk-growing countries requires years, if not generations. In China it is almost impossible to introduce improvements in any valuable degree ; indeed, the low price of labor is in no small way accountable for this ; and therefore, the fact of cheap labor in China, our chief competitor in the production of silk, will make that production more profitable to us with our natural and acquired advantages. In view of the foregoing facts, can the practicability of our producing silk at a profit, notwithstanding the high price of labor, be doubted ? Silk is an article which we largely consume,—a commodity which we cannot dispense with,—which the nation must and will have, either produced or imported, in annually increasing quantities.

All the means of human enjoyment and accumulation of wealth being the product of human labor, it necessarily follows that the happiness and wealth of nations are promoted in exact proportion to the active industry of the community. In order that national prosperity exist, it is necessary that in-

dustry pervade every department of society, and something be produced by all. If two or more members of a family are non-producing, the family cannot permanently thrive, and a nation being but a greater aggregation of families, full prosperity can only be assured by the active employment of all, irrespective of sex and age. And where indeed can be found an employment that promises so much in this respect as the silk industry!

*Emma R. Endres.*

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### PIKE'S PEAK.

THIS rugged mountain, eons old,  
For ages all untrod,  
Has raised its head since time began,  
A monument to God.

A thousand, thousand summer suns,  
In all their wondrous might,  
Have rested there, but failed to melt  
The giant's crown of white.

Before that mighty altar, men  
With reverent hearts have bowed,  
And many an awe-struck gaze been lost  
Amid the drifting cloud.

Beneath the moonbeams' silver touch  
It looms up grim and gray;  
The same light floods your room tonight  
Two thousand miles away.

Two thousand miles! A little space  
When hearts are fond and true,  
For while I watch Pike's Peak tonight  
My thoughts are all with you.

*James G. Burnett.*





## A FORGOTTEN PAGE OF HISTORY.

MR. WARNER MILLER'S recent visit to this Coast and his eloquent exposition of the benefits to result from the building of the Nicaragua Canal have aroused public interest in everything pertaining to that little country.

The filibustering expedition of General Walker to Nicaragua in 1856, with the object of establishing himself as its ruler, met with a tragic fate which awakened but half contemptuous sympathy from his countrymen. It is only after hearing the tale from one of his companions in misfortune that one realizes what heroism, what adventurous daring, what mistaken hopes and enthusiasms, were wasted on this ill-fated attempt to imitate the military conquests of feudal ages.

Never had a national emergency called forth greater enthusiasm than fired the breasts of the Texas Rangers who gathered in the Plaza of San Antonio to receive the farewells of their fellow townsmen on the eve of their departure to join General Walker. They were a stalwart band of young fellows,—most of them gentlemen by birth and education, drawn by love of adventure from the older South,—honorable, generous; possessed of more bravery than forethought; more apt to act than to consider.

With a flourish of forensic eloquence the orators of San Antonio placed the Lone Star flag in their hands, and kindled their ambition by flowery pictures of the honor they were to broider on its folds. Wealth, position, deeds of valor, lay before them; tropic splendors rose in their imaginations and sped the march of their feet through the crooked streets of San Antonio, into a dazzling Possibility! Keeping their start in mind, history records nothing more utterly pathetic than their return.

On my table is a worn and yellow copy of the *San Antonio Texan*, under date of Thursday, August 20, 1857. For thirty-five years it has lain in the desk of one of the survivors of that ill-fated expedition. He has been through all the excitements and losses of the civil war since then, yet his eye kindles and his gray hairs are forgotten as he handles this sheet, which is the sole memento of this episode of his chivalrous youth.

Nearly two pages of this copy of the *Texan* are occupied by an article which bears the following title:

EXPEDITION  
OF THE  
ALAMO RANGERS.

Giving a full account of their journey to Castillo, the Explosion of the J. N. Scott, the extraordinary suffering of the wounded, and the final embarkation for the United States of those who survived. By their worthy Captain, Marcellus French.

The young Captain, who so gayly and hopefully led out his company amid the cheers and God-speeds of his fellow townsmen, begins his history with the sad words of an older and wiser man. From a sick room, whose trials were his only laurels, he writes:—

It is not becoming in us to complain of our misfortunes after having voluntarily exposed ourselves to them. We were prepared to bear patiently all the horrors of battle, and to endure the pain of wounds received while contending with an enemy, and even to suffer death rather than disgrace the flag which we carried, ever mindful of its motto and the friends who presented it; but it is hard indeed to bear without a murmur so many reverses dealt by an invisible hand, with no enemy with whom to

battle, and in every undertaking opposed by a frowning Providence.

[The writer then describes a weary march through the rain, of 160 miles, to New Orleans, a dangerous embarkation, and a terrible storm on the Gulf. Arrived at Greytown there are many delays, owing to lack of transportation, but at last these knights errant are launched upon the steamers *Rescue* and *J. N. Scott*, and proceed upon their journey up the *San Juan River*. Again we quote.]

Nothing can equal the scenery of the *San Juan*,—no pen can describe its magnificence. On either side, a forest abounding in every species of precious wood,—with an undergrowth so thick as to render it impenetrable even to the natives of the country,—and a foliage of the deepest green, never touched by frost, and watered by almost incessant rain. Every day we used cords of mahogany, ibo, and other valuable wood, to fire the boat. We soon lost a fancy for the beauties of the scenery however, when we wished to escape its malaria, and saw the unhappy soldiers fall daily from the plagues which lurked beneath the shade. The hospital was soon filled, there being two hundred on the sick list before we left the river.

On our arrival at *Serapiqui*, I was ordered to march my company on shore; which I did, and halted it on the parade ground above, within the fortification, where we stood for an hour in the rain. To aid in a description of this place, it must be stated that it rains about forty-eight times a day. There were but two buildings in *Serapiqui*: one made of boards and a large shed; the former, situated at the point of land where the two rivers (*Serapiqui* and *San Juan*) unite, was used as a commissary and quarters for officers; the latter for hospital and barracks. This is *Serapiqui*, one of the most important points on the river. Here we had our first fight, with a loss of six men killed and several wounded.

Two of the dead remained unburied where they had fallen, on the other side of the river. The *Costa Ricans* deserted the place on the evening of the second day. Then orders came to march under the shed and quarter there. We stacked our arms as best we could among the sick and wounded, and the half amphibious soldiers in their *undress* uniforms. A deep gloom seemed to pervade everything there, and was to be seen in the countenances of officers and men. The conduct of the expedition was freely criticized. Colonel Lockridge was acting under orders from General Walker to open the river at any cost. After the battle of *Serapiqui* he sent Titus with two hundred and fifty men to take *Castillo*, who, after he had it in possession, basely abandoned it, either through cowardice or treachery. It would be no easy thing to recapture *Castillo*,—a strong stone fortress, with walls fifteen feet high and twelve inches thick, and surrounded by a ditch twenty feet in width and twelve in depth, with redoubts at every point of approach. The castle is situated on a bare, round hill, and commands the river at every point. If we should ever be fortunate enough to take it, it would be necessary to garrison it. Our ranks were already thinned by disease. There were but two companies of fresh men,—the *Alamo Rangers*, which was intended to have led the advance on all occasions, and in that event could not last long; and the *Louisiana company*, which was much distrusted, on account of the foreigners in its ranks. Beyond *Castillo* was the still stronger fort of *San Carlos*, which must be taken and garrisoned in its turn, leaving but a handful of men to push on through the enemy's country to join General Walker. It was evident to every man's mind that the river would have to be abandoned, under the circumstances, or Colonel Lockridge would be ultimately defeated by the destruction of his little army.

[Here follow the details of the toil-



some journey to Fort Slatler, thence to Machuca Rapids, nine miles below Castillo, and here we will again resume the Captain's story.]

There was an Englishman living at this place by the name of Kelly, who had established himself there in the time of the California emigration by that route. He had quite a comfortable house, with the remnant of an old store in one end, which in the days when it could boast of custom might have also boasted a stock of goods. But now a few bottles of porter, some sour wine, which sold under the honorable title of port, two bottles of sweet oil, some pills, and a lot of old rubbish, comprised his assortment. There was a likeness of our national ensign floating before the door, which, had we been British, would doubtless be British also.

The boats had to be unloaded of everything, and such provisions and stores as we needed for the siege of Castillo carried by the men above the rapids. We were now in the vicinity of the enemy, and the scouts reported Costa Ricans in the neighborhood. The next day I was ordered to move my company above the rapids, and take possession of an old woodshed that formerly belonged to the Transit Company, and to march with loaded guns for fear of an ambuscade. The road lay along the bank of the river, and we were several hours getting to our place of destination, on account of the number of ravines which lay in the way, at each of which we lost much time crossing the rotten and fallen bridges, which six years before had been built for the California passengers. It is so wet that timber soon decays there. One of the bridges composed of two logs covered with boards gave way under the weight of the men, and a number of them were precipitated into the ravine below; fortunately none were seriously injured.

From Machuca Rapids, we moved towards Castillo in the steamboat Res-

cue, which could carry but half of the command at once, and was loaded to the water's edge with the weight of the men who filled every part of the boat. As we drew near the Castle we kept a sharp lookout for an ambuscade, and expected every minute to be blown out of the water by a masked battery, which could have been done very easily by the Costa Ricans with but little risk to themselves. Any damage done to the machinery of the boat would have rendered her unmanageable, because of her over-loaded condition and the swiftness of the river's current. No chance would have been left to escape on foot, as the river is the only thoroughfare in that country.

I was ordered to have my company in readiness to land immediately on the boat's reaching the shore, and instructed to take up a position some distance in advance, to cover their landing should the enemy attack us. The boat was to land us a mile below the fortress, and then return for those who were left at the rapids. On the boat's nearing the shore my company scrambled up the bank. Several of the men with "*machetas*," a kind of saber used by the natives for clearing away brush, preceded us to make way for our advance. We moved thus slowly to the distance of a hundred yards, when we halted in a faint trail. I was then ordered to send a picket of twenty men, a hundred and fifty paces in advance of us on the trail. After the landing of the men was completed, the boat turned down the river and we struck camp where we stood.

Since we began our advance on Castillo there seemed to have been a cloud lifted from the spirits of the men. All appeared eager for the contest, and longed for action, since they had come for battle and not for toil. The young soldier who, in the ardor of his youth, had placed his name on this fatal list, and left his home and friends in the enthusiasm of his ambition and thirst for fame, in his day-dreams of glory had al-

ways imagined himself in a deed of valor upon the battle field, and not in servile labor; he had pictured himself now, in some charge upon the thundering cannon; now, bearing his country's flag proudly through the gleaming bayonets; —but had never given a thought to the lonely sentry, the daily drudgery, the filthy hospital. While fifty men would have gladly deserted ten days before, there was not one who would have turned his back upon Castillo.

The next morning we took up the line of march, the Rangers in advance, toward the Castle, following the trail which grew into quite a path a short distance farther on, and proved to have been made by the outer pickets of the enemy going to and from the Castle. We halted after having approached within a quarter of a mile from the fort, and three men were chosen from the Rangers as scouts,—Bowie, Scott, and Stewart,—who distinguished themselves considerably in that capacity.

The next morning at daylight we started to attack the place, the scouts of the day before serving as guides. We left the trail, cutting our way up a hill so steep that it was difficult to ascend, loaded as we were. Those using machetas were relieved at intervals, until after five or six hours of hard work we succeeded in cutting a narrow path, which was wide enough for only one man to advance at a time, and we proceeded unperceived until within a hundred yards of the enemy, who were busily engaged in barricading and fortifying as if they had not expected us that day. We could hear them conversing, and whenever a tree fell crashing among the rest they sent up their shouts, which reminded us of the merry Mexicans at home.

[LET us take the pen for a moment from the Captain's hand, that we may look at this picture through the softening lens of thirty-five years. Behold the gallant Texans, within sight and sound

of the foe, eager as a tiger scenting his prey. They are drenched, footsore, and weary; the tangled magnificence of a tropic forest overarches them. The voices of the woodchoppers melt their hearts even at this moment to a thought of the "merry Mexicans at home," —that far-away home which many of them would never see again, and yet which every one vowed to crown with glory. That thought softened them to prayer, nerved them to action. All night long they stood by their guns under the drenching skies, waiting for the command to advance. Some fell asleep as they stood, and yet started to hopeful wakefulness at the sound of an approaching step. The order comes: but alas! it is to retreat! Angry, disheartened, astonished, they turn to obey. The Captain's own words can best tell the bitter disappointment of this moment.]

THE Alamo Rangers turned a wistful look behind, loath to leave without a shot, as they saw all their hopes of glory vanish. Now our thoughts returned to San Antonio, and in our imagination we could see its antiquated buildings, and its beautiful plaza filled with eager listeners; and visible above the throng the forms of Wilcox, Howard, Anderson, and other orators, whose fascinating eloquence had thrilled in our hearts as it kindled there the patriotic fire; we fancied we could still hear their earnest appeals to our courage, as they intrusted into our hands the flag, the pride of the State, — as a father would give to sons who were about to depart for a foreign land the last precious relic of family love. And from this reverie we turned our eyes upon this flag, whose mournful-looking folds seemed to droop in consonance with our feelings, as it presented to our gaze the never-forgotten motto, — "Remember that you are Texans." Alas! and for what? To remind us that we were homeward bound to meet a crowd of anxious friends, who stand



ready to ask — "What have you done for Texas?" Nothing — except that we led an imaginary advance, and brought up the rear of a real retreat.

Having reached Machuca Rapids, the J. N. Scott was reloaded with provisions and ammunition, and everything prepared for the departure for Greytown. Colonel Lockridge then sent an order for all the officers of his command to assemble on the hurricane deck of the Scott, and after having briefly addressed us, informed us that we were placed upon a level with the men, and all disbanded, with the privilege of returning to the United States, or continuing with him in the desperate determination of reaching Walker by the Isthmus, cutting his way thence through the interior, or, in case the steamer should not be at Greytown, in the still more desperate undertaking of endeavoring to force his way from Serapiqui. He then drew a line, and exacting an oath from every man who decided to continue with him, to serve General Walker in whatever capacity he might be called on, whether as officers or as privates, requested those who were of that determination to step over the line. Some half dozen or more did so, I among the number; and I also assumed the responsibility of representing the three lieutenants of my company who were not present, but who had told me to count on their concurrence in whatever I should decide upon, all of us being determined to have a tale to tell, should we ever return to Texas. The men were next given their choice, and only one hundred and five volunteered. There were about two hundred men in the hospital on the Scott. These, with the homeward bound, were now crowded on to the Rescue, which was not prepared to carry more than half the number; and "the Spartan Band," as Colonel Lockridge called his volunteers, were placed on the unlucky Scott. It was indeed a melancholy scene! As we stood on the deck of the Scott, looking

at the Rescue crowded with sick and despondent men, steaming away toward a home they hardly dared hope to reach, General Hornsby remarked: "I have been a soldier for twenty years, and this is the saddest sight I have ever witnessed." The General was but a day older when he saw a far sadder and more heart-rending spectacle.

It was about ten o'clock the next day, that, having arrived within a half mile of Serapiqui, Colonel Lockridge stopped the boats at a small island, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the place had been re-occupied in his absence by the enemy. The greater part of the men went ashore, — not over fifty or sixty remaining aboard. I was sitting on the hurricane deck, in front of the pilot house, when the boiler suddenly burst with a tremendous report, and I felt myself lifted in the air as if in a furnace of fire, enveloped in a cloud of steam and smoke; and on account of the heat my first impression was that the magazine had exploded, and that we were all on our way to the moon! I was perfectly conscious all the time, but could see nothing, and felt as if balanced in the air, until I struck the water. I was somewhat stunned by the fall, and struggled a little before I could rise to the surface, but I managed to swim to the shore. The distance I had been thrown was about one hundred feet. The artery in my right temple was cut, and my scalp perfectly benumbed: still, I felt no inconvenience on first reaching shore, and if it had not been for my bloody appearance no one would have supposed me hurt; but I was conscious of having been scalded, and my momentary relief from pain was only caused by my clothes having been cooled in the water. No one can imagine the horrors of the scene which now presented itself. Cries of the maimed or dying resounded on every side. Some called in piteous accents for the doctors, but as most of our medicines were blown

away, they could give little relief. We were lifted on blankets and carried on board the launch,—a large flatboat with a roof or deck, which the Scott happened to have in tow at the time of the accident. All the wounded were placed on this launch, which presented a cargo of naked and dying men, whose half-roasted forms were blackened by the cinders and ashes from the furnace, until their appearance was positively hideous. This scene continued for twenty-four hours. At last Lieutenant Franks procured a small boat, and Lieutenant Sistere, of the Louisiana company, and myself, were taken on a litter and carried over to Greytown. We remained in the boat while Lieutenant Franks went to obtain quarters for us in the public houses of the place, but none of them would take us in, as wounded men were too much trouble! All the time we lay in a boat exposed to the torrid sun at noon, with nothing to protect our scalded bodies from its fierce rays except a rough blanket. At length, when everybody had refused us shelter, a kind lady by the name of Miss Roberts, a native of New York City, called to Lieutenant Franks as he was returning to the boat without success, and offered to take us in her house. Oh! the luxury of mattresses and clean sheets, and bars to keep us from the flies and mosquitoes. This was a kindness which can never be forgotten, and which I pray may be rewarded by God.

[While the Captain lay suffering in the house of this good Samaritan, his men were reduced to desperate straits. Colonel Lockridge made arrangements with Captain Pattison of the Steamship *Tennessee* to take them home, but he—evidently fearing to involve himself in some complication—secretly weighed anchor and steamed away, followed by the homesick gaze of his countrymen, many of whom soon died from exposure and want of medical aid. No wonder

the Captain's reflections were bitter as he tossed upon his bed of pain. We omit them here from lack of space, not lack of sympathy, to continue.]

The men were now in a terrible situation. There was no other steamer expected at Greytown for a long time, at least from the United States. What were they to do? There was no way of making a living by labor; and how could three hundred and fifty men get sustenance for themselves and for two hundred sick and wounded, even for one day, in the small city of Greytown, which had much difficulty in supporting its own inhabitants? The men were also held in subjection by the British fleet, and not allowed to enter the town without their permission. Their only hope now was in the British themselves, and they were forced to the humiliating extreme of asking their assistance.

After much consultation it was finally arranged that the Steamship *Rescue* with her arms and ammunition should be surrendered to the British, (who speedily turned it over to their allies, the *Costa Ricans*,) who in return furnished the men drafts drawn in favor of the Steamship Company at Aspinwall, for a sum sufficient to pay their passage to New York.

We had now been in Greytown two weeks, during which our sufferings had been terrible. My companion, Lieutenant Sistere, had died of fever, but the devoted care of Lieutenant Franks, who remained with me day and night, made it possible for me to endure the agony of my scalds. We had been entertained all this time by the kind lady who gave us shelter without remuneration, when others refused it us with the expectation of pay,—and who generously supplied me with a mattress and linen, on which I was carried on board the man-of-war which was to convey us to Aspinwall.

After several days' sail we arrived at our destination, only to find that the



Steamship Company refused to honor our drafts, although, endorsed as they were, their validity could not be doubted. The British were now in a quandary and knew not what to do. They had no orders to carry us farther, and as the town officials of Aspinwall refused to let us land, there seemed no alternative but to carry us back to Greytown, where we would surely starve to death. What were we to do to save our miserable lives, whose value had grown considerably less in our own estimation by the high appreciation which others put upon them? The steamer refused us passage; our noble countrymen on shore forbade us a welcome there; and thus thrown on the mercy of our national enemy, we were the object of British pity. Ah! how keen is the pang when a brother refuses charity, even sympathy; and how great our shame to see the contempt in which the British held our countrymen. On one occasion, when I had repeatedly asked to be carried on shore, where I could obtain shelter, as I was very ill and constantly exposed to the rain and sun, I pettishly remarked to a British officer that I was cruelly held a prisoner. He indignantly replied, "The captains of the steamers say that you are vagabonds, and they will not take you on their vessels; your countrymen on shore declare that they will not have the town overrun by you, and even refuse their hospital to your sick; your Consul says he will have nothing to do with you;—now what can we do? How can we send you ashore?"

I felt the justice of this remark, and resigned myself to my ill fortune, resolving to indulge in no more dreams of home. How little is home appreciated by those who sit around its hearth and enjoy its comfort; but how sweet are its

reminiscences to the memory of the absent. As long as we had carried soldiers' arms in our hands we had carried soldiers' hearts in our breasts; but what courage could withstand the contemptuous charity of foes. No disgraceful fears of death debased us, life alone was appalling; it required far more nerve to endure it than to have taken a fatal plunge into the cool depths of the silent sea, which would have forever ended our miseries. Even our dead had been refused a burial on land, so the more unhappy survivors had consigned them to the ocean, which was more tender to them than the heart of man.

THE Captain's story now becomes strictly personal. He describes how, after incredible difficulties and suffering from his scalds, he manages to escape from the British ship. Fortunately, he was still the possessor of a hundred dollar bill, which proved a key to the steamship and procured for him a passage to New York. Exhausted and on the verge of delirium, he was carried to the home of relatives in Brooklyn, there, through many long weeks of illness, to ponder and regret the disasters, so fruitless of everything save suffering, of the San Juan Expedition. Such of his comrades as escaped a grave in that tropic land, reached New York, partly by British assistance; and the subsequent fate of General Walker closed a "foot note" in American history which, while it is in no wise necessary to the reading of the text, throws a side-light upon the reckless daring and impetuous love of action which characterized the young men of the South, and which four years later contributed so largely to plunge her into the overwhelming misfortunes of a civil war.

*Franklina Gray Bartlett.*

## AN ADVENTURE IN THE HUACHUCAS.

LIFE in a remote Western mining camp at its best is seldom congenial to the feminine sex, though there is much about it which is exciting and fascinating for men.

The throngs of blue-shirted miners upon the streets; the richly furnished, brilliantly lighted saloons, where hot tempered gamblers at all hours of the day and night are wooing fickle Fortune; the prospecting for earth's hidden treasures; the jingling bells of sixteen-mule teams hauling tons of ore to the busy mills; the freedom from restraints necessary in the fashionable world; even the ominous sound of rapid pistol shots, at dead of night, causing callous souls to rouse and murmur, "Another dead man for breakfast," and calmly fall asleep again, — sights and scenes like these have a stimulus unlike that felt elsewhere, and for men there is no dullness in a mining camp.

With women it is different. True, there is a certain class which the sex must own, who make it a business to flit from camp to camp, staying only while luck and money are plentiful, who lead gay lives, troubled by no scruples of conscience, and undaunted by the tragic end to which some of their number are sure to come. These have nothing to do with the wives and mothers, the quiet women whose duty calls them to an uncongenial sphere, and who find the "society" of new mining camps too freely mixed for their enjoyment. For them it is disagreeable to run the gauntlet of those lounging miners, respectful as their treatment always is; those attractive saloons but accentuate the bare furnishing of the homes, and bring to mind the dreadful tragedies for which such enticing places are responsible; the spirit of lawlessness affrights them; and the

bloodshed and feuds keep them almost perpetually horror-stricken. If the camp is situated amid romantic scenery, as many are, some satisfaction may be derived from nature; there may be something harmonious in the surrounding landscape if in naught else. The mining camp of which I write, however, had no such compensation. Southeastern Arizona has no claims to beauty outside of its mountain ranges; its sterile expanse soon exhausts interest.

So, after two years' residence in Tombstone — most dolefully named of camps — life became a trial and a burden to me. I gazed far out from the door of my ugly little adobe home to where the clear blue sky met the dull gray earth, and my heart was filled with an unutterable loathing for the arid, cheerless country, unshaded by a solitary tree, unrefreshed by a single pool of water. Only the blue-veiled, rugged mountain ranges — the Dragoons, Whetstones, and Chiricahuas — redeemed the landscape from utter monotony. Upheaved in irregular lines from the level desert, so abruptly that a carriage could easily be driven close around them, there was a certain interest in their peculiarity. But it was not an inspiring view that met my eyes from day to day, nor one calculated to dispel the waves of homesickness that swept relentlessly over me, and sometimes made the struggle for existence seem a futile and thankless one.

I turned to the straggling, patchy settlement, with its rough board shanties, box-shaped adobes, and dilapidated tents, scattered over a mesa adjoining the bare hills, from which were being extracted many tons of precious ore, and the change of perspective brought with it no relief. What was there to ease and refresh the soul in those rude abiding-



places, temporarily called homes; those dusty streets, down which harsh, dry winds were fond of sweeping, bearing with them all that could be taken up in their voracious grasp along the way?

There was something in the air that jarred upon me. Everything was repulsive, the country, the town, my home, life itself. I had arrived at the most morbid stage of my existence; the "blue glasses" were perpetually before my eyes. Besides, the exhausting heat of a long Arizona summer was upon us, reducing the vital forces to a low ebb. I needed no persuasion, therefore, when an unwonted opportunity presented itself to join a party in camping a couple of weeks high up in the deepest cañon of the Huachuca Mountains, twenty-five miles south of Tombstone, and near the Mexican border. To cast aside the shackles for a season, and revel in the beauties of a mountain forest and stream, would be bliss indeed, if bliss were possible for my perverted being.

One bright Monday morning we started for the mountain camp, leaving behind us with joy the dust-covered town and the never-ceasing clasp of the ore mills. Our road for ten miles extended down the southern slope of the Tombstone hills, through a district filled with prospects and claims. The outlook was as desolate as that which every day lay spread before us on the other side of the ridge. The ashen-hued earth gave sustenance only to mesquite bushes, and two or three varieties of cactus. We passed an old adobe house which had been a noted scene of bloodshed, for around it were buried seventeen victims of disputes over the old Bronkow mine.

At Charleston — a small settlement on the San Pedro River, which was at that time a rendezvous for lawless gangs of cowboys — we stopped to water our horses, and get lunch for ourselves at the one boarding-house of the place. This was a haphazard structure of adobe and rough boards, with earthen floor,

along which, as we entered, a cat was chasing a lizard whose tail she had bitten off.

We found an excellent road leading from Charleston to the mountains, across the San Pedro valley. Although but little wind was perceptible around us, small whirlwinds were visible here and there on the plain. They rose from the ground in slender, spiral columns, spreading to larger dimensions above, and, in grand silence, skimmed erratically over the earth. Soon one swept across the road so close to us that our hats went sailing in the air, and a sun umbrella was turned inside out. On it went with majestic sweep, canted to one side like a ship in full sail bending before the wind, the base of the column swirling swiftly around and gathering up the loose soil in its path.

Then we came upon a prairie fire which we had observed raging in the distance. It was moving swiftly along our right, but as the grass on our left had been previously destroyed, it did not menace us with danger. It was a weird sight, not without beauty, as the remorseless line advanced, darting up vivid forks of flame, and presently became entangled with a whirlwind, a dense black cloud like a waterspout moving along in the track of the fire, and ever and anon revealing in its dusky heart tongues of flashing light, a startling contrast to their inky background. The burning grass, though brown and sear, was full of nutrition, and was a great boon to cattle in a country where only the river-bottoms and certain moist valleys like the San Simeon yield verdure.

Stretching for miles before us, the lofty Huachucas apparently barred our way, gradually resolving into distinct peaks, separated by narrow cañons, as we drew nearer. At last we reached the grateful shade of a thick growth of live oaks, and then the climb began. Winding up a steep and rocky cañon

for about three miles, we came to the end of the carriage road, and our effects were transferred to the backs of the horses, while we, perforce, walked to the higher altitude which was to be our camping ground. A mile up an almost perpendicular path in a mountain cañon is no easy task for persons unaccustomed to out-door exercise; but already we were invigorated by the clear and bracing air, new beauties greeted our delighted eyes at every step, and we felt happier as we climbed than for many a long, weary day. We crossed and recrossed a little purling brook,—one of the mountain streams which by means of immense outlay and unlimited faith in the future of the camp had been carried in pipes to Tombstone, nearly thirty miles. Tall pines, firs, sycamores and maples towered over our heads, their interlacing boughs protecting us from the sun's rays.

Our tent was pitched where the rivulet leaped over the rocks in tiny waterfalls, with great yellow columbines blossoming beside the little pools, and the trees formed a perfect arch overhead. Here we passed days and nights of quiet peace. To see a flower, to hear running water, to lie at rest and look up at the fresh green of our leafy canopy, was happiness enough for tired mortals who had long been deprived of the simplest beauties of nature.

At first we emulated the laziest natives of the forest, and had no desire to stir from camp. As our energies revived, an ambition for exploration seized upon us, and delightful though somewhat arduous jaunts were taken over the trails that led by a succession of V's up the heights that towered around us. Directly in the rear of our tent the mountain rose precipitously, with no semblance of a path.

"Never go up there, girls," said one of the gentlemen, as he scrambled down the rocky slope with an excited look. "I thought it looked as though rattle-

snakes might be there, and sure enough, I came across a little fellow with three or four rattles, and I thought I would have some fun with him. I was poking him with my stick, and he was as mad as a hornet, when all at once I heard a big rattling right behind me. I looked around, and there was another fellow, bigger than the first one, and he was mad too, and just going to strike at my heel. I tell you I had about all I wanted to attend to for the next minute. I killed them both,—but I don't want to go up there again."

Although we heard reports of the snakes being very plentiful in the vicinity, we came across but one during our various climbs, so the feeling of uneasiness and constant watchfulness that we experienced at first wore away, and we left the whisky and ammonia in the tent.

One day, feeling lame and tired after a three-mile climb to the summit the day before, I decided to remain in camp, while the rest of the party went "over the ridge" to visit a mine that had been discovered recently. We were located in such an idyllic little nook that I quite enjoyed the solitude. "O," I sighed, "if I could only have some of this refreshing scenery in Tombstone, I would not mind the deprivations."

It was missing too much to stay in the tent, so I spread a blanket close to the brook, took my pillow and a newspaper,—books were rarities coveted in vain,—and lay down to read. The music of the rippling water, and the lights and shadows among the over-arching branches however, were more interesting than the paper and it soon dropped while I fell to musing dreamily of many things. Mingled with the pleasure of the present hour were depressing thoughts of the life to which I must shortly return. Would it not seem more unbearable than ever? Why was my lot so different from what I would have it? Where was the justice in be-



stowing blessings innumerable upon one person, and heart-ache and soul-hunger upon another, not less-deserving? What was there in my life to make it desirable?

The brook murmured, the sunlight flickered amongst the leaves that stirred so gently in the tree-tops, and I became drowsy; sad thoughts forgotten in the unconsciousness that providentially grants us respite from our daily troubles. I must have slept an hour or two, when suddenly I awoke with every sense on the alert. Before I opened my eyes I was conscious of danger, and a thrill too dreadful for description passed over me. For that motionless awakening I can only thank my God,—the first startled glance showed what I had to fear, and instantly I lowered my eyelids almost to the obstruction of sight, while I strove as never before to control even their quivering.

Stretched close beside me, its horrible grays and yellows brilliantly lighted by a spot of sunshine, lay a large rattlesnake. The slow undulations of his body were loathsome to contemplate; he moved his head aimlessly over the grass, occasionally running out his tongue, and I felt that if those beady eyes should become fixed upon me my doom would be certain, I must scream. Yet I could not endure blindness with such an enemy by me; breathing with great care I noted every movement of the deadly reptile from beneath my almost closed lids. I dared not try to get away, it would be impossible to gain my feet before the snake could coil and strike, and he lay too close to admit of the least movement on my part, or I would have rolled over into the brook unhesitatingly. My only hope was that I might be able to control my nerves until my unwelcome companion should move far enough from me to allow me to spring from my dangerous position. As I realized this, he glided nearer, ceased his restless movements,

and apparently concluded to enjoy a siesta in the afternoon sunshine. "What," I thought in terror, "if it should seek further warmth amongst my clothing, as I have heard of snakes doing! It is almost touching me now. Suppose it should crawl against me! Can I keep still much longer?"

One thinks fast when one's life is in jeopardy. I cannot tell how long this strain continued; it seemed ages of torture, and it sufficed for the contemplation of all the chief episodes of past years. Where was my impatience with the life accorded me? I had many times come near wishing I was dead, now here was my chance. Only a short agony, then no more earthly sorrows or disappointments. Perhaps all would be compensated for in the unknown land of eternity. Strange, how desperately I clung to the existence that had seemed so barren!

All at once it seemed I had much to live for. I was so young,—I could not give it all up now. I had been ungrateful for many things, had forgotten how much better my lot was than that of many poor men and women. A prayer for forgiveness went up as I resolved, if God spared my life, to make more of it in the future than I had made of it in the past. If I could only see my little adobe home once more, I would not let its deficiencies drive hope and peace and cheerfulness out of my heart; but I would look forward trustingly to a more congenial future, and if denied that, would accept whatever came as discipline that should ennoble the soul.

Meanwhile, my bodily strength was giving out. The snake showed no sign of moving, and it was with great difficulty that I kept from trembling violently. I knew that in a few minutes more I must make some movements that would arouse the rattler; still no help was near.

Then the sound of voices came down the cañon. My friends were returning,

all unconscious of my critical situation. The first joyful thought,—that now I should be saved,—was quickly followed by the despairing knowledge that my danger was greater than before: the snake was already rousing from its torpor, and would be excited by the approaching noise, and would strike at the nearest object in its wrath. Powerless to utter any caution, I lay faintly awaiting my fate, as the merry party turned from the path and crossed the brook to the camp.

“Ah, ha!” cried a teasing voice, “there’s the lazy thing, fast asleep. If she had appreciated the merits and the needs of this crowd, she’d have had supper all ready for us. Wake up, sleepy-head, we’re ready for beans!”

My senses left me. I did not hear the exclamations of horror as the now agitated snake was descried, or know of the sudden halt and hush that followed, as my companions debated under their breaths how best to despatch the reptile without injury to me, whom they still considered asleep. I did not see that the snake, finally deeming discretion to be “the better part of valor,” turned his

head toward the mountain slope from whence he came, and retreated, giving the men an opportunity to make good use of their stout walking sticks.

I learned afterward that they tried in vain to arouse me, and fearing I had been bitten, searched for marks of the deadly fangs. At this juncture, the blood throbbed through my veins again, and I was soon able to assure the anxious party that I had escaped unharmed. It was a long time, however, before I recovered from the mental strain of that terrible ordeal.

It has not always been easy to keep the resolutions made when I lay in that isolated mountain cañon, with my life trembling in the balance; but I have never allowed myself to relapse into the morbid condition from which I was so effectually aroused. Since that trying hour life has had a new meaning for me, and I never hear anyone impatiently saying, “O dear, sometimes I wish that I were dead,” without thinking what a salutary lesson would be taught the speaker, if required suddenly to face the great change that one day must come to us all.

*Clara Spalding Brown.*





## THE GUARANY.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF JOSÉ MARTINIANO DE ALENCAR.

## VI.

ALVARO heard a shrill whistling. The ball, grazing the rim of his felt hat, cut off the point of the scarlet plume that curled over his shoulder.

He turned, calm, cool, undisturbed; not a muscle of his face moved; only a smile of supreme contempt arched his upper lip, shaded by his black mustache.

The spectacle presented to his eyes caused him extreme surprise, for he certainly was not expecting to see what was actually taking place a few yards from him.

Pery, exhibiting in his movements all the muscular strength of his powerful frame, holding Loredano by the neck with his left hand, was bending him under a violent pressure and forcing him to his knees. The Italian, his face distorted and livid, and his eyes dilated, still held in his stiffened hands the smoking carbine. The Indian wrested it from him, and drawing his long knife, raised his arm to bury it in the Italian's head.

But Alvaro, who had advanced, warded off the blow, and extended his hand to the Indian.

"Let this wretch go, Pery."

"No."

"The life of this man belongs to me; he has shot at me,—it is my turn to shoot at him."

While uttering these words he cocked his carbine and placed the muzzle on the Italian's forehead. "You are going to die. Say your prayers."

Pery lowered his knife, drew back a step, and waited.

Loredano made no answer; his prayer was a horrible and Satanic blasphemy;

the violent palpitations of his heart beat against the parchment in his bosom, and reminded him of his treasure, which would now perhaps fall into Alvaro's hands, and give him the riches that he himself had not been able to enjoy. Yet, under the baseness of his soul, there still lingered a certain loftiness, the pride of crime; he made no entreaty, uttered no word; feeling the cold touch of the iron he closed his eyes, and thought himself dead.

Alvaro looked at him for a moment and lowered his carbine.

"You are unworthy of death at the hands of a man and by a weapon of war; you belong to the pillory and the executioner. It would be a robbery of God's justice."

The Italian opened his eyes, and his countenance lighted up with a ray of hope.

"You must swear to leave the house of Dom Antonio de Mariz tomorrow, and never set foot in this region again: such is the price of your life."

"I swear!"

The young man took off the cross that he wore around his neck, and presented it to Loredano; the adventurer put his hand upon it and repeated the oath.

"Rise, and get out of my sight." And with the same contempt for his enemy, and the same noble bearing, the cavalier uncocked his carbine: he then turned to continue his walk, making a sign to Pery to accompany him.

The Indian, while the rapid scene that we have described was taking place, was absorbed in thought.

When he heard what Loredano and his two companions said a little while

before, and learned from their conversation that they purposed evil to his mistress and Dom Antonio, his first thought had been to hurl himself upon the three enemies and kill them. It was for this reason that he uttered that word that revealed his indignation; but he immediately remembered that he might die, and that in that case Cecilia would have no one to defend her. For the first time in his life he felt fear; he feared for his mistress, and regretted that he had not a thousand lives, that he might sacrifice them all for her safety.

He therefore escaped from the place quickly enough not to be seen by the Italian as he ascended the tree, and going to the bank of the river washed his cotton tunic, which was stained with blood; he did not wish it known that he was wounded. While engaged in this work he formed a plan of action.

He resolved not to say any thing to any one, not even to Dom Antonio. Two reasons determined him to this course: the first was the fear of not being believed, since he had no proofs with which he could establish any charge that he, an Indian, might make against white men; the second was his confidence that he alone was enough to bring to naught the plots of the adventurers, and to contend against the Italian.

This point being established, he proceeded to the execution of his plan, which in his mind resolved itself into a punishment; those three men intended to kill, therefore they must die, and they must die at the same time, by the same blow. Pery feared that, confederated as they were, if one escaped he would be carried away by despair at seeing his companions fall, and would anticipate the accomplishment of the crime before he could prevent it. His intelligence, uncultivated, but brilliant as the sun of our country, vigorous as the vegetation of our soil, guided him in this chain of reasoning with a logic and wisdom

worthy of civilized man; he took into account every hypothesis, weighed every probability, and prepared to carry out his plan with the sureness and energy that no one else possessed in so high a degree.

Proceeding accordingly toward the house, where another duty called him,—that of warning Dom Antonio of a possible attack by the Aymorés,—he had passed near Bento Simoes and Ruy Soeiro, and, guided by the direction in which they were looking, saw at a distance Loredano, at the moment when he took aim at the cavalier.

To run and fall upon the Italian, turn aside his aim, and bring him to his knees, was a movement so rapid that at the very moment the two adventurers perceived it they saw their companion overpowered.

The accomplishment of Pery's design presented itself naturally, without being sought. He had the Italian in his power; after him he would proceed against the two adventurers, for whom his knife would suffice; and when all was consummated he would go to Dom Antonio and tell him: "These three men were betraying you,—I killed them; if I have done wrong, punish me."

The intervention of Alvaro, whose generosity saved Loredano's life, overthrew this plan entirely. Ignorant of the motive that led Pery to threaten the adventurer, thinking it was only to punish him for the attempt he had just perfidiously made against himself, the cavalier, to whom the taking of life unnecessarily was repugnant, contented himself with the oath, and the certainty that the Italian would leave the house.

Meantime Pery was reflecting on the possibility of bringing matters back to the same position; but he knew that he could not effect it. Alvaro had received from Dom Antonio the principles of knightly honor prevalent in the fifteenth century, which the aged nobleman cherished as the best legacy from his



ancestors. Pery understood the young man's character, and knew that, after having given Loredano his life, though he despised him, he would not consent that a hair of the adventurer's head should be touched in his presence; and that, if necessary, he would draw his sword to defend this man, who had just attempted his life. And the Indian respected Alvaro, not on his own account, but for the sake of Cecilia, whom he loved. Whatever misfortune happened to the cavalier would make his mistress sad; this was enough to make the young man's person sacred, as was everything that belonged to the maiden, or was necessary to her peace and happiness.

This reflection led Pery to put his knife in his belt and accompany the cavalier, without concerning himself further about the Italian.

They went on in the direction of the house, along the bank of the river.

"I thank you again, Pery; not for saving my life, but for the respect you entertain for me." And the young man pressed the Indian's hand.

"Do not thank me; Pery did nothing; it was his mistress that saved you."

Alvaro smiled at his frankness, and blushed at the allusion contained in his words.

"If you were to die, mistress would weep, and Pery wishes his mistress to be happy."

"You are mistaken; Cecilia is kind-hearted, and would grieve if any evil were to happen to me, just as she would for you, or anyone else whom she is accustomed to see."

"Pery knows why he speaks thus; he has eyes that see and ears that hear. You are to his mistress the sun that gives the jambo its color, and the dew that opens the flower of night."

"Pery!" exclaimed Alvaro.

"Don't be angry," said the Indian gently. Pery loves you because you make his mistress smile. The reed, when it is by the water-side, is green and merry;

when the wind passes, the leaves say *Ce-cy*. You are the river. Pery is the wind that passes softly, so as not to drown the murmur of the stream,—is the wind that bends the leaves till they touch the water."

Alvaro regarded the Indian with astonishment. Where had this uncultured savage learned a poetry so simple and yet so beautiful? Where had he imbibed that delicacy of feeling, so seldom found in hearts worn by contact with society?

The scene that was spread out before his eyes answered him; Brazilian nature, so rich and brilliant, was the image that virgin soul reproduced, as the mirror of the waters reflects the azure of the sky.

He who is acquainted with the vegetation of our country, from the delicate parasite to the gigantic cedar; who in the animal kingdom descends from the tiger and the tapir, symbols of ferocity and strength, to the pretty humming bird and the gilded insect; who observes these heavens, which pass from the purest blue to the bronzed hues that foretell the dreadful tempests; who has seen under the green carpet of flower-enamelled grass that covers our plains a thousand reptiles glide, carrying death in an atom of poison,—will understand what Alvaro felt. What, in fact, does that chain express that connects the two extremes of all that constitutes life? What means strength at the zenith of power, allied to weakness with all its charms; beauty and grace succeeding to terrible dramas and repulsive monsters; horrible death side by side with brilliant life? Is not this poetry? The man who is born, rocked, and reared, in this perfumed cradle, in the midst of scenes so diverse, amid the eternal contrast of smile and tear, of flower and thorn, of honey and poison,—is not he a poet?

A poet born, he sings nature in the very language of nature; ignorant of what is passing within him, he seeks in the images he has before his eyes the

expression of the vague and confused feeling that agitates his soul. His word is the one God has written with the letters that form the book of creation ; it is the flower, the sky, the light, the color, the air, the sun ; sublime objects which nature created smiling. His style flows like the meandering brook, or leaps like the river dashing down the cascade ; at times it rises to the summit of the mountains, at others it descends and creeps like the pretty, diminutive insect.

This is what the majestic scenery in the midst of which he stood on the bank of the Paquequer said to Alvaro ; but rapidly, by one of those impressions that dart upon the mind like light through space.

The young man received the frank confession of the Indian without the slightest hostile feeling ; on the contrary he appreciated his devotion to Cecilia.

"So, said he with a smile, you only love me because you think Cecilia likes me?"

"Pery only loves what his mistress loves ; because he loves only his mistress in this world ; for her he left his mother, his brethren, and the land where he was born."

"But if Cecilia did not like me as you suppose?"

"Pery would do the same as the day with the night ; he would pass without seeing you."

"And if I did not love Cecilia?"

"Impossible!"

"Who knows?" said the young man smiling.

"If mistress were sorrowful because of you?" exclaimed the Indian, whose black eye flashed.

"Yes: what would you do?"

"Pery would kill you."

The resolution with which these words were spoken left not the slightest doubt of their sincerity ; yet Alvaro grasped his hand with warmth.

Pery feared he had offended him. To excuse his bluntness, he said feelingly :

"Listen. Pery is the child of the sun, and he would renounce the sun if it burned Cecy's white skin. Pery loves the wind, and he would hate the wind if it disarranged a lock of Cecy's golden hair. Pery likes to see the sky, and he would not look upward if it were bluer than Cecy's eyes."

"I understand you, my friend ; you have dedicated your life entirely to the happiness of this girl. Do not fear that I shall ever offend you in her person. You know whether I love her : and do not be angry, Pery, if I say that your devotion is not greater than mine. Before you could kill me, I believe I should kill myself, if I had the misfortune to make Cecilia unhappy."

"You are good ; Pery wishes his mistress to love you."

He then related to Alvaro what had occurred the night before.

The young man turned pale with anger, and would have returned in search of the Italian ; this time he would not have pardoned him.

"Stop!" said the Indian, "Cecy would be frightened. Pery will set this matter right."

The two were now near the house and about to enter the enclosure at the foot of the steps, when Pery grasped Alvaro's arm.

"The enemy of the house means mischief ; defend mistress. If Pery dies, send word to his mother, and you will see all the warriors of the tribe come to fight with you and save Cecy."

"But who is the enemy of the house?"

"Do you wish to know?"

"Certainly, how am I to fight them?"

"You shall know."

Alvaro would have insisted, but the Indian did not give him time ; he plunged again into the woods, and while the young man was ascending the steps took a turn around the house, and gained the side on which was Cecilia's room.

He had come in sight of the window, when among the bushes appeared the



thin, lean figure of Ayres Gomes, who was covered with nettles and prickles, and was panting violently.

The worthy esquire had struck his head against an unlucky branch, which stretched him at full length upon the turf.

Nevertheless he raised himself a little on his elbows, and cried with the full force of his lungs: "Ho! Master Indian! Dom Cazique! Hunter of live ounces! Look here!"

Pery did not turn.

## VII.

### IN THE RAVINE.

PERY stopped to see Cecilia from a distance.

Ayres Gomes rose, ran to him, and put his hand on his arm. "I've caught you at last, Dom Red-skin! Here you are! It has given me a deal of trouble!" said the esquire, panting.

"Leave me," answered the Indian, without moving.

"Leave you! Not much! After having hunted through the woods for you! A fine idea!"

Dona Lauriana, wishing to see him out of the house as soon as possible, had sent the esquire after Pery, to bring him into Dom Antonio's presence.

Ayres Gomes, faithful performer of his superior's orders, had been beating about the woods for two full hours. Every comical accident possible or imaginable had happened to him, as if on purpose. At one moment his hat roused a nest of wasps, which made him beat an honorable retreat as fast as his legs would carry him; at another, a long-tailed lizard, taken unawares, wound around his legs with a violent blow. These mishaps, not to speak of nettles and briars, falls, and blows on the head, enraged the worthy esquire, and made him curse the wildness of such a country. O, to be carried back to the moors and heaths of his native land! There

was good reason, then, why he did not wish to let the Indian go,—the cause of all of the tribulations through which he had passed.

Unfortunately, Pery was not of the same mind.

"Let me go,—I've told you once," exclaimed he, beginning to exhibit anger.

"Have patience, my dear little red-skin! On the word of Ayres Gomes, it is not possible; and you know it. When I say that it is not possible, it is as if our Mother Church—What the devil was I going to say?—Woe is me! I named the Church of the devil without meaning it! What heresy! He who prates of the saints with such pagans,—Prate of the saints! Most Holy Virgin! I have lost my senses! Be silent, mouth! Chirp no more!"

While the esquire was delivering, half soliloquizing, this discourse, in which there was at least the merit of frankness, Pery was absorbed in gazing on the window. He then freed himself from the hand that held his arm, and continued on his way.

Ayres accompanied him step by step with the imperturbableness of an automaton.

"What are you going to do?" asked the Indian.

"Why, follow you, and take you back to the house; it is the order."

"Pery is going a long distance."

"Though you go to the world's end, it is all the same, my son."

The Indian turned to him with a decided movement. "Pery does not wish you to follow him."

"As to that, Master Indian, you waste your time; no one has ever yet got the better of the son of my father, who, it is well you should know, was a fighting man."

"Pery does not give an order twice."

"Nor does Ayres Gomes look back when he has an order to execute."

Pery, the man of blind devotion, rec-

ognized in the esquire the man of passive obedience. He felt that there was no way of convincing this faithful performer ; so he resolved to rid himself of him by decisive means.

"Who gave you the order?"

"Dona Lauriana."

"For what?"

"To bring you to the house."

"Pery will go alone."

"We shall see."

The Indian drew his knife.

"What!" cried the esquire. "Does the conversation take that turn? If Dom Antonio had not expressly forbidden me, I would show you! But—you may kill me, but I will not stir a step."

"Pery kills only his enemy, and you are not such. You persist, Pery binds you."

"How? How is this?"

The Indian began to cut with the greatest coolness a long vine entwined about the branches of a tree. The esquire, half-frightened, began to get angry, and was half-inclined to rush upon him. But Dom Antonio's order was express. He was therefore compelled to respect the Indian: the most the worthy esquire could do was to defend himself bravely.

When Pery had cut and wound around his neck some twenty yards of the vine, he sheathed his knife and turned to the esquire with a smile. Ayres Gomes drew his sword without fear, and put himself on guard according to the rules of the noble and liberal art of fencing, of which he had been master from his tenderest years.

It was an original and peculiar duel, the like of which perhaps had never occurred,—a combat in which arms contended against agility, steel against a slender osier.

"Master Cazique," said the esquire with a scowl, "don't be a fool; for, on the word of Ayres Gomes, if you come near I'll spit you on my sword!"

Pery extended his under lip in deris-

ion, and began to run rapidly around him in a circle several feet in diameter, which placed him out of the reach of the sword; his endeavor was to attack his adversary behind. Ayres Gomes, leaning against a tree and compelled to turn round and round to defend his back, felt his head swim and staggered. The Indian took advantage of the movement, sprang upon him, caught him behind, seized his arms, and proceeded to bind him to the tree he had been leaning against.

When the esquire recovered from the vertigo, he found himself bound to the tree by coils of osier extending from his knees to his shoulders; the Indian had gone quietly on his way.

"You devil's Indian! Infernal dog!" cried the worthy esquire. "You shall pay me for this, dearly too!"

Without paying the least attention to the string of opprobrious epithets with which Ayres Gomes favored him, Pery went on toward the house.

He saw Cecilia, with her face leaning on her hand, looking sadly into the deep ravine beneath her window.

After the first moment of surprise when she discovered Isabel's jealousy and her own love for Alvaro, she succeeded in controlling herself. Her pride would not let her cousin see what she felt; and moreover she was kind, loved Isabel, and did not wish to grieve her. She therefore said not a single word to her of reproof or complaint; on the contrary she raised her up, kissed her tenderly, and asked her to leave her alone.

"Poor Isabel," she murmured; "how she must have suffered!"

She forgot herself to think of her cousin; but the tears that started from her eyes and the sob that heaved her breast recalled her to her own suffering. A happy and attractive child that had learned only how to smile, an angel of pleasure breathing joy upon whatever surrounded her, she found an inexpressible satisfaction in weeping. When she dried



her tears she suffered less, and felt relieved ; she could then reflect upon what had occurred.

Love was revealed to her under a new form ; until that day the affection she entertained for Alvaro was merely an attachment that caused her to blush, and a pleasure that made her smile. She had never imagined that this affection could pass beyond what it was, and produce other emotions besides a blush and a smile. The exclusiveness of love, the ambition to make one's own and only one's own the object of the passion, was now for the first time revealed to her by her cousin.

She remained long in deep thought ; she consulted her heart, and knew that she did not love in this way. Her affection for Alvaro could never compel her to hate her cousin, whom she regarded as a sister.

Cecilia did not understand the terrible struggle between love and the other feelings of the heart, in which, almost always victorious, passion overcomes duty and reason. In her innocent simplicity she thought that she could combine perfectly the veneration in which she held her father, her respect for her mother, her affection for Alvaro, her sisterly love for her brother and Isabel, and her friendship for Pery. These feelings constituted her whole life ; in their enjoyment she was happy, nor did she desire anything more. While she could kiss the hand of her father and mother, receive a caress from her brother and cousin, smile upon her cavalier, and play with her slave, existence would be for her a path of flowers.

She was frightened, therefore, at the necessity of breaking one of the golden threads that formed the woof of her innocent and happy days ; pained at the thought of seeing in conflict two of the calm and serene affections of her soul. She would have one charm less in her life, one image less in her dreams, one flower less in her soul ; but she would

not make anyone unhappy, and least of all her cousin Isabel, who at times was so melancholy. Her other affections remained ; with them Cecilia thought that existence might still smile upon her. She must not become selfish.

Such thoughts could proceed only from a pure and innocent girl, with a heart like a new-formed bud that has not yet begun to open to the first ray of the sun.

These ideas were still hovering in her mind as she gazed pensively into the ravine, where the object that had affected such a change in her life had fallen.

"If I could obtain that gift," said she to herself, "I would show Isabel how I love her, and how much I desire her happiness."

Seeing his mistress looking sadly down the precipice, Pery comprehended a part of what was passing in her mind ; without being able to conjecture how she knew that the object had fallen there, he perceived that she was troubled in consequence of it. This was enough to make him put forth every exertion to bring happiness to Cecilia's pretty face ; besides which he had already promised Alvaro to *set this matter right*, as he said in his simple language.

He approached the ravine. A curtain of mosses and climbing plants spreading over the sides covered the clefts in the rock. Above was a carpet of laughing green, over which bright-colored butterflies were fluttering ; below a hollow full of weeds where the light did not penetrate. From time to time there were heard from among the bushes at the bottom the hissings of serpents, the sad cries of some bird drawn on to its death by the fatal magnetism, or the striking of a rattle upon the rock. When the sun was in the zenith, as now, there might be seen among the grasses, or on the calyx of the violet bell-flower, the green eyes of a serpent, or a pretty ribbon of red and black scales entwined about a shrub.

Pery cared little for these denizens of the ravine, or for the reception they would give him in their abode; what troubled him was the fear that he should not have light enough at the bottom to discover the object of his search. He cut the branch of a tree that the colonists called from its properties *candêa* (lamp), lighted it, and with the torch began to descend.

It was only at this moment that Cecilia, absorbed in thought, saw the Indian descending the slope in front of her window. She was startled, for Pery's presence reminded her suddenly of what had occurred in the morning. It was another affection lost. Two knots loosened at the same time, two habits broken one after the other, was too much; two tears coursed down her cheeks, as if each flowed from the cords of her heart that had been so rudely shaken.

"Pery!"

The Indian raised his eyes toward her. "Are you weeping, mistress?" said he with emotion.

The girl smiled upon him, but with a smile so sad as to rend her soul.

"Do not weep, mistress!" he said entreatingly. "Pery is going to give you what you desire."

"What I desire?"

"Yes; Pery knows."

The maiden shook her head.

"It is there." He pointed to the bottom of the precipice.

"Who told you?" asked she with astonishment.

"Pery's eyes."

"You saw it?"

"Yes."

The Indian continued to descend.

"What are you going to do?" exclaimed Cecilia with terror.

"Get what is yours."

"Mine!" she murmured sadly.

"He gave it to you."

"He! who?"

"Alvaro."

The maiden blushed; but fear repressed her embarrassment. Looking down over the precipice, she had seen a reptile gliding through the foliage and heard the confused and ill-boding murmur that came up from the abyss.

"Pery," said she, turning pale, "do not go down; return."

"No; Pery does not return without bringing what made you weep."

"But you will perish!"

"Have no fear."

"Pery," said Cecilia sternly, "your mistress commands you not to go down."

The Indian stopped and hesitated; an order from his mistress was for him a decree of fate, to be unrelentingly carried out. He fixed on the girl a timid look. At that moment Cecilia, seeing Alvaro on the edge of the esplanade near the Indian's cabin, retired within the window, blushing. The Indian smiled.

"Pery disobeys your voice, mistress, to obey your heart." He disappeared under the plants that covered the precipice.

Cecilia uttered a cry, and leaned out of the window.

## VIII.

### THE BRACELET.

WHAT Cecilia saw as she leaned out of the window froze her with fear and horror.

On every side ascended enormous reptiles, which escaping up the slopes hastened into the forest; vipers issued from the clefts in the rocks, and venomous spiders hung by their webs from the branches of the trees. Amid the horrible concert formed by the hissing of the snakes and chirping of crickets, was heard the monotonous and mournful note of the *canan*<sup>1</sup> at the bottom of the ravine. The Indian had disappeared; only the reflection of his lighted torch was seen.

<sup>1</sup> A bird that devours snakes, which greatly dread and shun it. The Indians used to imitate its note as a protection.



The maiden, pale and trembling, thought it impossible that Pery should not be dead, and already half devoured by those monsters of a thousand forms ; she wept for the loss of her friend, and stammered prayers to God for a miracle to save him. At times she would close her eyes, so as not to see the dreadful picture that was spread out before her, and anon open them to peer into the abyss and descry the Indian.

Presently, one of the insects that swarmed amid the agitated foliage flew out and lighted on her shoulder. It was an omen of hope, one of those pretty green coleoptera that the popular poetry calls *lavandeira de Deus* (God's washer-woman).

The soul in supreme moments of affliction grasps the slenderest thread of hope ; Cecilia smiled amid her tears, and took the *lavandeira* in her fingers and caressed it. It was necessary to hope ; she did hope,—took courage, and called in a weak and tremulous voice, "Pery !"

In the brief interval that followed this call she suffered a cruel anxiety. If the Indian did not answer, he was dead. But Pery said,—

"Wait, mistress."

Yet, notwithstanding the joy these words caused her, it seemed to the girl that they were pronounced by a man in suffering ; the voice when it reached her ear was dull and hoarse. "Are you wounded ?" she asked anxiously.

There was no reply ; a shrill cry came up from the ravine and echoed among the crags ; then the note of the *canan* was heard again, and a rattlesnake passed, hissing fiercely, followed by a brood of young.

Cecilia staggered, and with a mournful groan fell fainting.

When, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, she opened her eyes, Pery stood before her ; he had just arrived, and offered her with a smile a silken purse, in which was a casket of scarlet velvet.

Without noticing the jewel, Cecilia, still under the influence of the horrible scene she had witnessed, grasped his hands, and asked him eagerly : "Are you not bitten, Pery ? Are you not suffering ? Tell me !"

The Indian looked at her in astonishment at the fear he saw depicted on her countenance.

"Were you afraid, mistress ?"

"Very much !" exclaimed the girl.

"Pery is an Indian," said he, with a smile, "a son of the forest. He was born in the wilderness, among the snakes. They know Pery and respect him."

He spoke the truth ; what he had just done was his everyday life in the woods ; there was not the least danger in it.

The light of his torch and the note of the *canan*, which he imitated perfectly, had sufficed to drive off the venomous reptiles, which are devoured by that bird. With this simple expedient, which the savages commonly employed when traversing the forests by night, Pery had descended, and had been fortunate enough to find the purse, which he conjectured to be the object given by Alvaro, caught on the branches of a vine. He had uttered a cry of pleasure, which Cecilia took for a cry of pain.

Meantime she attributed the safety of the Indian to a miracle, and considered the simple and natural act that he had done a remarkable heroism.

Her joy at seeing him free from danger, and at having Alvaro's gift in her hands, was such that she forgot everything that had passed. The casket contained a simple bracelet of pearls ; but these were of the purest enamel, and handsome as only pearls can be ; they clearly showed that they had been selected by Alvaro's eyes and destined for Cecilia's arm.

She admired them for a moment with that fondness for display that is innate in woman. She thought the bracelet would become her ; carried away with this idea she put it on her arm and

showed it to Pery, who was contemplating her with self-satisfaction.

"Perry regrets one thing."

"What?"

"That he has not handsomer beads than these to give you."

"And why do you regret this?"

"Because they would always accompany you."

"So you would be pleased if your mistress, instead of wearing this bracelet, wore a present given by you?"

"Very much."

"And what will *you* give me to make me look well?" asked the girl jokingly.

The Indian looked about him and became sad. He might give his life, which was of no value; but where could he, poor savage, go to find an ornament worthy of his mistress?

Cecilia pitied his embarrassment. "Go get a flower, and your mistress will put it in her hair, in place of this bracelet, which she will never put on her arm."

These last words were spoken in a resolute tone, which revealed her firmness of character. She shut the bracelet up again in the box, and remained for a moment sad and thoughtful.

Pery returned with a pretty wild-flower, which he had found in the garden; it was a velvety parasite of a beautiful scarlet. The maiden fastened the flower in her hair, pleased to have gratified an innocent desire of Pery's, who lived only to fulfill hers. She then went to her cousin's room, concealing the velvet casket in her bosom.

Isabel had feigned an indisposition; she had not left her room after coming from Cecilia's apartment, where she had betrayed the secret of her love.

The tears which she shed were not like those of her cousin, a relief and consolation; they were hot tears, which instead of refreshing the heart burned it. At times her black eyes, still moist with weeping, would gleam with an extraordinary brilliancy, as though a mad thought were passing rapidly through

her distracted mind. Then she would kneel and say a prayer, in the midst of which her tears would come anew, and bedew her cheeks.

When Cecilia entered she was seated on the edge of the bed, with her eyes fixed on the window, through which a strip of sky was visible. She was beautiful in the melancholy and languor that prostrated her, heightening the harmonious lines of her graceful form.

Cecilia approached without being seen and imprinted a kiss on her cousin's dark cheek.

"I have already told you that I don't want to see you sad."

"Cecilia!" exclaimed Isabel, starting.

"What is the matter? Do I frighten you?"

"No—but—"

"But what?"

"Nothing."

"I know what you would say, Isabel: you thought that I cherished ill-will toward you. Confess."

"I thought," said the girl, stammering, "that I had rendered myself unworthy of your friendship."

"And why? Have you done me any wrong? Are we not sisters, who ought to love each other always?"

"Cecilia, what you say is not what you feel!" exclaimed Isabel, astonished at her words.

"Have I ever deceived you?" replied Cecilia, grieved.

"No; pardon me; but I—" She did not continue; her look concluded the thought, and expressed the astonishment her cousin's conduct caused her. But suddenly an idea seized on her mind. She thought that Cecilia was not jealous of her, because she deemed her unworthy to merit even a look from Alvaro. This thought caused her to smile bitterly.

"So it is understood," said Cecilia with volubility, "that nothing has passed between us, is n't it?"

"Do you wish it so?"



"Yes. Nothing has occurred. We are the same,—with a difference," added Cecilia, blushing, "that from today forward you must have no secrets from me."

"Secrets! I had one, which is already yours," murmured Isabel.

"Because I divined it. That is not what I want; I prefer to hear it from your own mouth. I want to console you when you are all unhappy as now, and to laugh with you when you are pleased. Shall it not be so?"

"Alas!" It can never be. Do not ask an impossible thing of me, Cecilia! You already know too much; do not compel me to die at your feet, of shame."

"And why should this cause you shame? Just as you love me, can you not love another person?"

Isabel buried her face in her hands, to conceal the blush that mounted to her cheeks. Cecilia, somewhat embarrassed, looked at her cousin, and understood at that moment why she herself blushed when she felt Alvaro's eyes fixed upon hers.

"Cecilia," said Isabel, making a great effort, "do not make sport of me. You are kind, you love me, and do not wish to cause me pain; but do not ridicule my weakness. If you knew how I suffer!"

"I am not ridiculing you; I have already told you so. I do not wish you to suffer, and least of all on my account,—do you understand?"

"I understand, and swear that I shall know how to quiet my heart; if need be it shall cease to beat before giving you a shade of sadness."

"No," exclaimed Cecilia, "you do not comprehend my meaning. This is not what I ask of you; but on the contrary, I wish you to be happy."

"Wish me to be happy?" asked Isabel, astonished.

"Yes," answered her cousin, embracing her and whispering in her ear. "I wish you to love him and me too."

Isabel rose, pale and doubting what

she heard; Cecilia had strength enough to smile upon her with one of her divine smiles.

"No, it is impossible! Do you want to make me mad, Cecilia?"

"I want to make you happy," replied the girl, caressing her. "I want you to cast off that melancholy expression and embrace me as your sister. Do I not deserve it?"

"O yes, my sister! You are an angel of goodness. But your sacrifice is lost; I cannot be happy, Cecilia."

"Why not?"

"Because he loves you," murmured Isabel.

"Do not say so; it is false."

"It is true, indeed."

"Did he tell you so?"

"No, but I saw it before you imagined it yourself."

"Then you are mistaken, and I pray you speak to me no more of this. What matters it to me what his feelings toward me are?"

And knowing that her emotion was getting the mastery over her she turned away, but paused on the threshold.

"O! I forgot to give you something I brought for you."

She took out the velvet casket, and opening it fastened the pearl bracelet on Isabel's arm.

"How well they look on you! How becoming they are to your beautiful dark complexion! He will think you lovely."

"This bracelet—" Isabel was suddenly seized with a suspicion.

Her cousin perceived it, and for the first time in her life told a lie. "My father gave it to me yesterday; he ordered a pair, one for me, and the other at my request for you. So you have no reason to refuse it; if you do I shall be angry with you."

Isabel hung down her head.

"Do not take it off; I am going to put on mine, and we will be sisters. By-by." And throwing a kiss to her cousin with her fingers, she ran out of the room.

The playfulness and gayety of her disposition had already driven away the gloomy impressions of the morning.

## IX.

### THE WILL.

At the moment when Cecilia left Isabel, Dom Antonio was ascending the esplanade, absorbed by some important matter, which gave his countenance an expression still more grave than usual.

He saw his son, Dom Diogo, and Alvaro walking along the wall that ran in the rear of the house, and motioned them to approach.

The young men promptly obeyed, and accompanied the nobleman to his armory, a small room at the side of the chapel, with nothing noteworthy about it except the little door of a stairway leading to a sort of cellar that served as a magazine.

When the workmen were laying the foundations of the house they discovered a deep cavern fashioned in the rock; Dom Antonio, like a man of foresight, mindful of the necessity he should be under in the future of relying only on his own resources, took advantage of this natural vault, and made of it a depository capable of containing several hundred-weight of powder. The nobleman had found a further important advantage in his forethought; it was the tranquillity of his family, whose lives would not be subject to the carelessness of any domestic or adventurer, for no one entered his armory except when he was present.

Dom Antonio seated himself near the table, which was covered with Russia leather, and motioned to the young man to be seated by his side.

"I have something to say to you on a very serious matter,—a family matter," said he. "I have called you to listen to me, as it is a matter that concerns you and me most of all."

Dom Diogo bowed; Alvaro imitated

him, feeling great apprehension at the nobleman's serious and deliberate words.

"I am sixty years of age," continued Dom Antonio. "I am old. Contact with this virgin soil of Brazil, the pure air of this wilderness, have made me young again during these last years; but Nature is reasserting her rights, and I feel my former vigor yielding to the law of creation, which decrees that whatever comes from the earth shall return to the earth again."

The two young men were about to say some soothing word, as when we seek to disguise the truth from those whom we esteem, at the same time trying to deceive ourselves. Dom Antonio checked them with a noble gesture.

"Do not interrupt me. I am not making a complaint to you, but it is a declaration which you must receive, since it is necessary to enable you to understand what I have further to say. When for forty years we have hazarded our lives almost every day, when we have seen death a hundred times over our heads or under our feet, we can calmly contemplate the end of the journey we make in this vale of tears."

"O, we have never doubted you, father!" exclaimed Dom Diogo. "But this is the second time in two days that you have spoken of the possibility of such a misfortune. The bare idea terrifies me! You are strong and vigorous still!"

"Certainly!" broke in Alvaro. "You have just said that Brazil has made you young again; and I add that you are still in the youth of the second life which the new world has given you."

"Thank you, Alvaro; thank you, my son," said Dom Antonio with a smile. "I would believe your words. Nevertheless, you will agree that it is prudent on the part of a man who is approaching the end of life to make his last will and testament."

"Your will, father!" said Dom Diogo with blanched cheek.



"Yes, life belongs to God, and the man who thinks of the future ought to anticipate it. It is customary to entrust such affairs to a notary ; but I have none here, nor do I think one necessary. A nobleman cannot better confide his last will than to two generous and loyal souls like yours. A paper may be lost, broken, burned ; the heart of a cavalier who has his sword to defend him and his duty to guide him is a living document and a faithful executor. This, then, is my will. Listen."

The two cavaliers knew by the resolution with which Dom Antonio spoke that his purpose was unalterable ; they disposed themselves to listen with feelings of sadness and respect.

"I speak not of you, Dom Diogo ; my fortune belongs to you as the future head of the family. I speak not of your mother, for in losing a husband she will find a devoted son. I love you both, and will bless you in my dying hour. But there are two things that I prize most in this world, two things that I must jealously guard as a sacred treasure, even after my departure from this life. These are the happiness of my daughter and the honor of my name. One was a present that I received from heaven ; the other a legacy which my father left me."

The nobleman paused, and turned his eyes from Dom Diogo's sorrowful face to Alvaro, who was greatly agitated.

"To you, Dom Diogo, I transmit the legacy from my father. I am convinced that you will keep his name as pure as your soul, and will strive further to ennoble it by serving a just and holy cause. To you, Alvaro, I confide the happiness of my Cecilia, and I believe that God, in sending you to me, now ten years ago, wished only to complete the gift he had already granted me."

The young men had fallen on their knees, and now kissed the nobleman's hands, who, sitting between them, embraced them both in the same look of paternal love.

"Rise, my sons ; embrace each other as brothers, and listen to me further."

Dom Diogo opened his arms and clasped Alvaro to his breast : for an instant the two noble hearts beat in unison.

"What remains for me to say is difficult. It is always painful to confess a fault, even when one addresses generous souls. I have another daughter ; the regard I have for my wife, and fear of causing the poor child to blush for her birth, have led me to give her in life the title of niece."

"Isabel?" exclaimed Dom Diogo.

"Yes, Isabel is my daughter. I pray you both to treat her always as such ; to love her as a sister, and to surround her with so much tenderness and affection that she may be happy, and forgive me the indifference I have shown toward her, and the undesigned unhappiness I caused her mother."

The nobleman's voice became a little tremulous and agitated ; it was evident that a painful recollection, which had been slumbering in his heart, had awakened.

"Poor woman !" murmured he.

He rose, walked about the room, and finally, subduing his emotion, returned to the young men.

"This is my last will. I know that you will carry it out. I do not ask an oath of you ; your word is enough."

Diogo extended his hand ; Alvaro placed his on his heart. Dom Antonio, who understood what that mute promise meant, embraced them.

"Now away with your sadness ; I want to see you smiling, as you see me. My ease respecting the future renews my youth for a second time, and you may have to wait a long time before carrying my will into effect, which until then must remain buried in your hearts."

"I so understood it," said Alvaro.

"Well, then," replied the nobleman with a smile, "you must understand another point,—that it will perhaps de-

volve upon me to give effect myself to one part of my will. Do you know which?"

"That relating to my happiness," answered the young man with a blush.

Dom Antonio pressed his hand. "I am contented and satisfied," said the nobleman; but I am pained at a sad duty that I have to perform. Do you know anything about Pery, Alvaro?"

"I saw him a little while ago."

"Go and send him to me."

The young man withdrew.

"Call your mother and sister, my son."

Dom Diogo obeyed.

The nobleman sat down at the table and wrote on a strip of parchment, which he fastened with a silken cord and sealed with his arms.

Dona Lauriana and Cecilia entered, accompanied by Dom Diogo.

"Take a seat, my wife."

Dom Antonio had gathered his family together to give a certain solemnity to the act he was about to perform.

When Cecilia entered, he whispered in her ear: "What do you want to give him?"

She comprehended at once; the extraordinary affection they had for Pery, the gratitude they lavished on him, was a sort of secret between those two hearts, which they did not wish to expose to the remarks that such sincere friendship for an Indian would cause.

"How! Do you intend to send him away, after all?" exclaimed she.

"It is necessary; I told you so."

"Yes; but I thought that you might have changed your mind."

"Impossible!"

"What harm does he do here?"

"You know how much I regard him; when I say that it is impossible, you must believe me."

"Do not be angry!"

"So you do not oppose it?"

Cecilia remained silent.

"If you cannot in any way reconcile yourself to it, it shall not be done; but

your mother will suffer, and I shall, because I have promised her."

"No: your word before everything, father."

Pery appeared at the door: a vague apprehension manifested itself on his countenance, when he saw himself surrounded by the whole family. His attitude was respectful, but his bearing had the innate pride of superior organization. His large black eyes surveyed the room, and rested on the venerable countenance of the nobleman. Cecilia had hidden herself behind her brother.

"Pery, do you believe that Dom Antonio de Mariz is your friend?" asked the nobleman.

"As much as a white man can be of a man of another color."

"Do you believe that Dom Antonio de Mariz esteems you?"

"Yes; because he has said so and has shown it."

"Do you believe that Dom Antonio de Mariz desires to repay you for what you have done for him in saving his daughter's life?"

"If it were necessary, yes."

"Well then, Pery, Dom Antonio de Mariz, your friend, asks you to return to your tribe."

The Indian started. "Why do you ask this?"

"Because it is necessary, my friend."

"Pery understands; you are tired of giving him hospitality."

"No!"

"When Pery told you that he would remain, he asked nothing of you. His house is built of straw upon a rock; the trees of the forest give him sustenance; his garment was woven by his mother, who came to bring it to him last month: Pery costs you nothing."

Cecilia was weeping; Dom Antonio and his son were greatly moved; even Dona Lauriana seemed softened.

"Do not say that, Pery. You should never in my house have wanted the least thing, if you had not refused everything



and chosen to live isolated in your cabin. Even now, tell me what you desire, what pleases you, and it is yours."

"Why then do you send Pery away?"

Dom Antonio did not know what to say, and was forced to seek an excuse to explain his conduct to the Indian. The idea of religion, which all peoples understand, seemed to him the most appropriate.

"You know that we white men have a God, who dwells up there, whom we love, respect, and obey."

"Yes."

"That God is not pleased that there should live among us a man who does not adore him, and does not know him. Till now we have disobeyed him; today he commands."

"Pery's God, too, ordered him to remain with his mother, in his tribe, near

the bones of his father; and Pery abandoned everything to follow you."

There was a moment of silence; Dom Antonio did not know what to reply.

"Pery does not wish to become a burden to you; he only awaits the order of his mistress. Do you order Pery to go, mistress?"

Dona Lauriana, who, as soon as mention was made of religion, had returned to her old prejudice against the Indian, made a commanding gesture to her daughter.

"Yes!" stammered Cecilia.

The Indian bowed his head; a tear trickled down his cheek. What he suffered it is impossible to describe; language does not know the secret of the terrible storms that sweep over a strong and vigorous soul that for the first time is overcome by grief.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]



## IMMORTALITY.

["It is," says Dr. Munger "related of an Arab chief, whose laws forbade the rearing of his female offspring, that the only tears he ever shed were when his daughter brushed the dust from his beard as he buried her in a living grave."]

WELL might the Arab, whose decree  
Refused protection to his child,  
Bedew her grave with tears, as she  
Looked up on him and smiled.

But where are shed the tears of God,  
As down to everlasting death  
He backward thrusts the offered hands,  
Outstretched to him in faith?

If death ends life, what is this world  
But one forever-yawning grave,  
From which an ever-loving God  
His offspring cannot save.

*M. Hazeltine.*

## SOME RÉALISM REGARDING SILVER.

## I.

WHEN the Democratic party came into power eight years ago, the victory was not the result of the views of that party on any political question. It was rather a moral and non-partisan issue upon which the campaign turned. At that time both parties occupied practically the same position with regard to the tariff; neither had the courage openly to oppose protection, and an almost universal public opinion supported that doctrine. Eight years later the two great parties were arrayed as protectionists and anti-protectionists, and the latter won a sweeping victory. Today the two parties occupy the same negative position with regard to silver. In one part of the country they vie with each other in advocating the repeal of the silver law; in another they are equally anxious to pose as the champions of free silver. It would be a bold prophet who should say that the silver question will follow the same lines of development as the tariff issue; yet it is undoubtedly destined to become the leading political issue. Serious study of the question is therefore desirable, and the widest discussion cannot fail to be beneficial.

In presenting the following, it may be well to guard at the outset against any misunderstanding that may arise from the title of this paper. It is not intended to suggest that other discussions of the subject have been unreal, or bordering on the domain of fiction. It is intended rather to suggest the mode of treatment in this paper, which will be concerned with facts rather than abstract discussion. There will be no hysterical allusions to treachery to the white metal, or comparisons between the gray metal in coinage and the gray mat-

ter in the brain. There will be no intimation that those who disagree with the writer are bought by British gold or Comstock silver. Nor will there be any appeals to the opinions on silver held by Julius Cæsar, or Alexander Hamilton, or George III. The value of such opinions in solving the problem of today does not seem to be any greater than would their ideas on the economic use of the telephone be in a study of the railway problem.

A far more valuable method of historical treatment is that which considers the actual experience of the various nations with bimetalism, and the experience of this country is peculiarly valuable. On April 2, 1792, the bill establishing the United States mint and providing for the coinage became a law. This law authorized absolute free coinage of both metals; any person might take either silver or gold bullion to the mint and have it coined into money without cost. The ratio between silver and gold established by this law was 15:1. This law continued in force for thirty years without receiving any further attention from Congress.

Then the scarcity of gold coin made an investigation necessary, and it was ordered. It was found that for ten years there had been practically no gold in circulation. The output of the mint under absolutely free coinage during this period is significant. During the first ten years, for every \$100 of silver coined there was \$113 of gold. During the second decade gold dropped to \$66 to \$100; and during the third decade, to \$45 to \$100. And all this time the mercantile community was clamoring for gold for business purposes, and the mint was open to anyone who desired to bring gold bullion to be coined.



Though Congress began this investigation in 1821, no change in the coinage laws was enacted until thirteen years later. But in the meantime another curious fact was noticed, which may receive attention in passing. Although the mint was kept busy coining silver dollars, there were practically none in circulation. The Spanish milled dollar was pouring into the country, and being worth a premium, was turned into the mint to be coined into American silver dollars. These dollars were then exported to the Spanish-American countries, where they were exchanged at par for the Spanish dollars. All of this was, of course, very profitable to the money-brokers, but the government was standing all the expense and reaping no advantage whatever. The operation of the cheap American dollars driving the Spanish dollars out of circulation in the Spanish-American countries need not be dwelt upon here.

To return to our own coinage laws, in 1834 a new law was enacted, establishing a ratio of 16:1 between the silver and gold coinage. But before considering the effect of this law, it may be well to inquire into the causes of the failure of the first law. It was an honest attempt to establish a bi-metallic currency; our foreign trade was largely with countries using silver in their coinage, thus offering an outlet for silver as well as gold; and there was practically no opposition to bi-metalism anywhere. When the law was enacted, the market ratio of silver to gold was practically 15:1; in 1790, it was 15.04; in 1791, 15.17; in 1792, 15.05; in 1793, 15.00. The law could not have more nearly approached the market ratio. Why then, did it fail?

An examination of the market rates of silver quoted in gold shows that from this date the price steadily declined. The highest point was in 1814, when 15.04 was reached. At the other end, 16.25 was the extreme. It matters not

for the present discussion whether gold appreciated in value or silver declined. The essential point is that the divergence between them became wider, and that as a result gold was forced out of the circulation, and though nominally bi-metallic, the coinage was really on a silver basis.

To return to the law of 1834. The ratio selected intentionally favored gold. The market ratio in 1833 was 15.92; in 1834 it was 15.73. It did not reach the legal ratio of 16 until 1874, forty years later. The law retained the free coinage provision for both metals. And yet silver immediately began to disappear from circulation. At the mint, during the decade before the passage of the law,—1824-1834,—the proportion of the coinage of silver to gold was 100 to 32; during the first ten years under the law, the proportion was 100 to 111; and during the second decade, 100 to 710.

Here we have an exact reversal of the experience under the law of 1792. In that law gold was undervalued in the coinage, and disappeared from circulation; in 1834 gold was overvalued, and the opposite effect was observed. After the immensely increased production of gold in 1850 and the next few years, even the subsidiary silver began to disappear. It was impossible to get money for "change," and in 1853 Congress provided for the coinage of subsidiary silver coins of less than their face value. In order to prevent silver flowing into the mint under this provision, the privilege of free coinage was suspended as to these coins. Nothing was said in the law about the silver dollar. It had disappeared from the circulation, and no legislation was necessary in regard to it. The country was now avowedly on a gold basis.

This brings us to the celebrated law of 1873, about which so much has been said and written. It is roundly denounced by the advocates of free coin-

age as a conspiracy against silver, with a fervor that suggests that they do not know very much about the facts that attended its passage. The bill was prepared by John Jay Knox in 1870, and was submitted to the Senate by the Secretary of the Treasury in April of that year. Accompanying the bill was a report explaining it, and expressly declaring the intention to demonetize the silver dollar. This bill, with the accompanying report, was before the two houses of Congress for three years before its final passage, and was fully discussed both in Congress and in the public press. The bill simply recognized the existing state of affairs; there were no silver dollars in circulation; there had not been for twenty years, and so far as they could tell there never would be any more, whether the bill was passed or not. The silver was worth more as bullion than as coin, and nobody wanted it coined.

Before considering the later legislation regarding silver, it may be well to glance abroad, and see what has been the experience of other countries. We have seen that a ratio of 15 adopted in 1792, and corresponding to the market ratio at that time, resulted in a coinage consisting entirely of silver; that a ratio of 16 adopted in 1834, resulted in the disappearance of silver and the substitution of gold in the circulation; and that the fall in the value of gold in 1850 and the few succeeding years, resulted in the disappearance of even the subsidiary silver coinage. We may now see what was the experience of other countries at the same time.

In France, in 1785, a ratio of 15.5 was adopted, and this ratio was continued in the law of 1803, which regulated the coinage during the period under consideration. The ratio of 14.625, which had been in force before 1785, had resulted in the almost complete disappearance of gold from the circulation. The ratio of 15.5 brought gold back,

and for eighteen years they circulated side by side,—an experience almost without a parallel. After 1805, however, gold began to flow out of France, and soon there was not enough for the ordinary uses of business. Gold became a commodity, that must be bought in the market by those who found it necessary to use it. Though nominally bimetallic, the coinage of France was really on a silver basis. This, it will be remembered, was at the same time that silver was forcing gold out of this country.

But though this country succeeded in bringing gold back when the ratio of 16 was adopted in 1834, France, with a ratio of 15.5, remained with only silver until 1850, when the greatly increased production of gold caused the market ratio to fall below 15.5. Then gold began to pour into France and silver poured out. Within ten years (1850-1860) France imported \$260,000,000 of gold and exported \$600,000,000 of silver.

The scarcity of silver that followed, and the complications arising from the varying weights and fineness of the silver coins in the different countries of Europe, led to the formation of the Latin Union, composed of France, Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland. This had little effect until the sudden fall in the price of silver quoted in gold, which began in 1872. Then silver poured into the mints of the Latin Union in immense quantities. In order not to be overwhelmed by the flood of silver, Belgium suspended the free coinage provision in 1874, and France adopted the same measure in 1876. In 1878 the Latin Union suspended the coinage of silver, except as to token pieces.

Thus we see that the experience of France has been almost identical with that of the United States. No matter what ratio has been adopted, the circulation of the two metals side by side for any length of time has been found to be impossible.



The events preceding the enactment of the Bland Bill are interesting, and may be tabulated as follows:—

| YEAR. | RATIO. | EVENT.                                                   |
|-------|--------|----------------------------------------------------------|
| 1870  | 15.57  | Germany coins gold.                                      |
| 1871  | 15.57  |                                                          |
| 1872  | 15.65  | Germany, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, demonetize silver. |
| 1873  | 15.92  | Belgium suspends silver coinage.                         |
| 1874  | 16.17  | Switzerland suspends silver coinage.                     |
| 1875  | 16.62  |                                                          |
| 1876  | 17.77  | France suspends silver coinage.                          |
| 1877  | 17.22  |                                                          |
| 1878  | 17.92  | Latin Union suspends silver coinage.                     |

It was in the face of these events that the United States enacted the law providing that not less than two million and not more than four million ounces of silver bullion should be purchased and coined into silver dollars every month, at a ratio of 16.

This law remained in force for thirteen years, and under it 387,981,005 standard dollars were coined, or about 50 times as many as had been coined during the 86 preceding years since the establishment of the mint. In 1890 the law was again amended. The provision requiring the monthly purchase of two to four million ounces of silver bullion was repealed, and in its place the Secretary of the Treasury was required to purchase 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion each month. This bullion was to be paid for in Treasury notes, redeemable on demand in either gold or silver coin. During the first year 2,000,000 ounces of this silver was to be coined into dollars each month, and thereafter so much of the bullion as was required for the redemption of the Treasury notes. This is the law that now governs the coinage of silver. Under its operation \$75,296,057 of Treasury notes has been issued, besides the standard dollars issued under its provisions.

The effect of the recent legislation on the circulation may be most concisely stated as follows: In 1878, the legal

tender money in circulation consisted of 98 per cent gold and 2 per cent silver; on January 1, 1892, the gold formed 55 per cent, and the silver 45 per cent. In this calculation the subsidiary coins, which have remained practically the same in volume, have not been included.

## II.

THUS far we have considered the facts exclusively; all controversial matters have been carefully excluded. But it seems advisable to pay some attention to the arguments and pleas set forth by the advocates of unlimited coinage. Many of these advocates claim that free coinage of silver would raise the price of that metal in the market sufficiently to make the ratio of 16 the true ratio. If this were true, the new demand for silver created by the Bland Bill ought to have had some effect in this direction. The following table will show how far this has been the case.

| Year.               | Ratio. | Gov't Purchases. |
|---------------------|--------|------------------|
| 1878 .....          | 17.94  | \$28,398,045     |
| 1879 .....          | 18.40  | 27,569,776       |
| 1880 .....          | 18.05  | 27,411,693       |
| 1881 .....          | 18.16  | 27,940,163       |
| 1882 .....          | 18.19  | 33,780,634       |
| 1883 .....          | 18.64  | 32,720,692       |
| 1884 .....          | 18.57  | 40,253,861       |
| 1885 .....          | 19.41  | 28,652,939       |
| 1886 .....          | 20.78  | 28,232,353       |
| 1887 .....          | 21.13  | 29,259,141       |
| 1888 .....          | 21.99  | 32,780,634       |
| 1889 .....          | 22.09  | 36,136,211       |
| 1890 .....          | 19.75  | 58,670,198       |
| 1891 .....          | 20.09  | 51,904,384       |
| 1893, April 1 ..... | 24.73  |                  |

Total ..... \$483,710,724

If silver has fallen 34.66 per cent in fifteen years, while the United States has been absorbing over half a billion dollars worth of the product, how much this country must absorb in order to increase its value 54 per cent, is a question for the free coinage advocates to work out.

This brings us to the second conten-

tion, the converse of the former proposition, that free coinage will not force gold out of the circulation. We have seen that after 1792, with a legal ratio of 15, and a market ratio that at no time fell below 16.25; when the bullion value of the silver dollar was not less than 97 cents; with every country in Europe, except England and Portugal, using silver, and with a smaller production than we have at present, that gold was actually forced out. By what logical process do these advocates reach the conclusion that, with a legal ratio of 16, and a market ratio of 24.73; with the bullion value of the silver dollar at less than 72 cents; with all the countries of Europe on a gold basis, and with an immensely increased supply and annual production of silver, the same result would not follow? Universal experience has for them no meaning at all.

Probably the largest number of the advocates of free coinage support it on the ground that there is not enough money in circulation. If there were more money in circulation, they claim, everybody could get more of it, and we'd all be rich. Have they ever stopped to think that, if they had something to give in exchange for the money, they would not have any trouble in getting all they wanted now, and that with nothing to give for it they could not get any, no matter how much there might be in circulation? It is not lack of circulating medium that makes men poor, but a lack of commodities that other people are willing to give money for, whether those commodities are labor, finished products, or raw material.

As a matter of fact, the available stock of money in this country on July 1, 1892, was \$2,371,224,734, and of this only \$1,603,073,338 was in circulation. Any actual shortage in the circulating medium would call out the necessary part of the surplus from the banks and the Treasury. The per capita circulation in this country on that date was \$24.47.

Great Britain gets along with \$18.42; Germany, with \$18.54; Italy, with \$9.91; Switzerland, with \$14.67; Austria, with \$9.52; Canada, with \$13.56.

Let us suppose that free coinage was actually adopted by this country, and that the volume of the circulation was increased one half thereby. For every dollar now in circulation there would then be one dollar and fifty cents. What would be the result? In the first place owners of silver mines would take their output to the mint, and receive in return for it the new silver dollars. Thus, as the first step, the extra fifty cents on each dollar would go into the pockets of the silver mine owners.

But, of course, the money would not stay there. They would buy things with it, and loan it out at interest. By the regular course of trade it would come into circulation. When an equilibrium was again reached in the market, after this disturbance, the farmer would receive \$15 for the same amount of wheat for which he now has to be satisfied with \$10. The laborer would get \$1.50 for the work he now performs for one dollar; the tailor, the butcher, the mechanic, the manufacturer, and so on through every branch of industry, would receive fifty cents extra on each dollar. So far the picture is a very attractive one.

There is another side to it, however. The farmer with his \$15 goes out to buy some things. He finds that in each store the price of everything has increased in just the same proportion that his wheat has. At the end of the day he goes home, and finds that he has purchased with his \$15 just what he formerly got for \$10. How much has he profited by the increased circulation?

There is one way in which he would make a profit, however. Some years ago our farmer saw an opportunity to buy a farm. He had some money, but his savings fell \$1500 short of the purchase price. The original owner was willing



to wait for that part of his money, and so took a mortgage for the \$1500. Now when the mortgage falls due the \$1500 will purchase only as much as \$1000 would have purchased when he accommodated the farmer. Our farmer has obtained \$500 from the original owner without making him any return for it. The same result might be secured by a law providing that every man who has assisted another by a loan of money, when he was hard pressed, should be compelled to accept two thirds of the amount in full payment. Such a law would have the recommendation of being an open and courageous method of getting something for nothing.

There is another class that would be benefited by the proposed legislation. That noble band of philanthropists who sit in the United States Senate, and with tears in their eyes urge the relief of the distressed people by the passage of a law that shall enable them to unload the output of their mines on the government at a price 54 per cent above what they can get in the open market, would be greatly benefited. But they are too self-

forgetful to ever think of urging this point in favor of free coinage.

It will be noticed that nothing has been said as to whether the violent fluctuations in the ratio between silver and gold have been due to changes in the value of one or the other. That question cuts no figure in a discussion concerning bimetalism. That turns solely upon whether a ratio can be selected that will enable the two metals to circulate concurrently. We know that no such ratio could have been selected during the last two hundred years: even with our present knowledge of the market price during that time we could not now select a ratio that would have produced that result for any length of time. We know that every ratio that has been chosen, however carefully, has proved inadequate within a few years. We cannot know what will be the relative production of the two metals in the future, and without this knowledge we cannot fix an effective ratio for the future. Until some of our statesmen are endowed with the gift of prophecy, bimetalism must remain an "iridescent dream."

*F. I. Vassault.*



## COLUMBUS.

CHARACTERS—Columbus ; Diego, his Son ; Two Officers of the Spanish Navy.

SCENE I. *Street in Seville.**1st Officer :*

OUR Admiral of the Seas takes hope again.

*2d Officer :*

Once more, and man could not be ranker dupe  
Were hope his grandam. This time, O sweet saints !  
It is the good queen's daughter, all but dropt  
To anchor on the calm Castilian throne.  
Honors come swimming in her honest wake,  
And swift monster estates, with their broad backs,  
To stretch them at the feet of their true lord.

*1st Officer :*

Such fools faith makes of us ! 't is pitiful.  
A landsman's trust ere this had all leaked out.  
Which voyage went you with him ?

*2d Officer :*

The second, bound  
For rich Hispaniola, his fair realm,  
The wealth of which comes, keel by keel, to stuff  
The royal vaults that honeycomb Seville.

*1st Officer :*

A clean, smooth fact to sheet his beggar's bed.  
Mine was the voyage when he first put out  
From Ferro westward.

*2d Officer :*

We do know him well,  
And so know what the world knows not. Fools else,  
With tops that peak and taper like a mast,  
Here may we nod with any, two wise men.

*1st Officer :*

A steeple spied without a glass — 't is, much  
If none but we can do it. Bah ! a curse  
On shorelings all.

*2d Officer :*

His shadow 'gainst the world !  
Your lubber-puppets, glitt'ring in *his* gold —  
His very name does take 'em in the lap, —



"Bye-low, bye-low." Would all the dolls of Spain  
Had been afloat with us the day the fire,  
So cunning smothered, burst its way out, pricked  
Round him in swords and knives till that old dog,  
That in his time had scratched a dragon, croaked,—  
"Cast, cast her, lads! we're in the port of Hell."  
'T was in mid-ocean. Suddenly the thought  
Of home seized on the sailors; like caged beasts  
They turned, gap-jawed, and sprang to take the helm,  
And point the little vessel back to shore.  
Old Dauntless, stiff, death-stiff, with pains—the same  
That plague him now—, propped on his crutch, ghost-pale,  
Appeared. The power gray sailors dread worse  
Than shoals o' devils was on him, crown to heel.  
His long face short'ning inches, his great eyes  
Straining their sockets,— so he came to stand,  
To glare to right and left unspeakable wrath,  
Till every cur slunk in his kennel, whined  
And howled to Heaven for pardon of his sins.

*1st Officer:*

I could swear fast the truth o' 't, word for word.

*2d Officer:*

God's only man! The old queen loved him well;  
The queen Juana—if I rightly read,  
Love is not sure to carry in the blood.

*1st Officer:*

We near the inn.

*2d Officer:*

Look, yonder comes Diego.

*1st Officer:*

Let's hail him.

*2d Officer:*

Nay, no moment will we filch  
From the old Admiral's hour.

*1st Officer:*

He's worse again;  
Do you not see it in Diego's face?

*2d Officer:*

More like his brother has returned from court  
With news that the new queen—

*1st Officer:*

Is not the old.

SCENE 2. *A room in the inn.**Diego (entering):*

No news as yet, father. How fare you now?

*Columbus:*

Diego, pain in this old body, pain  
In this old heart: I feel the shadow, boy.  
Stayed by the thought your uncle would bring back  
A message such as once became a queen,  
The promised restitution of my honors  
If not of my estates,—assurance, son,  
Virtue yet holds her high place in the earth;  
Stayed by this thought, I say, I would not yield  
To fierce disease, mine old-time enemy,  
But did defy him hourly, yet once more  
Did vow to serve my country and my God.  
'Tis vain; I wait not for my brother now,  
But bide my hour, here, at the charitable inn.

*Diego:*

Come then, Heaven's gentlest angels, slow the hours.

*Columbus:*

There is that I must speak before I go,  
For in the last lift of the flame of life  
My labors front me, standing plainly forth:  
I have outlived my time, outliving her  
I served. The royal pledge—what is it now?  
The lofty word of kings differs no whit  
From breath of common men. I am forgot;  
Ay, after years two-score of soldier's toil  
In thick of dangers such as few men face,  
Forgot, forgot.

*Diego:*

Good father, be at peace.

Let us not talk of it. Your wisdom, worth,  
Your loyal life, believe 'tis all writ here,  
So charactered no little word shall fade.

*Columbus:*

And one of all the world will think on me  
As I have been, untaught of monarchs what  
His father was! My son, I love you well;  
Now let the will that has been first so long  
Be leader still. Good boy, I must say on.  
Diego, know even in my foolish youth  
I had what of the earth and chary stars  
Pavia knew. At fourteen year my home



Was on the sea,—the sea, great Nature's pulse,  
 The test and measure of her mighty heart;  
 And East and West and North and South I rode,  
 In heat and cold, in peace and chanceful war,  
 Till, met with many lands and many men,  
 Roman and Greek, Indian and greedy Moor,  
 From each I had each littlest thing might serve  
 My life's one purpose. Both tradition grave  
 And thousand noisier voices of the hour  
 I heeded; reason heard, and fancy, who  
 Has wisdom also, all her golden own.

*Diego:*

Yea, father; and besides, above these all—

*Columbus:*

Ay, there be more than tongues of land or sea,  
 More than the noblest utterances of man.  
 A light gleamed, once, upon a distant shore,  
 A light struck from the deep, the solemn dark;  
 'T was then first spake the voice from out the vast:—  
*Blesséd, blesséd is he that brings the light  
 To them that know it not.*

Again, 'mid winds  
 That made the sea a plaything, that did twist  
 The rock in his strong place, I heard it:—

*Peace!*

*Comfort thy sailor's soul. What did He more  
 For Moses, for His servant David? Lo,  
 Thou dost possess the gateway of the seas.*

Remember this: despite the press of toil,  
 Your father fasted, prayed, slighted no rite  
 Men leave to quiet of the pious cell.  
 As he, that fierce old sailor of our blood,  
 Who loved the sea and put him in her care  
 To sail against the infidel, and spread  
 Abroad our holy faith,—so have I served;  
 Yet better, since with firm and reverent rule,  
 Mindful alway of Him.  
 Therefore have signs been set for me, for me  
 As for the holy men of old. The last—  
 Of that no ear has heard. You were scarce gone  
 When suddenly my pain did cease, and straight  
 The old voice said,—

*Thou thinkest to have found  
 A western ocean-way far as to Ind;  
 Through yonder spaces mark what thou dost see.  
 My eyes grew fast upon the great, new scene,*

The gleaming land and them that walked therein.  
 So bright and sure this people stood, I cried,—  
 “Oh, that I might increase my day, my hour,  
 My little hour, unto the summertide  
 Of God’s long purpose; when his patient thought,  
 Run on to ripeness, shall have wrought the man  
 Well out—the blossom of the prophecies,  
 The bloom and coronation of my kind!  
 Hail, masters, masters of the world!” I cried.

And yet again I heard the voice—sweet words!  
 Dear boy, this people of the years to be  
 Will hold your father’s name in honor, know,  
 Account, him as he was.

*Diego:*

Decree it, Heaven,  
 The round of the great world.

*Columbus:*

Diego, son,  
 Signs have been set for me; I say, for me  
 As for the holy men of old. To seek,  
 To find, those far-off lands and that near way,  
 That western way, unto the Indian shore—  
 For this was I called sunward from the womb;  
 And all the pain and want here in the inn,  
 Cannot blot out that service. I have helped  
 To weld the wide ends of the earth, to bind  
 Her scattered lands and peoples in the bond  
 Of our most holy church. And, lastly, now  
 Have I made you mine heir, enjoined on you  
 The disposition of my revenues  
 (For I abate no jot my princely claim);  
 Have charged you to build altars, and to seek,  
 As faith should seek it, up and down the seas,  
 The rescue of the Holy Sepulchre;  
 Have bade you aid all them that are our kin,  
 And to a farthing to discharge my debts:  
 So shall I not fall dumb, but answer on,  
 To worst the cavil of a thankless world.

Boy, I have said; ’t is for your filial heart.  
 My pains come harder. Close, bend closer—so,  
 The while I fix my fading thought on Him.  
 My sense begins to shut. The brave light fades,  
 Fades. Farewell, my son; farewell, good earth;  
 Farewell, all, all. Father, into thy hand  
 I yield my soul.—Now, with strong sailor’s trust  
 For the last voyage. Stand to sea—to sea.

*John Vance Cheney.*



## ETC.

ONE of the recurrent surprises that diversify life to the observer of public affairs is the sudden ripening of public opinion in matters as to which it has seemed hopelessly tardy. One can never get over being surprised. The reformer excites himself over a perfectly obvious and most loudly crying abuse, and nobody seems to care. He sets himself to "rouse public sentiment," and thinks by next week, next month, next year, some effect must be apparent. Ten years, twenty, may find him farther from results than ever. Suddenly one day, with no effort of his, everybody is at one with him. Those remarks are apropos of the effort of the present Grand Jury to get at the facts of bribery in the school department of San Francisco. Why should the Grand Jury, the press, the citizens, in 1893, be more concerned about this matter than in 1892, or 1891, or 1890? The scandal is not a whit more open than it has been for years,—indeed, less gossip about bribery has attached to recent boards than to those of half a dozen years ago or more. The newspapers that are now saying the thing must be investigated, must be reformed, have passed by in silence for years all efforts to arouse them in the matter. The citizens that say now the scandal is an intolerable cloud to rest on the department, are the very same men that said five years ago with a shrug, "Such things always have been and always will be,—what can you do about it?" The present concern in the matter may be a mere flurry, destined to produce no permanent improvement in the methods of selecting teachers; but sometimes such movements of sentiment are fortunate enough to stumble on some practical solution of the difficulty that gives them permanent effect. It is by no means impossible for human wisdom to find means of electing public school teachers that shall put boards above suspicion of bribery.

THE history of the present investigation is as follows: For a great many years it has been a matter of gossip in San Francisco that some members of the school boards were corruptible in disposing of appointments. Almost every one who conversed about the school department must have heard the charge, coupled with specific anecdotes, exact statements of sums, such as \$100, \$200, \$300 for minor positions, \$1000 for principalships. No one, as far as we know, ever offered to go to the Grand Jury or to the press with a definite charge; on the contrary, whenever any one, especially a teacher, narrated an incident of the sort that had occurred in the experience of "a friend," it was with charges that his name be not mentioned, as he did not want to be

drawn into newspaper notoriety, or excite the hostility of powerful politicians. This gossip found its strong backing in the fact that the office of school director, though an unpaid one, was always very eagerly sought in nominating conventions; that for a number of years it was held oftener than not by obscure and comparatively ignorant men; and that the regular method of appointing teachers was by division of the places to be filled among the directors, so that each teacher was, in fact, chosen by a single director, not by the board. These conditions made corrupt influence in appointments so likely, that the stories of bribery were very generally believed.

IN 1886, a movement was made by a number of women in San Francisco to place women on the board as a means of detaching it from political control. Several women of the highest education and social standing consented to undergo the experience of an independent campaign. The plan commanded general favor among the more educated classes and among the mechanics and laborers, and the vote for the women candidates was one of the heaviest ever cast in the city for an independent ticket. This led to the placing of women's names upon one of the regular party tickets at the next nominating convention. In the campaign that followed, a peculiarly bitter fight was made against these nominees, and they were defeated. An analysis of the vote by wards showed that the German and Jewish residence districts had cast the heaviest vote against them; but the element in the result that made the deepest impression on the public mind was that during the campaign the especial fight made against the presence of women on the board proceeded from within the school department, and was conducted with a singular bitterness and unscrupulousness. The attempt to break political control of the board in this manner was not renewed; but the effect of what had been done was to lessen the apathy of the public mind about school directors with the result of a marked improvement in the character of the boards. The suspicion of discredit that overhung them was, however, rather more definite than when it was more deserved, for the possibilities of corruption in the whole system of electing boards and appointing teachers remained the same, and had become generally known.

To those that thought most about it, it was apparent that the worst phase of the situation was not in the possibility, and occasional occurrence, of direct bribery in the department; but in the inevit-

able tendency to steady selection of the unfittest through political favoritism. As in every other branch of the public service under the spoils system, the relatives and friends of city politicians had the preference. Even though not exactly incompetent, such teachers could rarely be the best ones; nor would they, once elected, be under any stimulus to hold their positions or seek promotion through merit as teachers; the entire dependence would be on political pull. As a natural consequence, the schools of San Francisco have ranked low in scholarship and in spirit of intellectual eagerness, compared with those of smaller cities.

QUITE suddenly, and not, as far as anyone can trace, through the exertions of any of the people that have been complaining of the methods of appointment for years, the Grand Jury is trying to find the bribers, the papers are talking of the evils of the present method, and the Board of Education has asked the University to lend its aid to place appointments above suspicion. The present board,—brought in by the partially successful Non-Partisan wave of last fall's election,—set itself from the outset against the dividing up of appointments among the members, and was already shaping, with the help of City Superintendent Swett, a plan for selection, in part, at least, by competitive examination under supervision of the University. A member of the board dropped some words about corrupt approaches that had been made,—not as much as had been said a hundred times before;—the Grand Jury was in session;—the director was called before the Jury, and in a few days an inquisition was in progress. The Jury learned nothing as to bribes: it was not to be expected that they would, for bribe-givers and bribe-takers are a class of criminals almost impossible to convict in the nature of the case. The protection of the public is not in the punishment of those who have been guilty in the past, but in taking precaution against the future commission of the crime; and the value of the investigation is in stirring people up to take such precaution. While the Grand Jury is understood to be unlikely to fix any charge of bribery, its inquiries have already made glaringly evident the very things we have urged as an even worse danger to the schools,—the complete absence of any tendency to selection by merit. Teacher after teacher, questioned as to her appointment, did not know how it was secured; her father, or her brother, or a family friend, got it for her, because he had political influence. But one, in a long list interviewed, said that her own testimonials of success as a teacher secured the position.

ALL this strengthens the hands of the Board of Education in what might not otherwise be a popular move. It has long been appreciated that the appointment of teachers by members of the board singly, instead of by the whole board, made im-

proper appointments easy, and favoritism almost necessary. But the effort to alter the practice has always proved futile, for even if the patronage of the department was not formally distributed among the members of the board, it came to the same thing: one member must respect the nominations of another, if he wished his own respected. The only safety for the appointing officer who wishes to break away from the vicious system is to have his good intention backed by some restriction of his own power of appointment, in the way of a standard of fitness that the applicant must meet. This standard must be fixed by competitive examination, not by pass examination. In adopting the *competitive* examination, the Board of Education has touched the very key note of civil service reform, the only method that has ever yet, in any country, been found to give satisfactory results. The pass examination that has been for years in use in the schools is a thing that spoilsmen have always been ready enough to have; a pass examination is their first suggestion to head off any scandal. Years ago there was a gross scandal throughout the State regarding the sale of examination papers before the teachers' examinations, and San Francisco established an extra pass examination for its teachers as a check upon any such fraud; but it is open to question whether it did not become a means of protecting and advancing political favorites rather than of compelling them to take their chances on their merits. Yet competitive examination has never been quite popular with the public; in its nature, it discriminates in favor of the most able, and those who have had the best advantages of study, as well as in favor of the most faithful and diligent; and this antagonizes a certain crude democratic sentiment, which is suspicious of an aristocracy of intelligence. Before the public will quite endorse any plan for the selection of the fittest on the basis of ability, it is necessary for it to have evidence that the only alternative is a selection of the unfittest on the basis of political influence. This evidence is supplied in the nick of time for the present board, and its scheme of competitive examination.

COMPETITIVE examination once adopted, nothing except entrusting that examination to some authority above suspicion of complicity in patronage-brokering is needed to have a thoroughly excellent system of appointment. The assistance of the University of California has been asked, and it is hard to imagine where a body could have been found so free from any possible suspicion of unfairness, and so unquestionably competent. The University is the official head of the educational system of the State, supported chiefly by public funds, and the schools the State over have a certain right to call on it for aid and advice. It was Matthew Arnold's belief, based on his years of service as a school inspector in England and on the Continent, that the excellence



of lower schools was in proportion as they were closely related to the universities. Pressure from city politics could not touch University examiners; they can have no possible interest other than to put good teachers in the city schools; and they have a most vital interest in doing this, for the progress of the University depends very directly on the excellence of the lower schools. Yet it is not likely that the people of San Francisco would like very well the University's aid in its teachers' examinations, had not the need of some such impartial authority been made clear through the failure of other means. The exact method of utilizing the competitive examination and the University's aid that the school board will adopt is not yet clear: still less is there any guarantee that the reforms attempted by this board will be carried out by its successors, or crystallized into any binding regulations. But the best promise there has ever been for the public school of this or any other large city lies in some such direction. The board is at least fingering about the key to the whole problem of school politics.

ANOTHER illustration of the growth in public sentiment that makes a smaller scandal today loom larger than a grosser one some years ago, is supplied by the general disgust that runs through the press over the rapid removals of fourth-class postmasters. As a matter of figures, these removals are proceeding at about one-half the rate of the same massacre four years ago; yet the public certainly feels the indecency of the proceeding fully twice as much. It would be agreeable to set this four-fold increase in sensitiveness all down to the credit of improvement in the public consciousness, but it must doubtless be attributed in part to the fact that the injury falls this year upon Republicans, and four years ago upon Democrats. The long possession of the government by the Republican party, and its early prestige gained through the war, the abolition of slavery, and the fame of Mr. Lincoln, have given that party a sense of having certain rights in the government, of being the party of legitimacy. The removal of Republican office-holders by a Democratic administration strikes the average Republican as the removal of the lawful officers of government by a usurping power; while the removal of Democrats by a Republican administration is mere restoration of normal and legitimate conditions. No Democratic clamor of "Turn the rascals out," can equal in potency this firm moral conviction in the Republican mind. It is like the impregnable and really impressive dignity of the Tory attitude with regard to Ireland. The removal of one hundred Republicans looks worse in the Republican eyes than the removal of two hundred Democrats looks in Democratic eyes. Consequently, the press is now filled by Republicans with a sincerity of comment on the fourth-class postmaster massacre that the larger massacre four years ago could not elicit from Democrats. And

a further reason for this is to be found in Mr. Pendleton's answer, when asked where he found his friends and enemies in passing the Civil Service Reform Act: "My best friends were the Democratic leaders and the Republican rank and file; my worst enemies were the Republican leaders and the Democratic rank and file."

It is a welcome report that the Supreme Court will hasten its action on the Chinese deportation cases, and pronounce as to the constitutionality of the law with the least possible delay. It is hard to see any reason, except a desire to inflict annoyance upon Chinamen because they are Chinamen, that should make any one wish to have the decision delayed until a goodly number have been deported. If the decision should be against the Geary law, the United States would simply have a bill of damages to pay for unlawful deportation, and would look very ridiculous for its over-precipitancy—especially the Pacific Coast—in the eyes of the civilized world. If the decision should be for the law, there could be no harm done by waiting to begin action until all doubts are cleared away. We have no idea that any great number of fair-minded people on this Coast thought there was a crying need of the Geary law, at best: to push its execution with brutal haste, in a malicious spirit of race hostility, would, to say the least, put us in a light that would make it unfitting for us to join in any protest against "*Judenhetze*" in Germany, for instance.

ANOTHER thing hard to understand is, why any one should have expected Mr. Blount to let the American flag continue to wave as the ensign of a Hawaiian government. Whether the United States annexes Hawaii tomorrow or not, the present provisional government of that country is today Hawaiian or nothing, and utterly without right to the use of our national emblem. It is solely on the ground that it is a true and representative Hawaiian government that it has any right to offer Hawaii to us; if not Hawaiian, but American, it can only be a government of filibusters. Rejecting the Hawaiian flag, and flying the American, was one of the steps by which it put itself from the outset in a very questionable light.

THE Santa Barbara Flower Carnival has been, as always, one of the most charming of California institutions. Whether Santa Barbara is really a place of flowers beyond all the rest of the State, or only more flower-loving, no one can say till other cities have followed the good example set by this pretty local custom. Floral societies are now growing up in various of our cities, and the State Floral Society, which has headquarters in San Francisco, has begun a series of semi-annual flower shows, with liberal prizes. A flower show is not equal to a flower carnival for picturesqueness, but it can be made a

beautiful and interesting event, and the means of great encouragement to flower-growing and flower-loving. At the spring display in San Francisco, which will take place before the next issue of this magazine, several prizes are offered for the production of valuable new varieties of plants and flowers. The large place given to California wild flowers is also a good feature. It would be a still better one to devise some means that should encourage not merely the gathering and classifying of our wild flowers, but the preserving them; renewing rare varieties almost lost; and cherishing in gardens those that have been by the extension of fields and pastures deprived of a place in the wild.

### The Plight of a Fair Lady.

THE doves are acooing right under the eaves,  
The robins are building their nests mid the leaves,  
The earliest blossoms just learning the sun,  
And Flora and I our great work have begun.

Now what do you think we are going to do?  
I hardly like telling—but then, since 't is you,  
Perhaps we don't mind, so I think after all  
I'll describe our great castle's most outermost wall.

There's a moat, and a drawbridge, and all of those things

That used to belong to the castles of kings—  
We don't know exactly how all of it looks,  
But we've studied it up in the very best books.

There's a lady imprisoned,—she can't get away,—  
In that tall turret window she's watching all day,  
Until up the road will come galloping fleet  
A knight, who will kneel at my fair lady's feet.

Don't you think he should win her? so eager he'll woo,—

And he'll sue as brave knights are accustomed to  
She has heard of his glorious deeds from afar, [sue,  
She knows he has come from a terrible war,

Where he struggled so bravely mid triumphs and loss;  
For see, on his bosom there glitters a cross!  
But picture the brave knight's unutterable woe,  
The lady's red lips do but answer him "No."

She tells him that one more brave deed he must do,  
Before he presumes for her favor to sue.  
The knight goes away, and he dies, or is slain,  
For the lady ne'er sees her brave hero again.

And that must be the reason,—so Flo and I say,—  
That so many fair maidens, to this very day,  
In so many grand castles are waiting at home,  
For so many brave heroes, who don't seem to come.

*Christina McLeod.*

### American Tyrannies.

EVERY now and then we hear some unreflecting patriot rejoicing that he does not live under one of the tyrannical governments of the old world,—of

England, for example,—but that he is a citizen of a free country, where there are no tyrants and no oppressions. We fully agree with his final conclusion, and willingly rejoice with him in the possession of American citizenship; but we are sorely tempted, once in a way, to point out to him that he also is living under tyrants,—not only under one but under three. Our American tyrants are Trusts, Trades-Unions, and Newspapers.

It would be the simplest thing in the world to give examples in proof, all of which should be taken from our own California. California corporations, California newspapers, and California trades-unions, would serve to illustrate the triple tyranny quite as well as any other. But let us cite our instances from abroad, and if they point a moral for us at home, let us take it to heart.

We do not have to go far for glaring examples of the oppression of the individual by corporations and by trusts. Take the case of the building of the elevated railways in New York. Here, on a certain Saturday night, a citizen living on the Sixth Avenue goes to bed in his own house, which he has bought with hard-earned money, and which is the tangible result of his industry and thrift. On the next Monday morning the railway constructors begin to erect two huge parallel iron bridges just in front of his second story windows, and in a few months trains of cars are rushing past him every five or ten minutes of the twenty-four hours. Recollect that all this is done without his consent, and without paying him a single cent of indemnity for damage. When the underground railway was built in London, the claims of every house-owner along the line were carefully weighed, and damages amounting to thousands and thousands of pounds were adjudged. These were so fairly assessed that the railway company found it simpler, in very many cases, to purchase the surface property outright, rather than to pay the damages. And, as a matter of fact, the Underground Railway is today one of the largest holders of property in London. In New York, only the most trifling damages have been paid, and then only in exceptional cases. And this is in a country free from tyrannies! One example may serve as well as another. It will not be difficult, however, for dwellers in any American State to recall like instances of equal oppression of the individual by the Corporation or the Trust.

The Trades-Union is a tyrant of equal potency. It is only a few months since three good-sized wars were in progress within the United States, (in Idaho, in Buffalo, and at Homestead,) in which the contention on the part of the Unions was that no man should work for his bread in certain mines and mills, so long as certain other men objected. It will not be hard for the iron founders of San Francisco, or for the master-builders of New York, to recall parallel instances within their own experience.

The tyranny of the American newspaper is far-



reaching, and is perhaps the vilest of all. To appreciate its methods, which are usually hidden, it is necessary to adduce specific instances, and this is not always easy to do. The present moment is rather favorable, because one New York paper has lately devoted itself with energy to showing up the methods of another. It appears that the latter found the regular cable dispatches of its European correspondents entirely too tame and non-sensational. It therefore adopted the very simple and rudimentary method of writing its own cable dispatches (purporting to come from Europe) in its own office in New York, reciting interviews of its own reporters with various famous Europeans. When the persons interviewed totally denied the reported conversations, the paper first referred to devoted itself to searching out the fraud, and offered to give a large sum of money in charity, if the original cable telegrams to its rival could be produced; whereupon the rival promptly cabled its own previously printed dispatches to Europe, with instructions to have them repeated back to New York, and triumphantly produced the return messages on the regular cable blanks, as a proof of its innocence! To fraud it added something dangerously near to forgery. The methods that it employed to provide its public a sensation are constantly used in the oppression of private individuals, and in forwarding private and selfish ends, and this is done in California as well as in New York. It is not often, however, that the falling out of two of our tyrants enables us to inspect their methods in this naked manner.

Three specific instances like those just cited are sufficient to show even an unreflecting patriot that Trusts, Trades-Unions, and Newspapers sometimes act as foreign tyrants would not dare to do. If he will take the time to reflect, he may see that these particular cases are but examples from habitual practices. The moral of all this is by no means that the single tyrant is to be preferred to the three, or that we should despair of the Republic. The moral is, rather, that it behooves republicans to free themselves from *all* tyrannies, whether personal or impersonal; and the first step is to recognize the facts as they exist. When the facts are clearly apprehended, there are enough good citizens and devoted patriots to bring about the simple reforms that are demanded.

### The First May Day Party in San Francisco, May 2nd, 1853.

SO MUCH has been written about the lawlessness of early days in San Francisco, that I should like to tell the present generation of a bit of the other side from an old school teacher's recollections.

It is of the first May Day celebration held by the pupils of the San Francisco Public Schools, May 2nd, 1853, of which this is the fortieth anniversary.

The city at that date had seven schools: Rincon, No. 1; Happy Valley, No. 2; Washington, No. 3;

Clark's Point, No. 4; North Beach, No. 5; Spring Valley, No. 6; Mission, No. 7. There were, I think, fifteen teachers. The Superintendent at that time was Colonel T. J. Nevins.

He wished this first celebration of a May Day held here to be ushered in with all time-honored May Day customs, and desired all the seven schools to combine, to inaugurate the event for all future observance of the day, and as a reminder of the homes they had all but recently left behind. Of course, at that date there were no Native Sons or Daughters to take part in the festivities except as children in arms.

The subject was broached at one of the teachers' meetings held in Colonel Nevins's office in the Court Block on Clay Street, between Kearny and Montgomery. The teachers met weekly to discuss how they were to proceed to make a public May party a success, for the outlook was very barren indeed of material that goes to make a children's party. But we teachers were all young and enthusiastic ourselves, and declared that it must be a success.

After much discussion it was decided the first part of the exercises was to be a parade of all the schools according to their designation,—No. 1 first, and so on. Each school carried a banner with an appropriate design and motto, the work of Mr. Wm. H. O'Grady, Principal of Rincon School No. 1. He afterward, I believe, became an artist, after serving a term as Superintendent of Schools.

May Day fell on Sunday, that year. On Saturday the teachers had wild flowers sent them in such profusion from all the friends of the children that we were almost overburdened,—when the happy thought occurred to make as many bouquets of them as there were children. All the assistant teachers, assembled at Colonel Nevins's to prepare for the great event, were soon busily arranging the flowers for each class. We worked till late in the night, before there was a pretty bunch for every child in the school.

Monday dawned bright and clear, and the children made a fine floral procession. From their own schools they marched to Trinity Episcopal Church on Pine Street. After an address and a blessing the line was formed, and marched to the Spring Valley school grounds, as it was the only available spot for a children's outdoor party. A lovely sight it made, those fresh and healthy children, as they walked along Montgomery Street, and climbed those steep hills till they reached Union, near Laguna; but O, so happy, when they reached the grounds. The day was truly grand. The rain on Saturday had made the whole landscape radiant.

After the song of cheerful greeting, the crowning of the May Queen was the first of the exercises. She was a sweet, fair-haired girl, the favorite of North Beach School, Miss Swasey, and looked lovely in her white satin train. The Bishop to crown her ladyship was a fine, sturdy youth, named George Dow;

the other participants, such as the Scepter Bearer and Maids of Honor, chosen one from each school, I cannot call to mind. The rest of the Queen's train sang joyous May songs, such as "A Rosy Crown We Twine for Thee," and others of like strain.

Next was the planting a flagstaff to do duty as a May Pole, and when the American flag was hoisted all the children cheered; such cheering had never before been heard on this shore. The staff and flag had been loaned by the officers in command at the Presidio, to help our party along as a fitting American celebration.

By this time the youthful appetite was all in readiness for the lunch that had been donated by all the restaurants that had been asked to help. The tables were spread near the school grounds, and were liberally supplied with milk, cakes, and ordinary candy and dried fruit. No fresh fruit, French mixed candy, or ice cream, at that early period; but all were just as happy, for the youth of forty years ago were not difficult to satisfy.

A great number of the children were fresh from a voyage around Cape Horn, as in the years fifty-two and fifty-three the largest fleet of clipper ships arrived, bringing families to the fathers that had braved the more dangerous and expensive routes. No wonder these little folks, after a long sea voyage, were enchanted with the wild flowers that covered the

hillsides. The exhilarating air and the clear skies made merry sunshine in the heart.

When people speak disparagingly of early San Francisco days they forget there are two sides to the shield, and I look back on this one as a beautiful dream that comes not again in a life-time.

When all were satiated with pleasure, the word was passed to take load for home, and O those weary hills, now, for tired little feet! But in the desire of all the friends of the children to see that gay assemblage of happy little ones, every person that had a vehicle of any kind was there, to take them home in a truly Californian hospitable spirit. But before slumber came to the tired children the air resounded the clang of the fire bell, as if the second of May could not pass without a reminder of our old enemy. This time it was an immense frame structure on the corner of Bush and Sansome streets, known as the Rasette House; the last of the large fires for a number of years.

So ended the first May Day celebration in San Francisco, the pioneer of all the glorious May Day gatherings that have been held these forty years. The subsequent gatherings were held at the old Russ Gardens, until they were given over; and all San Franciscans know of the later ones at Woodward's Gardens; which, alas, are now also a thing of the past. But this of which I write was the first, May 2nd, 1853.

*Marion Cumming.*

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Mere Cypher. By Mary Angela Dickens. New York: Macmillan & Co: 1893.

The Story of John Trevennick. By Walter C. Rhoades. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1893.

Idelia. By Charles Grissen. San Francisco: 1893.

The Marplot. By Sidney Royse Lysaght. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1893.

Citizenship. By Charles A. Brinley.

Terrestrial Atmospheric Absorption of the Photographic Rays of Light. By J. M. Schaeberle. Sacramento: State Printing Office: 1893.

The Real Thing and Other Tales. By Henry James. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1893.

Tools and the Man. By Washington Gladden. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1893.

The Masked Venus. By Richard Henry Savage. New York: The American News Co.: 1893.

The Story of Malta. By Maturin M. Ballou. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1893.

Barberine and Other Comedies. By Alfred De Musset. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel: 1893.

The Beauty Spot and Other Stories. By Alfred De Musset. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel: 1893.

The Angel and the King and Other Poems. By John Augustine Wilstach. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton: 1893.

The First Millennial Faith. By the author of Not on Calvary. New York: Saalfield & Fitch: 1893.

Report of the Agriculture of South America. Prepared by Almont Barnes. Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office: 1893.

California Names and Their Literal Meanings. Collected and arranged by C. M. Drake. Los Angeles: Jones Book and Printing Co.: 1893.





Abattoir and Packing Houses of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, located in South San Francisco, San Mateo County, Cal.

## CALIFORNIA REFRIGERATED MEATS.

UNTIL the begining of the month of December last, California was fully a quarter of a century behind the times in the matter of killing and properly preparing fresh meats for home consumption. Indeed, for nearly thirty years the consumers of no other city of importance in the Union would dream of using for cooking purposes the same quality of meat hot from the butcher's ax, that the people of San Francisco have been satisfied with since the days of '49.

The city might have drifted along for another century without ever attempting to make any hygienic improvements in its processes of slaughtering, had it not been that the Eastern packers saw, in our local ignorance, an opportunity worth taking advantage of, and bought up the property in San Mateo county,

where the little city of South San Francisco now stands.

In a little over a year these promoters erected in that location an abattoir, packing, canning, and other auxiliary houses, extensive stock yards, an exchange building, and all the other important adjuncts of a vast industry for the manufacture of every class of animal food products and the inauguration of a permanent live stock market. The enterprise has cost millions, but in the field that is open to them they will doubtless recoup themselves to a reasonable and merited degree.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, to which this vast enterprise belongs, is largely owned and controlled by Messrs. Morris, Swift, Armour and others, who are known to the entire world of commerce as the

packing and cattle kings of America. They are not only the founders, but operate and control the vast packing-house industries of Chicago, South Omaha, Kansas City and St. Louis, which supply not only all important cities east of the Pacific slope, but the great city of London, England, as well, with refrigerated fresh meats, and also supply the entire world with their manufactured animal food products. They have heretofore exported to California many million pounds per annum, all of which could have been produced and manufactured on this coast, had the present industry in South San Francisco, or a similar one, been in operation, thus promoting the best interests of the State of California, not only encouraging stock raising and the farming industry in general, but also giving employment to a large number of inhabitants who would otherwise be idle for want of employment.

The promoters of these industries have reduced the business of slaughtering and the manufacture of foods from animals to a science, and the marvelous economy of the methods in vogue at their works—the utilization of every ounce of offal and other matter that is cast aside as refuse in the old style slaughtering on this coast.

Many people imagine when meat is slaughtered upon such a stupendous scale as it is at these works, the work of cleaning, etc., cannot be so effectively carried out as in the small slaughtering houses now fast disappearing.

Many also look askance on the process of refrigerating the carcasses, as being detrimental.

Both these impressions are more than erroneous. Not only is absolute cleanliness impareative at the works for economic reasons if no other, but it is to the chilling process to which it is subjected that the meat product of the modern abattoir owes its superiority.

As soon as the carcass ceases to throw off steam, after having been dressed and

washed, it is run into a chilling room, where the chilled atmosphere immediately arrests the process of evaporation in the hot flesh. The juices that are necessary to render the meat nutritious and tender cannot float away in steam, but are chilled to the bone. In this cold storage chamber, where the temperature is maintained at about thirty-eight degrees night and day, regardless of atmospheric conditions outside the building, the carcasses remain about 72 hours or until such time as may be desirable before shipment to the company's wholesale meat market, corner of Sixth and Townsend streets, this city, where it is again placed in a cold storage room where the temperature is also maintained at about thirty eight degrees, where it remains until sold to the retailer. Any one who thinks the subject over for a moment will perceive that meat killed and preserved in this way, handled as it is from the killing beds to the wagon that conveys it to the retailer's store entirely by mechanical appliances, is far preferable from a hygienic standpoint, to the carcasses that are packed hot and smoking on a porter's back in the "Potrero," dumped steaming into a wagon of questionable cleanliness, and then driven steaming through the streets to the retail dealer's, where it is sold to the consumer.

It has also been stated by some that the refrigerated meat when once taken from the cold storage room deteriorates or becomes undesirable much sooner than fresh meat that had never been refrigerated. This also is an error, and an absurd one. The cold that has penetrated to the very marrow of the meat takes a comparatively long time to extract under any ordinary circumstances; and, as will be readily seen, it will and does remain fresh from one to two days longer than meat which has been slaughtered and put upon the market in the semi-mediæval way which California has had to be contented with for half a century.



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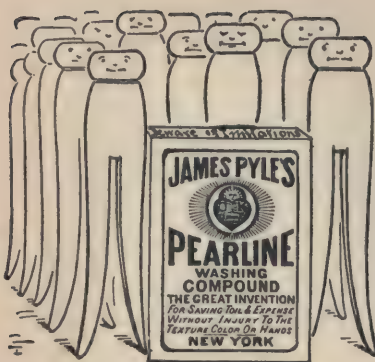


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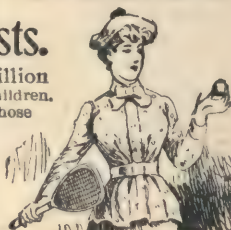
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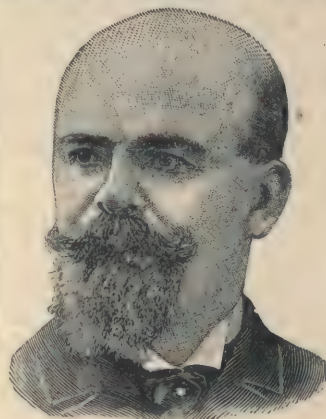
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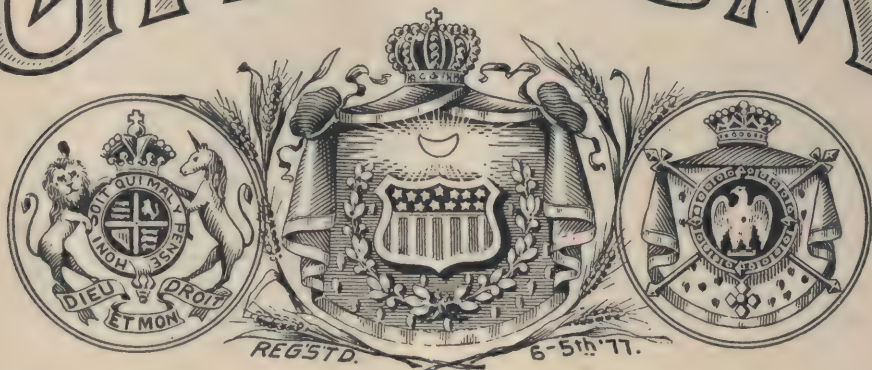
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# CONTENTS OF RECENT OVERLANDS.

## DECEMBER.

- The Restaurants of San Francisco, *Charles S. Greene*. With 12 illustrations.  
The Sacking of Grubbsville, *Adah Fairbanks Batelle*.  
Indian Traditions of Their Origin, *William E. Read*.  
Aged, *Juliette Estelle Mathis*.  
The University of California. III., *Milicent W. Shinn*. With 9 illustrations.  
A Peninsular Centennial. Vancouver's Visit in 1792 to the Bay and Peninsula of San Francisco, with Map, *W. H. McDougal*.  
A Last Walk in Autumn, *Neith Boyce*.  
Mexican Art in Clay, *E. P. Bancroft*. With 6 illustrations.  
Point Lobos, *Virna Woods*. Illustrated.  
Congressional Reform, *Caspar T. Hopkins*.  
A Mexican Ferry, *A. D. Stewart*. With 10 illustrations.  
Helen, *Marshall Graham*.  
Down o' the Thistle, *Ella M. Sexton*.  
The Illuminated Certificate, *Marcia Davie*.  
Recent Fiction, Etc. and Book Reviews.

## JANUARY.

- Christmas Eve, *Ella Higginson*. With illustration.  
Famous Paintings Owned on the West Coast, I. Beethoven Among His Intimates.  
Seaward, *Martha T. Tyler*. With illustration.  
A Kindergarten Christmas, *Nora A. Smith*. With 11 illustrations.  
Tennyson, *John Vance Cheney*.  
An Unromantic Affair, *Quien*.  
San Francisco Election Machinery, *William A. Beatty*.  
Christmases and Christmases, *Phil Weaver, Jr.* With 8 illustrations.  
Song.  
A Peninsular Centennial, II. Vancouver's Visit to the Mission of Santa Clara. A Study, *William H. McDougal*.  
Four For a Cent, *Malheureuse*.  
Spinning Song, *M. C. Gillington*.  
Not Unto Us Alone, *Julia Boynton Green*. With illustration.  
Brander's Wife, A Christmas Story, *Flora Haines Loughead*. With 2 illustrations.  
Original Research.  
The Silver Question, *Henry S. Brooks*.  
The Waiting Rain, *Eleanor Mary Ladd*.  
The Guarany. I-IV. From the Portuguese of José Martiniano de Alencar, *James W. Hawes*.  
A Story of the Northwest, *L. A. M. Bosworth*.  
In Lincoln's Home, *William S. Hutchinson*.  
Etc. and Book Reviews.

## FEBRUARY.

- Inter-Collegiate Football on the Pacific Coast, *Phil Weaver, Jr.* With 19 illustrations.  
Silent Partners, *C. A. Stearns*.  
Famous Pictures Owned on the West Coast, II. The Man with a Hoe. With illustration.  
Among the Diggers of Thirty Years Ago, *Helen M. Carpenter*. With 10 illustrations.  
Nocturne and Fantasia, *Charles E. Brimblecom*.  
Life in an Insane Asylum, *Charles W. Coyle*. With 6 illustrations.  
A Santa Barbara Day in Winter, *Harriet W. Waring*. With 6 illustrations.  
Jardin de Borda, *Arthur Howard Noll*. With illustration.  
Merit, *Elizabeth S. Bates*.  
In Vespero, *Isabel E. Owens*.  
Asyma. From the Modern Greek. *Albin Putzker*. (SEE OVER.)

# CONTENTS OF RECENT OVERLANDS, Continued.

Codrus. *Lewis Worthington Smith.*  
The Guarany. VII-XII. *James W. Hawes.*  
Under the Southern Cross, *Mabel H. Closson.*  
Impending Labor Problems, *Austin Bierbower.*  
Etc. and Book Reviews.

## MARCH.

In the Wilds of Hawaii, *Edward Wilson.* With 5 illustrations.  
The Footsteps of Pele, *N. E. Fuller.* With 3 illustrations.  
A Dead Volcano, *Mabel H. Closson.* With 3 illustrations.  
Lauth, *Frank Norris.* With 8 illustrations.  
My View of San Francisco Bay, *L. Gertrude Waterhouse.* With illustration.  
In the Mount, *Eleanor Mary Ladd.* With illustration.  
Moonlight on the El Dorado Hills, *Virna Woods.*  
A Scrap of Frontier History, *Charles Harkins.* With illustration.  
Fancies, *Martha T. Tyler.*  
A Glimpse of a California Olive Ranch, *Berkeley Wallace.* With 3 illustrations.  
Progeny, *Elizabeth S. Bates.*  
Famous Pictures Owned on the West Coast, III. *Constance de Beverley.*  
With illustration.  
The Lady Banksia, *William M. Tisdale.* With illustration.  
The Free Coinage of Silver by the United States Government, *John C. Henderson.*  
If She Should Die, *Herbert Bashford.*  
The Guarany. XIII-XV. *James W. Hawes.*  
Etc. and Book Reviews.

## APRIL.

Forest Trees of the Sierra Nevada, *Charles Palache.* With 8 illustrations.  
Night, *Frank C. Teck.*  
The Mayfairs, *Retta A. Garland.*  
The Haunted Swamp, *Herbert Bashford.*  
A Minister's Testimonial, *Sallie Pate Steen.*  
Hopes and Fears, *Jesse D. Walker.*  
The Wreck of the Petrel, *Ninetta Eames.* With 10 illustrations.  
April, *Martha T. Tyler.*  
Pampas Plumes, *S. E. A. Higgins.* With 4 illustrations.  
A Phantom of the High Sierra, *M. Floyd.*  
In Ross Valley, *Virna Woods.*  
Among the Diggers of Thirty Years Ago, *Helen M. Carpenter.* With 7 illustrations.  
Famous Pictures Owned on the West Coast. IV. *Leutze's Washington at Monmouth.* With illustration.  
A Byzantine Empress, *Sara Carr Upton.*  
Compensation, *John Murray.*  
The Guarany. Part Second, I-V, *James W. Hawes.*  
Is it Worth While to Live? *F. Blanchard.*  
Etc. and Book Reviews.

**The April Overland:** The place of honor in the April OVERLAND MONTHLY is given to "Forest Trees of the Sierra Nevada," by Charles Palache. It is an admirable sketch of the many superb trees in these mountains by one who evidently loves what he sketches. The illustrations from photographs are unusually fine. A noteworthy example of the perfection of the new process reproduction is the full-page picture of the red fir of the Yosemite. Another handsomely illustrated paper is "Pampas Plumes," by S. E. A. Higgins. The pictures, by a local firm of photo-engravers, are well worth careful study for the effect of light and shade. The pictures of a field of plumes and of a mature plant give as good an idea of this feathery plant as a painting. A paper that is better than any argument on the wrongs suffered by the Indians is "Among the Diggers of Thirty Years Ago," by Helen M. Carpenter. The pathos of the fate of little children, kidnapped and held as slaves, is brought out admirably, as well as the humor that marked many transactions of the early settlers with the natives. This humor has been well illustrated by Grace Hudson. "The Wreck of the Petrel" is a well-written sketch of an incident off Cypress Point, Monterey. The pictures by Peixotto and others are very effective. One of the best short stories of coast life that has appeared for some time is "A Minister's Testimonial," by Sallie Pate Steen. Sketches, short stories and poems make up an unusually good number.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*



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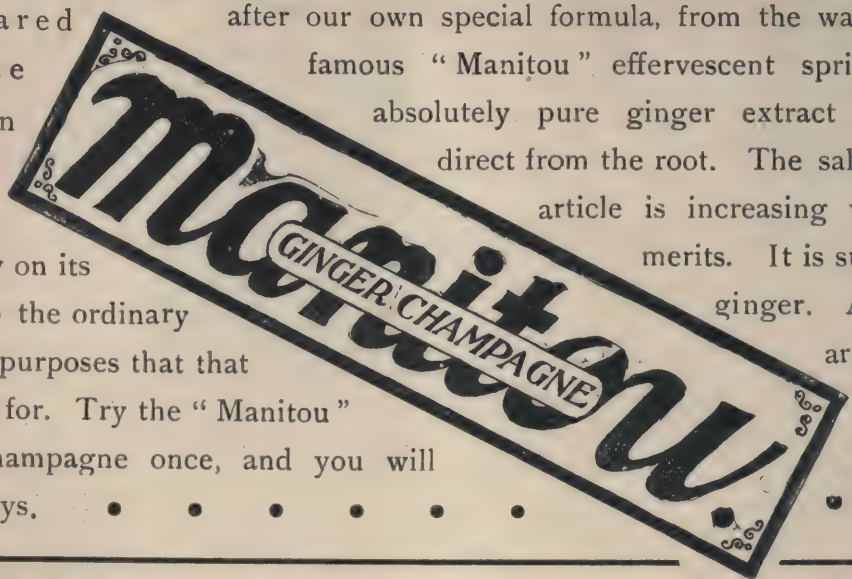
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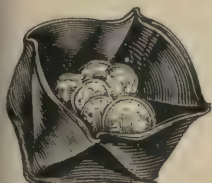
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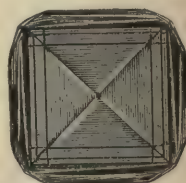
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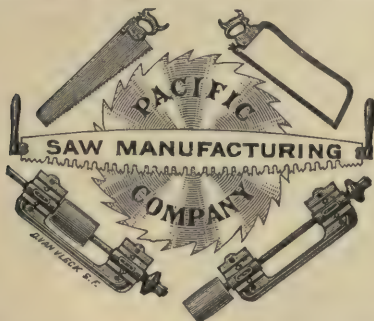
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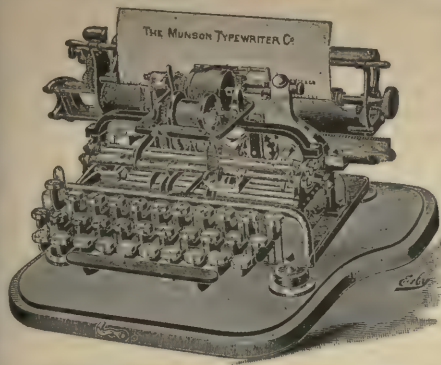
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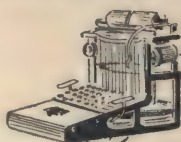
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VOL. XVI

No. 126

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# The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

Statement for the Year ending December 31st, 1892.

|                                                       |                         |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| <b>Assets</b> .....                                   | <b>\$175,084,156.61</b> |
| Reserve for Policies (American table 4 per cent)..... | \$159,181,067 00        |
| Miscellaneous Liabilities.....                        | 734,855 67              |
| Surplus.....                                          | 15,168,233 94           |

## Income.

|                           |                        |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| Premiums.....             | \$32,047,765 34        |
| Interest, Rents, etc..... | 8,191,099 90           |
|                           | <b>\$40,238,865 24</b> |

## Disbursements.

|                             |                        |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| To Policyholders.....       | \$19,386,532 46        |
| For Expenses and Taxes..... | 7,419,611 08           |
|                             | <b>\$26,806,143 54</b> |

## The Assets are Invested as Follows :

|                                               |                  |
|-----------------------------------------------|------------------|
| United States Bonds and other Securities..... | \$ 65,820,434 89 |
| Loans on Bond and Mortgage, first lien.....   | 69,348,092 54    |
| Loans on Stocks and Bonds.....                | 10,394,597 50    |
| Real Estate.....                              | 15,638,884 26    |
| Cash in Banks and Trust Companies.....        | 7,806,672 55     |
| Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, etc..... | 6,075,474 87     |

## Insurance and Annuities.

|                                    |                         |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------|
|                                    | <b>\$175,084,156 61</b> |
| Insurance Assumed and Renewed..... | \$654,909,566 00        |
| Insurance in Force.....            | 745,780,083 00          |
| Annuities in Force.....            | 352,036 01              |

|                                                |               |
|------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| Increase in Annuities.....                     | \$ 82,732 98  |
| Increase in Payments to Policyholders.....     | 630,820 60    |
| Increase in Receipts.....                      | 2,604,130 71  |
| Increase in Surplus.....                       | 3,137,266 78  |
| Increase in Assets.....                        | 15,577,017 93 |
| Increase in Insurance Assumed and Renewed..... | 47,737,765 00 |
| Increase in Insurance in Force.....            | 50,295,925 00 |

NOTE.—In accordance with the intention of the Management, as announced in November, 1891, to limit the amount of new insurance actually issued and paid for in the accounts of the year 1892 to One Hundred Million Dollars, the amount of insurance in force, as above stated, includes the amount of such voluntary limit with but a slight increase unavoidable in closing the December accounts.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement, and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus a Dividend will be apportioned as usual.

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James C. Holden.  
Hermann C. Von Post.  
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Lewis May.  
Liver Harriman.

Henry W. Smith.  
Robert Olyphant.  
George F. Baker.  
Dudley Olcott.  
Frederic Cromwell.  
Julien T. Davies.  
Robert Sewell.  
S. VanRensselaer Cruger.  
Charles R. Henderson.

George Bliss.  
Rufus W. Peckham.  
J. Hobart Herrick.  
Wm. P. Dixon.  
Robert A. Granniss.  
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Theodore Morford.  
William Babcock.

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Walter R. Gillette.  
James E. Granniss.  
David C. Robinson.  
H. Walter Webb.  
George G. Haven.

ROBERT A. GRANNISS, Vice-President.

WALTER R. GILLETTE, General Manager.

FREDERIC CROMWELL, Treasurer.

EMORY MCCLINTOCK, L. D., F.I.A., Actuary.

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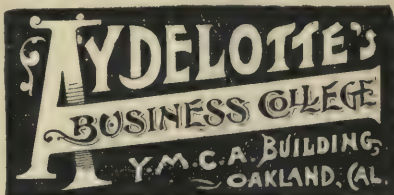
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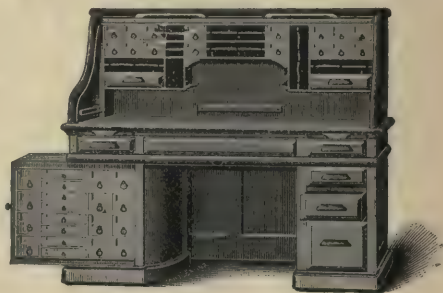
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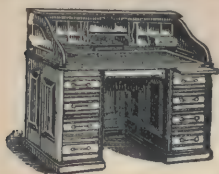
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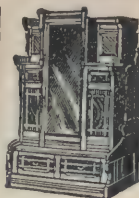
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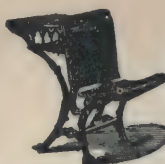
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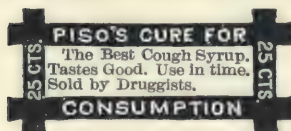
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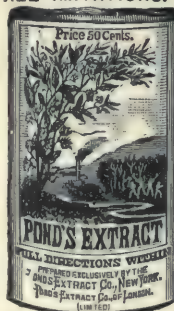
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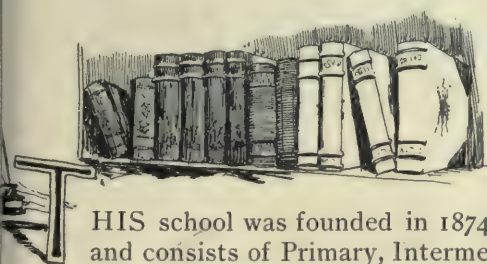




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increased without increase of expense by moving to a first-class hotel like the Pleasanton.

Suites are obtainable in the Pleasanton as promptly as in any down-town hotel, and when you have them you have a more elegantly furnished room with a better air than you can get elsewhere, besides better service, and but ten minutes' walk to any central point in the city.

On sloping ground overlooking the city, at the corner of Jones and Sutter Streets, the Pleasanton is a handsome, dignified structure, standing among the elegant private residences of the great city merchants and lawyers. It is near the elegant home of the University Club, easily accessible on foot from Kearny Street, or the promenade on Market Street, with car lines passing the door to any part of the city, and others close by running to the Park and Cliff House.

San Mateo hills, with the great city spread out like a map in the foreground,



A CHAMBER MANTEL-PIECE.

and yet the easy grade from Kearny Street is comfortable to the pedestrian who prefers exercise to the cable cars.

The drainage is excellent on account of the slope, and the westerly winds, fresh from the ocean, have not yet accumulated the dust of down-town streets.

Seated in one of the upper suites overlooking the harbor, one can enjoy in quiet the ever-changing panorama of the shipping, the incoming and outgoing ships and steamers, with the rumble of a great city at a convenient distance ;

harmonious, and the tread of your attendant is muffled by the rich carpets.

The office is as complete and well managed as any down-town hotel, but there are no rushing porters and lounging idlers in your way. The new arrival is accommodated while his baggage is disposed of elsewhere, without a ripple of confusion.

If you rest in the drawing room a moment before taking the elevator to your apartments, the same taste will be apparent in the selection and arrange-



HOTEL PLEASANTON—THE DRAWING ROOM.

just above from the brow of the hill looks down the towered Hopkins mansion, recently converted into the Art School of the University of California, which overtops, but by no means excels in beauty the more modern achievements of the colonial style of architecture closer at hand.

From the moment one enters the handsome doorway, there is an impression of the restful, quiet elegance of an artistic home. The colors are rich and

ments of the hangings and furniture as are found elsewhere. Rich vases, statuettes, paintings and bric-a-brac ornament the room. There is none of the bareness and coldness of a hotel parlor.

Take the elevator to the upper floors, and see for yourself how homelike and elegant a hotel can be made. There are single rooms and rooms *en suite* for gentlemen as well as family apartments, all fitted to suit their purposes.

The guests are not of the cosmopoli-



tan character of a hotel, but their bearing proves the society to be entirely of the upper, more refined classes.

There is great variety in the arrangement of rooms and their fittings. Rich mantels and elegant mural decorations bespeak the taste of the manager of this enterprise, Mrs. M. E. Pendleton.

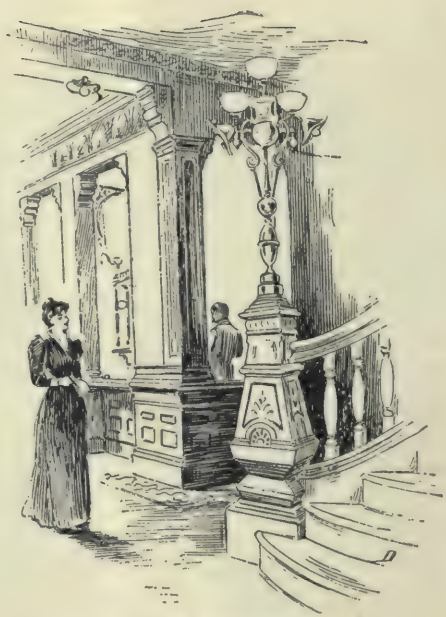
A visit to the private breakfast room, and the ladies' private reception room, only add to the conviction that every care has been taken for the comfort of guests. The gentlemen will rejoice in the elegant billiard parlors, smoking rooms, and the barber shop, while their wives will enjoy a glimpse of the *chef's* large workshop, well-ordered, neat, and gleaming with polished metal, where he is using his years of experience in directing his numerous assistants, whose white linen caps and aprons appear all the whiter in contrast with the lustrous black of the background.

The elegance of the spacious dining room, the handsome stained windows, the immaculate linen, and the stylish colored waiters, next attract one's attention. Here, nothing is wanting for the most fastidious taste.

Those guests who have children are relieved from the care of them when they are sent to the children's dining room, presided over by a competent woman, who gives them her whole attention.

The hotel is specially suited to giving private dinners in the elegant private dining rooms, or club banquets in the spacious, handsome, banquet hall. The private receptions at the Pleasanton are deservedly popular, both on account of the excellence of the *cuisine*, and the richness of the appointments.

No detail which would promote the comfort of the guests has been overlooked by the executive woman who manages this worthy enterprise. The whole establishment bears evidence of what a capable woman can plan and carry out; and its difference from other hotels may be said to rest in that very charm of refined taste and privacy



THE CORRIDOR.

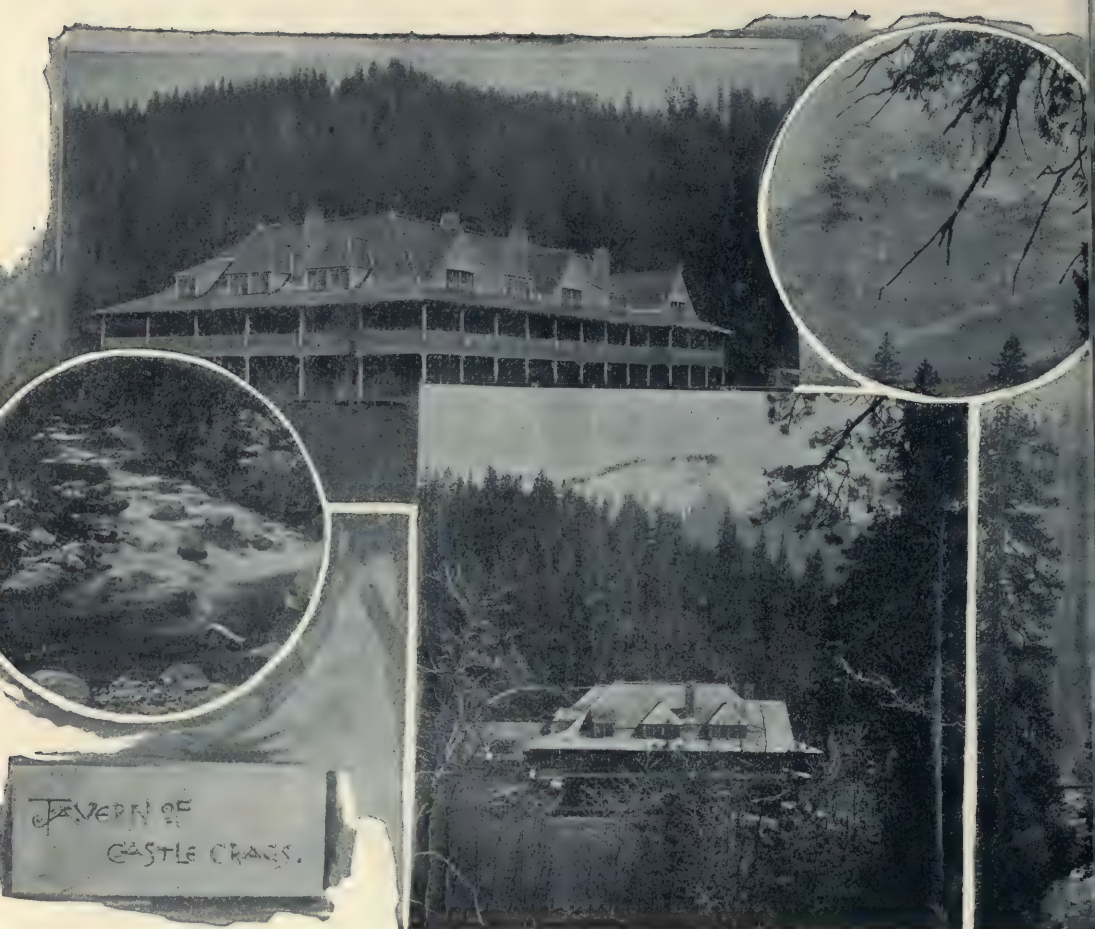
which only a woman can give to the habitation of man.

The sanitary conditions are unexcelled, both on account of the perfect drainage in the neighborhood, and the number of filters through which the water passes. The hot water system is perfect and always ready day or night; the steam heating apparatus is unexcelled, but there is always a handsome fireplace for those who prefer it.

The precautions against fire are ample. The whole roof of the structure can be flooded in two minutes. There are seven fire-escapes and several stands of fire hose, which, with a night-watch system of reporting periodically to a central office, and a time-watch arrangement for registering the visits of the watchman on his rounds, leaves nothing to be feared.

When you are tired of investigating all these things, go into the gentleman's reading room and pass a quiet hour or two with any of the leading periodicals, until you feel like strolling down the street to the theatres or taking a promenade on Kearny and Market streets, or go down to the billiard room, and take a cigar and a cue with a friend.

*Philip Lawrence, Jr.*



THE traveler passing through the cañon of the Sacramento would not be made aware of the fact that just east of the bluff that obscures the Lower Soda Springs, there is a spot that has been selected as altogether the most suitable one on the Shasta scenic route for a large hotel and desirable mountain resort. Its altitude above sea level is 2,100 feet ; distance from San Francisco 320 miles ; from railroad about one-third of a mile.

The tavern is situated on a knoll in a most beautiful meadow that lies between Soda Creek and the Sacramento. One might imagine, as he wades through the luscious growth of red clover, timothy and daisies in this meadow land, that he has suddenly been transported to one of the lovely valleys of the Berkshire hills, and that it was apple-blossom time, in the month of June.

The old-time hospitality of the wayside inn is to be found there. The guest may sit in his great easy chair on the broad veranda, doze away into blessed forgetfulness, and dream that care and hard work were buried a thousand fathoms deep, and that Mt.

Shasta was piled on top of them. A place where my lady may accouter herself in satin or serge, may chase butterflies over the meadows, swing in the hammocks under the pines, or hold high court in the great parlor. Neither the cares of today nor the fears for tomorrow will be allowed on the premises.

Looking up the little valley of Soda Creek the eye rests upon the great scenic loadstone of this neighborhood,—Mt. Shasta. The feeling of interest and admiration for this one magnificent sight is never exhausted. It is new every morning and glorious every night. No son of mortality can ever grasp but a fraction of its sublimity. The poet's voice will be dumb ere he begins to exhaust its wonders. The supernal Alpine glow shall fade a million times, and a million times again, ere the painter's hand can transcribe it ; and none but the choirs of the invisible world may adequately sing its praises.

The tavern will reopen for the season of '93 on May 29th, with accommodations nearly doubled and in other respects greatly improved.



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## POMO BASKET MAKERS.

FIFTY-FIVE years ago, when the first adventurous white man prospected the country now called Mendocino County, there was found high up at the very source of the Russian River a little valley (since called Potter) teeming with verdure and abundant in Nature's gifts. Here lived a tribe of Indians whose numbers were counted in the thousands,—they were a peculiar people, speaking a language so utterly dissimilar to their nearest neighbors, the Con-cows and Wylackies, having customs, rites, traditions, and even personal appearance, so unique as to make them a nation *sui generis*. Anthropologists have classed them as in that comprehensive family of Pacific Coast Indians called Diggers, and doubtless the term is appropriate, yet closer investigation reveals certain qualities in them so pre-eminent, so evidently of a once higher social status than all other Diggers, that their mental characteristics seem as unusual as their history.

Their very name,—Pomo Pomo, people of the people,—indicates conscious superiority; that they recognized no relationship nor asked aught of the outside savage world other than to be left peacefully alone.

Scientific men have demonstrated many wonderful and difficult problems in aboriginal ancient history, such as proving the mysterious Cliff Dweller to

be our now well known Pueblo, thereby destroying a popular delusion and much romantic speculation. The Apache has been traced back through the wanderings of his ancestors to the place of his birth, when the world was new and language unformed. One of his earliest trails started north of the Great Lakes, and traveled southward: a great battle decimated his forces and divided his



tribe. Part of them reached Arizona, and have there remained until this day ; but the other half, driven westward across the Rockies, at last established a peace and home for themselves in northern California. Generations passed but not his identity : the California Apache is now separated from his Arizona brother by a thousand miles ; a less fervid climate and wise restrictions have changed his temper as completely as his name,—he is there known as a Hoopah. Traditions handed down from father to son, the contents of long since forgotten graves and tumuli, heads of arrows and spears whose more perishable shafts had rotted with the hands that used them, forts, citadels, pottery, and similar links, form a chain of evidence in the scientific mind as strong and plain as if it were an occurrence of this century.

One of the best authorities in the land has been asked where these Pomos came from. The answer was to the point : "They were born there, they were always there." Whether from necessity or choice it is the habit of the North American Indian continually to change his place of habitation, but the Pomo had never been traced beyond the mountain confines of his native valley. They were a peaceful people, taking no part or interest in the frequent squabbles of contiguous tribes. Bounteous Nature held open perennially to them a well-filled storehouse from both forest and stream, so it was not surprising they were both lazy and improvident. Manual labor was unknown, except in the performance of domestic duties, of which basket weaving and the manufacture of wampum were chief.

They are today the only Indians that continue to coin their native money, and maintain its value on a fixed commercial basis. It passes current amongst every tribe in northern California, and is at a premium in rancherias along the Sacramento River, in fact, its value in-

creases in proportion with the distance from its makers. The Pomos are also the mothers of the basket-maker. I do not mean the heavy, coarse baskets of utility, for their use is universal, but that delicate, beautiful fabric which consumes months and even years in completing.

How many centuries evolved such rare tributes to the artistic sense? Every tribe of Diggers makes baskets, each employing designs and shapes peculiarly its own ; but here were found in vogue not only all these various methods, but nearly a half score of weaves unknown to the textile world. Baskets were a necessity to them, taking part in both duties and pleasures, serving them from birth to death, then burned with them. The *Pee káh* (or water spirit) cradled the infant and held him in safety on his mother's back when on a journey. It comprised his stock of toys. Its use stayed the visit of the salmon, gathered the acorn and buckeye, and prepared them for eating. Existence itself seemed dependent upon its presence. Women rivaled each other, not as to which could weave the faster, for time was no factor in their lives, but as to which could conceive and finish the handsomest basket. The wealth of a household made itself apparent in the beauty and number of these Lares and Penates.

The first few settlers that came to this savage Utopia met no resistance, and yet no welcome. Conscious of intruding, they at first cultivated only such land as was unfrequented by the Indians. Other settlers joined them, their acres increased in proportion to their courage, till soon the richest portion of the valley had felt the plow. It was the old, old story, with however an unexpected sequel.

These Pomos, stunted in food, numbers of their children kidnapped and sold to civilization as slaves, harassed by foreign diseases, suddenly became conscious for the first time in their lives





THE WOOD BASKET.

that they must leave their beloved valley. War was an art unknown and hateful to them, and thus precluded escape to the north, east, or west, among the mountain tribes. In sheer desperation a remnant of this once numerous family packed up what belongings were left, and coming south to Ukiah Valley cast

their lot with civilization. Like a subdued child, deeply wronged, he appealed to us for protection.

For more than twenty-five years he has been surrounded by modern inventions and modern dwellings,—in daily intercourse with the whites and the native tribes of this valley, endeavoring

to learn our ways and profit by our example,—yet he is the most primitive Indian now in America. Schools have been erected and good teachers supplied with some success toward reclaiming his half-breed grandchildren; sewing machines and agricultural implements, horses, firearms, and bedding are often used by his children; but for himself the rabbit blanket proves ample clothing by day and a pallet at night. No food to him equals the *toö* of acorns, the *tsö* of clover and wild mustard, or the venison, *be sháy*. He is too old to learn, and the doom of the ancient Pomo is sealed. Like some muddy stream, bringing down strange ingredients in its waters, his life has nearly reached the open sea: soon the very tinge will blend into the restless waves.

Out of the estimated six hundred Indians that moved to this valley in the decade 1863–73 a careful canvass in the three rancherias produces now only twenty-three full bloods. True, some of them have accepted the government invitation at the reservation, and some have wandered off to other tribes; but the great majority, in their struggle with the new dispensation, have lost heart and joined their fathers.

The present generation are apparently better satisfied with their condition; they must work to live, and their labor is in demand with ranchers and woodmen. In all undertakings they are slow, but exceedingly careful. A Chinaman can pick two hundred pounds of hops per day by reason of his greater quickness, and an elastic conscience, which only sees the heaviest clusters in his path, but the plodding Indian will strip clean the field.

Another source of revenue is the natural heritage left them by their mothers,—consummate skill in making baskets. During the wet season, when work and food are scarce, the *majëlla* is forced to weave salable baskets in order to support her family. Her heart is not in

this task, but improvidence or gambling has dissipated the earnings of last season. What was once her grandmother's chief delight has now become a labor, for she knows that when her work leaves her hands it contributes another pleasure to the white man, or coin to his pocket. To what extent our artistic world concurs in this belief she little knows.

All Digger baskets may be correctly classified under just two heads,—baskets made to sell and baskets not made to sell. An expert in this line can detect the difference at ten feet; even a novice will note it on slight inspection. It matters not what weave is employed, the most difficult or the coarsest, whether it be a basket of use or a gaudy *tý*, old or new, the counterfeit will expose itself to the initiated. Do not believe for a moment that a *majëlla* will furnish you goods of as fine class as she makes for herself. She invariably infers you know nothing of quality, and charges in proportion to the breadth of your ignorance or length of your purse, may be both. She is no fool; for more than a whole generation she has been a pupil in our school of finance and deception. She has blood in her veins very similar to ours, else her complexion strangely misinterprets. Why not grant her the law-given privilege we have always enjoyed, of taking all we can in safety? However, you may depend upon it, though the price may appear exorbitant you will get value received, if labor, eye-taxing labor, is taken into consideration.

To a "basket crank" a salable basket possesses no attractions. Inferior material, faulty patterns, spaces between stitches, exposed ends of thread,—each and all proclaim carelessness, and when an unsymmetrical outline is added to these, his cup of contempt overflows. Deterioration in basket excellence must be expected in the decadence of their makers. If there is any one cause more responsible than others for this inferi-



ority, it is the rapacity of the basket speculators. Four years ago, when the Mendocino Indian basket first made itself known and appreciated by lovers of the unique, a speculator came up from San Francisco to investigate. Within

*shah* he would select whatever could be found to suit his taste, despite the loud protests of the owners, and what could not be purchased at his own price was seized upon as lawful plunder, and a few dimes thrown upon the floor left the



From Photo by Carpenter of Painting by Grace Hudson

A HALF-BREED GRANDCHILD.

a radius of six miles from Ukiah there lay five rancherias, and it is said by their inhabitants that this man bought, or rather pilfered, two thousand baskets during his brief stay. His ideas of barter were models and marvels of simplicity and effectiveness. Entering a native

only visible evidence of his unwelcome visit. His depredations extended north as far as Covelo, where fortunately his true merits were recognized and rewarded by the government agent, who promptly kicked him out of the reservation. These raids have been occasion-



Photo by Carpenter

"BOM TOOSH" GRANARY. "SHY BOO" TOY.

ally repeated with rapidly decreasing success. The Digger, after all his treasure has gone, has realized his own simplicity and cowardice.

The lesson has proven severe, mentally as well as financially, for with those rare old family heirlooms the incentive to weave similar ones has disappeared. There are a few specimens in private collections of weaves once well known and much used by the Pomos that have now become obsolete. Of all this mongrel brood there are only seven *majellas* that still emulate the examples of their grandmothers in conscientious, skillful weaving. Work from their hands is altogether a different affair from baskets made to sell, being planned, woven, and finished with but one object in view,—personal use. These constitute the class referred to, baskets not made to sell, and hard indeed must be her straits before parting with them. A stranger never sees them; even confidence in those she knows and respects most must be strong before her treasures are allowed inspection.

Before you lies the subject most inter-

esting to the majella's mind, and next to her animate children these beautiful products of care and patient labor are nearest her heart. Hold up this plate-shaped basket in a favorable light; from bottom to rim a sheen of gold and purple is reflected like the plumage of some rare tropical bird. She calls it *doorwý pekúh*, or moon basket. Surely the idea is pretty, and the effect consistent, though the colors may not be artistically correct. The greenish plumes of the summer duck are woven in so closely that no glimpse of the sustaining mesh can be seen, making a soft uniform background for zigzag lines of the more brilliant woodpecker. All is blended like pigment from a deft brush; the rim is encircled with a row of wampum, under whose snowy edges droop the pride of our valley quail. Pendants of strung beads tipped with polished bits of abalone shell complete the effect, and no suggestion is needed by our imagination in finding their originals in the twinkle of stars.

"How many ducks' heads are in this, Guadalupe?"

Nine fingers are extended in answer.

"How many *kartót* (woodpecker)?"

Both hands are raised thrice and still two fingers more.

The reader may ask how long it took her to make it. Two years ago the bottom and four rounds were furnished by old blind Nancy, whose failing vision dispelled all hope of completing her task, and a rabbit blanket was taken in welcome exchange.

"Will you sell it to me?"

Her smile departs, anxiety born of previous experience with the basket trader gradually transforms the hitherto pleasant face,—evidently the social element of your visit has vanished, and cold business is on hand. Her countenance becomes inscrutable, yet full of emotion. Not a word is answered, but her eyes are full of questionings. She must have time to consider the proposi-



tion, and these are its principal elements: —“How much pinole and fish have I left? What will he do with it; sell it, or keep it where I can occasionally see it again? If I refuse to sell, won't he take it anyhow? How much will he pay me?”

A bright double eagle is extended toward her,—gazed at intently, but not touched. The silence becomes irksome, but patience is imperative here, or your chances are spoiled. Two silver dollars are laid beside the twenty, and though she may turn to one side and feign indifference, she knows your money is near, and its growth is a matter of consuming interest to her. The young horde around your knees stand on tip-toe, craning their necks to watch these wonderful journeys from pocket to palm. Another dollar is added, then another. The clinks are noted, till finally she turns, and that auspicious smile heralds success. With index finger she separates the little gleaming burden in your hand till satisfied of its amount. It is then transferred to her pocket. Confi-

dence has returned. Her other jewels are duly inspected, passed upon and admired, but we have similar ones in our collection and refrain.

To obtain a specimen of every weave, shape, and pattern of basket, it is necessary to purchase all that were ever brought into existence, for among the thousands I have seen no duplicates have appeared. Whether this be the result of accident or design it is difficult to conjecture.

The old Pomo used twelve distinct weaves, or lacings, in his manufacture of baskets, and patterns without number. Five of these are now among the lost arts. Happy the collector that possesses one of such.

Collecting and preparing the materials that compose a basket is almost as interesting as the weaving. The most necessary material used is *kah hoóm* (water gift), and *kah láll* (water son) or willow shoots. Both are in baskets of nearly all sizes or uses. *Kah láll* gives strength and shape, while the *kah hoóm* knits to-



Photo by Carpenter

“BOM TOOSH.”

gether the ribs and preserves smoothness in outline. These two plants, as their names imply, grow beside or in the shallow edges of nearly all water courses in Mendocino.

The kah hoóm is taken from the roots of a California variety of the well known slough grass, *carex Mendocinoensis*, so abominable to orchardists, and so defiant of his plow and hoe in efforts toward its eradication. The finest kah hoóm, because the toughest and most capable

waters would permit, temporary *shahs* of woven willow and alder shoots were always occupied by transient bands of Indians. Men and women here worked alike ; for this occasion the dignity and indolence of the *hombre* were laid aside. Whether he really likes the work, or whether envy of his neighbor's success induces him to assist his wife, it is difficult to say. Armed with a clam shell in one hand and a short stick in the other, he takes a bunch of this grass



POUNDING OUT FLOUR.

of being evenly split, grows in low, sandy bottom land, and necessarily near a running stream. The Russian River, near the small town of Hopland, annually overflows several hundred adjacent acres, and before the thrifty rancher found the true value of this rich alluvium in hop culture the Digger from rancherias far and near would come and gather these preferred roots.

During the summer months, and even far into the fall, as long as the rising

as a starting point, and lays bare its radiating roots. Selecting the best of these, he grasps the root between the first and second toe, and gently lifts it a little, to indicate its hidden course under the sand to the next bunch. This fact ascertained the clam shell scoops out, while the stick carefully loosens all stones or hardened earth in its path, till soon a little trench some three or four inches deep, uncovers the beginning of this kah hoóm gem. The work





Photo by Carpenter

"SHU SETT."

"TEE."

is slow and careful, lest the sharp edge of a rock cut or bruise the tender fiber, whilst in the rear like a ship's rudder the guiding foot and protecting toes keep pace. Perhaps in a half hour, according to condition of the soil and disposition of the digger, the entire length (four or five feet) of a cream-colored scaly cord about half the size of a pencil is uncovered. This is cut out as long as possible, taken immediately to the river's edge, and stretched out in shallow water. If exposed too long in this state to the warm air it becomes dry and brittle besides increasing the difficulty of removing the outer rough bark. A good day's work for a man is ten kah hoóm, but a majélla will often double this amount, not because she is quicker but because she abjures those little necessities of her liege's noonday hours, the pipe and siesta.

During the night the gem becomes

thoroughly soaked, and daybreak finds the old people of the party hard at work literally and actually with tooth and toenail, stripping off the bark. This process is fascinating, yet often repulsive, to one seeing it for the first time. She will put one end of the root in her mouth, mumble it around between her gums, till finally the warmth and saliva breaks up the adhesion and frays the bark loose. This fray is then held with perhaps the only remaining fang in her jaws, and assisted with hands and toes in holding the cord taut, she scrapes it clean. A satisfaction as to the thoroughness of the job is manifested by a grunt, and the ejection from her mouth of accumulated debris. For hours this ancient but willing creature will squat in the broiling sun, for all the world as one pictures an anthropoid ape or other quadrumana; either or both feet are in use constantly, as essential

to her task as teeth or hands. The kah hoóm has now reached its second stage in preparing, and is only half its original size, closely resembling a long, creamy-tinted tendon fresh from the leg or neck of the deer.

When a family starts for home these roots are made into coils and packed in baskets to be carried on the majélla's backs, be the distance five or twenty-five miles. The procession files out, the hombres in front, burdened only with what the females cannot carry; the children follow, close in front of their mothers, while the old ones waddle behind, occasionally reminded of the dangers from a panther to any one who lags. Any reference to this dreaded beast is sure to increase the waddle, and you can be sure the majéllas are not far behind when the rancheria is reached.

A few days later the kah hoóm is split into flat strings, varying in width from a tenth to a twentieth of an inch, and oftentimes as thin as an apple peeling. This was formerly accomplished by aid of a bit of sharp obsidian found in the mountains, but now the American case knife is universally known and used.

The fiber of this root is very tough, and the grain so even that a tyro can split it from end to end without a knife and cause no flaw. Splittings from two roots make a coil convenient to handle, and this is hung up in the *shah* ready for the basket maker.

The next important thread is called *milláy*, which is the generic Digger term for any dark red bark. Its chief requisite other than color is strength and thinness. The red-bud, sumach, and rhus all produce good millay; but the best and rarest specimen is the thin skin of a small deciduous shrub growing high up the mountain side. To learn its exact habitat, botanical classification, or common English name, if any, has thus far proven an impossibility. Cajolery and patient search have been fruitless: we only know that the shoots or twigs are straight, leafless, and never larger than a quarter of an inch in diameter.

Steeped for an hour in hot water, the skin loosens so that a simple incision down its length with the thumb nail is ample to complete what the confined steam underneath had commenced.



Photo by Carpenter

"SHY BOO."





Photo by Carpenter

ORNAMENTED "SHY BOO."

These woody cylinders being slit into desired widths are coiled and hung with the kah hoóm.

We have now the two threads necessary in weaving baskets of utility, but there is a third one, called *tsoo wish*, or triplets, because its handsome variety is taken from the trifoliate stems of the maiden hair fern (*Adiantum*). The root of the tule (*scirpus*) furnishes a long *tsoo wish*, but is less esteemed than the fern, being coarser, and the color not quite so black or permanent.

As it is an aquatic plant, the hombre must wade after it, his educated toes performing almost the entire process of digging, selecting, and loosening up the root. Its color when first taken out is a dirty brown, but when denuded of

its useless bark it is similar in appearance to the kah hoóm, differing in being shorter, and studded with minute lateral rootlets.

Next in order is the dyeing. The gem is evenly painted with charcoal paste, placed in the bottom of a pit, much resembling a grave in proportions. Willow ashes are sprinkled over it to a depth of two inches, and the pit finally filled with loose, damp earth. It takes nearly eighty hours for the charcoal, potash, and tannin to complete their chemical action in producing a perfect dye. If taken out too soon the color will be a dark brown, or if allowed to remain several hours too long, the gem will be eaten into and rendered worthless. Successfully done, a glossy black

permeates the fiber which is unimpaired by the burial.

Slitting into strings also requires its quota of caution, for *tsoo wish* is rather cross-grained and will allow no carelessness. Like the *mil láy* and *kah hoóm*, these strings are also coiled and hung up for the basket maker.

*Tsoo wish* is, however, valued more than either of the others, ranking next to the *kiah*, or wampum.

One hundred *kiah* will purchase a

was undoubtedly their first crude effort toward basketry. The idea was suggested probably to the savage mind in noting the salmon's difficulty when passing through submerged interlacing limbs of some fallen tree. Artificial dams followed, then wires, then vehicles to facilitate the handling and carrying home of their slippery game, then domestic utensils and houses. To strength further improvement has added lightness and symmetry, till we find in the



"TSV" AND "BOM TSOO WOO."

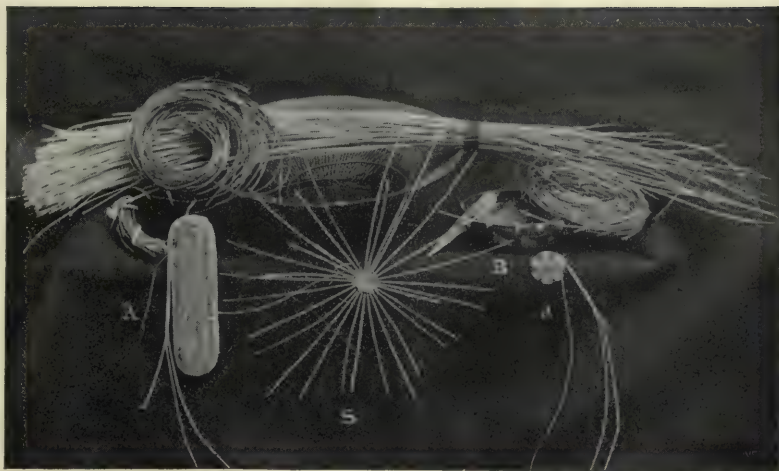
small bunch of *tsoo wish*, while this amount is equivalent to five bunches of *kah hoóm*, or six of *mil láy*. It is very rarely seen in any but ornamental baskets, or those pertaining to political or religious usages.

Seven distinct weaves or methods are employed by the present generation of Pomos in basket making, and since no English terms are technically appropriate to each, I will use those familiar to the Indian. *Psher kón* means fish net, and the weave known by this name

present *Pshër kón* much to admire. In all but the strongest packing baskets, willow shoots have since superseded alder limbs, and each rib is bound with *kah hoóm*.

Gathering of acorns necessitated a closer mesh; small seed, still finer, and lastly the water-tight basket was evolved. In this order the *shÿ tsín* weave followed the *pshër kón*. But two specimens of this second stage in textile improvement have been discovered during the past four years, both of them so bat-





BASKET MATERIAL AND FOUNDATION.

tered out of shape and black with age as to obliterate all vestiges of pattern, if any ever existed. However, their manner of construction yet remains to supply an important link in the evolution of the basket. Willow limbs the size of a pencil form ribs or bones running from rim down across the bottom and back to the rim again on the opposite side, thus multiplying the bottom's strength, while giving it a rough, clumsy appearance. Deer tendon is probably the binding thread used, three ribs being taken in at one wrap.

Such vessels must have answered a variety of uses, from the gathering of nuts and storing the same, or other *mah ah* for food, to packing of fuel. This weave has long since been abandoned, except in cases where its use adds extra strength and variety to baskets of different constructions.

*Bom toósh* was its successor. Three boms are laid side by side across the centers of a similar bunch at right angles, and the six bound together at their intersection with *kah hoóm*. This done, the two ends of thread select a rib and bind it from above and below, twisting on themselves before grasping the next radiating bom. The process continues

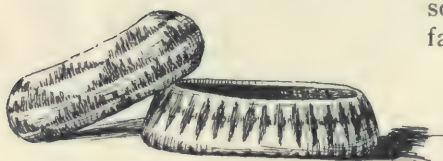
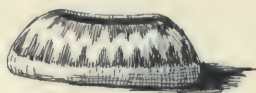
around in a gradually increasing spiral until spaces require extra ribs. These, sharpened at the end, fit snugly into openings between stitches made with a bone awl. According to the shape desired, boms are inserted or taken out, all ends being carefully covered.

Patterns make their first appearance in this weave, and to accomplish this a change of thread is required, *mil láy* being substituted, its smooth side presenting a burnt sienna hue in contrast to the pale lemon of *kah hoóm*. We often find rings of *shy tsín*, or tee stitch, worked in at intervals, increasing its stability and artistic effect, for during and after this period neither of these two qualities are allowed preponderance. In smaller pieces of work, like the pinole mush basket or those designed for cooking utensils, the rim is left raw, but the big cone-shapes require a hoop of alder lashed over with fir fiber.

As indicated by its shape, the conical is the basket of transportation, being held on the back in a net whose headband passes over the carrier's brows. They supply the place in an Indian's needs that a wheelbarrow does in ours, the capacities of each being about equal, and if any discrepancy exists, it is

not in favor of the wheelbarrow. I once knew an old majélla to pack three bushels of potatoes in this manner through mud and rain to her home, two miles distant. Greater loads are not unusual to the men, and as a consequent result of such customary labor we find another physical peculiarity of the Digger in abnormally developed dorsal and anterior cervical muscles, besides a chest magnificent in proportions.

A bom toósh basket is readily recognized by the vertical ribs, each of which are plainly indicated



from bottom to top. Closer inspection finds weight, durability, and a mesh sufficient to retain any seed larger than mustard.

The interior of a *teè pe-kah* is identical in appearance to the ribbed bom toósh, but, viewed externally, the intricacies of this most difficult and tedious of useful weaves is made manifest.

The fact is, that a *teè* is a double basket, consisting of an inner bom toósh supplemented with an extra rib externally, which, commencing below at the common center, accompanies and participates in each stitch in ever-increasing spirals to the rim. In making, a *teè* consumes nearly twice the time and material of any basket yet mentioned, and is esteemed as highly as any in the catalogue. Its qualities are, exceeding

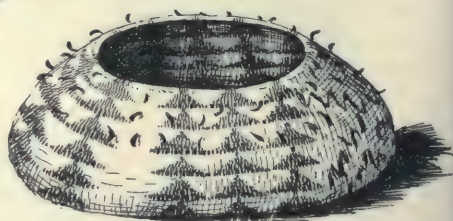
durability, with lightness; its uses, cooking mush and pinole, boiling water, storing fluids, parching wheat or other grains, and as mortars for pounding out flour.

The largest *teè* in the accompanying illustration (page 569) was over twelve months in constructing, while the larger bom toósh (page 566) took less time and care. The spiral rib in a *teè* necessitates its wrapping being put on aslant, thus giving the pattern an indistinctness to be seen in no other weave.

*Dah lah* is the Pomo word for plate; hence *teè dah lah* is a platter of the *teè* make.

It is exhilarating to watch an old crone toast wheat. With bended shoulders and pursed-out lips, she frantically waves a *dah lah* at arm's length; the grains and glowing coals dance in unison to her puffs, while, "black in the face," she is "never out of breath" till the task is done.

In striking contrast to the *teè* and bom toósh is the *shu sétt*. Beauty seems to have been the incentive in its conception, though baskets of this kind pos-



sess no unusual shapes or uses. Their pretensions to the eye lie in a smoothness, a perfection in outline and color, that somehow remind you of a delicately rounded, warm cheek. Not a flaw, discoloration, or projection can be found on its surface, for this weave is capable of great possibilities in effective displays. In all other textiles the pattern is woven through, that is, the *mil láy* or *tsoo*



wish threads invariably keep their colored side away from the rib they cover. The shu sét is the only exception to this rule, its interior exhibiting only slight indications of the external color. The reason for this becomes obvious, on seeing the weaver carry the stitch through without twisting. Shu sétts were not intended for hard usage,—in some degree utility has been sacrificed to grace. It is the lightest and most fragile textile made by the Pomos. Preparation consumes much time, for only the toughest, smallest, and most flexible boms are selected,—also un-

receptacles for sugar, coffee, trinkets, clothing, etc.

I have now described five modes of binding together a wooden fabric whose initial ribs, few in number, multiply in proportion to the magnitude of its outline; whose ribs also lie in vertical planes, while their two wrappings incline to the horizontal. Native ingenuity seems to have exhausted itself in this line, and experimenting with coil and spirals was begun. No doubt the outer half of the *tée* suggested the effort toward departure from orthodox methods. How complete has been the suc-



THE BASKET MAKER.

usually thin, even thread. Begun in the same manner as bom toósh the change occurs several inches from the center. Instead of wrapping a single bom from each side, the threads cross each other, untwisted in every other space, thus binding two boms in one loop. Fig. S. (page 573) a shu sét foundation called *sil lick* (spider), from its appearance, illustrates the point.

As may be supposed, this weave requires more ribs than the bom toóshs, in fact, about twice as many. The mesh is comparatively open, but is serviceable in carrying seeds of clover, tar weed, or wild millet. Ovoid shapes answer as

cess of those ancient experimenters a close study of the photo, page 570, will reveal.

*Shy bóa* baskets are made in three ways, each having a mode of procedure peculiar to itself. A specimen of the earliest demonstration of *shy bóa* practicability can be seen in No. 175, an unsightly affair, void of all merit but stability and interest to antiquarians. Its composition is a single uninterrupted thread, binding a series of superimposed spirals by piercing the upper edge of the next spiral beneath, this spiral consisting of six fir fibers parallel and in juxtaposition. Pattern is an impos-

sibility, because nearly half the coil is uncovered, and the thread itself so coarse that color would provoke ridicule.

*Tsy* was an improvement. A single bom, uniform in size throughout, is so bent on itself as to simulate the coil of a rattlesnake. After the first circle is completed, both boms are enclosed in one wrap, the third bom is bound to the second in the same manner, the stitches passing through and closing interstices between the first and second. Fig. B (page 573) illustrates stages, and Nos. 55 (page 570), 53, and 49 (page 572), the completed *tsy*.

*Bom tsoo wóo* (triplet boms) is our last; most tedious in construction, most capable of ornamentation, and most prolific in æsthetic effects.

Figs. A, A, (page 573) explain in detail the ground plan of the two ordinary shapes. Three boms here form the coil, which is held together and to the next lower coil by a thread envelope catching the loops on top of the adjacent lower coil. Nos. 278, 247, (page 570,) are fine specimens of unornamented *bom tsoo wóo*, while page 571 presents a few choice feathered ones. However, among the latter, No. 65 (page 571) is a *tée*, quite rare, with its quail plumes. The use of feathers is of comparatively recent date, though prevalent at the pioneers' advent. Its era may be safely located after the conception of *bom tsoo wóo*, which was doubtless created for this purpose.

As a work of art the *shy boo* basket deserves all the reputation it has attained and more: for untold generations these people have concentrated their ingenuity and energy in perfecting a peculiar fibrous textile, and the result has been acknowledged by critics to be the peer among curios from all the barbaric nations of the earth. It is marvelous how one family, relegated from birth to one secluded spot, surrounded by rude, unsympathetic nomads, deprived of all resources but those nature created with

them, should develop such an art and cherish it. It was not the demand of a necessity, but the pursuit of an ideal.

There are ten graded rules governing a "basket crank" in estimating the value of a Pomo basket. Given in the order of their importance they are:—

Weave, symmetry of outline, of stitch, of thread, delicacy of thread, material, pattern, ornamentation, general effect, and size. Size is properly placed last in the list, because a *shy bóo*'s diameter is seldom greater than fifteen inches. However, there is a most rare specimen in a Chicago private collection, which measures nine feet in circumference and for which was paid \$800. An ordinary *shy bóo* contains eighteen stitches to the inch, as in Nos. 255 and 71, (page 572,)



THE DANCING BEAR BASKET.

but those on either side boast of forty-two to fifty-one within this measurement. Their equals will probably never be seen, for their makers are now on the eve of final departure.

"Where did the Indians find such shapes?"

Examine an acorn and its calyx, you will see both.

"And where the patterns?"

Your answer is found in the dentated oak leaf, the angular twig, the curling waterfall, the serrations of mountain tops, and the fins of fish put into conventional form. No artist wants better models than nature's own. Precision in repetition of pattern is a mystery we cannot solve.

The age and maker of a *shy bóo* are chronicled on its face, legible to the initiated, for at the end of every twenty-

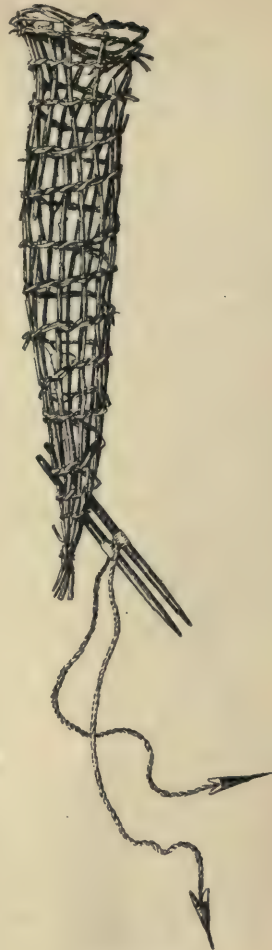


eight or thirty days the weaver inserts a tiny, obscure mark,—her signature, endorsement, and calendar. Generally an extraneous material is used, such as quill splittings from the yellow hammer's wing.

Besides the eight weaves described, there are relics and other evidence of five now obsolete, whose intricate methods are beyond my knowledge. Three of these may be combinations, but the old Pomo, reverently fondling them, shakes his head at the theory, and pronounces them *peé káh bóa sah*, or genuine types.

If chance or curiosity should ever lead you near a rancheria, your lost time will be amply repaid in watching the weavers at their work. In a small circle they sit facing each other upon the ground, asking no better protection from a fervid sun than their abundant, magnificent hair. The small, deft hands rapidly ply the awl and thread. Strands of kah hoóm and tsoo wísh immersed in a half filled water-basket lie within their owner's reach and pleasure. On one side stands a stick made gay with seasoned scalps torn from the woodpecker, quail, and mallard, breasts of the lark, throats of the bluebird, oriole, and a variety of other birds, whose brilliant plumage is the destined ornament for some unplanned basket. The conversation never flags, and if you understand all this harmony of soft labials and gutturals, do not be surprised that their topics pursue channels familiar to those of fairer complexions. Frequent laughter interlards bits of gossip and jokes. Remain near them long enough, and one is sure to find himself the butt of their ridicule.

Just opposite sits an old majélla whose quizzical face is seamed with unnumbered years, and whose eyes are bleared from smoke. She is relating a story reminiscent of her happy girlhood days, frequently pausing to join her shrill pipe in the general uproar. "Old Mary" is a rapid worker, and her skill unquestioned



PSHER KON.

among the five tribes. On her lap lies a half completed "Destiny," that rarest and most precious of all the baskets. To her this most tedious task is but a fitting accompaniment of such a pleasant occasion. A small puncture beneath the upper round allows the sharpened kah hoóm end to be grasped within. A feather is plucked, its bulb bitten and crushed, then inserted between the tiny ribs, where the tightened thread binds all in another stitch. We pull out a watch and time her, and see the process repeated in forty seconds. Absolute correctness in detail is essential here, else the outline and figures ultimately

announce the fault. For months during the warm season you will find this old matriarch seated thus always the center of a group of jovial basket makers.

"Will she live to finish this piece of work?"

Her thread of life appears worn to the core; perhaps long before these wrinkled fingers have counted the thousands upon thousands of stitches Mother Nature will have laid them to rest. Perhaps

the ashes of this textile "Destiny" will mingle with those of its human creator on the commencement of her long journey. *Quien sabe?*

To enumerate the manifold duties, games, and ceremonies of the Pomo Indian in which their baskets participate would compel a volume of detail far beyond the scope of this article. Some day they may appear to the interested under another title.

*J. W. Hudson.*



### A JUNE NIGHT.

How glad I am, how glad, how young!  
 The moonlit distances lie clear  
 In dewy silence. Drawing near,—  
 From great, reluctant roses wrung,—  
 Faint perfumes softly rise and fall.  
 The romping lilies, flaming, tall,  
 The oriole's nest in mid-air swung,  
 The unripe cherries, palely red,  
 The landscape, forest-fringed, outspread  
 Beyond my window; these belong  
 To this June night.— *This* night? What spell  
 Lay on my eyes? The ebb and swell  
 Of human struggle, toil, and wrong  
 Invades my room. The roaring street  
 Sends unkind laughter forth to meet  
 Some mendicant's shrill, unskilled tune.  
 Thrust in a vase, in chill repose  
 Decays that single florist's rose  
 That brought again a long past June.

*Clara Dixon Davidson.*



## THE YEAR 1899.

THE nineteenth century has passed, and its terrific last year has changed the face of the civilized world. This short record is a summary of those late events which, even now, we can hardly think of as anything more than the impressions of a nightmare.

When the European war that began in 1895 had lasted nearly two years, Great Britain and Germany were still holding out against the Slavic, Gallic, and Scandinavian alliance, which had disintegrated Austro-Hungary, had disarmed Italy, driven the Turks into Asia, and helped Ireland and India to gain their "protected" independence. The British government had concentrated its shattered forces at home, to meet expected invasions from Ireland and France. The German army faced the allies in Brandenburg, and a last struggle was expected there. But on the 14th of July, 1897, the privates and non-commissioned officers in both armies—except among the Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians—rose simultaneously, and declared themselves socialists. The officers who tried to discipline them were shot, and the men marched homeward to establish the new social order.

Their example was quickly followed in Spain, Portugal, and Italy, where the people put an end to the old system of government and the right of private property. Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, which now held all of Schleswig and Holstein, peaceably organized the Republic of Scandinavia, socialism being ignored, and the late sovereigns pensioned.

After every white soldier in the British West Indies had been removed, the negroes there massacred or drove away all the rest of the whites, and set up governments of their own. When forces

were being raised in Canada for the European war the French element there refused to enlist, and it was openly declared by the *habitans* of Quebec and the *metis* of the Winnipeg region that a French fleet would be sent to help them to throw off the British yoke.

In a few months after the social uprising, furious dissensions broke out in all the socialistic countries of Europe, and they were soon on the verge of anarchy. We, in the United States, thought ourselves specially favored by Providence; but our exemption was not to last long.

In April, 1898, a man named Stanhope appeared in Washington and gained notoriety as "a rabid crank." The reporters said he looked like an Indian, and talked wildly about the Chinese Government, and somebody or something he called Kara Hoolakoo. After he had haunted the State Department for about two weeks, his dead body was found floating in the Potomac. It was thought then that he had committed suicide. There is little doubt now that he was murdered.

A little later the movements of the Chinamen in this country began attracting general attention. Singly or in small parties they were leaving the north and west and the Pacific Coast, and moving southward. They would say nothing about their intentions, but it was soon known that they were settling on the marshy coasts of the South Atlantic and Gulf States. They did not compete with the negroes as laborers, but rented or squatted on swampy, unused lands, and went to work diligently to make them fit for cultivation. They built clusters of mud huts, which became the favorite resorts of all the idle negroes for miles around. The

Chinamen bought fish, game, and stolen poultry from their African friends, and they capped the climax by giving them the titles "Mista" and "Missee." Negroes began using queer nasal words in their improvised chants, and when asked what they meant, would say, "Dunno, 'spec' it muss be some kin' o' Chinee talk."

A white refugee from Jamaica wrote to a New Orleans paper that in passing by night near one of the Chinese hamlets he had seen a band of negroes going through a strange ceremony, while the Asiatics sat and looked on, showing their teeth like rats. An old black woman, who might have been a Voodoo sorceress, went to the fire, turned around, and screamed, "One, two, free!" All the other negroes sprang up, and one of them shouted back the same formula. Then the whole gang broke out together:

"One, two, free! I tells you true!

De culled man, de Chinee-man, de Kolli-holli-koo!"

This was instantly followed by demoniac yells and shrieks, and the company began dancing around the fire like their savage ancestors getting ready for a raid after slaves.

The Jamaican remembered the words he had heard the negroes sing while he was flying through the darkness from his burning house,—the same words his father had told him were sung by the Jamaica slaves in their insurrection, just before the British government set them free:

"One, two, tree! All de same!

White, black, red! All de same!"

"How did this form of the Jamaica negro's Carmagnole reach Louisiana?" asked the refugee. "I don't know how harmless a member of society the Kolli-holli-koo may be, but the other two in the triad certainly need watching."

No special attention was given to this letter, and when three of our consuls in the West Indies sent home word that the blacks were talking of invading the

United States, it was thought a good joke.

In February, 1899, the government was notified by Colonel Mays, the head-chief of the Cherokees in Indian Territory, that two Chinese strangers had tried to induce him to join a league of Chinamen, negroes, and Indians against the whites of the United States. They said the reservation Indians had generally entered into the plot, and that the Southern negroes had also gone into the league in vast numbers. It was to rise in arms as soon as a great Asiatic confederacy, organized by the Chinese Emperor, had sent an army of a million men to land on our western coast. At the same time, the negroes of the West Indies were to invade the Gulf States, in the vessels they had seized or were then building. The Cherokee chief was offered the command of all the Indian forces, and urged to use his influence in bringing the civilized tribes into the plot. Colonel Mays questioned the men closely, and after learning the particulars of the scheme arrested them both, and held them for the authorities. "We are Americans," he wrote, "and we have no sympathy for even the *open* enemies of our country."

The prisoners were brought to Washington, where they coolly denied the charge against them, and said they went to Tah-le-quah to buy cattle. They were kept in close confinement, and measures were taken to get at the truth of the matter as quickly as possible.

There had been no official representatives of the Chinese Empire in this country for some time, and we merely had consuls in some of the Chinese ports. Messages were sent to these consuls, directing them to learn all they could as to any hostile intention toward us on the part of China.

Close detective work at home brought no evidence of any recent organization among the colored people of the North and West; but in the South, and es-



pecially in the Gulf States, it was evident that some unusual movement was going on. A large number of clubs had been formed, which denied having any political object, but conducted all their operations secretly. Few of the most respectable colored people had joined these clubs, but the rest were evidently unwilling or afraid to talk about them.

Meanwhile, someone in the State Department at Washington remembered that a document submitted by the unfortunate Stanhope was lying unread in its pigeon-hole. Being brought to light this paper showed what the whole scheme meant.

The writer said he had lived twenty-eight years in Chinese Tartary, engaged in the border-trade between Kiakhta and Maïmatchin. He had adopted the Tartar dress and habits, and, as he was partly of Indian descent, had been generally taken for a native of some part of Asia. In 1898 he noticed a violent excitement among the people of Maïmatchin, and, gaining the confidence of a Chinese official agent, he found out what had caused it. He knew already that the Mantchu rulers of China had, for many years, been on their guard against a conspiracy among the real Chinese, which, like the Tae-ping rebellion, had for its object the expulsion of the Mantchus and the establishment of a true Chinese government. For help against this danger the court at Pekin naturally looked to Manchuria and the rest of Tartary, and it finally fixed on a plan for accomplishing its first object, and a great deal more besides.

Wherever a Tartar had his home there were songs sung and stories told of the great Temugin—or Jenghis Khan—and his mighty sons, before whom the nations far and near were forced to bow down in the dust. But in Mongolia these songs and legends were considered not more a picture from the past than a presage of the future. Every

Mongolian believed that, sooner or later, the time would come for the men of his country to go forth again in the van of a great host of Altaic warriors to subjugate the world. Some leader would be chosen, as of old, in a *koorooltai*, or national assembly, and seated on a black felt *nummud*—the sacred carpet—he would be consecrated by a Mongolian priest with the ancient Shaman rites. Then he would be carried by seven chiefs to a throne in the midst of the *koorooltai*, and hailed as *khagan* of all the Tartars and lord of the four quarters of the world. This messiah of slaughter would be greater than Temugin, Okhtai, or Kublai, and when he should make blood flow like rivers of water the Mongolians would be the sword in his right hand.

It was determined at Pekin that the Jenghis of our day should be the Emperor of China. Descended from the Mantchu family that reimposed the Tartar rule on China after the line of Kublai had been driven out, he already stood as the champion and chief of the Tartar race. Being the civil head of the Lama religion, he claimed reverent allegiance from all the Buddhists in the world; and as Lamaism is a composite religion, the Shamaists and Shivaists also owed him religious homage. No other man could so easily unite the whole Altaic stock and induce other Asiatics to join it, and the prospect of seeing all Asia marching under his leadership to crush and destroy the *Fan-kwei* in their own homes would be more captivating to the Chinese people than the hope of placing one of their race on the throne.

The first thing to be done was to find some fanatic who could arouse the Tartars. Among the priests who swarmed around the sacred *lama* at Oorga, in Mongolia, was one bearing the historic name of Hoolakoo. He was a monomaniac, claiming descent from the Shaman priest who consecrated Temugin at the great *koorooltai* in 1205. One of his

fancies was to dress entirely in black, as a symbol of the nummud, and from this he was called *Kara* (black) Hoolakoo. He it was who was chosen as the herald of the coming storm. Moham-medan, Brahminical, and Buddhist leaders would be found to excite religious frenzy among the Turks, Turkomans, Arabs, Persians, Siamese, Burmese, Cochin Chinese, Malays, and Hindoos, and it was expected that the whole of Asia and Malaysia and all northern Africa would join in a holy war against the white race everywhere.

Kara Hoolakoo went into the undertaking with frantic zeal, and quickly worked the Mongolians up to the proper pitch of wild enthusiasm. Leaving them to be organized into regular bands by their chief men, he then went to the provinces further west to carry on the work. Mantchuria could be relied on to support the emperor without being specially influenced. There was no risk in working openly in any part of Tartary, for intercourse between it and the Russian possessions had ceased. Turk-estan threw off the Russian yoke when the intestine commotions began, and Siberia had become the scene of a savage conflict between Nihilist factions, which put an end to the border trade. The presence of some foreigners in China proper made it necessary to be more cautious there; but everywhere throughout that country the people were being instructed as to the government's scheme, and they received it just as it was thought they would do. The Black flags—remnants of the Tae-ping rebellion—had been brought from Anam to form the nucleus of the new army, and everywhere, except in the chief sea-ports, preparations for war were going on without concealment.

Having gained a general knowledge of this plan, Stanhope secretly crossed into Siberia, and as soon as possible, came to the United States. He had learned that we were to be invaded as

well as Europe, but the part to be taken by the Chinese and negroes in our country was not known by him. He had lost the power of expressing himself easily in English, and the smiling incredulity and contemptuous neglect with which his statements were received must have excited his anger, and made him all the more incoherent.

When his document was published it made a sensation of the first order. But immediately afterward news that came from Japan took complete possession of the public mind. It was received in that country on the second of March, when a few American and European vessels, hurrying away from the Chinese coast, took refuge in its nearest ports. All the white people on Chinese ground had been massacred, and hundreds of ships had been captured by a vast swarm of junks and tonka-boats, which suddenly surrounded them. On the day this news was brought to Tokio, the Chinese Minister there had formally invited the Japanese government to join the Asiatic league which, he said, would on the same day declare war against Europe and the United States. The government had declined giving an immediate answer, and it was doubtful what course it would take. Some of the Japanese people were certainly in favor of making common cause with their ethnic kindred; but the nation generally seemed to be in doubt as to what it would be best to do. The Pekin directors of the scheme had evidently thought it safest not to attempt a propaganda in Japan, but hoped to draw that country into the league by the logic of events.

The United States government at once declared war against the Chinese Empire and its allies. The uprising in our country was like what took place in 1861. The organized militia in every state volunteered, and new regiments were raised everywhere. The ports of the Pacific and Gulf coast were fortified or strengthened, and the navy yards



resounded with the din of the work that was going on night and day. Throughout the South women and children were quickly brought to the towns, and an order was issued that the Negroes and Chinese should be precluded from carrying arms and holding meetings. But it was found that all the Chinamen and a large part of the male colored population had gone back into the remote parts of the marshy lands. Troops were located near the swamps, and a strong effort was made to prevent communication between the different bodies of the enemy, but this object was certainly not attained.

Meanwhile Negro risings, promoted by help from Jamaica and Hayti, had taken place in Cuba and Porto Rico, where the Spaniards had been weakened by the political dissensions at home. Both islands fell into the hands of the insurgents, who in the usual way massacred all the whites they could find. Havana was then made the point of concentration for the expected invasion of Florida, and in all the islands swarms of half naked negroes did what they called drilling, while everything in the shape of a boat was made ready for use as a transport. Their plans were well known to our government, and a small but powerful fleet of armored vessels was stationed off Key West, and kept up regular communications with a strong military force on the mainland. The reservation Indians were also watched by troops accustomed to Indian warfare, but the offer of men from the civilized tribes was frankly accepted. The country did not underrate the danger, but no signs of fear were apparent anywhere.

Reports from Japan had made it known to us that the Asiatic league was dominant in every country on the mainland and in the Malaysian Archipelago. Two immense armies had gathered on the borders of Europe;—one in Asia Minor and the other around the northern

shore of the Caspian Sea. The first, made up of Indo-Chinese, Hindoos, Afghans, Beloochees, Persians, Turks, Arabs, and Turkomans, was directed by a Hindoo prince, and a dervish from Bokhara who claimed descent from Tamerlane. The other was all Altaic, and was led by a Chinese general and Kara Hoolakoo. Over both camps floated thousands of black felt banners, and every man in either host was arrayed in a uniform of the same ominous color.

Before the end of April both armies advanced at the same time. The rumors of the coming danger had not been believed or much regarded in Europe until it was too late to prepare for it. A hastily collected and ill-organized force of Russians, trying to withstand the first wave of the Altaic deluge near Saratov, was almost annihilated, and the scattered fugitives who escaped spread terror far and wide in their flight. The panic was like that caused by an earthquake or a tidal wave. No further organized resistance was offered anywhere. The two great human floods rolled on unchecked, living on the country, butchering all who could not escape, and leaving desolation behind them. "The blacks are coming!" was the horrified cry in their front, and in the wild rush westward, starvation, exhaustion, and fear brought death to many of those who were flying to avoid it. The invaders destroyed every vestige of Christian civilization wherever they came, all the different kinds of fanatics joining in a common frenzy of hatred against the sign of the cross.

The commissary arrangements of the whole invading host were controlled by Chinese officials and Hindoos who had served under the British government. They saw that the captured supplies were kept in good condition and carefully distributed. Accustomed to living on the scantiest fare, the Asiatics would have been satisfied with less than they received. Their natural habits, their

slight value of human life, and their wild religious enthusiasm made them soldiers who could hardly be excelled.

The two armies met in Germany and together poured into France, against which the Chinese had long been harboring a special hatred. In every French city, town, and village not one stone was left on another. The country was overhung by a dusky pall of smoke, beneath which the only visible habitations were the black tents of the destroying host. The people had fled to England, to the northeast, or to the south, and detached masses, said to number five hundred thousand each, were sent to pursue them in the second and third directions. North Africa had joined the league as soon as it showed its strength, and an army from the Barbary States crossed the Straits of Gibraltar, while the invaders from the north were swarming over the Pyrenees. Some of the whites in Spain and Portugal escaped to the neighboring islands or hid themselves in the mountains, but their number was comparatively small. Here and there bands of men and women, driven to bay and hopeless of quarter, sold their lives at a dear price; but in most cases it was mere butchery, and of that the black-clad hordes were never weary. They seemed bent on crushing the white race out of existence, and in a little while they had left no visible trace of it between the Mediterranean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean. Leaving the Africans to found a new Granada, the Asiatics returned to France to take part in the preparations for attacking the British Islands.

Most of the people who fled north-eastward from France—joined on the way by those still in the countries through which they passed—had succeeded in reaching Sweden and Norway. As they left no vessels of any kind behind them, the pursuing army came to a halt at the Skager Rack. The opposite shores had been strongly fortified,

and were held by a powerful force of well-disciplined Scandinavian troops, supported by armed masses of the native population and the refugees on land, and by a large allied fleet on the water.

In England the same preparations had been made, but on a larger scale. Peace had been made with Ireland, and the Irish in large numbers took active part in the work of making ready to meet the common foe. Here too a numerous body of refugees joined the homedefenders. From forts, earthworks and entrenched camps, a long line of guns pointed seaward, and every available warship steamed back and forth from Beachy Head to the mouth of the Thames, keeping a close watch on the northwestern French ports. The ships here and to the eastward included the remnants of the French, German, and Russian navies, which had been greatly weakened by the long war and the ensuing troubles, and now were forced to serve under the flags that had not been dishonored by anarchy.

It was evident that in both cases the enemy was preparing a flotilla of long and wide boats, in which they expected to row across the intervening arms of the sea. They were working with the never-flagging steadiness of ants and bees, and though broadsides from venturesome ships smashed some of their half-built boats, and made gaps in the swarms of workers, they went on as if it had been nothing more than a peal of thunder. Even when dynamite bombs were dropped from balloons into the ocean-like expanse of black tents, the matter seemed to give them no special concern, and the damage done them in both ways was really of no importance at all. They might lose half a million men, and still be strong enough in number to overwhelm their opponents, as the Greeks were overwhelmed at Thermopylæ. So things stood in Europe at the end of September in that memorable year, 1899.



While these events had for us a relative importance, there were others that concerned us more directly. The third army of invasion had been raised in the great Chinese cities, and all the maritime parts of the league's territories, including the Malaysian Islands. It had rendezvoused around the mouth of the Amoor River, marching overland or sailing up the coasts in junks and prahus. Its number was not far from a million, and the transport boats were guarded by eight Chinese ironclads. Japanese volunteers—perhaps fifty thousand strong—were incorporated with the force from Corea.

Early in September the final movement began, and by the end of the month the boats were transporting the troops across Behring's Straits. On the third day of the transportation they were attacked by the larger part of the American navy. The Chinese war ships engaged our vessels at once, and fought them vigorously. The battle lasted four days, and resulted in the sinking or capture of all the Chinese ironclads. One of our ships was sunk and five were disabled. Torpedoes and dynamite were used on our side with good effect, and hundreds of boats were destroyed, but the crossing went on without any signs of demoralization. It was like the migrations of African locusts, which put out fires and choke water-courses with their bodies. Twenty American boat crews, which assaulted the moving mass at close quarters, were surrounded and cut to pieces by Malays and Dyaks, who carried off their heads as trophies.

The army was reorganized on the American shore, and took up its southward course. The Asiatic boats returned to their own side, and our fleet sailed to Puget Sound for repairs and supplies, touching at Sitka, and taking off the people who had collected there. The inhabitants of British Columbia fled across the mountains, most of the men joining the defensive force of Canadian

volunteers which was being raised as fast as possible. The great body of our army had for two months been encamped in and around the National Park. At the first positive news of the enemy's landing it began its march northwestward. It was less than half as large as the invading force, but was superior in all its equipments, and much stronger in artillery. It marched slowly and in good order, constant efforts being made to keep the raw regiments up to the army regulations.

The appointed time had now come for a movement in the South. At daybreak on October 10th the first West Indian boats were seen from the lookout in Key West. Our ships at once got ready for action and sailed to meet the enemy. As they advanced, the horizon was black with the approaching fleet, and some of its boats showed indications of an awkward attempt to cover them with metal plates. "If they can't fight no better than they kin make ships, or sail 'em," said one of our sailors, "they won't be wuth the trouble o' knockin' out o' the water."

In truth the engagement could hardly be called a battle at all. The miserable crafts of the West Indians, crowded together without any semblance of order and seamanship, were smashed like eggshells by the well-directed fire of the American ships, and in their attempts to reply they only damaged each other. Before an hour had passed they were giving all their attention to flight, and in their hurry and confusion they injured and sank almost as many of their own vessels as our ships had done. To go on firing at them seemed to the American commander a mere massacre, and seeing them all in panic-stricken retreat, he ordered a return to Key West.

While this burlesque of a sea-fight was going on, the cavalry pickets on the southern edge of the Everglades galloped back to the main body of our

supporting troops with the news that the Chinese and Negroes were coming out to attack it. Their approach was very swift, and hardly gave time for the necessary formations. The "black and tan combination," as our men called it, was fully three times as large as the white force opposed to it, and was well armed in most respects, though without artillery. It came on at a quick pace and with some semblance of military order, though the negroes were all yelling and howling with a mixture of camp-meeting and Obeah exaltation. The Chinamen were together in the center, and at first uttered no sound. When the whites began pouring in swift volleys from rifles and Gatling guns the negroes wavered, and then came to a halt, firing their guns indiscriminately, much too high to do any damage. Then the white cavalry charged them on both flanks at once. In a few minutes nearly all of them had thrown down their weapons and were flying in wild confusion, pursued by the cavalry, which captured them in droves, like runaway cattle.

The Chinese and a few of their negro allies moved forward steadily, firing their breech-loaders in some order, and with a fair aim. They were soon surrounded, and in the desperate fight that followed the wild songs of the Asiatics rose high and shrill, as every one of them fought where he stood until he could stand no longer. Death seemed to have no terrors for them, and out of the whole band only about a dozen negroes responded to the summons to surrender. The white loss was heavy enough to make the victory a costly gain.

On the same day three other hordes came out of the swamps,—one in Georgia, one in Mississippi, and the third in Louisiana. The first was beaten and dispersed with little trouble, the Chinese being fewer than in the Florida fight, and the negroes quite as quickly demoralized. The other two formed a junction, and sent out large detach-

ments which ravaged the country, and destroyed railroad and telegraphic communication between New Orleans and Mobile. These bands were joined by some of the negroes who had stayed at home, and they were highly elated at their success in driving back small scouting parties of white cavalry. When the whole body was attacked by an effective force, even the negroes fought for a while with a good deal of spirit and determination. The Chinese, as in both the other battles, died in their places, slashing at the white soldiers with their knives after they had fallen to the ground, and taking no offers of quarter. Their leaders were recognized by men who had lived on the Pacific Coast as chiefs and trained assassins of the Highbinder societies. The superior organization and steadiness of the whites, and their advantage in having field-guns and cavalry, gave them the victory again, and nearly nine thousand negro prisoners were captured; but the success of the victors was again offset by a long list of killed and wounded.

No outbreaks took place anywhere else in the South. It seems to have been intended that the other bands should wait for a special signal to come out; but when their sympathizers outside sent them news of the disasters many of them sneaked away by night, and returned to their old homes and the comforts of their former life.

The Indian outbreak soon followed the movements near the Gulf, and Chinamen were found to have been active in bringing it on. But the alliance between the tribes was not general or close enough to make it very formidable, and even at that critical time the troops sent to contend with it were able to keep it in check.

While we were thinking chiefly about these home affairs, news came by cable that the Asiatics in France had stopped working on their boats, and that there seemed to be some violent commotion



among them. Then it was reported that they had left the shore hurriedly and in confusion, and that soon afterward continuous firing was heard in the direction of their camp, which was not near enough to be seen from the ships. It seemed clear that heavy fighting was going on, but nothing else could be ascertained. Soon afterward we heard that the army faced by the Scandinavians was also actively engaged, and there too the boat building was discontinued. In both places the ships at night landed sailors and marines, who set fire to the half-built boats and destroyed them all without any interference by the enemy, none of whom were seen.

Our main army had taken a good position in Idaho, and on the 21st of October a strong force of cavalry and artillery was sent to make a reconnoissance. There was no hesitation about entering Canada, as a defensive alliance had been made with Great Britain. Moving northwestward for five days, our men came to a place where it was evident that the enemy had lately encamped. The immense size of the camping-ground indicated that it held the whole number of the invaders, but there were no signs of a further progress in any direction. The only reasonable inference was that the Asiatics had retreated on their own line of march. Our troops followed this line rapidly, and in two days they came in sight of the vast multitude marching to the northwest. Despatches were sent back to headquarters, and the retreating host was followed at a safe distance. Reinforcements of cavalry, with ample supplies, were hurried forward, and when they had joined the first party night-attacks were repeatedly made on the enemy's encampments. A few of the prisoners taken could speak a little English, but they appeared to know nothing at all about the reasons for the retreat.

The first light was thrown on the matter by our agents in Japan. Regular

and rapid intercourse had been kept up by a chain of posts between Pekin and the Asiatics in Europe and America, and what was known in the Chinese capital soon found its way to Tokio. By the middle of October the Chinese government had learned that furious dissensions had broken out in the allied army in France. The trouble began among the Hindoos, and grew out of the old quarrel between the Mohammedans and the worshipers of Brahma. The Hindoo prince, who was one of the four chief commanders, attempted to suppress the disturbance by force; but the Turkoman dervish, who was his immediate associate, angrily accused him of too great severity to the Mohammedans, and this threw the whole Moslem element into furious excitement. The hostile distinction between Sunnites and Shiites was forgotten, and the Persians and Mohammedan Hindoos, forsaking the accustomed slogan of "Ya Hasan! Ya Hosain!" joined in the tremendous roar of "Allah il Allah!" A powder-magazine could hardly be ignited more quickly by a spark of fire. Both sides seized their arms, gathered around their standard-bearers, and rushed to battle for those religious monomanias that were stronger than the ties of kindred or race. After giving the league its greatest power this had now become the chief element of its destruction.

The idolaters were greatly outnumbered, but the situation soon changed. The Chinese generals thought that it would be useless to interfere, but Kara Hoolakoo took the sacred banner in his hand, assembled his Mongolian guard of honor, and went to the battle-ground, expecting to quiet both parties by his influence. He had hardly reached the place when he was struck by a random shot and fell dead on the banner, whose black folds were reddened by his blood. His guard instantly attacked the nearest body of fighters, who happened to be Mohammedans. All the Mongolians

who saw this rushed to arms, shouting that the Moslems had murdered their chief. The cry was taken up amongst the rest of the emperor's subjects, and the strenuous exertions of the general and his staff could keep only the best disciplined corps of Chinese and Mantchu troops from taking part in the fray. The battle lasted all day, and at night the Mohammedans drew off a short distance, and strengthened their position with earthworks and barricades. The next morning they were attacked again, and another day of desperate fighting ended in their being driven from their stronghold. Getting clear of their pursuers after dark they retreated southward, and at last joined their coreligionists in Spain.

The army in Denmark quickly learned what had taken place in France. The number of Mohammedans in the former country was comparatively small, and it included more than half of the force sent by Persia. At the first ominous sign that the Tartars and Chinese were preparing to avenge the death of the Mongolian prophet, these Persians escaped in a body, and they, also, made their way to Spain, seizing the supplies in the stations they found on their route, just as the others had done. The rest of the Mohammedans in Denmark, who were chiefly Turkomans, made no attempt to escape, and fought without flinching until they were practically exterminated.

As far as circumstances would allow, the victors in each army made such disposition of their own dead as they would have done at home, but in both cases the dead Moslems were left where they had fallen. The Chinese general tried to have these bodies buried or burnt, but the attempt raised such a furious uproar that he was forced to desist. Those who had taken part in the fighting were loud in their abuse of him for failing to help them, and his influence over them was at an end. Fore-

seeing the natural consequences of allowing so many corpses to lie on the battle fields, he quietly drew off the troops he still controlled and led them to Germany, encamping on the line of posts that led to Peking.

The despatches he sent home gave the Chinese government a great deal of concern. When its affairs seemed most prosperous it had claimed absolute authority over Corea, and had adopted a very dictatorial tone toward the government of Japan, which it accused of a jealous enmity toward China, and of too great zeal in keeping Japanese volunteers from entering the league's armies. The authorities at Tokio, on the other hand, declared that Japanese citizens in China and Corea had been put into the army against their will. Popular feeling in Japan was greatly excited, and many of the newspapers were advocating an alliance with America and Great Britain. The complete failure of the attempts on the Gulf coast and the swift uprising of the American people were made known in Japan by means of the newly laid Pacific cable, and they were soon afterward reported at Peking. The league had lost the support and incurred the fierce hatred of all Mohammedans everywhere. No reliance could be placed on any of the troops in Europe except the body—about forty thousand in number—which had been brought out of France by the Chinese commander. Fearing a sudden invasion from Japan, which could hardly fail to be welcomed in Corea, the government had determined to recall its army in America for home protection.

The retreating Asiatics moved rapidly, and instead of going all the way to Behring's Straits, they spread along the sea-coast on the peninsula of Alaska. The transport fleet, with its losses repaired, was awaiting them there, and the troops were put on board as fast as it could be done. The Coreans and Japanese under their own officers were sta-



tioned in the rear to repulse the attacks of our cavalry. They had orders to march to the shore at the end of five days. When the appointed time arrived they moved down to the coast, expecting to embark. The only vessels they saw were already far away on the horizon, and these quickly disappeared. The rear-guard had been deserted and left to its fate. They at once sent a flag of truce to the American outposts, and the whole force was soon paroled.

At the first news of the Asiatic retreat our ships had hastened back to Behring's Straits. There they waited for the return of the enemy, until word came that they had met their vessels lower down the coast. Then the ships sailed southwestward, with the hope of overtaking the transport fleet. Their success was impeded by the policy of the enemy in keeping widely separated and sailing to different ports. Fifteen boats were captured, and nine, whose occupants refused to surrender, were sunk. The Malaysian and Indo-Chinese auxiliaries sailed to their own homes, but a vast majority returned to China.

The paroled Asiatics were sent to Japan in American ships, and the Japanese government entered into a close alliance with the United States and Great Britain against the Chinese Empire. A Japanese army accompanied the Koreans to their own country, and Corea proclaimed its absolute independence, and allied itself with the enemies of China. American, British, and Japanese ships have bombarded all the principal Chinese ports, and devastated nearly the whole coast of China proper.

While the Asiatics in France and Denmark were preparing to raise immense cairns to the memory of Kara Hoolakoo, the pestilence broke out among them with frightful force, and the dead must have been as numerous as the survivors. Both armies broke up into small bands, and scattered over the country stretching from the Rhine to the Black Sea. The small body that escaped before the pestilence began had already been recalled to China; but these drifting fragments of the great invading host seem to have lost all sense of loyalty or responsibility.

By great care and thorough sanitary precautions, England, Sweden, and Norway escaped the plague, which freed them from the danger of invasion. The refugees in these countries, as well as those in Italy and Switzerland, and in other mountainous places, have begun to return to the deserted parts of Europe in large bodies. They kill the Asiatics wherever they find them, treating them everywhere like noxious reptiles.

Now that the human inundation from the East has become a thing of the past, we can see the influences that gave it its immense power. But Asiatic strength was less important than European weakness. The warning we have had is plain and clear, and if it be not well heeded the next disaster may make Christian civilization a half-believed legend of a bygone time. The white race, united, need fear nothing the world contains; but broken and prostrated by long dissensions, it may fall a prey to even a smaller danger than the one that threatened it in the year 1899.

*William Ward Crane.*

## THE AMERICAN PRIVATE SOLDIER.

BAYARD TAYLOR, while sojourning at Heidelberg during his early travels, saw some German officers choosing conscripts,—one man in every hundred. He comments upon it as a sad spectacle, and extends his sympathy to the poor fellows, because of the dismal, mechanical life they were doomed to follow. I have often wondered what his eloquent pen would have written if in later years he had been thrown in contact with both men and officers, so as to become familiar with their daily life in barrack and camp. He would have found it wild, untrammelled freedom, compared with that of a factory workman, a seaman in the merchant service, or a Parisian schoolboy.

American soldiers do not resemble one another enough to merit a generic name, because, being Americans, they are descended from every nation under the sun, and nature has not yet had time to fix the family likeness. We find in our army English soldiers, German soldiers, and Irish soldiers, with an occasional stray Austrian or Frenchman, each of these bearing the ineffaceable stamp of foreign nativity; but an American soldier,—a typical blue coat, descended from the original settlers of North America,—never. The stock has not yet developed enough peculiar features and traits to distinguish it from the rest of the herd. We are not entitled to portraiture.

A recent act of Congress blessed the nation with a soldier who is truly American,—a copper-skinned descendant of the Five Nations; but Heaven forbid that we elevate him as the type. With the ruins of his race he will soon crumble away, and the blue garb of a soldier shall decorate his somber hide no more. We may use him while we have him,

but we cannot blot from our eyes the fact that he is staggering unto death under the weight of civilization thrust upon him. The Indian, the native American, is passing away, in order that the fittest may survive.

If we cannot combine the distinguishing features of our soldier in one word, and picture him as John Bull does Tommy Atkins,—if we cannot say, this soldier is vain, boastful and hard-fisted, therefore all the rest are so,—we can at least find on each class the finishing marks of service, and observe with certainty that when one soldier does a thing a certain way, the others do it that way too. It is the rigid leveling of personality that abides under the shadow of conservative institutions. The tactics may change, as Napoleon has recommended, once every ten years; but the unwritten code of the private is as enduring as human nature. To be drunken in ranks is a misdemeanor of great gravity, and unworthy of a soldier; but to be drunken on pass is one of the infeasible rights of man.

Neatness and order are qualities of the veteran; their opposites refer only to the first enlistment. If you find a soldier untidy, you will find him also dissatisfied with the service. No man can breathe the air of the barracks for five years without acquiring the habit of doing all things with decency and in order. Cleanliness is that God-like attribute of the soldier which elevates him above ordinary mortals. Of it is born precision. The step must be exactly thirty inches long and one hundred and twenty to the minute. Four soldiers walking along the street fall into line and catch the cadence as naturally as a flock of migratory geese. If you meet them in uniform on their way



to town, you will find their blouses buttoned to the chin, their standing collars white and shining, and their caps all tilted at the same angle. A crease down the front of their trousers speaks of the weight of a mattress, and the polish of their shoes transcends mud and dust.

Let anyone who delights in detecting artistic effects watch a company assembling for dress inspection. The polished bayonets and rifle barrels glisten with reflected light. The walnut stocks are rubbed till they shine like polished mahogany. Every button, belt-clasp, and head ornament blazes like burnished gold, and the helmet spikes glitter with the rays of the morning sun. Each man takes care not to bend his knees lest he break the crease of his newly-pressed trousers, and walks in a jerky way, lifting his foot at each step to prevent catching the dust. The younger men pose in warlike attitudes upon their rifles, and chew their chin-straps; while the veterans stand erect, grim and severe, more careful of their dignity than of their uniform. After assembly, when the rifles fly to the shoulder in mechanical cadence, and the left legs of the line swing to the front in the impulse of the march, who can but feel the pride of the color that swells the soldier's heart, and involuntarily catch the step and march away behind him.

These speckless accouterments are not acquired without toil, nor yet without price. Many an old soldier gives up his peaceful siesta and spends the entire afternoon rubbing his gun and polishing his brasses. He draws his clothing unmade from the quartermaster, and pays a third of a month's pay to have it cut to measure by the company tailor. He purchases hellebore and harness dressing for his belts, and invests his savings in pomades and powders for cleaning brasses.

But there is joy in being clean. In the barrack room the aristocracy is that of decent men. When a veteran wants

to vent his spleen in one breath on a vagrant recruit, he calls him a "dirty slouch." This condenses all the mean things that one soldier can think of another. A dirty man is the abomination of the barracks, and a slouch is selected for persecution by all the company officers. I know of soldiers who have spent a month's pay in purchasing extra equipments, so as to be able to appear at parades and inspections with faultless accouterments. Verily, cleanliness has its reward. Ordinarily it follows after godliness, but among soldiers the order is reversed. A soldier may drink, he may return late from pass, he may yield to a thousand weaknesses of the flesh; but he will be forgiven and his peccadillos passed by unobserved, if he adheres to that one triumphant virtue—cleanliness.

A good soldier is a happy man. He knows his duties well, and performs them with the same deep mental strain that irritates a piece of well-oiled machinery. If he ever reaches the insane hospital, it is neither from study nor overwork. Insanity is a disease of the first enlistment, and usually not incident to the service. When duty is over he may return to his pipe and his bunk, or the canteen and a quart of beer.

He always knows a song, which is likely to be heard in the mellow twilight after supper. His musical tastes thrive with time and service, and must be satisfied. If he is unable to make music himself, he buys it ready made, in every form from a jew's harp to a flute. In the cook wagon of a cavalry troop in flying pursuit of Sitting Bull's band, I once saw a hand organ and a dozen rolls of perforated paper music. The regimental band was a tin whistle compared with this.

If his warbling is repressed, his mirth and good nature bubble forth more gently in the form of good stories and venerable jokes. A veteran cavalryman can tell you more about the growth and

development of the great west than six volumes of Bancroft's History,—if you have time to sit and listen to him. His humor is mild and fascinating, because unalloyed with satire. The evils of satire he has learned to avoid by experience. The recruit who indulges in it is apt to be sent to the hospital for reflection.

Whatever may be his weaknesses, he has one point of great strength, and often it is his only rock of refuge. He is a good shot. Marksmanship is the bottle from which he draws consolation as a recruit; it strengthens him as he grows, and supports his declining years. A soldier who cannot shoot is like a dog without a tail, and at the end of his term of service he is likely to receive a painful reminder of this fact in the shape of a "bobtail" discharge.

He begins by spattering round balls over an iron gallery target on the barrack porch. From this he advances to the standing position at one hundred yards. Gradually he falls back to two hundred. At three hundred he breaks his neck trying to maintain a kneeling posture and hold his rifle steady at the same time. His remarks at this period are not in harmony with the kneeling position. At five hundred yards he lies prone,—on his face, not on his back, as some people insist,—and misses the bull's eye five times in succession. At six hundred he is permitted to lie on his back and puncture the bull's eye in any style that his fancy dictates. So earnestly do they despise imitation, that many unfortunate fellows have been carried to the hospital cripples for life from over-exertion in discovering a new modification of the Texas grip.

If you meet him back at one thousand yards you will be amazed at his learning and experience in target matters. Here he is engaged in shooting for his record as a sharpshooter. The red streamers do not wriggle that he does not growl about the wind; the smallest cloud does

not float across the sky that he does not expatiate wildly about the difficulty of shooting in a bad light. Then, while waiting for Nature to settle herself, he will lie on his back and overwhelm you with tales of Jack Robinson who aims at the No. 5 with seven points winds, and punctures the No. 6 twelve times hand-running; or of Joe Bush who sights with a small mirror, and breaks glass balls with his back to the trap. The captive huntsman of Frankfort who redeemed his life by shooting a figure nine upon the vane of the Eschernheim tower, could never have risen to glory at the thousand-yard range.

But this worthy emulation leads to certificates and medals, and to Army competitions with their rampant luxury and lavish honors, therefore the sharpshooter with his golden dreams of the target season is an enviable creature.

The private soldier,—the gentleman always officially referred to as the "enlisted man,"—never lies; but if it is a question of target practice he is apt to exaggerate. I remember an instance that involved the Nevada Trophy, that mystic award that all the Army shoots for and never sees.

It happened one summer that a certain troop of cavalry was in camp on the banks of the Rio Pecos. The first lieutenant was on college duty and the second lieutenant on sick leave, so that no person was left on duty with the troop capable of assuming the high function of superintending target firing except the Captain, and he being camp commander forthwith excused himself from all duty except signing the morning report.

Now it is known that two things never fail in the life of a soldier, and these are guard duty and target practice. Therefore to the banks of the Rio Pecos came the order of the Department Commander to proceed with the season's record, and there was nothing to do but send a wagon back to the post, load up the



frames, canvas, glue-pot, and ammunition, and haul them into the heart of the desert.

The first sergeant of that troop was Patricius Milo Drennan, and into his hands as second in rank fell the hot and dusty function of superintending the scores. The record firing had progressed almost to completion under his faithful attention, when a wandering troop scouting through the country halted to pass the night at the camp. During the interchange of courtesies the record book was passed into the hands of the visiting troop commander. He viewed the remarkable scores entered therein with increasing wonder as he turned from one page to another.

"Elegant record that!" he exclaimed as he returned the book. "If you keep that up you will lead the Army this year."

The camp commander then took the book and inspected the record. It was the first time he had done so.

"That's nothing for us," he explained promptly. "All we have to do here is to eat, and sleep, and shoot."

Nevertheless the interview bore fruit. It occurred to the camp commander that he had not visited the range since the shooting commenced. On the following morning, therefore, he girded up his loins and went forth to the firing point. Everything was apparently progressing in the most satisfactory manner. The lowest score was eighteen out of a possible twenty-five, and Paddy explained that the man who made it was evidently blind. The recruit at the firing point was gradually surpassing himself.

"Gud, gud, me by!" exclaimed Paddy, patting him on the head. "Thry ut again! I'll make a sharpshooter out of ye yet."

Down at the butts the red and white markers were alternating. When the recruit arose, the camp commander seized a carbine and took his place.

He set the sights for six hundred



Drawn from Painting by Alice McCrea  
ARTILLERY SOLDIER IN FULL DRESS.

yards, carefully took aim at an imaginary point a hundred feet above the butts and fired. Promptly the red marker rose out of the pit.

"Gud, gud, Cap'n. Thry ut again, sir! Ye'll make a foive this time!" chuckled Paddy, with uncontrollable delight.

Once more the camp commander aimed, this time far high and to the left. Before the smoke cleared away the white disk rose glittering above the butts covering the center of the bull's eye. He rose to his feet and fixed his eye sadly on the first sergeant.



Drawn from Painting by Alice McCrea  
EQUIPPED FOR TARGET PRACTICE.

"Drennan," said he in solemn tones, "what are you trying to do down here?"

"Shootin' fur the Nevada Throphy, sir," answered Paddy promptly, rendering a profound salute.

"Yes, I should think so. And if I had stayed away a few days longer you would have had it. That will do for to-day. Now go to your quarters in arrest."

Paddy was thunderstruck. If he ever saw the point it was in a hazy way, as through a glass darkly; for he never forgave the Captain's thus rewarding his zeal in the interests of the troop

with such downright ingratitude. Most captains would be glad to get the Nevada Throphy at any price.

That record had to be shot over again, and the captain had to sit in the sun and attend to the matter himself.

I have been asked if our soldier gambles. In the plural he does not; in the singular sometimes he does. These occasional gamblers are naturally separable into two classes,—those who win, and those who do not. The winning class wear red neckties in town, drink heavily, bet on horse races, and loan money at three per cent a month. Those who lose lie quietly around, spending little, drinking nothing, and frequenting the reading rooms. Sometimes a man on pass does as the rest of the world does, and risks ten cents on the high card in a faro layout. If he wins, he stays and plays all night; if he loses, he quits and goes home. When they run a game of poker in the root house, back of the barracks, they station a sentinel to look out for the guard, and pay him a percentage out of the winnings. If just after pay-day you notice a few sad-faced fellows mooning around as if their sorrow was the only real sorrow in the world, you will find that they have been testing fortune and have lost. The chipper high-stepping men that appear at the same time are the ones that were running the bank.

The average soldier is too smart to be a gambler. He leaves it to fools and outcasts, for whom he has no affinity; yet his faith in the Louisiana Lottery continues at par, and he buys a few tickets every month. After a year of the usual failures he may give up, but he is sure to begin again as soon as a prize is won in the neighboring town. No one now living has ever heard of a soldier's winning a dollar in the lottery.

He is not amatory. That quality of his heart grows rusty for want of use. He looks upon women as a necessary evil, good to look at and play with, but



being liberally productive of sorrow, better to let alone. The regulations do not permit him to marry, and when he disobeys them and does so he is of no further use to the government. When a man has talents that will enable him to succeed as a married soldier, let him stay out of the army and run for Congress. There is no doubt of his transcendent genius.

When a non-commissioned officer of long and faithful service is rewarded as he ought to be, he is promoted to a serjeancy in one of the staff corps,—the Ordnance, Signal, Quartermaster's, or Commissary Department. The breakers that roll upon his sea of life are thenceforth hushed, and he glides evenly and uninterruptedly into retirement. He is sent to duty at some large post, where he is furnished a neat set of quarters of his own, and becomes envied and respected, the most prominent man among the enlisted garrison. He has nothing further to do but compile official returns, and raise a family. His previous neglects in this direction he now makes amends for amply, and his children, besides being the best behaved in the garrison, are also the most numerous.

The government has no servant more faithful and trustworthy. Whatever the meaning the oath of allegiance conveys to his mind he will both preach and practice. As a sentinel, he walks his post with earnestness and attention, "Keepin' all public buildin's to the right, keepin' constantly on the alert, takin' charge of all public property in view [no matter how dark the night is], an' keepin' my piece at a right or left shoulder, as the case may be." If he is in charge of the working party, let no man interfere with the individuals thereof or give them tobacco. Two privates of the Hospital Corps once returned to the hospital bearing between them on a stretcher a man who had committed this error. I heard the officer of the day question the sentry:—

"How did this happen, Gorman?"

"He was interferin' with the workin' party, sir, and would n't go away when I told him; so I executed 'butt to the front' on him, sir."

This explanation was satisfactory.

One morning the officer of the guard came to the office of the commanding officer, conveying a dilapidated wreck of humanity, which had been arrested during the night in the act of stealing canvases from the quartermaster's corral. The wrath of the Colonel kindled mightily when this cool insult to the dignity of the Nation had been made



Drawn from Painting by Alice McCrea  
COMMANDING OFFICER'S ORDERLY.

clear to him. In all his long term of service such a wanton act of plunder had never been perpetrated within his jurisdiction. He remanded the prisoner to the guard-house, to await the due process of the law. Then he directed

Majesty's service, grinned expansively. Then, as if to reassure the Colonel, he ejaculated :

"An' 'e offered me a fiver to let 'im go, sir ; 'e did !"

"Five dollars to let him go ! There can be no doubt of his guilt ! My man, I am proud of you ! I will see that you are promoted !" He walked around the prodigy, viewing him in all lights, rubbing his hands and beaming with satisfaction. "That 's right, my man ; never accept a bribe." Then musing, as if to let the marvel penetrate his mind, he repeated, "So he offered you five dollars and you would n't let him go ?"

"Yes, sir ; 'e did, sir ;" blurted the delighted private, "but when I asked him for it, 'e could n't show it up, sir."

The colonel turned like a flash upon his heel and strode away, slamming his office door behind him. The officer of the guard heard a chair break when he sat down. And Private Thomas Atkins marched back to barracks, elated at his first special commendation for meritorious conduct.

Have you ever stood upon the parade in the cold gray dawn of a winter's day, and watched the trumpeters straggling out one at a time, with their hands in their pockets and their trumpets under their arms, falling sleepily into line at the foot of the flagstaff ? If not, you have never "taken reveillé." After the first blast, when the morning gun wakes the echoes, and the flag flies to the top of the mast, your eye lingers among the slow moving forms on the porches of the barracks, and you wonder if there can be any relation between these sluggish sleepers and the smart, jaunty fellows you see stepping out behind the band at guard-mounting. But civilians do not understand it. They never had to leave off dreaming, and roll out of comfortable blankets at the sound of a bugle, to dress and fall in ranks for roll-call. The trumpeters are the sleepest of all the reveillé, because they have to



Drawn from Painting by Alice McCrea  
ORDERLY ON A COLD MORNING.

that the worthy sentinel be brought in to his presence.

"Ha, ha, my man," he chuckled, rubbing his hands and pacing the floor, "I am proud to command such men as you ! I am glad I have sentinels so worthy of my implicit confidence."

Private Thomas Atkins, late of her



turn out first, but they are the liveliest when the band forms for parade. The Emperor William at the head of the Prussian Army never felt half the pride that swells a trumpeter's heart as he

interruption to the dead level monotony of passing time. At others, — smaller ones, — it is a diversion too expensive to be permitted even on Sundays. At the sounding of assembly for retreat parade



Drawn from Painting by Alice McCree

CAVALRY BUGLER.

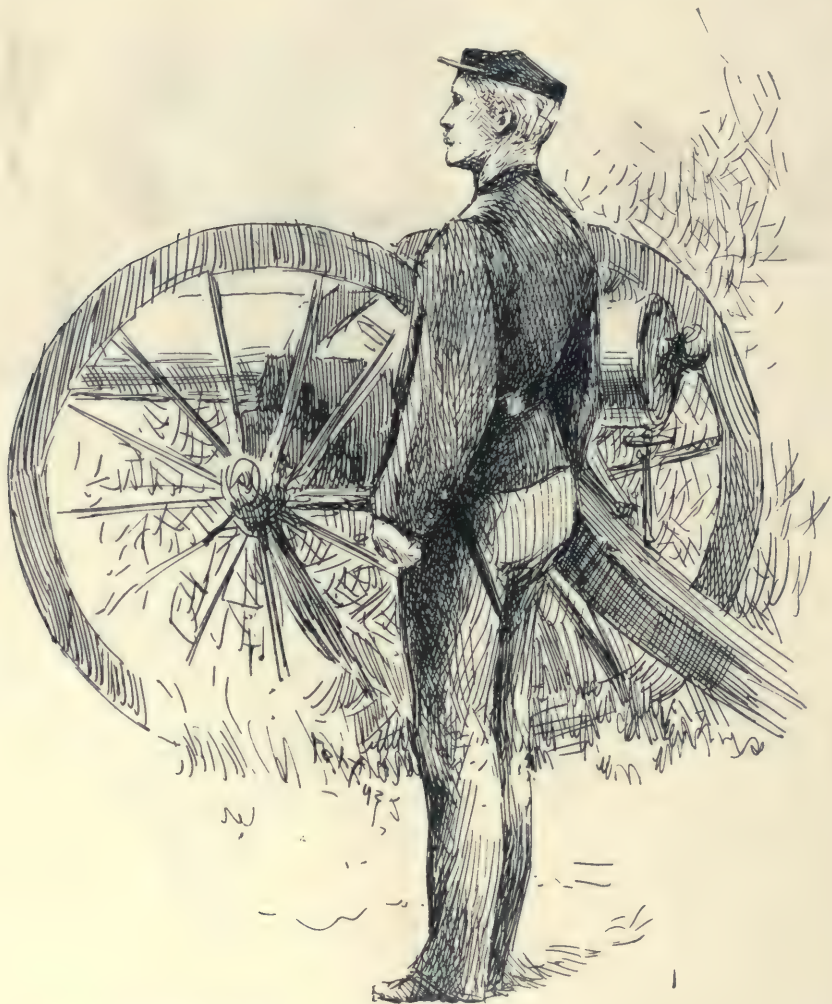
gallops around the garrison blowing the calls.

The firing of the evening gun, by which the setting of the sun is regulated, is the most imposing ceremony of the day. At some posts it affords the only

a veteran of the guard is selected, and on him is bestowed the honor of combining within himself the functions of an entire gun detachment. Having arrayed himself in the pouch and haversack of office, he proceeds with meas-

ured tread to the ancient brass cannon anchored near the flagstaff. Removing his white gloves, he sponges, inserts the charge, and pricks the vent, with dignified precision. Having inserted the primer, he stands like a statue, with the lanyard taut, waiting for the last note

There is a damning thirst that sometimes takes hold upon men, and from this thirst our private is not entirely exempt. It leads him to all kinds of make-shifts; it makes him lie, and overstay pass; it sends him to jail. I know of one man, a clean soldier and the best



Drawn from Painting by Alice McCrea

THE SUNSET GUN.

of "retreat." Then, while this is dying away in the distance, he jerks the cord, and with a roar and a cloud of white smoke, the ceremony of causing the sun to set is complete. I wonder that the stupid Swiss do not regulate their Alpine sunsets with a brass cannon!

cook in the regiment, who was found one day drunk in the kitchen. The first sergeant waited till he sobered up before bringing him before the Captain, who was summary Court,—that is to say, he performed the function of a police judge in civil life.



"Whiskey again, McConnell?" inquired the Captain.

"No, sir," replied McConnell, meekly, "not a drop."

"But you're drunk, and I have forbidden their selling you beer at the canteen. You have been drinking whiskey, or something worse."

"No, sir; not a drop, sir."

Here the first sergeant explained the apparent paradox.

"He's right, Capt'n. It is n't whiskey. It's six bottles of lemon extract I found empty on the kitchen floor."

"S' right, Capt'n. Nothin' but lemon extract."

"Sorry, McConnell. Plain case of misappropriation of public supplies. The government will just charge you one dollar each for wrongfully appropriating six bottles of lemon extract. Next."

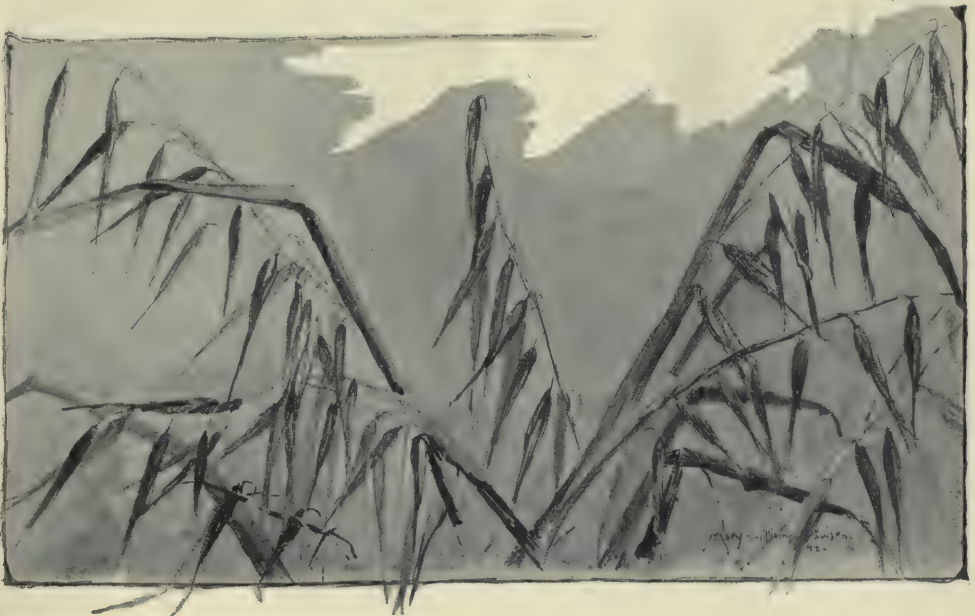
This is the touch of nature that makes one man lie for another. "Was he drunk?" asks the Judge Advocate. "No, sir." "How do you know?" "He could stand up, sir." By this same token

a man is drunk only when he is found clinging to the earth for support.

Far above, and far better than all other things, the American private is a fighting man. If not during the first enlistment, certainly afterwards. Pride, or the fear of ridicule, may be all that takes him into his first fight; but death or victory is all that takes him out of it. Being paid for fighting, he takes a professional pride in his business. I predict that in these peaceful days, when hot, bloody battles are more rare than Christmases, you could not hire a company to run away if you filled their haversacks with gold eagles. This applies to the privates. The officers have to stay if they do. There is no God in Israel for a company commander that deserts his men, and scarcely any for a company that will let a panic stricken commander get away.

Let the nation engage in hazardous enterprises and foreign annexations. It will find an army ready when one is needed.

*Alvin H. Sydenham.*





THE LORELEI.



## FAMOUS PAINTINGS OWNED ON THE WEST COAST. VI.

THE LORELEI. BY W. KRAY. OWNED BY MRS. ROBERT JOHNSON.

WITH the June number is presented a reproduction of Wilhelm Kray's famous Lorelei, owned by Mrs. Robert Johnson of San Francisco.

The picture is the work of a contemporary artist born in Berlin, who has acquired fame as a landscape and genre painter. After studying some time in Rome and Venice, he settled in Vienna.

Among his works are *The Fisherman* and *the Mermaid*, *Night on the Bay of Naples*, *Undine Listening to the Tale of a Playmate* (1879), *Bathing Women*, and *Psyche*.

The chief charm of the Lorelei is its color. The silvery glint of the departing day upon the lute strings, the pearls in her ears, and the rosy tint of the sunlight on the distant, snow-capped mountains, in contrast with the shaded foreground and the deep green of the river far below, are admirable. The rich flesh tints are strengthened by the dark rocks in the foreground, and the flowing hair, which rivals in grace the gauzy drapery.

The legend of the Lorelei gains added interest from the picture as the picture from the legend. It may not be amiss to refresh the memory from Clara Erskine Clement's *Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art*, in which the spelling *Lurlei*, is preferred.

"The rocks known by this name are just above St. Goar, and rise four hundred and twenty feet above the Rhine. The legends tell that in days of yore a charming maiden lived on the top, and each evening sat there and combed her golden locks, or played the lute and sang melodiously. All who saw or heard

her were passionately in love with her, and many boats were drawn into the *Gewirre*, or whirlpool, while attempting to near her home. She did much good to the fishermen, showing them the best places to fish, and did not seem to be wholly wicked. The fame of her beauty and goodness attracted the son of the Pfalzgraf to see her. He ordered his boatmen to row toward the *Lurlei*; they remonstrated, but in vain; they went and could see nothing on the rock; but returning, they heard a song coming from the depths of the river. Then the waves rose as if with a storm, and raised the boat toward the rock, where now the virgin appeared dressed in white and veiled. Then the youth would climb to her. The boatmen sadly tried to near the rock, but he leaped out and was swallowed by the foaming waters. His father was determined to revenge the death of his son, and sent soldiers to take the undine prisoner, that she might be burned as a witch. She stood on the rock smiling while they climbed up, and when they commanded her to come down, she said, 'The Rhine will receive me and that will be better.' When they had almost reached her, she bent toward the river, singing,

'Hasten hither, lovely waves,  
Take me quickly to your caves.'

"The waters rose, and two waves took her away, while she sweetly sung. But the men were thrown down on the rocks, and were glad to escape with their lives to the Pfalzgraf, who was convinced he had no power over her. The undine was never seen again."

## FRAUDS ON MARINE UNDERWRITERS.

FOR many years after the American settlement of California in 1849, the interests of underwriters concerned in vessels and cargoes in the San Francisco trade were almost wholly unprotected, while the circumstances of owners, masters, and merchants, were often powerful temptations to avail themselves of the situation. Many a good vessel, insured at home valuation, found herself in San Francisco unsalable at a fourth of her cost. For there were no outward freights. Sailors preferred the mines to salt water service, except at ruinously high wages. Repairs, supplies, water, and ballast, were all frightfully expensive. What wonder that the then unexplored coast was lined with the wrecks of craft which could not be profitably used, and which could be sold at a fair price only to the underwriters?

There were no local insurance companies until 1861, and it took ten years thereafter to surround that interest with all the protections against marine speculation that exist in Atlantic and European ports. Previous to that year the only facilities for insurance were by open policies on cargo and treasure, issued by non-resident insurers to merchants or agents in San Francisco. Though all underwriters maintained other agencies for the certification of losses, there was no zeal created or manifested in the prevention or detection of frauds against distant principals. Prior to the arrival of the late Captain Artemus Fletcher, as agent of the New York Underwriters at San Francisco, the claims on New York alone for partial losses on cargoes averaged from \$750,000 to \$1,000,000 per annum. It was a severe task for him to break up the firmly established customs of the port, but he accomplished it. When the

fraudulent element was subtracted these claims shrank to an average of \$50,000 per annum.

Barratry—a crime almost forgotten up to 1854, though still insured against—was revived about that time in the Pacific Ocean, whose solitary vastness, numerous islands unvetted by custom houses or revenue cutters, and freedom from steamers, telegraph, and men-of-war, as compared with the Atlantic, offered impunity and profit to the runaway, who elsewhere would have met only with “a long rope and a short shrift.” The first of these cruises among American vessels, recorded in the order of time, was

## THE KATE FOSTER CASE.

The American brigantine *Kate Foster*, of 199 tons, owned by Albert Horn of New York, and commanded by Captain Frederick Billings, sailed from Valparaiso July 23d, 1858, bound for Arica and Iquique. Failing to arrive at either of these places she was next heard from at Honolulu, where the captain sold flour, barley, and wine, from his cargo, filled up with sugar and other produce on freight, and sailed for Victoria, Vancouver Island. Arriving at that port he offered to sell the vessel, and the remainder of her Valparaiso cargo; but information of his irregular proceedings having reached the colonial authorities, he was arrested and put under heavy bonds to stand trial. He managed, however, to escape to San Francisco on the schooner *Lord Raglan*, under the assumed name of Barton, where he was again arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to the State Prison for three years. In passing sentence on this man, Judge Hoffman remarked “that to the honor of American shipmasters be it



said, that this is the first conviction for barratry on the records of our courts since America became a nation."

#### THE MESSENGER BIRD CASE.

The example set by Captain Billings was soon followed. Early in 1859, the American bark *Messenger Bird*, of 418 tons, Captain John H. Delee, of Boston, was chartered at Rio de Janeiro, to load coffee for Hampton Roads and a market. She took on board 4,824 bags of coffee, and sailed, after procuring funds from Maxwell, Wright & Co., of Rio de Janeiro, on a bottomry bond. She was next heard from at Valparaiso, where she arrived March 27th, 1859.

The captain there exchanged 200 bags of coffee for provisions, and consigned 600 bags more to a mercantile firm, on which he obtained an advance of \$3,400. He also took on board \$12,000 in specie, which was consigned to a house in San Francisco, for which port he ostensibly sailed March 31st, with these amounts in specie, and the remainder of his cargo of coffee.

He was not heard from for many months. Notices for his arrest and the detention of the vessel were sent to all consuls and men-of-war in the Pacific, but he managed to elude them all, and disposed of his vessel to some Arabians in the Persian Gulf. What became of him or the cargo is not definitely known. The vessel, under the Turkish flag and a new name, was afterwards seen at Hong Kong, and other ports in Asia.

#### THE CORNELIA CASE.

In 1857 the Mexican brig *Cornelia*, Captain Bennett, left Mazatlan for San Francisco, having on board \$16,000 in Mexican dollars, consigned by merchants in Mazatlan to parties at the port of destination. This case was of a different character from the two last, the object being to perpetrate an enormous fraud on underwriters. With this view the captain made out and signed ficti-

tious bills of lading of treasure to a large amount, and forwarded them to San Francisco with orders for full insurance, which were executed in the sum of \$80,000. When the brig was off the coast of Lower California, the captain and mate were observed to go down into the run, where the noise of hammering and boring was heard by the crew. Shortly afterwards the vessel was found to be leaking dangerously. All hands took to the boats, taking with them the \$16,000, which the captain and mate hid carefully in the sand, and making their way to La Paz, took passage for San Francisco to collect the insurances on the fictitious bills of lading.

Some informality in their proceedings, however, excited the suspicions of the underwriters' agents. Detectives were employed to watch the men. The mate was arrested, and being properly "worked up" while in jail, he confessed the whole scheme. Meantime Captain Bennett's trunk was seized and examined, and its contents corroborated the mate's confession. Chief Curtis, then the Chief of Police, with a few associates quietly chartered a pilot boat, and taking the guilty men as guides, on the promise of their freedom if they restored the treasure, the \$16,000 were promptly recovered, the salvage whereon netted a handsome sum. As this crime was committed under a foreign flag and in a foreign country, the men could not be held in a San Francisco court, and were therefore entitled to their freedom, though they did not know it.

#### THE ELLENITA CASE.

Captain Hayes of this vessel, was an American by birth, and a gentleman, so far as fine appearance and engaging manners could give that impression of him. But he distinguished himself by several adroit barratries, whose punishment he always managed to evade. In the latter part of 1859 he purchased at

Marshal's sale, in San Francisco, the New Granadan brig *Ellenita*, for \$1,500, and laid her on the berth for Sydney, New South Wales. The vessel being a poor concern, he did not succeed in filling up, but after procuring cargo to the value of several thousand dollars, he suddenly sailed, without taking the trouble to clear at the custom house.

He was next heard from at Lahaina, Sandwich Islands, where the news of his escapade having preceded him, his vessel was boarded by an officer who undertook his seizure. Hayes, however, was not going to be stopped by one man. He carried the officer away to sea, sending him back in a small boat, forgetting at the same time to pay for the provisions he had laid in at Lahaina.

He lost his vessel on an island in the South Pacific, saving his life by swimming. Working his way to Sydney, he there managed to get command of a fine bark, which he chartered for an intercolonial voyage with grain. When the cargo was about half loaded the charterers found out who they were dealing with and undertook to back out of the contract. Hayes refused to reland the cargo already on board, threatening to proceed therewith on the voyage, and hold it on arrival for the entire freight. The affair was compromised by the discharge of the cargo, on the payment by the charterers of the whole freight.

#### THE LORD RAGLAN CASE.

The Mexican schooner *Lord Raglan*, Captain Charles Sinclair, arrived at San Francisco from Mazatlan in 1861, having her hold full of horns and bones. Previous to leaving Mazatlan, the captain executed bills of lading to one Goldstein for a quantity of hides, on which Goldstein obtained advances in Mazatlan to the amount of \$8,000. The bills of lading being presented at San Francisco, it appeared on opening the hatches, that the hold was so entirely

filled with horns and bones that the hides had never been in the vessel at all. Yet the captain tried to make it appear by the usual form of protesting, that heavy weather had forced him to throw them overboard, and that the loss must be made good by general average. But this kind of perjury did not help the matter. The vessel was libeled on the claim for the advances on the bills of lading. She was condemned and sold: yet Captain Sinclair managed to get command of another vessel, and achieve further notoriety as a barrator in

#### THE GENERAL HARNEY CASE.

In this schooner Captain Sinclair, on a voyage in 1862 from San Francisco, with an assorted cargo, including 120 flasks of quicksilver, to be delivered at San Blas, whence he was to load coffee at Punta Arenas, Central America, for San Francisco, ran away from San Blas, June 9th, of that year, with the quicksilver, and proceeded to Punta Arenas, where he obtained his cargo of 800 bags of coffee. But instead of returning to San Francisco, he sailed to Guayaquil, where he smuggled all the cargo ashore and sold it for a good price. But seeing in a Panama paper an advertisement of his vessel as a runaway, he sailed without a clearance for the Gallapagos Islands, where at last accounts he had laid up the vessel and undertaken farming, with his crew for help.

#### THE PERSEVERE CASE.

In May, 1861, the stout old Russian built brig *Persevere*, Captain Lamb, was chartered for a voyage from San Francisco to Victoria, V. I., by a merchant there, and partly loaded with cases, apparently of dry goods. The brig was insured for \$3,000, and the cargo for \$50,000, of which \$25,000 was taken by each of the two local marine insurance companies, then just started, the "California Lloyds" and the "California Mutual Marine Insurance Company."



Reinsurances being then difficult to obtain, for want of other underwriters to take them, the latter company was re-insured by three of its own wealthiest stockholders; the late Michael Reese, in \$10,000, the late Samuel Merritt for \$2,500, and C. W. Hathaway for \$2,500.

The vessel sailed and had fine weather up to within a few miles of Cape Flat-tery, when she sprung an unaccountable leak in broad daylight, and with a smooth sea. The crew at once abandoned her, landing safely at Neah Bay, while the vessel went to the bottom.

The papers proving the loss were all in perfect order. Not a scintilla of evidence could be procured against the legality of the claim, though the loss of the vessel, as well as the magnitude and elaborate assortment of dry goods detailed in the invoices, seemed entirely unaccountable. For Victoria at that time contained not more than two thousand inhabitants, and half of these were of Indian blood. What did they want of such a stock of dry goods in one venture? Reese was thoroughly convinced that there was fraud in this case, though he paid his loss like a man. To his dying day he occasionally urged the secretary of the company to find it out, promising to give all that could be recovered of his loss to charity. It never was found out; but the discovery of the methods used by the same party in 1868 in the S. D. Bailey case, hereinafter related, showed how this matter was undoubtedly managed.

#### THE CLEOMENES CASE.

In 1854, a Nantucket shipmaster whom we will call Captain D. bought for a small sum an old unseaworthy bark called the *Don Juan*. There being then no marine insurance offices for covering hulls in San Francisco, he wrote to a friend in Valparaiso, who procured for him a \$15,000 policy in the Lloyds of that city. He sailed for that port in ballast, himself going as master, and

keeping well in shore, till he reached the latitude of Cape San Lucas. The vessel began to leak, without any apparent cause. She was set on fire and abandoned, the crew reaching La Paz after a couple of days in the boats. Captain D. proved his loss by a protest made to suit his interests, and recovered his whole insurance without trouble.

With the proceeds he established a ship chandlery store in San Francisco, from which a few years later he supplied the British schooner *Osprey*,—the vessel that achieved notoriety during the celebrated Tichborne trial in England, she having carried the missing heir to Sydney. The bills not being paid, Captain D. libeled the *Osprey* and obtained a small judgment against her. She was duly advertised at marshal's sale to satisfy the judgment, but on the night preceding the sale she sunk at her anchor in the harbor, and of course sold as a wreck for a mere song. Captain D. was the buyer. The leak, due to an auger hole under her quarter, was readily found and stopped by a diver, and in a week she was raised, pumped out, and alongside a wharf ready for business.

Success twice achieved made Captain D. bold. About 1858 he bought for \$1,200 a twenty-year-old teak-built British bark of two hundred tons, formerly a Ganges pilot boat, which he renamed *Cleomenes*. She was a sound, staunch vessel, but too small for the foreign trade; and being foreign, was prohibited by the navigation laws from all coasting voyages within the United States. After a few unprofitable coal freights from Nanaimo, and an unlucky whaling voyage, she proved herself an elephant on her owner's hands. So in 1861 he insured her and her lumber cargo for \$5,000 each, in the California Mutual Marine Insurance Company of San Francisco, in a New York company, and in the Valparaiso Lloyds, each company being ignorant of any other insurance, and supposing itself alone to have the

whole risk for as much as it was worth. The bark sailed for Puget Sound in May, loaded her lumber, and left for Valparaiso, where her owner gave out that she was to be sold.

But in August her master and mate arrived from La Paz, Lower California, in the bark E. A. Rawlins, bringing news of the total loss and abandonment of the *Cleomenes* in a heavy gale, and of the escape of the crew after ten days exposure in the boats; also that the crew would arrive per bark *Maria*, due at San Francisco in about ten days. The master noted and extended his protest, swearing that continued bad weather (in August!) had caused the vessel to leak; that for several days the water gained in spite of continual pumping, and jettison of the deck-load, etc. The owner, Captain D., seemed to be in excellent humor when presenting his claim for a total loss to the "California" office.

But unfortunately for him, two of the crew of the *Cleomenes* had also come into port on the E. A. Rawlins. These men having been refused their wages by the owner, forthwith hunted up the insurers, and told a very different story.

They were taken before the United States Grand Jury, then in session, who found a true bill against the owner, master, and mate for conspiracy to defraud underwriters by the willful destruction of a vessel upon the high seas, the punishment wherefor is ten years in the State prison. The parties were thereupon all arrested, and put under bonds to stand trial.

The *Maria* being telegraphed on time, the United States marshal boarded her in the lower bay, and took out of her the remaining seven of the *Cleomenes's* crew, all of whom corroborated the story of the first two. The entire crew were then conveyed to a retired boarding house up town, and kept there in charge of a deputy marshal, and at underwriters' expense, while waiting to testify at the

trial. At that time Hon. M. H. Allister was United States Circuit Judge. He was afflicted with softening of the brain, and pending his long and finally fatal illness these men were detained nine months. At last Judge Hoffman, his associate, ordered the case to trial before himself and a jury.

The trial lasted a week. The first day was consumed in the impanelment of a jury. Doctor Rabe was then marshal,—a fiery, quick-tempered, but honest man, and he had summoned twenty-four of the first merchants of the city. But on examination every one of these was excused or challenged by the defense. A new venire was ordered. Henry Johnson, the pioneer detective, who was a deputy marshal, was sent to issue the summons. Strange to say, every man he notified turned out to be a saloon keeper, and swore he did not know Captain D., though he was so good a customer to them all that he died of delirium tremens a year or so later. From these the jury was soon selected, and the trial proceeded.

The late Hall McAllister defended the accused. The late William N. Sharp was the United States District Attorney, and conducted the prosecution. A prominent criminal lawyer had been engaged to assist him and his whole fee paid in advance, but after the first half day he refused to go on with the case, though he forgot to refund the fee or give any reason for his conduct.

The evidence was entirely circumstantial, but thoroughly conclusive. All the crew, including the second mate, who was an intelligent young man, swore to the same facts. It was shown that the master had bought in Port Townsend an auger too large to go into the tool chest, and it was therefore stowed in the mate's berth; that the master had told the pilot in Puget Sound "that the bark would never return to those waters, for she would be sold to the underwriters this voyage"; that the vessel had been



steered upon a reef near Neah, Bay by daylight, and had struck once or twice, but, being very strong and sound, had gone over the rocks without damage; whereupon the master had grumbled because "the bloody old hooker had n't stuck there"; that during the voyage the two boats had been overhauled, fitted with sails, water-casks, and lockers; that the weather had been fine and sea smooth all the voyage; that, on the day preceding the abandonment, the master and mate had removed the cabin table, to reach a run-hatchway under it; that they took into the run that big auger and other tools, and pounded at something for a couple of hours, during which the mate came on deck and made a plug that would fit a hole made by that auger; that on sounding the pumps as usual at four o'clock that afternoon, three feet of water were found in the well; that the crew pumped all night without orders from the master or mate, keeping the water from rising until midnight, when the mate again visited the run, where he was heard pounding for a while, after which the water gained upon the pumps so as to be eight feet deep by daylight; that the master kept the cook busy all night boiling beef and pork to provision the boats, but gave no orders about finding or stopping the leak; that after breakfast next morning he ordered the men into the boats, which were towed astern, while he and the mate cut the rigging, dumped the slush barrel among the ropes and sails in the fore-hatch, and set the vessel on fire, after which they entered the boats and reached the coast in *twenty-four hours*, thus proving the bark to have been at least 500 miles to the eastward of her proper course to Valparaiso.

The motive was also proved in the three insurances, aggregating three times the value of the vessel, freight, and cargo, and effected so far apart that neither of the insurers might learn the existence of other insurance. The unprofitable-

ness of the vessel, either to use or to sell, was likewise proven. The defense had nothing to offer except objections and technicalities. Yet that jury acquitted all the defendants in just fifteen minutes! Judge Hoffman always remembered that case as the one in which the jury was packed on him, a rare incident in that court.

Captain D. then brought suit to recover on his policies, but he died before it came to trial, and the suit was discontinued.

#### THE TRANSPORT CASE.

During the ante-railroad period on this Coast the great monopoly in interior transportation was the California Steam Navigation Company, which combined in one management all the river steamboats. To run opposition to this great corporation was a favorite speculation with boatmen that were not in the ring, some of whom were continually starting some cheap craft at low rates, in the hope of being bought off at big prices. One Charles Jamesworth, having a capital of \$500, undertook to build a boat for this purpose at Puget Sound. She was 160 feet long, 25 feet wide, and 7 feet deep, sharp at both ends with flat floor and square knuckles, without a bolt or knee, hog frame or other stiffening, and merely spiked together. Her deck beams extended beyond the hull to form the guards. While the carpenters were busy on this unique structure, Jamesworth went to San Francisco, and bought on credit a worn-out mill boiler, and from the late L. L. Treadwell, who had for many years been prominent as a dealer in iron, a pair of small, old-fashioned, high pressure engines, for which \$2,800 was agreed to be paid. But when these purchases arrived at Puget Sound, the carpenters had struck for non-payment of their wages, and the vessel, then planked and decks laid, was covered with liens for labor and material. Treadwell was in a fair way to lose his engines.

He was then insolvent, and with the help of his lawyer at Port Townsend it did not take him long to devise a scheme, not only to save his machinery, but to realize a handsome profit out of the Navigation Company, if he could bring the Transport to San Francisco, and out of the underwriters, if he could not. He bought up the liens at twenty-five cents on the dollar. He launched the vessel, borrowed two masts that had been made for a much larger craft, and some old schooner sails that did not fit. He put on two great lee-boards, which were hung on blunt bolts, without nuts or keys to hold them. A second-hand steamboat wheel was rigged on the tiller, so large that there was no room for it to work beneath the quarter-rails. He then loaded her with lumber, and she sailed for San Francisco in November, 1866, about the beginning of the season for southerly gales.

Meantime Treadwell applied for all the insurance he could get in San Francisco. At that time the insurance companies had no surveyors at Puget Sound. They therefore relied wholly on his description of the risk, which he gave in glowing colors; not knowing that in such case a policy is voided by misdescription. "She was built on a regular sea-going model,—round bottom like the George S. Wright; she was as strong as wood and iron could make her; she had cost \$25,000, and would sail Sept. 1st, before there would be any danger from bad weather." So three companies took \$20,000 on the risk at regular rates, supposing it a good business, in accordance with their principle of encouraging ship building on the Pacific Coast.

But about the middle of November the telegraph reported the Transport as having put into Victoria disabled. An underwriters' survey declared her utterly unseaworthy for any voyage. She had no sooner felt the sea-way than her seams opened, one lee-board had dropped off, admitting the water through the

bolt-holes, her deck had started up, she was full of water, she would not steer, and her masts were out of all proportion to the hull. Moreover, her entire cost to Treadwell had not exceeded \$6,000.

The captain, however, a veteran whaler named Sands, called a consular survey, on which some friends of his were appointed; and these merely recommended repairs, and that the vessel proceed to sea in tow of a tug as far as Cape Flattery. Captain Sands followed this advice at the risk of his life. For hardly had the tug cast her off than the Transport was caught in a terrific southwester. Being entirely unmanageable, she drifted, and was at once broken to pieces on the lee shore of Vancouver's Island, the crew with great difficulty escaping through the surf, after breaking its edge by pouring oil upon the raging waters.

The California and Union Insurance companies, of course, repudiated the claim for such a loss as this, alleging over-valuation, over-insurance, misdescription, unseaworthiness, and falsification of the time of sailing. A suit followed. Hall McAllister and Henry E. Highton defended it. Casserly (late Senator) and W. H. L. Barnes prosecuted it. The trial was in the Twelfth District (State) Court, before Judge Sawyer, and lasted three weeks. No less than eighty-seven witnesses were examined, and models of the Transport and of the George S. Wright were exhibited to the jury. But no verdict was reached. After forty-eight hours of deliberation the jury, though every point of the defense was clearly proved, were ten to two for plaintiff. Before a new trial could be reached, Treadwell went into bankruptcy and shortly after died. His estate was administered by the late Joseph W. Stow, then a prominent merchant, and a man of broad intelligence, genial manners, wit, eloquence, and enterprise. With him the underwriters found no difficulty in procuring the dismissal of such a suit.



## THE SALLY CASE.

In 1867 the federal excise tax of \$2 per gallon on whisky, which was remitted in case of export of the liquor, suggested a speculation to an established house in San Francisco. Its object was a double fraud on the government and on underwriters. A small schooner called the Sally was laid on for Nicolaeffski in Siberia, via Victoria. She took on board 16,000 gallons of whisky out of bond, and of course free of the tax. The hold was then nearly stowed with whisky casks, filled with salt water, which were represented to the underwriters to be full of liquors for the Russian market. She was to fill up at Victoria with case goods for the same destination. On this supposed valuable cargo insurances were effected in the sum of \$100,000, and the vessel sailed.

A few weeks afterward she was found washed ashore, bottom up, near Santa Cruz, with several auger holes in plain sight. The casks full of salt water were all aboard, but no liquors of any kind, and the crew had disappeared. Of course, the auger holes and the salt water contents of the casks indicated a fraud of some kind. The underwriters, therefore, offered a reward of \$1,000 for such evidence as would prove the true history of the voyage. This was sufficient to tempt the cook, who gave information as follows:—

On leaving San Francisco the Sally proceeded to Drake's Bay, a few miles to the northward of her port of departure, where she landed and stowed in a cave the 16,000 gallons of whisky, which was to be smuggled back to San Francisco in fishing-boats, from time to time, thus saving \$32,000 in duties. She then sailed to the southwestward, and when off San Francisco holes were bored in her bottom, and the crew put off in the boat, arriving at night and quietly dispersing,—each man being promised by the captain a handsome bonus on condition of the strictest se-

crecy. But the young captain in charge was apparently ignorant of the fact that a fir-built vessel, without ballast or cargo of greater specific gravity than water, will not sink! The Sally filled and capsized, but she remained afloat, and her unexpected stranding in an undamaged condition was what defeated the speculation.

No claim was ever made on the policies, but the government seized the whisky at Drake's Bay, and obtained a judgment of \$90,000 on the bond for export, and in penalties for violation of the revenue laws. The house failed. One of the partners died in an insane asylum, and the other shortly committed suicide.

## THE S. D. BAILEY CASE.

The last and probably the most ingenious unsuccessful fraud attempted on San Francisco underwriters, was organized in 1868 by the same man who had so adroitly pocketed \$50,000 in the Persevere Case, above related. He was then a merchant, but was now insolvent, and was ostensibly earning his living as a custom house broker. Owing to the suspicious loss of the Persevere, and to two equally mysterious fires in heavily insured stores formerly owned by him, he was black-listed in every insurance office in the city. In order, therefore, to succeed in another such speculation, he was aware of the necessity of keeping the *deus ex machina* out of sight.

In May, 1868, a schooner called the S. D. Bailey was laid on the berth for Victoria, V. I., in the regular line of Pickett & Harrison. She was commanded by a Captain Robbins, who had a good reputation in the lumber trade, the underwriters not having yet learned of his recent discharge from that employ, owing to habitual intoxication. The schooner filled up in a few days and sailed, some \$16,000 having been insured on cargo by several companies for regular shippers to Victoria, but not a dollar for the broker.

The usual summer passage for sailing vessels on that voyage is from two to three weeks; but at the end of a month nothing had been heard from the *S. D. Bailey*. Uneasiness on her account began to be felt, when the late Captain Joseph W. Williams, who had commanded a steamer on that route, called on the secretary of the Board of Marine Underwriters, and the following conversation ensued:—

Williams.—“Have you heard anything yet from the *S. D. Bailey*?”

Secretary.—“No; but she is a slow sailer, and perhaps has got too far off shore, or been becalmed. We are not alarmed about her as yet.”

Williams.—“Well, you never will hear from her!”

Secretary.—“Why not?”

Williams stooped and whispered the name of the dreaded broker in question.

Secretary (starting up).—“Why that man has insured nothing by that vessel! There is not an office in town that would take a risk for him, afloat or ashore!”

Williams.—“Nevertheless, that man is at the bottom of this business, and I tell you that schooner will never reach Victoria!”

He then proceeded to relate that a few days before the *Bailey* was hauled into her berth this broker had come to him, saying that he wished to buy that vessel, and had bargained for her at \$5000, but, being an unnaturalized foreigner, he could not hold an American bottom in his own name; that he had arranged with Captain Robbins to allow the use of his name as half owner, and he desired to put the other half in Williams's name. To this Williams consented, on condition that he should be held harmless for the vessel's bills, but he took no security to that effect, and now that he had been dunned for \$900 of her unpaid debts, he was bound to expose the transaction. He said that the broker had shipped on the *Bailey* seventy cases of what appeared to be foreign dry goods,

the bills of lading being in the names of other parties, and he believed that there was some big swindle being perpetrated at the underwriters' expense.

On this hint instant measures were taken to ferret out the true inwardness of the case. Letters were written to all the marine offices in the world, inquiring what insurances they were carrying on the cargo of the *S. D. Bailey*. The answers disclosed \$70,000 insurance in Europe, all payable to a house in Hamburg, one of whose partners was a cousin of our broker, and \$30,000 in New York, payable to a house in that city. These policies were all on dry goods shipped by steam from Hamburg and New York, respectively, via Panama, with liberty of transshipment at San Francisco by sail or steam. Of course, the goods, not being intended for sale at San Francisco, were not examined by the custom house, but were sent to the unclaimed warehouse, from which they were shipped on board the *S. D. Bailey*.

The next step was to advertise the schooner as a runaway, by circular addressed to every American consul and underwriters' agent on the Pacific.

Meantime, the six months rolled around when, by custom, losses on missing vessels in the coasting trade became payable. About that time telegraphic dispatches from New York announced the arrest of Captain Robbins, at the instance of the American Consul General at Port Nelson, New Zealand, on the charges of running away with his vessel, altering her name at sea to the *Polly*, forging a false clearance and register and power of attorney to sell her, and fraudulently selling her and her cargo for £800. The dispatch also stated that he had left part of her cargo in charge of the solitary inhabitant of Fanning's Island, on the Equator. By a steamer arriving from Auckland, a few days later, two of the crew of the *S. D. Bailey* were passengers, who at once



sought the underwriters and confirmed the telegram in every particular.

The course for the underwriters to pursue thereupon became self-evident.

The clipper pilot boat Fanny was at once dispatched to Fanning's Island in command of Captain Thomas, with orders to bring to San Francisco all the goods left by the Bailey. He returned after an absence of sixty days with the greater part of the seventy cases, all of which were found filled with rubbish of every description, most ingeniously packed so as to pass for dry goods. But several of them had been shipped by Robbins' order to Honolulu, by a trading schooner, and these, containing a fag-end assortment of shop-worn and damaged fancy goods, had been opened and advertised at auction, when the arrival of the circular above mentioned caused their delivery to the underwriters' agent at Honolulu.

The plan of the fraud was now apparent. The broker had undoubtedly arranged with Captain Robbins, while in his usual muddled condition when ashore, to scuttle the schooner at sea, promising him a fat fee, or a share in the profits in case of success. But when the captain had got his sea legs on and his head clear, he probably preferred the sure appropriation of the whole to his own sole use, at the risk only of State prison if caught, to the portion he was promised by a man he could not trust, at the risk of his neck if he willfully destroyed a vessel for the purpose of defrauding the insurers. So he altered the plan by running off to New Zealand. He calculated shrewdly, for though he was arrested he got off through *habeas corpus* before papers could be prepared for his extradition, and with his £800 he disappeared to parts unknown.

Meanwhile our cunning broker, being in ignorance of what the local underwriters were doing, presented his proofs of loss for certification to the agents of the European and New York insurers.

They comprised a perfect set of invoices, describing in detail over \$100,000 worth of dry and fancy goods, as the contents of the seventy cases. But the agents did not certify his claim. Not only so, they told him the reason why! He at once filed his petition in bankruptcy, showing debts of \$100,000, assets, *nil*, and fled to Peru, supposing himself in imminent danger of State prison. Of course, nothing more was heard of his claim.

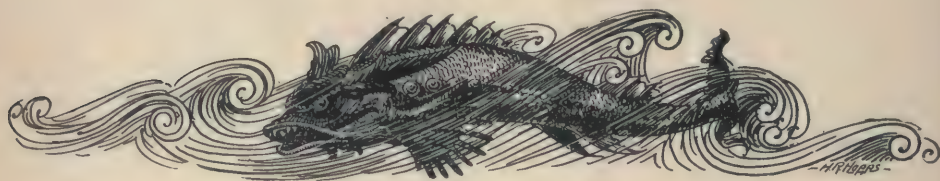
Yet, had he consulted his lawyer instead of his conscience, he need not have left the jurisdiction. On consultation with the late Judge Hoffman, of the United States District Court, and the United States and County District Attorneys, the underwriters were informed that the arrest of the broker would be illegal, and probably followed by an action for damages for false imprisonment. No charge could be sustained against him, under any Federal or State statute. If charged with conspiracy, the scene thereof must have been in Hamburg and New York, and beyond the jurisdiction of San Francisco courts. An action for conspiracy could not be against one man; there must be two or more. If his co-conspirators were in Germany or New York, or New Zealand, they could not be reached by our process. If charged with obtaining money under false pretenses, he had obtained no money from anybody; but if he had, it would have been received in Germany or New York, and outside of our jurisdiction. Moreover, he was not the insured, and it would be very difficult to prove that he was either the schemer or the beneficiary, when all the papers were in the names of other parties, whose innocent agent he would undoubtedly claim to be.

Fortunately for the underwriters, to whom the law is usually a terror instead of a protection, the friends of our broker and of the fine family he had deserted in his flight did not think of taking

legal advice before offering, as the implied condition of his non-prosecution, to buy the seventy cases and their contents at a price equal to the losses paid to third parties by reason of the barratry, plus the cost of the Fanning expedition. "It goes without saying" that this offer was not declined. The only point in the bargain on which the minds of the parties did not meet, but which did not prevent its execution, was that the friends thought they paid for compounding a felony, while the underwriters knew there was none to compound!

In justice to the memory of the late Michael Reese, whose gifts while alive were generally supposed to be "nothing to nobody," be it here recorded that notwithstanding his firm conviction that he had lost his \$10,000 by the fraud of this same man in the Persevere case, he contributed \$1,000 to prevent the disgrace to wife and children by the supposed impending conviction of the husband and father. "All's well that ends well," but

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men  
Aft gang a-gle."



### NIGHT ON THE CLIFF.

PUSHES the bold, strong tide high over the sheer, rough ledges,  
Stand the brave seas on the rocks all red with the sun's parting glow,  
Cold, fine spray in the air fast dimming the crag's sharp edges,  
Lifting like smoke from the boom of the great wave-cannon below.

Rises the calm, fair moon, white ruler of turbulent ocean,  
Bends her proud form in response to that far-sounding thunder of praise,  
Steps, silver-sandalled, where seas writhe in wildest commotion,  
Smiles at the foam-shrouded waters that follow her down through the days.

Safe are we here on the cliff; but ah! the mad shatter and crashing  
Brings the chill tremor of fear, the short, hard, shuddering breath,  
Look, oh, God, look beneath us! How fearful the tumult, the lashing,—  
Lashing of crazed, hungry billows that clamor for terror and death!

*Herbert Bashford.*



## A QUEER CASE.

HE WAS labeled in that manner by the world in general. His mother said, bitterly, that if he were peculiar he was thoroughly consistent, and meant to keep up his reputation for being so to the end. The members of his family were unanimous in using a more uncomplimentary epithet when they spoke of his conduct, but they considerably refrained from the indulgence when they sympathized with his mother. His course had been a hard trial to her. What aggravated matters, in her opinion, was that in all respects save one he exhibited the most praiseworthy worldly sense. A successful business man and a dutiful son of exemplary habits, how he could be these, and remain so lacking in sense on one point, she could not understand.

When he first began to notice the pretty girl who lived next door she was a little jealous, as mothers are apt to be. After he told her that he was engaged to be married, there evolved from her former jealousy a great anxiety for his happiness. She felt it to be a trial when she tied her bonnet strings preparatory to making her first call on her neighbor in the new relation of prospective mother-in-law. In certain respects this marriage meant that she would have to give up her boy. Of course, when she thought of the future as an indefinite quantity, she desired him to marry. She would have denied indignantly the imputation that she wished him to remain single in order to add to her own comfort. But it was hard to realize that the vague future which enveloped that event had become the actual present. She was young, comparatively speaking, and she foresaw a vista of dreary years when she would fill a second place in her son's heart.

As the two women sat opposite one

another during the rather formal call, a host of forebodings weighed heavily on the mother's heart.

"I must try to make the best of it, but she will ride over us rough-shod," was her inward comment.

One morning her son paused before he said goodby for the day. When he had anything unpleasant to say, he always chose this time for it, as she well knew. It might be called lack of moral courage, but it was rather from a desire to avoid wounding a loving heart.

"My marriage will take place in two weeks," he said. "You needn't worry about the house not being in readiness, for Angie will leave for Germany immediately after the ceremony."

"Angie will leave?" repeated his mother. "Do you not intend to accompany your wife?"

"No. She is anxious to finish her musical education, and will remain abroad a year."

Mrs. Houston was too amazed to reply, and her son endeavored to relieve the awkwardness of the situation by giving her a kiss, with the remark, "So you'll have me all to yourself for a while longer."

Although this was precisely the state of things that she had thought, hitherto, would be desirable, she was decidedly dissatisfied. Reflection made her inwardly furious; but she was too wise to offer any opposition. Experience had taught her that it would be useless to attempt to turn her son from his purpose, once his mind was made up.

"She has played her first card!" she exclaimed. It was her summing up.

The wedding made a little stir among their immediate friends. It was a singular proceeding; no one present had ever known of a similar case. The bride

was an orphan who had been living on the charity of relatives. They were glad to be relieved of the burden. If the marriage were a queer one, why, it was nothing to them.

Afterwards, things went on much as before, except that the mother chafed under the thought of the money which was forwarded to the absent wife. She waited, apparently with patience, until the year was past, and then the son became aware that his mother meant to open an attack in the way of pointed remarks, which made it plain to him that she regarded his wife's longer stay as inexcusable.

Six months passed, and still Mrs. Arthur Houston said nothing about returning. Mrs. Houston, senior, began to wonder whether the girl ever really intended to return, when one evening her son came home with such a look on his face that she knew at once something had happened.

"I am going to Berlin," he said.

"To bring your wife home?"

"I cannot tell."

There was such a troubled look with this answer that she forebore to question him further. She heard from him but once, a brief note telling her on what date he would sail for New York, but making no reference to his wife. This omission she regarded as ominous, which impression increased with every reading of his hastily penned note. It was written at a standing desk in a railroad depot, he said, and she fancied he took that time and place that its brevity might seem a necessity. As her forebodings crystalized, Mrs. Houston became almost positive that his wife would not return with him, and she was not surprised when he arrived alone.

"Angie,—" he began, and then paused as if he could not go on.

"Is not coming." His mother finished the sentence for him.

"She will never come back, mother. She has found that she does not love me

as a wife should,—you know my relationship to her was really more that of a guardian than of a husband."

"I appreciate that fact," she dryly remarked. "Does she give only that as her reason?"

"Is not that reason enough? It is the truth."

"No, I do not believe it to be the whole truth," she replied coldly.

He saw that she would not be satisfied with this. With an effort he continued, "She has done no wrong. Our marriage was simply a convenience to enable her to finish her education. Through no fault of hers she now finds that she loves another, a musical student like herself. What could be more natural? They desire to marry. Do you suppose for one instant that I could permit her to make the sacrifice of returning to me, under these circumstances?"

"Sacrifice!" exclaimed his mother. "Arthur, how *can* you take her part still!"

"I took the chance that she would continue to care for me, when I consented to the conditions of our marriage. I have lost. I would never attempt to force love."

There was a pause, during which he studied her face. It was as stern as fate.

"It will be better, I think, for us to say nothing further about the matter, mother," he continued.

His voice had a calm steadiness that she knew accompanied his final word on any subject.

From other channels Mrs. Houston heard that her daughter-in-law had procured a divorce and married again. Then she heard nothing for a long time. San Francisco is so far from the center of Europe. She began to hope that her son would forget his hard experience and marry again. It required a revolution to bring her to this way of thinking, for she had always been bitterly prejudiced against divorce. When applied to her own, however, her views appeared



strangely unjust. For the world in general it would be best to follow them, but certainly, in her son's case, an exception should be made. He was now twenty-seven, quite a proper age, she thought, to take a wife. When she thought of his future, especially of that time which must come for her to leave him, she did not care so much about keeping the first place in his heart. In her heart of hearts she knew that she had lost it forever on the day when he first saw his wife.

The news that her son's former wife and her husband were living in San Francisco gave Mrs. Houston an unpleasant shock. She wondered how they expected to make a living. Teaching music was not very remunerative when girls with comfortable homes underbid regular teachers, in order to augment their stock of pin-money. She had seen the husband and did not think much of him; a dreamy looking German who wore his hair in an abnormally high pompadour, which gave an habitual scared expression to his delicate features. How Providence could see fit to entrust the care of a child to such people she could not understand.

Her son was most unresponsive to these speculations, which but increased her suspicion that he was rendering them pecuniary aid. How else could they tide through the long summer, when the lesson-taking part of the community went to the country *en masse*?

When at length the sickly professor fell ill with pneumonia and died, vague suspicion became conviction.

"What does Angie know about rearing a child?" Arthur replied to his mother's implied accusations.

It was an evasive answer, yet seemed to be made in extenuation of his supposed assistance to them.

After successive struggles his mother brought the possibility of their re-marriage before her mind as a probable event. She kept herself in a state of readiness to receive such news at any

time. What could be more likely than that Angie now appreciated the worth of the man whom she had thrown away? Faithfulness had always been a strong characteristic of her son; an attribute which had formerly been her boast, but which now became a matter of regret. But she assumed her martyr-like position in vain. The years rolled by and nothing of the sort happened. Angie taught music, sang in church, and with the help of an occasional concert or funeral managed to make both ends meet. People thought she was an embittered, disappointed woman. In her life a little talent had proved a dangerous thing. So she struggled along, and would have denied indignantly the imputation that Arthur contributed to her support. Yet it was undeniable that mother and daughter enjoyed many luxuries which their slender income could not cover. With the exception of a casual meeting now and then on the street, he never saw her; he was too careful of her reputation for that.

As the daughter grew to womanhood her mother strained every nerve to make her musical education as complete as possible. To her great delight, Freda's voice satisfied even her expectations. All the thwarted ambition of the mother's own life centered itself in that of her child. She could hardly control her impatience for the brilliant future she felt sure was in store for Freda; but one day something happened which threw her plans into chaos. To her great dismay and annoyance the mother fell ill. At first she refused to admit that such was the case. She desired to be well, and by sheer force of will she meant to be; but the disease was as irresistible as the rise of the tides. She was furiously desperate when she at length realized that she was powerless to check its course, and her fretting hastened the end.

Toward the last she grew more quiet. A strange light of exultation burned in

her eyes, and she died quite reconciled to go, they thought.

The day after the funeral, Arthur Houston told his mother that he wished to have a talk with her on a matter of grave importance.

"I daresay the step I have taken will not meet with your approval."

He paused but she did not speak. She had been for so long in a state of receptibility for the news of his re-marriage with Angie, that she was too bewildered to surmise what this unexpected step.

"I,— I never intended to marry —"

His mother gasped. "You don't mean to tell me you *are* married!"

"Yes, I was married to Freda von Altung a week ago."

"Don't take it so hard, mother," he said, as she continued to stare at him in a horror-stricken way. "It is only a marriage in name. I have told you that, otherwise, I should never have married again; so it will make no difference in my life, and it gave so much happiness and comfort to the woman I loved. Freda left today for Germany to study for the operatic stage. In all probability, as she is very ambitious, she would not have married any one else —"

"You mean that her mother did not

wish her to do so. She knew that to be successful she ought not to, and she knew, also—"

"Angie is dead, mother. Don't say anything unkind of her."

The protest was unavailing.

"Yes, she is dead," his mother replied, "but she left enough of her baleful influence behind her to warp the remainder of your life and mine."

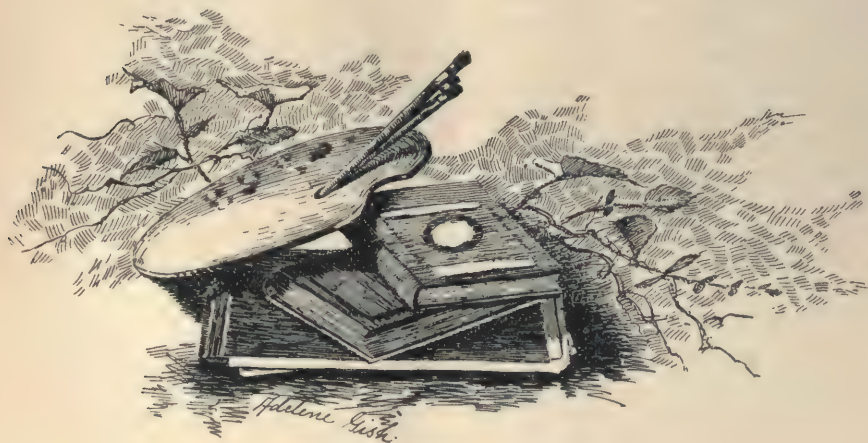
Her son looked pained, but made no reply.

"Why could n't you have paid Freda's tuition without desecrating the marriage relation? I understand you might have married some one else; or you might die and a ward might be left penniless, where the law would provide for a wife. Besides, were she your ward, the world would insinuate that she was your daughter and disagreeable doubts of her birth would arise. Furthermore, she is prevented from spoiling her artistic career by a premature marriage with anyone else. Oh, what an ingenious net to bind you in!"

Without a word he left the room.

"What folly!" she cried, striking her hands together in a frenzy. "O, that he could see things for one moment as I do!"

*Elizabeth S. Bates.*





## THE CRUISE OF THE YACHT CHISPA.



FTEN they had talked about it, and postponed it from week to week, as is usual with anything the Secretary has anything to do with; but the cruise was really to be an accomplished fact. At last they met at the ferry — actually met. For once the half-

members of the expedition did not have any nautical swagger or roll, and did not look as if a pump would be necessary to get the bilge water out of their boots. The Reporter wore a billycock hat; the Editor a straw one that had borne the heat of several summers; the Secretary, the only one he had; the Granger, an imported one from Fresno; the Photographer had the cap to his lens, and the Commodore, a hat won on an election bet, bought in advance. They had also,



"ALL HANDS SIGNED ARTICLES ONCE MORE."

past two Sausalito boat did not go at two; for once everyone came who had agreed to; everybody had brought fifteen cents for ferry fare, and trusted to the Commodore for the rest. The

by the way, the usual assortment of clothes, as well as overcoats for the Sausalito climate.

The perils of the channel were safely overcome by the ferry boat, and the party

landed at the foreign settlement of Sausalito, where the Boatkeeper was waiting in the yawl. The gripsacks and all hands were taken aboard, and after safely "crossing the line," between a pile-driver and the wharf, the crew of the yawl pulled towards the Chispa. The tide was, of course, running the wrong way, as it always does at Sausalito, and between the strong current and the Commodore's steering, the Boatkeeper had a hard time of it. All hands helped him by encouraging words, and after the Commodore had been prevailed upon to stop steering, the yacht was finally reached.

In a few minutes a wonderful change had come over the whole party in the matter of costume. The Granger looked like a stage pirate; the Reporter, like an Arctic whaler; the Photographer, like a Whitehall waterman; the Editor, like a thwart-hawse jockey; the Commodore, like a marine underwriter; and the Secretary, dressed up in the Commodore's dogskins, like a yachtsman; he afterwards proved his right to the title by being unable to distinguish between the jib-downhaul and the jib-out-haul.

After a good deal of bustle, confusion, and "hollering," on the part of the crew, and some work on the part of the Boatkeepers, the Chispa started off before the wind, with the Granger at the helm. All hands then went below to sign articles for the cruise; it was found that the only "articles" aboard were in a decanter and in the sideboard. These being produced, a Chispa toddy was compounded, the Commodore made a sign, said "goodby"; all followed his motions, and the formalities of shipping were over. As mutinies occurred several times on the voyage, the crew had to be reshipped periodically, with the same ceremony and formality. After the first time this was done in the open air, and the special artist has made a picture of the operation.

Suddenly the Commodore concluded he would like a picture of the Chispa, and wanted her "on the wind." The Editor said he could not see how they could get her "on the wind," but he was told he was neither a photographer nor a yachtsman, and must n't make comments.

The operation of getting her "by the wind" was performed without jibing, though the Reporter criticized the process, and said he always jibed when he was sailing. The Granger wanted the sails "pruned," but the Photographer said on the Esmeralda they always "trimmed them," and that the Granger must be thinking of a vineyard, not a yacht. So the order was given to "trim aft," and "flatten in the sheets." The Editor thought a flatiron was needed for this maneuver, but was told the difference between the main-sheet and the main-sail. Then he said if the rope was the sheet, he did n't see how it could be flattened without spoiling it. The Commodore ordered a "small pull on the main-sheet," and all hands tailed on in such a manner that he said it was well done, and the smallest pull he had ever seen. When he sang out, "Take a turn!" the Reporter said there was n't room enough, but it was found that he was thinking of his feet in relation to the size of the deck, and did n't know about the cleat.

When the yacht was at last on her course, all hands signed articles once more.

On consulting the Coast Survey tide tables, it was found that it was now ebb tide in the demijohn; would continue to run out for two days, and would finish with a "long low."

The Photographer having finally arranged his camera took the accompanying picture of the yacht. It is not necessary to explain how this was done, as anything is now possible in photography, and everybody knows all about it. The Granger wanted to see the picture right



off, but the Photographer explained about developing, etc., which was unsatisfactory to the Granger, who did n't believe the picture had been taken, anyhow.

Then the Commodore said he wanted "his picture taken" at the wheel. This

with scorn, and boldly took the spokes.

Everybody put on life preservers in case of accident, and as soon as the sailors realized the situation, they ran to the main and jib sheet cleats and stood ready to cast off, holding only a single turn. Each wished he had taken



THE PICTURE THE GRANGER WANTED TO SEE RIGHT OFF.

was dangerous, but as the yacht was his, nobody could well object. He was reminded that nobody ever saw him at the wheel, that he would n't look natural there, that he did n't know how to work it, that he would capsize the yacht, etc., but he treated these suggestions

out an accident policy. The Commodore, though a little nervous, stood firm at the wheel, and the whole crew urged the Photographer to hurry up and get it over as soon as possible. The *Chispa* seemed to realize her danger and ran straight along in the wind's eye, paying



THE COMMODORE.

no attention whatever to the irregular motion of the helm.

All this took time, and when the Commodore left the wheel the anxiety was over. Passing through Raccoon Straits the yacht sped rapidly over the water.

"See her forge ahead," said the Reporter.

"Forge," said the Editor, "do you take this for a blacksmith shop? That's not nautical."

"Stand by to take in the jib," said the Granger.

"Let the Secretary do that," said the Commodore. "Perhaps he'll find out then what the downhaul is for; he seems to have forgotten."

The Secretary said, yes, he had, perhaps, but he was sure the Commodore never knew.

When Quarry Cove was reached, the jib came down hard, but the anchor went down easily. The sails were furled and fishing lines got ready. The bait

was hunted up, and the Secretary said he knew this was n't a keel boat, for there was "scent aboard." (The shrimps had spoiled.) The Editor was surprised that there was a cent aboard when there were so many newspaper men on the cruise. In this conversation the fact was brought out that the Editor was developing a joke, involving the use of the words "cruise" and "crews," but as he saved it for "rejected mss." in the *Times*, on the ground that he could n't spare such things in private, the crew never learned the result. This reminded the Secretary of a conundrum as to what was the first of all trips mentioned in the bible, and on his replying "The widow's cruse," a dead silence fell on the party and they began to fish.

But the "finny denizens of the deep," as the Reporter called them, had evidently heard all about it, and were so convulsed with laughter (in their sleeves) that they had no opportunity for the more serious business of impaling themselves upon the hooks that dangled so temptingly in their presence. The Secretary caught the first fish,—it was blind. Then he hauled up another,—deaf and dumb. While envy, like a sal-low jade, sat upon the countenances of the other fishers, this piscatorial prodigy, this Izaak Walton of the deep, this drawer-up of leviathans, hauled forth a third codling, which had been born an idiot, and had never considered it worth while to be otherwise.

About this time the Photographer wanted to know if there might not, perchance, be a Jonah aboard; but he refrained from pressing the question upon observing the significant glances which the others were casting upon him.

Presently the Editor began to haul in his line, remarking in a voice that was distinctly heard in Tiburon, where it was mistaken for the curlew's mournful yawp, "I've got one, I've got him!"

"Got them, you mean," said the Reporter.



"No! No!" cried the Editor. "A fish, a real denizen of the deep, one of the finny tribe. Oh, joy! Oh——" A cat-fish leaped grinning into the yacht.

And so they fished, and fished, and fished, until the Granger caught a young and melancholy rock-cod of the male kind, who being disappointed in his love for a soft-shell crab, had resolved on suicide. It was the Granger's hook that suicided him.

The Photographer got tired of waiting for bites and began to haul in his line. As the hook divested of bait (eaten off by the "hungry, cruel rocks,") came up, a rock-cod hurrying home from a deep sea frolic with the seals outside the Heads ran athwart the ascending line, and before the poor fish realized his danger, he was hooked in the eye. The Photographer insisted that it was a fair catch, claiming that the fish had first swallowed the baited

hook, and finding the shrimp in the last stages of consumption, had thrown him forth again, and then in rage at his disappointment tried to butt his brains out with his snout, missing his aim and eying the hook in more senses than that of regarding it otherwise than with favor. This fable was generally discredited, and very properly, considering the fact that the Photographer is a "risky" individual, whose assurance is only limited by the capital stock of the insurance company in whose interests he is involved.

This ended the fishing episode.

The Secretary said it was the tide.

The Reporter said it was the bait.

The Photographer said it was the ground swell.

The Granger said it was the profanity.

The Editor said it was the constant striking of seven bells.



"AND SO THEY FISHED, AND FISHED, AND FISHED."



"SHOOTING THE GOVERNMENT."

The Commodore said it was the worst he had ever seen.

The Commodore was sorry that he had warned his guests to the effect "who catcheth no fish eateth no supper," for behold, it was the Commodore himself who must pay the penalty if it should be enforced,—which it was n't.

"Heave up the anchor," shouted the Granger, and the Reporter immediately wanted to know if the granger thought they were ostriches sick at the stomach, but no one seemed to pay any attention to this weird attempt to perpetrate a double-ender. The anchor watch stood by, and the anchor came a fluking, rising out of the sea like Venus from the foam, dripping wet and muddy withal. The gallant *Chispa* then bore away on the weather tack, gradually getting the gage of the wind, and coming about like a country young man courting his first love. The Granger was at the wheel, and all hands went forward to take a squint at the weather. It was found to be as well as could be expected, a little muggy over the lee quarter, but as clear as one of the Secretary's jokes abaft the

binnacle, which, by the way, had been elegantly biffed by the Commodore in honor of the occasion. The course of the *Chispa* was laid N. N. E. by N., and it was such plain sailing that the Secretary was allowed to monkey with the wheel.

"See how she heels," murmured the Editor, as the yacht came about on the other tack.

"This is not a shoe shop; we are not cobbling crispins careening o'er the bounding billows," sneered the Reporter.

"We're awl aboard, anyhow," retorted the Granger.

"But we're not pirates seeking booty on the high seas," argued the Photographer.

"Who's a Pirate sea-king?" inquired the Commodore, and this one settled the business. The *Chispa* began to tremble like a thing of life; she shivered in every timber, and lurched to port in such a helpless, disheartened, disgusted manner that all hands instinctively rushed for the jolly boat.

"Let go on the spanker boom—brace



up there, ye lubbers, don't ye see we're left if she don't right?" yelled the Secretary.

"Dinner is ready, sir," the Cook remarked in a cool, calm voice, and the watch immediately went below.

Dinner was indeed ready, and such a dinner! The beef was superb, and the fish—the rock-cod—but where did they come from? They were not caught by those who sat down to eat them. Quiet inquiry, by each of the party individually instigated, developed the fact that Sailor Ike had pulled them out from under the bow of the boat, while the experts were fooling around in the cock-pit.

"As I was saying—" remarked the Granger.

"Sail ho!" sung out the man at the wheel.

"Where away?" shouted the Reporter, with his mouth full of rice and potato.

"Close hauled on the weather bow," replied the helmsman, who had mistaken the voice for that of the Granger, or the Commodore, or the Secretary, or the other yachtsman.

"How d'ye make her out?" inquired the Editor, reaching for the bread.

"A fore an' after with 'a quint to stab'rd, sir."

"Any flies on her?" asked the Photographer.

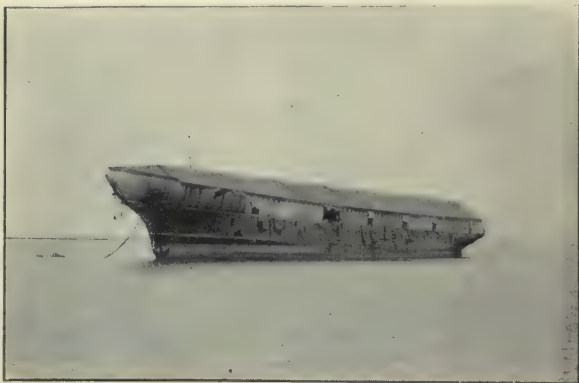
"I can't see any flies, sir, she's too low down in the offing," said the Boat-keeper, "but she's hoisted a flyin' jib, if that's what you mean." At this sally the Commodore sallied on deck, where by the aid of his new telescope he "made her out" to be the Lolita.

Then began an exciting chase. All hands were tumbled up at the rope's end to crack on all sail, and when all sail had been cracked on, the Chispa showed what was in her. There was a spanking breeze from the southwest, (McGinniss's piggery was in that direc-

tion,) and the trim little craft just walked the waters like a thing of life.

For two hours she made the foam fly in the wake of the Lolita, getting closer and closer at every lurch, until, as she passed Vallejo she passed the Lolita also. It was a glorious test of speed, and proved that the Chispa can sail in any sort of a wind, or without wind if need be. There may be owners of rival yachts who will doubt the fact, but there are affidavits to prove that the sweeps were not got out once during the chase.

As the Chispa yawed up in front of the Mare Island dock yards, the Com-



THE OLD HARTFORD.

modore announced that he was about to "Shoot the government a couple of times."

The din of guns returning the salute from the fleet had scarcely died away in sullen echoes from the broadside of the Benicia school-house when it was time to go below.

After a brief but inexpensive game of cards, the name of which is hereby omitted because the logger has forgotten it, and because everybody but the Granger and the Secretary came out losers, the crew turned in—all except the Photographer, who, when all the lights had been turned out began to monkey with his plates. He rattled the glassware with a vim worthy of a new

stoker in a three-for-two rotisserie, muttering the while between his clenched teeth the following formula :—

"Water, four ounces ; acetic acid, twenty minims ; pyrogallol, three-quarters of a grain."

"What's the matter with you?" shouted the Granger from the darkness of his bunk.

"Nothing," answered the Photographer. "I'm only reciting a little piece about purple tones. You see, when we want to obtain purple tones, it is customary to tone the plate before fixing with a solution of bichloride of palladium, and I have found a way of pro-

Gray dawn was breaking athwart the eastern sky as the Reporter tumbled on deck, clad in his *robe de nuit* and a seraphic smile. The old Hartford met his enraptured view.

Mounting the binnacle he apostrophized the old hulk as follows :—

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down ! Let her drift a hopeless wreck on the cruel rocks of political economy. Well did she brave the storm of shot and shell in Mobile Bay. (Was it in Mobile Bay ?) Sturdily did she breast the Mississippi's swelling tide with grim old Fort Jackson spewing death at every breath. Grandly did she bear old Far-



"WHEN HER DEAD EYE WAS IN A FINE FRENZY ROLLING."

ducing a brilliant purple tone during the development. The developer acts somewhat slower than iron and acetic acid, yet it proceeds gradually and rapidly. *Summum bonum est paradox.* It is quite important to get as near as possible the right exposure. After fixing in a hypo bath, one to six, the plate will have a beautiful purple tint, which is generally admired in transparencies and lantern slides. The formula which I was warbling—"

But his further discourse was lost in a unanimous snore.

What time the Photographer ceased his dark room operations is not known.

ragut aloft, lashed to the rigging of the maintop, directing the fleet, and shouting high above the roar of hell's dread artillery : 'Soc et tuum, ye tigers, wash 'em down, ye vamps !'"

What more the enthusiastic young orator would have said is a mystery, for the Secretary appeared just then on the poop deck, and made some reference to "rats" that infest the dockyards, whereupon the Reporter went below. Several bells had been struck when there came a hail from the Bear, and the Commodore, accompanied by the Photographer and the Editor, went on board the corvette, where they were courteously re-



ceived by Captain Healy and his officers, and after introductions, strolled along the jetty, looked at a big derrick, boarded the Monadnock, were told not to smoke on the government reservation, thanked the mule-marine for his warning, and finally returned to the Chispa, where in due course the visit to the Bear was returned by Captain Healey and his party.

Seven bells had struck twice when the anchor was lifted bodily, the sheets clewed fast to the bed posts, and the jib slewed hard aport. Just then a spanking breeze came down the bay, and with all sails set the Chispa drew away on on her homeward course.

The Lolita was bowling down the waves well ahead, like a shirt-sleeved Dutchman in a beer garden.

"Bowling!" said the Editor. "Do you think a yawl plays ten pins for a living? 'Churning the waves,' you should say."

To whom the Reporter said: "Churning be darned. D'ye take the Lolita for a milk ranch? I suppose you think the 'set of her sails' is what produced the 'Hen and Chickens.' Belay there! You must have been brought up on the bottle."

But the Chispa overtook and passed the Lolita while yet in the channel, and cracking on all sail stretched forward free and fair in pursuit of the sloops Spray and Thetis, which were well ahead.

The Editor.—"Cracking on all sail! No, sir. Not a crack. You can't find a crack on these sails. This is n't a second-hand crockery shop."

The Spray and Thetis were picking up inshore tacks in their forefeet.

The Reporter.—"There you go. Think the Thetis and Spray are wandering about in their night-gowns after dark, spanking the breeze because it howls through the rigging?"

For a time their windward work was so superior, and their light draft enabled

them to take advantage of the brisk inshore breeze to such advantage, that the Chispa, albeit of greater burthen, could hardly shake them off.

The Editor.—"Greater burthen! So this is a Pilgrim's Progress, is it? Or is the Chispa a pack peddler?" And the fresh old salt gave a hitch and kick to his trousers which almost fractured his sea-legs.

But the Granger let her take a long leg to windward, and as the breeze freshened the two sloops were soon laboring astern.

The Cook brought up the lunch. "Have a sandwich?"

|                  |                                                      |
|------------------|------------------------------------------------------|
| The Commodore    | } "Well, I don't know. I don't feel very hungry. I—" |
| The Granger      |                                                      |
| The Photographer |                                                      |
| The Secretary    |                                                      |
| The Reporter     |                                                      |
| The Editor       | } "I might take a sandwich."                         |

After six huge platters had been cleared, the Cook appeared with the seventh.

"Have a sandwich?"

|                  |                    |
|------------------|--------------------|
| The Commodore    | } "Well, I don't—" |
| The Granger      |                    |
| The Photographer |                    |
| The Secretary    |                    |
| The Reporter     |                    |
| The Editor       |                    |

The Cook faints.

When the staunch craft pitched into the trough of a heavy sea—

The Reporter.—"Pig! Pig! Pi-g! Get your feet out of the trough! Pitched into it, eh? Did she pitch an outcurve or an in-shoot? Think you're umpire of a yacht? You'd be drowned if you were."

This was the opportunity the Photographer long had sought. He wanted to get a photograph of the bow of the yacht from the end of the bowsprit, when her dead eye was in a fine frenzy rolling. He strode manfully "up in front"; he looked boldly out toward the end of the bowsprit, then he looked at the seething billows.

The Commodore.—“Teething bil-lows, you mean. That’s why they say a ship has a bone in her mouth.”

And the seething (or teething) bil-lows looked at him. Then his heart failed him, for unlike the Editor he was not “born to rule the storm.” He hesitated, the salt spume dampened his ardor and the flying spray dampened his trowsers. He crept astern, a wetter but a wiser man.

“Hike out,” advised the Secretary encouragingly.

Now the “hike out” is a cross between the straddle and the slide. Its native heath is the ridgepole of a country barn at a “raisin’ bee,” but it is found upon the bowsprit of yachts during the timid season, and is just as wearing to the soul and the seat of the pantaloons there as any where else. It is a near relation to the “skin the cat” of the gymnasium and the “git down” of the ball grounds.

The Photographer did not take kindly to the hike out, but he had talked all the trip of that picture of the spray at the bow and he hated to give it up. After the boat-keepers had rigged a spiderweb of life lines, the Photographer, striking his chest protector and an attitude, shouted,—

“Tear my tarry trouserlets, but I’ll do it if I break a plate.”

Hike one!

The sea mews nearly fell into the sobbing sea.

Hike two!

The waves yawned with a terrifying openness. Green and ghastly glimmered the far depths. The Photographer’s face was enough to drive the fish to drink. The heavy swell of the sea ogled the venturesome sacrifice to art. The blue shore became a limitless merry-go-round.

Hike three!

The siren lifted her white, soft arms, —soft and white and luring as sin; beautiful as love, but cold as death. And

she sang to him her song,—sang the lullaby with which she rocks to sleep those who rest within the cradle of the deep Low, low, like the sigh of summer wind, beating, pulsating, swelling, like the breast of Aphrodite. And then she put up her full and moving lips for her darling lover’s kiss. She smiled that smile which frustrates fate. Not much! No song, no smile, no kiss, for the hiker. His eyes are fixed and his thoughts are set on the end of that bowsprit bobbing up and down just four miles out there at sea. That bowsprit must surely be one of those English sliding affairs. The more the hiker hiked, the farther the end of the stick poked itself into the bright beyond.

Hike!

And he hiked there just as heavy hearted as a hoodlum ridden on a rail. Then the camera was passed out. Then it was passed back.

Hike! One, two, three, and away! The Photographer was not the hiker who never returned; but he left his picture behind him. At the end of that extension bowsprit the hiker found that to take a picture he needed another hand, —two to hold on with (which he had) and one to hold the camera (which he had not).

Then the Secretary shinned out on the bowsprit to take the picture. He takes a toddy better. Still, he obtained a fine, large view of the bowsprit. He thought it was the mast. No wonder. A man who don’t know a jib down-haul from a jib out-haul cannot be expected to recognize a bowsprit when he’s entirely at sea himself, and the bowsprit is half seas over. However, here’s what happened to the yacht according to the Secretary’s peep through the Camera.

The Lurline came up at this juncture, “walking the water like a thing of life,” and got “in irons,” just as a thing of life does after seven times seven bells have tolled his soul into the seventh heaven. The Lurline seemed afraid of



the Chispa and kept edging farther and farther away on the run home.

The Editor.—“There you go again! Think the yacht batted a ball over the fence, I suppose. A home run! By-and-by you'll be yelling, ‘Hi! Hi! Commodore, S-l-i-d-e!!!’”

The Granger proved a martinet while at the wheel, for he put the entire ship in irons just because things did n't come about just as he wanted them to.

After another case of irons entering the ship's soul, and the stirring up of the bottom of the vasty deep, the anchor was let go and the Granger deserted. In a row to the Club House the staff of the stern, carrying the Commodore's flag, was snapped while passing under the shore-line of a pile-driver.

Slowly the fog settled down over Sausalito (where it is never foggy), and the night wind soughed through Sausalito's trees (where it never blows). After arranging that the Secretary, the Editor, and the Reporter should write up the

log, it was time for the crew to drink the parting cup.

Here's my glass against thine, good friend, and thine to mine. My hand upon it, there never was pleasanter trip nor kindlier host. Yes, hands together all. Form that ring which is the symbol of eternity, for surely we shall meet again, good friends.

And yet not so surely. Nature is niggard of these days so free from cark and care. Who may know the plottings 'gainst our weal of disease, disorder, and disaster? Some of us there be, perhaps, whose next voyage may be with a grim helmsman, cold and gray. Fate may be a-reading of strange runes in this, our Chispa log, for

“Like as a plank of driftwood  
Tossed on the watery main  
Another plank encounters,  
Meets, touches, parts again,  
So, tossed and drifting ever  
On life's unresting sea,  
Men meet, and greet, and sever,  
Parting eternally.”





## AT MIDNIGHT.

THE earth is but an island in the air,  
 And floats from day to night, from night to day;  
 And light and shadow in succession there,  
 Like joy and sorrow, come and pass away.  
 The heavens in exceeding majesty,  
 Rise o'er the mountains and the changing sea;  
 But not a whisper from the stars above  
 Tells unto mortals whence or why they move.  
 The realm of awe is o'er us and around,  
 And we are spirits wandering unfound,  
 And live amid wild melodies which come  
 Unsummoned from their deep, eternal home.

And dreams may bring us from the stormy past,  
 Heroic forms, the wild romance of war,  
 The deep-sea wonders of the ancient East,  
 Arabian stories of the realms afar.  
 With shadowed eyes we may behold the sight  
 Of forest-vales and islands of delight,  
 Or when the midnight bell is slowly pealed,  
 Retreating armies in the drifted field.  
 That hour we may, with senses lulled to sleep,  
 Hear distant music echo o'er the deep,  
 Or listen in the chambers of the sea,  
 To wizard tales of weird antiquity.

The night doth bear her jewels o'er the sea  
 Whose billows leap on high. The dawn awaits  
 Far in the flaming east, impatiently,  
 The lifting of the cloud-encircled gates.  
 The evening and the morning stars are one,  
 And lead or follow, as the swift hours run.  
 Peace in the heavens, peace on earth prevails,  
 And in the hills and solitary vales  
 The winds are chained in silence, and the rain  
 Is bound within the ocean. But the main  
 Still sends its restless breakers to the shore,  
 And utters warning, "There is peace no more."

*Jesse D. Walker.*



## OLD CAMP-FIRES REKINDLED.

## I.

THE day is near at hand when the last chapter of the enchanting story of California's new birth, by contemporary writers, must perforce have been penned, and the great volume stand completed for all time; hence, it behooves those of us who have offerings, however slight, to make to the general fund, to do so promptly; nor should we withhold the same, though well aware that our offerings will suffer by comparison with what others have contributed. The royal feast of today would differ not greatly from the Cave dwellers' lavish feed, but for the various seasonings now introduced to please the palate, the adornment of the banqueting hall to charm the eye, or sweet strains of music to hold the senses enthralled. The grand dishes of our mental feast have been daintily prepared and most grandly served; mine be the privilege, with which I shall be well content, to add a humble little sprig or two of wildwoods adornment to the already bounteous decorations.

The proud distinction of being enrolled a California Pioneer may be denied us, because we came the Plains across or took the Isthmus with a donkey a few weeks or months too late; but that shall not hinder me at least from camping so near the fortunate ones that the cheery light from their leaping fire will illumine all about me, while my heart is ever throbbing responsive to their many o'er true tales of mirth or woe, of life exuberant or of death repulsive.

No, no, good neighbors of ours, withhold the name from us, if so to do best pleases you; and yet, to all intents and purposes we are California Pioneers.

Our testimony concerning the wondrous changes which forty and odd years have wrought in beauteous Sunset Land will help to emphasize yours, for we also have taken some part in the battle which civilization has here won over semi-barbarism. Some little aid I am certain we have lent you, that the church-spire should rise high heavenward over the ruins of the fandango. That from the open doors and windows of the school-house, children's sweet voices should sound, filling the air and thrilling all hearts with the inspiring melody of patriotic hymns, where but the other day boisterous tumult of lawless revelers ruled. That homes—real ones—should now abound where not long since scarcely one existed. That libraries and reading rooms should supersede the gambling dens, or at least drive them into hiding. That order should be measurably evolved out of seemingly hopeless chaos.

And is not the change for the better which shows in the face of blessed Mother Nature, quite as marvelous and noteworthy as is the improvement in the bearing of her children? When Texas Dick, Missouri Bill, and Yankee Bob, Pegleg, and all those other miserable creatures with the wrong number of fingers and toes, went on their devilous ways from out our sight and knowledge, this portion of the footstool had full share in our feelings of great relief and encouragement. Fields of waving grain at once commenced to encroach upon the domains of the wild mustard, chaparral to give place to the honeyed berries with old-fashioned names, and up-springing trees were soon everywhere bending beneath their abundance of fruit with the same luscious old-fashioned taste, whatever the name assigned

it; and thus with the celerity of magic the desert the Argonauts came upon was transformed into the World's Oasis.

Share with me in an imaginary flying trip to dear old Poverty Flat, which, as you have doubtless heard, was located in every mining county of the State. But what has become of the familiar sights in this my old stamping ground?

The contour of the hills alone remains as of yore; all else is changed. It passes belief that all this tropical luxuriance of growth could have so soon found existence here.

Now, however, I begin to get my bearings; just under this wide-spreading fig tree, its top buried full twenty feet deep, I should say, you will find the "Big Bowlder."

Yes, truly, I have good cause to remember it! Did I not help to put two blasts in its side, ere we could get poor Clarion's body free? No, he was not my partner. He mined alone and lived alone in an old log cabin just yonder on the hillside near the spring.

He was from Skowhegan, and a trifle verdant at the start, as many of us were. Twice each month a newsboy called upon us with steamer papers, which sold readily at a half dollar each. The first time Clarion interviewed the boy he made him very angry, for the lad believed he was being trifled with; he heard a demand made for a copy of the Skowhegan *Clarion*, and saw three copper cents offered in payment for the same. Thus Clarion came by that name, though he soon got into the way of tossing a dollar to the boy for a Boston *Journal*—the only New England paper we saw in those days—and telling him to keep the change for luck.

He was going home on the next steamer with his pile, and had planned a grand surprise for his mother. She was to receive her regular letter from him, with not a word in it about the home-coming; an hour later, perhaps, his knock was to sound on the door.

He showed me the letter, and my eyes grew dim over it.

It was his last day in the mines, and he would coyote around under the bowlder once more just for fun; he knew there was danger, but then the clay next the bowlder was fairly peppered with nuggets.

So two letters to the mother went by that mail. One of them was a hard letter to write. I tried all I could to get out of it, but I had it to do.

I know what you're looking for now; the log cabin I spoke of. You seem just a trifle surprised, and no wonder.

Not a bad looking cabin that, truly. Two stories and basement, and high mansard roof. A dozen large rooms at the least, and vine-shaded verandas without end. There's a little one yonder at play; let us draw near and question her.

"Good morning, Bright Eyes; and will you please tell me how far it is to Poverty Flat?"

"O, I think it must be a great ways, sir; for I never heard of it before. It's nowheres 'round here, I'm certain."

"Well, I half thought we were on the wrong road. And what is the name of this beautiful place?"

"The neighbors all call it 'Paradise Villa,' sir."

When an old-timer, with even a fairly retentive memory, sits him down to write out some of his adventures, it is not lack of material, by any means, that causes him to inger, perplexed, over the opening lines of his story, for he is instantly surrounded by an eager, jostling throng of shadowy forms, each clamoring for prompt recognition. If only they would march by in orderly array, he could signal from the ranks this one and that for present service, and all would be well; but this I imagine they seldom do. Hence it is with him as with the majority of editors, who—some one has said, intending to be com-



plimentary — deserve more credit for what they keep out of their respective publications than for what they let in.

Suppose I invite you out for a walk along one of those old-time, just newly blazed trails that we sanguine and most often poor deluded souls made sure led directly to opulence? It shall be as if you kept step with us day after day, through the valleys and over the hills, the great rolls of blankets on our shoulders, not yours, you being our guest; and each night you shall make one at our camp-fire, and share with us its life and its comforts. I promise you this,—that the stories you hear told there shall be every one true, and without gilding or varnish, or even whitewash; and as you have probably—say just for the present—heard enough of the way those merry miner men were ever carrying on, and for all we are on a prospecting tour, we will not “arrive” at the mines at all. You shall, in short, be comrades of ours in spirit, and we’ll rough it together as in those dear old times, and part good friends, I hope.

But before we start on our tramp, I must tell you how I came to start at all. Understand, I had already made one round trip to the Oregon mines near the California line, and here I was, back near Oregon City, recruiting from the sadly demoralized condition I found myself in as the result of that misadventure.

As a rule, when one is run out of a settlement, it is not customary for the runner to parade the fact before the public; but I will keep back nothing. And what a peaceful, restful home it was from which I was expelled. The kind old couple could not have treated a loved relative better than they did me, a stranger; and I felt it incumbent on me to keep sharp lookout for some chance to requite their great kindness, in a slight measure, at least.

Therefore, when I one day came to realize that a cloud was settling down

upon the brow of my gray-haired hostess, and that she was going about her daily tasks with a heavy heart, I ventured to question her concerning it, and I think she knew it was not idle curiosity that prompted me.

It proved to be about some law trouble close impending, though her main worryment was on her husband’s account, the issue of the suit holding second place in her thoughts; for he had a strange, unconquerable dread of having aught to do with courts of law, and the prospect now before him was wearing on him greatly.

He had crossed the plains with the first wagons that were ever roped down the western slope of the Cascade Range,—in ’37, I think he told me. He had fought a campaign or two, single-handed, behind his stockaded log cabin, with bands of roving Indians, and rather enjoyed it. He would eagerly desert his bed at any hour of the night, to bring down a wild-cat or panther the dogs had treed; but when it came to meeting a lawyer in a business way, he always weakened.

I was young then, and conceited enough to take a hand at almost anything that came along. I had been having a splendid resting spell, and would greatly relish a little exercise, of mind or body. I obtained from the old lady all essential particulars concerning the coming trouble, and on the following morning, directly after breakfast, I took a pleasant stroll down through the timber to Oregon City, seven miles distant, returning to find the old couple seated at the dinner table.

I think my kind hostess was—without knowing it, perhaps—an expert mind reader. Certain it is that there was an eager, expectant, almost happy look in her face that was quite new to it; and her eyes seemed to be on me constantly from the moment I joined them at their meal. I made pretense for a little time of thinking only of my

bounteously helped plate ; but it is not in my nature to let a good time wait long on my motions ; I always feel like meeting it half way. So I drew a folded paper from my pocket, and handing it across the table to my host, I said,—

“Here’s something for you to read.”

He doubtless believed it to be a challenge to the unequal combat, and his hands at once commenced to tremble violently ; but, as he read, his face quickly brightened, and in another moment he was crying out exultantly, wonderingly,—

“Why, it’s all settled, and in my favor!”

My turn to be surprised—and pleased—was not far away ; for the dear old dame, springing to her feet, made a forced march in my direction, and before I realized what was coming, the deed was done.

What wonder my eyes were instantly blinded with tears, and that I was completely unnerved, for it almost seemed to me that my nightly dream for months and months had come true at last. ‘Was it not in this precise way that the dear mother’s arms would be enfolding me as she welcomed home her truant boy?

I imagine that in most lands the rule obtains for a husband to take some action in the premises, when his better-half, in his immediate presence, embraces a comparative stranger. At all events, my host was prompt in doing so ; he tarried no added second over his meal, but, rising hastily, whispered to his happy spouse, who nodded back mysteriously. He then made as if intending to dance a jig right then and there, and I assure you he knew how to do it ; but he resisted the impulse, snatched up his hat, and hurried away. A little later he had mounted his best horse, and was galloping down the lane as madly as if he were really “trying to win a cup.”

This pantomimic performance mysti-

fied me greatly, for I could study up no clew to its meaning ; and I soon told myself the riddle was quite beyond my guessing ; for when I took down my gun for the purpose of investigating a certain “drumming” well up on the hill-side, to which I had been listening, the good wife begged of me to postpone the hunt for a little while, as she expected every minute some callers, to whom her husband wished to introduce me.

While waiting expectant I allowed my thoughts to stroll around unguided. The calling out of Regulators, Vigilantes, or similar organizations for the dispensing of frontier justice, was a comparatively new process to me at that time, and I found that it was now engaging my attention, and I fell to wondering whether something of this nature might not be in view. I knew I had been extremely presumptuous and meddlesome, but surely not vicious. And if the old man really was vexed over what had occurred, he certainly was an adept at concealing his true feelings. Anyhow, I would trust to luck, and postpone making my will to a more convenient season.

The farmer returned at last, accompanied by two men, riding as though their business was extremely urgent. Introductions were at once in order, and I then found myself in the clutches of the local school board, who, brushing my will aside as unworthy of their attention, promptly declared that I could, would, and should submit to being decked out in the robes of office as the new teacher for that district.

And such persistence as was theirs fairly took my breath. My emphatic “no” they voted out of order ; my confessed incompetence and lack of experience should be no bar to my installation. They knew nothing about red tape or precedents in the selection of teachers ; they knew what they wanted in that line, and when they found it they were going to have it.



It seems the three had already agreed on a teacher, and these two strangers were on their way to engage him when my host, by hard riding, intercepted them, and changed their plans. I suppose he convinced them that I was a perfect prodigy; but because I, pining for a little excitement and glad of a chance to do a trifle of kindness to my friends, swooped down suddenly upon a pettifogging lawyer in his den, and engaging him in a lively game of bluff had captured everything in sight, did not, I knew, capacitate me for taking charge of that school, though this conviction had obtained firm lodgment in the minds of the board.

Then again, I was aware that it would be a high old jinks of a school if I were placed in charge of it, many of the scholars having a decided advantage over me both in age and muscle. In truth, I had already tried good-natured conclusions with one of them, and the ease and celerity with which he had laid me on my back was all the proof I cared for that he could do it right along.

Fearing I might finally be induced to yield, against my better judgment, through the influence of the princely emoluments, as I considered them, which attached to the office, and believing a little deception was justifiable in my case,—for three thoroughly seasoned frontiersmen against one tenderfoot is fearful odds,—I plead for a night's consideration of the subject, and on this basis was given a respite, fully resolved though to get out of the scrape by making an unannounced departure.

Before I slept, I notified two of my would-have-been scholars, who had expressed a desire to accompany me to the mines on my next trip, that I would make a southward start at daybreak, sharp. The start was made on time, in their company, and thus it was I made my escape; not leaving between two days exactly, but only between dawn and daylight.

But they were not built right for tramps; fine fellows both of them for a farm, but out of place on the trail. Instead of dancing on petty vexations, they wasted much good time and temper in trying to climb around them, and thus kept their feelings (and mine) in a constant state of wretch.

One of them took the back trail the first afternoon; the other kept his courage up until Salem was reached, and then he also ran up distress signals. I cannot recall their reasons for so sudden a change of heart; absence of cream in their coffee, or the presence of blisters on their feet, perhaps,—something of that nature; but I do distinctly remember thinking that their loss was certainly my gain, and I felt, I imagine, as does a frolicsome colt, who, after tossing his rider over his head, then takes a gay spin down through the meadow, his heels high in air most of the time.

## II.

In the early '50's there was little danger of meeting repulse, when applying for shelter and refreshments at almost any wayside dwelling in Oregon on the line of travel to the mines; rather, it appeared to be the principal business of the settlers at that time to entertain those dust-begrimed pilgrims, and a lucrative business as well, it must have been; for the prices asked and cheerfully paid were uniformly first-class, however much the fare might vary.

And the roads—until the roads came to end, which they did at "The Cañon," and after that the trails—were pretty well thronged with those self-same tramps; but kindly bear in mind that no one ever even thought of us as tramps; perhaps the name was not then in general use; at all events we went by the name of "prospectors"; we were looked up to as prospective millionaires, and were treated accordingly.

The accommodations, though of a

somewhat primitive order, were yet very satisfactory to us, as I remember them; fully up to the standard one should look for in a newly settled, backwoods country. Almost too much for some, possibly, of the American hog of the Pike County brand; but abundance ruled the board, which was the main point with us, and we never commented on the absence of delicacies. More than once I found myself pitying the women folks, as they scurried back and forth refilling the empty plates which I had the faculty of surrounding myself with. I left a ravenous appetite at every table I sat down to, but it always hurried on after and overtook me before I arrived at the next stopping place.

One large, unpartitioned, unlined room was quite generally deemed sufficient for the uses of the entire family, and was freely shared with whomsoever chanced along. The more pretentious dwellings were provided with a loft for the stowage of odds and ends, boys, and incidentally travelers,—for the overflow, as it were, of the establishment. As a rule, however, a few bunks in one end of the cabin for the use of the old folks and the girls made up the sum of the sleeping accommodations other than the floor, which was nightly occupied by hurrying gold seekers, each man furnishing his own bedding, of course; as else he would be forced to content himself with a lean-to in the chimney corner,—restful at first, but conducive to early rising.

Unclaimed land was very plenty and also very cheap in Oregon in those days, going in fact without money and without price; for under the homestead act then in force a single man might have three hundred and twenty acres for the asking; a married couple a full mile square. And yet it had happened, so I was informed, that incoming settlers resorted to sleight-of-hand practices, that still more princely domains might thereby be acquired.

For instance, two families of immigrants, each with a liberal showing of boys and girls, would come upon a lovely valley, which it would please them much to be the exclusive owners of; but as their claims should run well up into the surrounding hills in order to secure the needed timber and water, it would make half a dozen sections or more to be filed on. What simpler, more effective plan could be imagined, than at once to improvise from their abundant supply of material the needed number of "married couples." The age of bride or groom might run anywhere from five years to five hundred, so far as the letter of the law concerned itself. Shake the marriage certificate in the face of the land agent, and the patent would issue; and if the happy twain were too young to toddle around unwatched, each family could retain its own, and the spanking could go on right along without a day's interruption; but the valley, as per the land office record, would all be claimed.

An incident in this connection came within my own observation, and I vividly recall all its details. The day had been very sultry and trying; hence, after a shorter tramp than my customary one, I sought shelter for the night at a small, newly clap-boarded cabin.

Seated on the low door-sill was a barefooted girl, a mere child, who was dangling a crying baby in such a reckless fashion that I made sure her heart was not in her work. Of her I inquired if her mother was at home, and somewhat to my surprise as well as embarrassment, she replied,—

"I reckon she be; she were the last time I seed her; why?"

I explained the why of it, and added in the same breath, for the baby was uttering some hair-lifting shrieks at that moment,—

"Are you sure, child, that you're not making a pin-cushion of that little sister of yours?"



My complete discomfiture was near at hand. Tossing the baby down on the ground, she drowned its outcry by her own unearthly peals of laughter,—controlling her merriment after a time just long enough to say:—

“Won’t Sam yell the roof off when I tell him! Calling our boy, Andrew Jackson, my little sister!”

I did not feel called upon to make any further remarks on the subject, so I silently resumed my burden and my walk. For days thereafter I found it difficult to coax my thoughts out of the channel in which this incident had turned them; when my eyes chanced on a lass still in her teens, perhaps, I would find myself wondering if it might not really be that she was a grandmother, or more.

I was never one of those who take kindly to long-continued solitary walks. I like best to hear other footfalls than my own breaking the silence of a mountain trail; besides, there is the talking; it has to be done wherever I am, and I am apt to find it tedious after a time, this listening to my own voice carrying on both sides of a knotty argument by the hour. Hence it sometimes happened that my picked-up chums were not all that might be desired, if I chanced just then to be in a fastidious mood. On the whole, however, I have fared excellently well in this respect; perhaps I have had an advantage over a majority of these chance acquaintances of mine,—in other words, I had better company than they did.

Salem was scarcely out of sight ere I came upon a young fellow readjusting his pack by the roadside, whose face at first glance pleased me. He was evidently a sailor, and I thought it quite likely he had deserted his ship at Portland, but that was no concern of mine. I was on the lookout for a lively companion, and I believed he would fill the bill. I told him of my destination and my needs; the promptness with which

he extended his hand pleased me still more, and a truer, kinder comrade have I never had in all my wanderings than that same sailor lad.

His faculty for extracting sunbeams from about everything that came along was really wonderful. Plenty of good people know all about coal being concentrated sunshine, but precious few of them can resolve it back into its original elements, figuratively speaking, without filling the neighborhood with distressing fumes; but Dick Mason could and did, and never scored a failure in the effort: nothing so unforbidding, so black and dense, but that his cheery nature would flood with light the very heart of it.

With me as I write is the memory of his ringing laugh, when I one evening told him of a Plains companion who was noted for always using his mental telescope reversed on earth’s gladsome sights, and his microscope upon his neighbor’s foibles; and whose comment on a beauteous, dancing sunbeam was sure to be:—

“Ain’t it sickening? Just chock full of motes.”

It was an unusually stylish looking ranch house at which we made our regular mere matter-of-form application one evening, but our reception was unique, and took us completely by surprise; the style, we discovered, was all on its outside; only a home feeling pervaded its interior.

“A chance to tie up here tonight?” repeated the jolly proprietor, as he mopped his flushed face with a huge bandana; “well, I should say so; the more the merrier; but understand, this is n’t a money transaction. We’re going to have a blowout here tonight, and a big crowd, I reckon. I’ve been standing on my head all day. Help me out, like good boys. One of you stop the old woman’s squawking over there,—I can’t go to her now,—and the other give me a lift with this furniture.”

The alacrity with which Dick rose to the occasion was a revelation to me; he would first clear his decks for action, he said, which he did by hurrying down to the creek, soon returning wonderfully brightened up. I motioned him towards a group of women, busied in culinary preparations beneath a great live oak some distance away. I knew Dick wasn't bashful, and he knew I was; so like a true friend he responded, and was welcomed by them with open arms, as it were, for had he not been head cook in a down East logging camp several winters? He knew little or nothing about stoves and ranges, but all that there was to know about cooking with heaps of live coals in the open. He was perfectly at home amongst the skillets, Dutch ovens, reflectors, and what not, of which the whole country-side had been drained for this grand occasion, and within five minutes he had been invested with supreme control there, while the bread, pies, and cakes, thereafter turned out were all found to be done to a turn; for there is as great a knack in that kind of cookery as in any other.

The "squawking" was effectually stopped, and as evidence of how nicely Dick was getting along with those Web-foot dames and damsels, I might mention that when I strolled down that way a little later they all knew his Christian name, and were addressing him familiarly by it, one excited damsel being so delighted when he turned out on a table her own individual conglomerate, perfectly browned, that she exclaimed gleefully,—

"O Dick, you're a perfect godsend!"

When opportunity served, I whispered him teasingly that he might do worse than to abide in that section for the present. He answered only that some day he would show me a photograph which he always carried next his heart.

The first guest to arrive was also the most notable one, if her ever since holding a leading place in my memory be

considered a criterion. Her age might be put down as about seventy. She came on foot, leading an ancient cow, on whose back was strapped an immense feather bed.

The strangeness of this outfit was easily explained away. The old lady did not live at home much, but when she did she was quite alone there; she had slept on that feather bed each night for half a century or so, and neither could nor would sleep on aught else. The cow could not care for herself, and was as docile as a dog; and as her mistress passed much of her life in visiting amongst the neighbors, each visit frequently of a month's duration, the two always traveled together; and I was told that that huge feather bed had come to be almost as much a feature of the landscape thereabouts as was grand old Mount Hood himself.

I imagine no invited guest to the long talked of dance, sent excuses, so large was the throng in attendance; and it seemed as though they all might purposely have so timed their arrival as to form a solid procession when nearing the scene of festivities. The turnouts were of every describable and numerous indescribable shapes, and presumably had seen much service in many portions of the Union; and I derived the same sort of fascinating enjoyment from watching their approach as in my youth pertained to—and does yet for that matter—the march of a circus on dress parade through a city's streets.

Dick held his start splendidly right through to the finish, and contributed greatly towards making the affair the complete success it was. He soon found himself installed as master of ceremonies, and he acquitted himself perfectly therein. He had picked up a dance or two, I imagine, in every foreign port he had ever visited, and the variations he introduced in familiar dances made no end of fun, which several times broke forth in cheers.



I held aloof from the prevailing hubbub, for the reason that I had been encumbered with a "Quaker leg" which I had never succeeded in coaxing out of a dignified walk; there was no foolishness about it, but plenty of honest work, though, and only that; put it on a steep hillside trail, and I never knew it to shirk.

The supper was served outside by the light of huge bonfires, and a merrier, happier crowd than the one that stood around the bounteously heaped tables would be hard to find in any land. The entire absence of formalities did not, as I feared it might, breed trouble of any kind; no single break occurred in the prevailing good humor and kindly feeling which ruled throughout.

The question of sleep became a leading one with me after a time. The night was cool, and my scant supply of bedding forbade an outside shake-down. So when a brother wallflower, with whom I had been exchanging sundry attempts to entertain, remarked that he believed he would turn in for a snooze, I felt prompted to keep my eye on him.

The problem of "turning in" in a crowded ballroom proved to be the easiest thing in the world, when once you knew how to go about it. In the corner back of us numerous articles of furniture were stacked; my friend settled down slowly into that corner, and commenced a series of scarcely noticeable squirmings, even to myself who had eyes only for the performance; and then, unobserved by others, he had in another minute melted away from my gaze, and the sound of measured breathing in his direction soon told the rest of the story.

I was never inventive, but always somewhat imitative, and disposed to improve upon my models. I did so in this instance, by first encasing myself in a heavy blanket coat belonging to the sleeper, which he had utilized as a screen when disappearing. I then followed in his tracks, and was soon nest-

ling down comfortably beside him, and knew nothing more till sunshine was flooding the room.

A novel sight was then presented to me, but which later I many times saw duplicated in small. The floor was literally packed with sleeping forms, and I would not dare to give the number that remained for a nap ere making a homeward start, fearing my veracity might then be called in question.

The room had been partitioned off with blankets, and the presumption was that the floor on that side was also fully occupied. I detected much whispering and half-smothered laughter going on there, and presently a voice called out:

"Come, hustle out of there, you men, if you want us to get up and cook breakfast for you."

So a good-natured hustle promptly ensued, and our end of the room was cleared. Breakfast followed in due time, and soon thereafter we two were on our way, each with something to remember for the balance of his life.

We were greatly perplexed (up a tree, I think we used to term that feeling) one evening, on finding the house we proposed to patronize that night barred and bolted against us; darkness had then set in, and it was many weary miles to the next stopping place.

Under the inspiration of a cold rain that had begun to fall, we hit upon the idea that it was our duty on the score of common humanity to make entrance by some means into that silent domicile; for might not the owner thereof possibly be within, the victim of a cruel wrong?

The doors and windows resisted all our coaxing methods, and held the secret inviolate. We had not talked ourselves quite up to the point of becoming actual housebreakers, fearing the rectitude of our intentions might not show up as clearly to others as to ourselves; but a way opened when we concentrated our gaze upon the chimney,—a tall and

roomy structure of sticks and mud, certain to topple over on slight provocation. It should not have that from us, however; a tripod was soon arranged which overtopped it, and from the apex a halter rope was dangling; as nimbly as a squirrel Dick mounted aloft, and then slid down the rope, alighting safely in the fireplace.

The house was unoccupied, but provisions abounded therein; the rain was coming down faster and faster. Our minds were soon made up. We would build a roaring fire, cook some of this abundant food, and take the chance of being shot from the outside while we were eating it.

We ate our supper undisturbed, though realizing that this escapade of ours might prove a serious joke for us; but bedtime came, and still we had had no caller. We thought it best, however, to take turns at sleeping, that the owner might not come upon us too suddenly, and start lead to flying without waiting for explanation.

Dick was to take the first watch, so the fire was extinguished, as a measure of safety, and I was soon sleeping the sleep of the innocent.

Imagine my surprise if you can, when an hour or two later I was awakened by the fierce crackling of the fire, to see two men sitting in front of it, talking together as only old and true friends just reunited ever talk.

The owner of this solitary Oregon claim, it seems, had been Dick's next neighbor down East. They had shipped together on a whaling voyage of three years' duration, and had then lost sight of one another. He had been away that day on business (matrimonial); and on nearing home Dick had heard the sound of his horse approaching, and was about to call me; but just at that moment his friend had started a snatch of sailor song, and the next instant heard himself hailed by name; and there outside in the rain and darkness the two embraced,

nearly unmanned by the overpowering gladness and wonder of it all.

I was prompt to join them, and all night long the fire roared, and the conversation lagged not an instant. Listening in silence, tears and laughter constantly alternated with me. If only I could reproduce the words of those two sailor lads, as hour after hour they spoke of their adventures or bared their hearts to one another, the narrative would surely win its way to general approval.

### III.

CONSIDERABLE freedom from restraint was indeed the rule some forty years ago all up and down the Pacific Slope where roamed the gold seekers, and yet those rollicking escapes from the thralldom of home rule were far from surfeited therewith, but, like poor little Oliver, they longed for "more." I have heard them say, and helped them say it, that when on the move true independence consisted in camping out; the conventionalities of the established stopping-place soon became so irksome!

Dick and I talked this subject over several times, before deciding on a change of program, the advance in charges as we worked south at last making it a leading question with us. At the start it was one dollar a meal, and floor room free; in the Umpqua valley lumber was higher, hence the nightly rental of the soft side of a plank called for an extra dollar; no one objected to this, it seemed so reasonable; presently the plank disappeared entirely, while the extra dollar showed up regularly in the bill each morning. We had become accustomed to paying it by that time, and continued the practice mechanically; but when without warning the price of meals suddenly doubled, and a night's stop made each of us five dollars poorer, we struck for fuller independence and more freedom from restraint.



Our first move in this direction was to purchase some slightly mouldy flour for fifty cents a pound, the weight guessed by the vendor, not by us. This was the only staple the market just then afforded, and we would stock up by degrees. The frying pan and coffee pot, with something to put in them, would have to come later.

We dined that day on flour, and enjoyed the repast; a depression in a bowlder near a running stream made an excellent bread-pan; it was soon filled with dough of the proper consistency, and this spiraled in slender strips around a stick, and slowly revolved in front of the fire, quickly became really excellent bread. Try it sometime, if you doubt my word. We called it jerked bread, I remember.

Our entertainers of the previous night had slyly appropriated our pipes, our one dissipation. I believed their loss irreparable, until Dick returned from a short search in the woods, bringing with him two large acorn cups, in which he had deftly inserted straws; these seemed to leave us but little to wish for in the way of worldly possession; weariness and discontent linked together soon floated away in smoke.

We one evening had a caller at our camp who was disposed to be quite sociable, — a stray Indian, rifle on shoulder, and feeling very tired,—it was, however, the breadth of the road, and not its length that had wearied him. He announced the result of his hunt as “one squail, one squirl,” was much pleased at making our acquaintance, and cheerfully ate all the food we placed before him.

Upon Dick’s discovering that with Lo squirrel and quail were interchangeable words, he expressed a desire to obtain a few squirrels’ eggs, for which he was willing to pay handsomely. Trifling as it shows up in the penning, it was irresistibly amusing to lie there by the fire, and listen to the conversation

that ensued between the two, and to watch their countenances the while; Dick’s so sober and earnest through it all, the Indian eager and excited over the prospect opened out to him; for he knew of a squirrel’s nest which contained four eggs, and hurried away promising to return at once with them, but, as he failed to do so, I fear me he must have fallen by the wayside.

When but a few miles distant from the Josephine, on one of whose tributaries my first mining venture had been made, we came upon a horse that had been stolen from me in that vicinity some six months before; he had been a great pet of mine, had been taught several amusing tricks, and seemed to understand most that I said to him. He was fastened in front of a trading post, which with a blacksmith shop made up the little settlement; the saddle and bridle on him were valuable, but not the ones I had lost. Near by, a dozen men or more were lounging.

To prove my ownership in the animal at that late day was likely to be a difficult task, but I decided to make the attempt. I felt convinced the say-so of that crowd would be held fully as binding in that section as the decree of any court, but I should have to win them over to my side by springing the unexpected suddenly upon them. No parleying from the rifle pits, but I must swoop down on them openly, and carry their entrenched sympathies by storm.

The horse had just been ridden hard, and was standing with drooping head, seemingly exhausted. I was glad he had not noticed my approach, for I felt sure he would remember me, and I wished to prepare the crowd for what was likely to ensue when I made my presence known to him.

Bidding them a general good-morning, I continued in an undertone, “Boys, there stands a horse that belongs to me, for I never sold him. He disappeared mysteriously from the Illinois Ranch

over there last fall, where I left him to be cared for. I've no papers to show for this, but I'm willing to leave it all to the horse himself. Do you want to see him snap that post off, and come and kneel at my feet the moment I speak to him?"

My quiet, confident manner had its intended effect on them, and I knew I had made an excellent beginning. They were eager to have the circus commence at once, as they expressed it, so I stepped back a few feet, and then called out in the old time way,—

"Goldy, old boy, come say your prayers!"

On the instant the horse acted much as if he had just received a sharp electric shock; he was all alert, had whirled around so as to face me, and was trembling violently. He only needed to take one good square look in my direction to know that no mistake had crept in, then whinnying joyously he made a mighty surge upon his fastening, which, however, refused to yield.

But I knew very nearly what his capabilities in that line were, and also that he knew how to guard against injuries to himself in the effort; so I spoke to him again, saying,—

"Why don't you come, Goldy?"

And then sure enough he came, snapping the post short off just beneath the surface. My first act was to free him from that and his trappings; and the excited, approving exclamations of my auditors, more forcible than elegant, and in great part emphasis, over the way he knelt to me and his subsequent performances, were in my mind equivalent to a verdict in my favor.

I had expected some such showing of affection and delight on the part of the intelligent animal, and yet when he kept up his low whinnying, circling around me constantly, down on his knees and up again each instant, lipping my clothing, hat, and face, in a gentle, caressing manner, I broke down completely, and did that involuntarily which the most

consummate acting could not have bettered; I threw my arms around his neck and said falteringly, "Dear old boy, you have n't forgotten those nights we stood guard together on the upper Platte, have you?"

The verdict now came promptly.

"That horse is yours by the Eternal," exclaimed one of the men, and a chorus of "Correct," at once followed; but something in the voice of their leader drew my attention to him, to the exclusion of all other thoughts. Approaching him, I said,—

"I surely think you and I have met before."

He eyed me sharply a moment, and then came the recognition.

"Great God! Is it really you?" he cried; then turning to his mates he continued:—

"Why, boys, this is he you've heard me tell of, who was snowed in on Old Cañon for months last winter, and lived on air straight most of the time. I'll never forget how he looked that night we came on him,—for all the world like a skeleton bound in parchment. And as for his laugh, well it just made babies of us all."

And now I was surrounded by friends, and Dick and I were both made much of. There was considerable side whispering and earnest talk going on, of which I heard only, "He slipped out the back way and took to the timber at the first go off"; from which I inferred that the one who last rode Goldy had had a great fright.

They urged me to retain the silver mounted trappings, but I declined doing so, fearing they also had been stolen. Some one then appealed to the landlord, inquiring how long he thought the saddle and bridle would last, if they gave him a bill of sale of them. His laughing reply was, "All night." So the writings were made out, and the carousal was duly inaugurated.

I was very proud indeed over the out-



come of this adventure, but neglected seasoning my elation with good judgment. I knew that Goldy, when blindfolded, would follow any one's lead in perfect silence, but did not give the subject any thought that night; hence when we broke camp on the following morning, I left a bit of new rope there, some twenty feet in length, one end showing a clean cut, the other encircling a tree against which my pillow had rested, for I seemed to have no special use for it just then; and I said to Dick that if it was all the same to him, he would oblige me by not again using the word horse in my presence.

The boundary line between State and Territory, which we were now crossing, had to my personal knowledge been a noted traveler, going north or south just as the exigencies of the hour demanded, with a facility that would have shamed the liveliest sprinter of all the old Spanish grants. Some forty miles north of where we now found it anchored, polls had been opened in the previous year, where a solid vote was polled—greatly outnumbering the inhabitants—for the Democratic electors, and included in California's grand total,—solid, for the reason that no other tickets were obtainable, and the boys were eager to vote for somebody, not much difference, whom, once more. Then also the thing was carried through with a hip, hip, hurrah, as a gay lark and a most prodigious joke.

Soon after crossing this line, we came upon a scene that forcibly reminded me of one in which I had once taken part, when Dame Rumor brought to our camp in the north the news that a gold-saving device called a "sluice-box" was coming into general use in California, and that it yielded ounces where only dollars showed up in the "long tom."

The details of its construction and the principle involved therein were principally guesswork with us, and we were all inexperienced youths; but we

would have a string of sluices without any delay, the idea in some sort obtaining that, by a process of mystery and magic of the thimble-rig order, gold by the pound would then be saved.

A saw-pit soon materialized, and sluice lumber was tediously whipsawed out; and one exciting morning the only string of sluices in Oregon was being put to the test in the presence of a large crowd.

Before noon we had returned disgusted to our first love, the sluice-box business being voted a delusion and a snare. We had piled in the gravel for two hours, and had not even a grain of black sand to show for it. Several holes had been pounded through those new sluice bottoms in that time, and our tail-race prospected big. Had we used say one tenth the volume of water we did, the same proportion of riffles, and set each sluice-box at a foot or so less incline, the result would have been more satisfactory.

And here all over this flat we looked upon discarded sluice-boxes, in great part new, but tossed aside to be warped, cracked, or ruined by the sun as it willed, though lumber there was difficult to obtain, even at a hundred dollars per thousand feet. "The King is dead," and every one was crying, "Long live the King."

"King ground sluice was in power, and this is how he came to be enthroned; the incident being typical of the way a contagion of foolishness would now and again rage in a new mining camp, and include all amongst its victims.

A seedy-looking man one day drifted in there, whose only business seemed to be to patronize saloons, until one morning when free water abounded, owing to a heavy downpour that drove the boys to shelter, the stranger borrowed pick, shovel, and pan, and hied him away to the only spot on the flat not claimed or worked; a forbidding

point of rocks held unworthy of thought as mining ground.

Concentrating the water thereon, he was soon, and with but little labor on his part, sending the gravel and mud down stream by the ton. That evening he sold to the local banker nearly one hundred ounces of gold dust, and taking the night stage went on his way.

Of course, the wildest excitement ruled when all this became known; and the miners took to thinking, or at least thought that was what they were doing. No sluices at all, and yet gold by the pound; were Nature's riffles so much better gold-savers, then, than theirs? And when one man, who had probably been running much clayey gravel through his sluices,—and clay is loth to release its own proper gold, but ready to carry along with it all it touches,—stated that only the previous day he had obtained a better prospect from his tail-race than he got from his sluices, the evidence was deemed convincing, and prompt action ensued. Out came the sluices on all sides, and every one took to ground sluicing, and dreamed it may be of soon crowding the mint with gold dust, to the extent of seriously reducing its market value.

Gradually, and in a shamefaced way, the miners reinstated the discarded sluices, or had new ones take their places, for the story leaked out that the stranger had only unearthed some buried treasure, the secret of its hiding-place obtained by crooked work, most likely; and he had then simply taken the least laborious way he could think of to secure it.

While on the subject of sluices, I cannot forbear relating an incident which happened in another portion of the State.

He was a live Yankee, and was not strolling through the mines altogether for his health, though that demanded something warmer to winter in than the tent he occupied. Lumber for a

cabin would cost him fifty dollars, and he was on his way to purchase it. When passing a claim whose owners were stacking up numerous old sluice boxes, intending them for kindling wood, several ideas struck him at the same instant, causing him, after a little dicker-ing, to purchase the entire pile for the sum of twenty dollars.

His first move, after carting his purchase home, was to take down his tent and open it out flat on the ground; on it he piled the old sluice boxes, and then took them apart carefully, thus obtaining sufficient good lumber for his cabin, as well as a liberal supply of nails.

He then panned out the debris accumulated on the canvas, which he had rattled and scraped from the many cracks in the sluices, and by this means obtained some sixty dollars in gold dust, half of it, at least, the finest of flour gold. Utilizing the tent for a roof, he soon had a good little house all complete, and was able to deposit forty dollars more in a certain buried oyster-can, in place of borrowing fifty dollars from it.

Dick and I had talked the matter over several times, to decide at last on keeping on our way through the northern mines, and make no halt until the Golden Gate was reached; after that we would take a look at the old mill-race where gold was first discovered, then we would go to work in earnest, and soon make up for the time we had lost in our delightful holiday rambling; for surely there was a rich claim somewhere thereabouts in the foot-hills, to reward our search for it.

At Yreka we met a party of Californians on their way to the Oregon mines, the richest diggings even then being those most distant. They reported the cream of the California mines as all being skimmed, and that the residuum looked exceedingly blue; and although this report did not change or modify our plans, something else



did. A great stalwart "If," an officer in that ubiquitous army, halted us and went through our pockets, to find our purses almost empty. There was but one thing for us to do; we must look about us for temporary relief from the threatening stringency of the money market: in truth, the only thing about a "surplus" which ever gave me the least concern was its absence.

This north-bound party was anxious to purchase our outfit, and we were quite willing to accommodate them, as wayside inns now abounded, and the charges had once more become quite reasonable. I had no way of knowing exactly how Dick was situated financially, but had reasons for believing his cash was at a lower ebb than mine; he only told me that if he did not soon obtain employment of some kind, he would presently be like a certain notoriously lazy man, who often bragged that he was just about even with the world, and who one day explained that he meant he owed nearly as many people in it as he did n't owe.

One did not have to look very long to find a job in those stirring times. In fact, the first person to whom we broached the subject wanted a man to clean out his well, a matter of but a few days. I turned him over to Dick, telling him my partner would doubtless as lief go down as up, if only he had hold of a rope all the while. I then called Dick aside to caution him about putting a proper valuation on his services.

"Don't worry," said he; "I'm going to stick it to him good; my price is five dollars a day."

"Not a cent less than ten, you foolish Dick," I replied; and this his employer was more than willing to pay him.

We were seated at a small table, taking what would be quite likely our last meal together; for though our plans were carefully laid to meet again farther on, we were aware those plans were

liable to be thwarted. I noticed Dick was not quite himself, but was acting rather strangely. I had not the least premonition, however, of what was coming, and hence he had his way unhindered. Had I once thought of his playing a true sailor trick on me, I should not have been caught napping.

But he was off half a block away, waving back a goodbye to me,—which neither of us had spoken,—and I could only console myself with the hope that some day our tracks might again come together, and then I should take my turn at that same game.

#### IV.

THE miles seemed somehow to have lengthened after my parting with Dick, and the hours sped not by so swiftly, for I missed his cheery presence and his entertaining yarns more than I had imagined I should. But I wore that end of the road out after a while, and arrived at the present site of Red Bluff, there to meet the problem face to face that I had for some days been contemplating from a distance.

I was anxious to be in San Francisco as soon as possible, as I could then lay my hand upon a certain nest-egg which I had provided against just such an emergency as now presented itself; but how was I to get there? I could not swim, and if no opportunity opened for me to work my passage on the boat, the only alternative seemed to be to gather up some driftwood and make a raft.

The dinner bell was ringing, so I strolled into the hotel, and tossing down my last half dollar on the office desk, I proceeded to appropriate my full money's worth of substantial food.

This financial experience of mine was constantly being shared with hundreds of gold seekers, nor did we take it seriously to heart. To be strapped, dead broke, or what you will, did not disturb our mental balance to any great extent.

"I've been there myself," the more fortunate ones would oftentimes say lightly, as they proffered a "loan" as a starter to some impecunious fellow-traveler; and in truth we were all engaged in a titanic game of see-saw,—now in the clouds and now in the dust,—with no pause in the laugh which was all the time ringing out gayly.

My hearing was better in those days than now, and hence as I ate I lost not a word of a conversation anything but whispered, between two teamsters at the lower end of the table. It amounted to this: there was a "bull puncher's" vacancy to be filled near by. "Don't wait for the pie, lad, but up and be doing;" and I heeded the whisper.

I called at once on the "boss," and told him I wanted to raise a 'Frisco stake,—could he give me employment? He thought not, just at present; but what could I do? My answer was, "most anything but play the fiddle." That was my one ignominious failure, I told him, but I could saw, chop, cook, or dig; drive a pen, nail, or an ox; I could also—interrupting me, he began,—

"Do you know anything about driving oxen?"

"I flatter myself I do."

"Do you know the road from here to Yreka?"

"Just examined it, foot by foot."

"Can you start with a team right away?"

"Wages?"

"Five dollars a day."

"And—?"

"Yes," laughingly, "and expenses."

"Pass over the whip."

On the seventh day thereafter I was standing on the deck of the Sacramento boat as a cabin passenger.

It was nearing daylight when the boat arrived at Red Bluff, and I was on the watch for it, as it would start back at once; and the sight I looked upon as the steamer drew near was full of interest as well as novelty to me.

While yet it was a quarter of a mile away, my ears were saluted with sounds as of many large flocks of wild geese tangled together, and trying to unsnarl themselves; for the upper deck was fairly swarming with Chinese; a veritable human pack-train, destined to ply back and forth between the landing and points in Trinity County. Each one seemed to be issuing orders, and at the top of his voice, and as they all went scurrying to and fro in frantic haste, they reminded me of a certain large colony of ants with which I, then a child, one day amused myself; and being detected and chided for my cruelty, I explained that I had only stirred them up gently with a stick to see them hump themselves.

But in an incredibly short space of time the immense deckload of rice, flour, sugar, and other mining supplies, had been landed, swung on poles, and a long line of trotters were winding away in the distance. I knew there had been great executive ability there somewhere, but I had been unable to locate it.

As we steamed down the river I had my first view of a genuine inland flood, for it was soon water, water everywhere, the river in places fully as wide as the valley. For hours our pilot gave no thought to a river channel, but turned the boat's prow hither and yon overland, now far to the east and then abruptly away to the west, with the smokestack constantly belching forth a huge, black column, and the whistle shrieking its loudest.

The much maligned steam whistle can on occasion really "discourse most eloquent music." Many times that day ours carried glad tidings of great joy to listening ears, its shrill, piercing cry when put into words making a glad song of deliverance; for was it not saying, "Be of good cheer. Your signals are seen. We are coming, full speed, to rescue."

From knolls, on which scarcely standing room was left by the fast swelling



flood, or from half-submerged trees, we took in all some forty frightened, exhausted creatures, to whose comfort we contributed what we could; though as we worked south we found rescuers abroad in full force, every steam craft available having been pressed into the service, and scows and hastily constructed rafts abounded, on which stock of all kinds, and sometimes furniture and farming implements, were being conveyed to higher ground.

The record of that exciting day would be far from complete, did I omit mention of some of the antics and sayings of one of the passengers; a man whose presence I felt impelled to shun for a time, accustomed though I had become to mingling with a class of which he was not an extreme type.

He had done well in the mines, and with him it was easy come, easy go. He was going to keep open house that day, he said; he would attend, unaided, to the cash department of the bar throughout the trip; but he found a welcome field on which to expend his abounding energy when it came to saving life.

The deck hands followed his lead where orders would scarcely have driven them, for he was in the water more than once up to his waist or over his head, it mattered not to him, it seemed; and of the dozen or more of children included in those we rescued, every one excepting a mite of a babe was placed on the steamer's deck by his own hands.

His frequent baths completely overcame the effects of his deep potations, and now he was a most enjoyable companion, full of fun, and laughing as heartily as any at his own mistakes; and the children seemed not to know he was a rough and dangerous man, but were soon on excellent terms with him.

The baby's crying evidently worried him more than it did its mother; and how surprised she looked when he handed her a beer mug filled to the brim, and said with evident honesty:

"The young one's in pain, I reckon, ma'am, give it a drink of this; it can't hurt it, it's nothing but brandy and peppermint with lots of sugar in it."

That it could not drink was a great mystery to him, and he hastened away after a spoon; but he was at his wits' end when he found a spoon did not help matters much. A few minutes before he had scattered a handful of lump sugar, borrowed from the dining saloon, amongst the children; and when he saw a little tot insert one of these lumps in the mixture, and then hold it to the baby's lips when its mother was not looking, his admiration knew no bounds; for the babe at once commenced to crow gleefully for more.

"I'll be danged," he exclaimed, "if there ought n't to be a patent on that. Anyhow, sis, you shall have a medal."

The medal was soon suspended around the child's neck; a twenty dollar gold piece, in which he had punched a hole and inserted a stout bit of twine.

The extra mouths to feed had caused the dinner to be eaten up rather closely, and some of the children were munching broken victuals as if they were still quite hungry. He noticed this, and went off to interview the cook. He was told another dinner right off was impossible; he rattled some coin, and then "Parley Vous," as he styled the cook, opened the draft of his range a little ways. He continued that he would pay all bills, besides handsomely remembering every one concerned. The Frenchman glanced at the clerk, who nodded back to him, and then the bustle of preparation again ruled in that department.

Perhaps as a waiter he was not the success he strove to be, but at least he made lots of fun in that capacity for a time, until the little girl whom he had adopted as his special favorite whispered something to him which he did not understand, and her mother explained. It was only,—

"Susie says she would like to know your name, so that in her prayers to-night she can ask God to be real kind to you."

That subdued him; it took all the nonsense out of him instantly. He replied soberly:—

"It don't matter about my name. But if she was to mention 'that old fool from Althouse Creek,' I reckon He'd spot me."

He then strolled over to the cabin windows, and remained there for some time with his back to his companions; it was always a question with me, though, whether he saw those surging waters distinctly upon which he appeared to be gazing.

Our landing at Sacramento was decidedly out of the common order of such events. Our boat's wharf, unlike some of its neighbors, was entirely submerged, and how they made fast to it without it was with anchors, I cannot imagine. We stepped down from her decks into small boats, which conveyed us to our hotels. Mine chanced to be in one of the dampest streets, and it was an easy step up from the boat into the second story windows.

I had never before seen so much water running to waste as at that time flooded Sacramento. The possibility of a great city ever being established there was by some of us pronounced as too absurd for serious consideration; fully as hair-brained a scheme, we thought, as later was the talk of laying "parallels of steel" across the continent. But all the same there stands the Capitol, and the thunderous tread of the iron horse, fresh from his Atlantic pastures, is hourly reverberating through its high dome.

Early on the following morning I made my way, via the rear of the hotel, to a more favored street than the one on which it fronted, and took an uncomfortable wade through the mud over the city wherever fording was practicable;

but the event of my walk was my coming unexpectedly upon my good friend Dick, whom I supposed was still somewhere up north.

He plainly shared with me the pleasure of our meeting, though it pained me much to notice that he was very far from being in his usually happy mood. Trouble in some form had got the upper hand of his gayety, and I knew as if by intuition that hunger had much to do with it. When seated at a restaurant table a few minutes later, I realized that first impressions had this time made a center shot.

The trouble was—no matter how it happened—that Dick had parted company with his last cent in a regrettable manner; and he had made arrangements too to start that very forenoon for the Amador County mines, with some new acquaintances he had picked up. If the thieves, he said, had left him even five dollars, he would not have minded, for then he could still have carried out his plans; as it was, they must all fall through, and his trip to the mines be indefinitely postponed.

He did not find me a very sympathetic listener; in fact, I was rather pleased at the opportunity presented to get even with him on a certain happening that I was never likely to forget; and I said to him:—

"Dick, do you remember how, only the other day when we were sitting in a little bake-shop up in Shasta County, you played a trick on me, emptying your purse out upon the table, and then taking to your heels, knowing if I gave chase to bring you back those Schiedam youngsters would have captured the treasure, part of which had rolled off to the floor? Now, I'm going to keep back all the cash I need,—enough to get me to 'Frisco, and the rest is yours; not enough of it, goodness knows, for either of us to make any fuss about"; and I pushed my purse across the table to him.



"I'll be blest [that's what he meant] if I touch it," he exclaimed excitedly, springing to his feet. "What, take that money of you, after having the same thing as begged for it, without thinking! Not by a [call it] jug full!"

"And I'll be blest if you don't, Dick," I replied, laying my hand gently on his shoulder; "or else the waiter here will be just so much the richer. You surely can't deny me this great pleasure, now that we are looking into each other's eyes for perhaps the very last time."

I had my way, and as Dick left me it was with a light heart and elastic step. The baffling head winds had given place to favorable ones, and he was at his happiest.

My next move was to ascertain the hour for the starting of the 'Frisco boat; and preferring information at first hands, I had soon boarded her, there to meet in one of the narrow passageways a well dressed man, whose efforts to crowd by me were frustrated by counter moves of mine, so plainly intentional that he realized the utility of holding a parley with me on the subject.

"It seems," said he, "that one of us will have to back out of this"; and I was very sure unless three years had completely changed his nature, that he had no thought of doing so. Before I could frame a reply, however, he had detected a smile that gave him a clew to my identity, but he did not feel quite sure of his ground until our hands were clasped, and then he said,—

"Well, I don't believe there's a boy on dear old Market Street who would know you in that rig."

I am within the mark in saying that in one minute's time I had arranged to go with him to San Pedro, the suggestion being accepted the instant it was made, and the prospect before me pleased me greatly; for there would be a week's stay at the Rasette House ere the steamer sailed, and then a delightful little voyage down the coast.

I had several times noticed his eyes resting on my travel-stained mining toggery, but he could not quite bring himself to the point of advising a change of apparel in just so many words, and I was enjoying the situation too much to think of helping him out of it; but he took a practical way around by proffering me a handful of gold, saying,—

"Have you any immediate use for something of this kind?"

Then I had my laugh, and confessed that perhaps it was n't quite style enough for a first-class hotel; and I told him that as those circulars of his seemed to be for free distribution, I would appropriate a few of them. Transferring several twenties from his hand to my pocket I hastened away, as the hour for the boat's starting was near at hand.

After having once more donned the garb of civilization, everything I looked upon seemed changed for the better as greatly as myself. Even a party of outgoing prospectors, who just then chanced along, driving numerous well loaded pack animals, impressed me as being of a cleverer, better class of men than prospectors were apt to average.

More than of all the others, I took pleasure in watching one of their number who seemed the life of the entire party, and was giving them much cause for merriment. A refractory mule claiming his attention, he called out loudly, "Starboard your helm, you lubber." At that instant he caught my eye as I stood there on the curb watching him, not ten feet away. Waving my hand, I said to him patronizingly,—

"The best of luck to you, my lad!"

And back came his reply as he touched his hat: "Thanks, and the same to you, sir."

It was much like a sharp stab, his not recognizing me, but Dick was not to blame in the least. I do not believe a more complete disguise could be imagined for one of those old-time knights of the trail, than to wash his face, touch

up his hair and beard, and then put a boiled shirt on him.

Nine happy months, with just enough to do all the while to give to our abundant leisure a most enjoyable relish, plenty of time for the sailing and fishing; for the long gallops over the hills, with the game vainly fleeing; or the soberer cityward drives on social pleasures intent. Should I not have been satisfied, think you?

The power the mines possess to draw again to them those who have ever bivouacked for long in their wild gulches

and ravines borders on the marvelous to most outsiders, and can scarcely be comprehended even by the old prospectors themselves. The situation I held was all in every way that I could desire, but the spell was on me and I yielded to it. Ere the year had closed, the roll of blankets was again in place; and though I had not to my knowledge a single acquaintance in that region, I was climbing certain trails in the happiest of moods, soon to come upon a thriving mining town, which for twenty-one years thereafter I called my home.

*William S. Hutchinson.*

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## THE GUARANY.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF JOSÉ MARTINIANO DE ALENCAR.

### X.

#### LEAVE-TAKING.

DOM ANTONIO grasped Pery's hand.

"What I owe you, Pery, can never be repaid; but I know what I owe to myself. You return to your tribe; in spite of your courage and valor, the fortune of war may be unfavorable, and you may fall into the power of one of our people. This paper will save your life and liberty; accept it in the name both of my daughter and myself." The nobleman delivered to the Indian the parchment he had written shortly before, and turned to his son. "This paper, Dom Diogo, assures any Portuguese to whom Pery may be a prisoner that Dom Antonio, de Mariz and his heirs answer for him and for his ransom, whatever it may be. It is a further bequest which I leave you to carry out, my son."

"Be sure, father," replied the young man, "that I shall know how to meet

this debt of honor, not only out of respect to your memory, but also in compliance with my own feelings."

"My whole family here present," said the nobleman, addressing the Indian, "thanks you again for what you have done for it; we have all assembled to wish you a happy return to your brethren and to the country where you were born."

Pery let his eyes rest on the countenance of each one of the persons present, as if to bid them the adieu his lips could not express.

As soon as his look met Cecilia's, he crossed the room, drawn by an irresistible force, and knelt at her feet. The maiden took from her breast a small golden cross fastened to a black ribbon, and placed it on his neck.

"When you know what this cross means, return, Pery."

"No, mistress; from whither Pery goes no one ever returned."

Cecilia started. The Indian rose, and



addressed Dom Antonio, who could not master his emotion.

"Pery is going. You command, he obeys. Before the sun leaves the earth Pery will leave your house. The sun will return tomorrow; Pery will never return. He carries death in his bosom because he has to leave today; it would be joy if his departure were at the end of the moon."

"How so?" asked Dom Antonio. "Since it is necessary for us to part, you must feel as badly three days hence as today."

"No," replied he; "you are going to be attacked, tomorrow perhaps, and Pery would be with you to defend you."

"I am going to be attacked?" exclaimed the nobleman seriously.

"Yes; you may be sure."

"And by whom?"

"By the Aymorés."

"And how do you know this?" asked Dom Antonio with an incredulous look.

The Indian hesitated for a moment; he was studying his reply.

"Pery knows because he saw the father and brother of the woman whom your son unintentionally killed examine the house from a distance, utter a cry of revenge, and then set out for their tribe."

"And what did you do?"

"Pery saw them pass; and comes to warn you to prepare for them."

The nobleman shook his head incredulously. "To believe what you say, Pery, one must be unacquainted with you; you could not look with indifference on the enemies of your mistress and me."

The Indian smiled sadly. "They were too strong; Pery let them pass."

Dom Antonio began to reflect; he seemed to be summoning his reminiscences, and combining certain circumstances that were impressed upon his memory. His look descending from Pery's face had fallen on his shoulders; at first vague and absent, as of a man

in deep thought, it soon began to assume fixedness, and to distinguish an almost imperceptible red point on the Indian's cotton tunic. In proportion as his vision became certain, and the object presented itself more distinctly, the nobleman's countenance lighted up, as if he had found the solution of a difficult problem.

"Are you wounded?" exclaimed he.

Pery started back a step; but Dom Antonio, springing to him, turned down the neck of his shirt, and took the pistols from his belt, examined them, and saw that they were unloaded. After this examination he folded his arms and surveyed the Indian with profound admiration.

"Pery," he said, "what you have done is worthy of you; what you are now doing is the act of a nobleman. Your noble heart may beat without a blush against the heart of a Portuguese cavalier. I take you all to witness that you have seen Dom Antonio de Mariz clasp to his breast an enemy of his race and religion as his equal in nobleness of character and sentiment."

The nobleman opened his arms and gave Pery the fraternal embrace consecrated by the customs of ancient chivalry, of which even at that time only vague traditions remained. The Indian with downcast eyes, exhibiting great emotion and embarrassment, looked like a criminal before the judge.

"Come, Pery," said Dom Antonio, "a man ought not to lie, even to conceal his good deeds. Answer me truly."

"Speak on."

"Who fired two shots near the river when your mistress was bathing?"

"It was Pery."

"Who discharged an arrow that fell near Cecilia?"

"An Aymoré," answered the Indian, shuddering.

"Why did the other arrow remain in the place where the bodies of the savages are?"

Pery made no reply.

"It is useless for you to deny it ; your wound speaks. To save your mistress, you intercepted the enemies' arrows with your body, and then killed them."

"You know all : Pery is no longer needed ; he returns to his tribe."

He took a last look at his mistress, and proceeded toward the door.

"Pery !" exclaimed Cecilia, "remain ! Your mistress commands it !" Then running to her father, and smiling through her tears, she said in a supplicating tone : —

"Is it not so ? He must not leave us any more. You cannot send him away after what he has done for me ?"

"Yes ! The house in which dwells a devoted friend like him has a guardian angel watching over the safety of all. He shall remain with us, and forever."

Pery, trembling and palpitating with joy and hope, hung upon Dom Antonio's lips.

"My wife," said the nobleman, addressing Dona Lauriana with a solemn expression, "do you think that a man who for the second time has saved your daughter at the risk of his life, whose last word when dismissed by us, in spite of our ingratitude, is an act of devotion to those who disown him,—do you think that this man ought to leave the house where so many times misfortune would have entered if he had not been there ?"

Dona Lauriana, her prejudices aside, was a good lady, and when her heart was touched, she knew what generous sentiments were. Her husband's words found an echo in her soul. "No," said she rising and taking a few steps. "Pery must remain ; I now ask it of you as a favor to me, Dom Antonio. I, too, have my debt to pay."

The Indian kissed respectfully the hand the nobleman's wife held out to him.

Cecilia clapped her hands with delight ; the two cavaliers interchanged a smile, and understood each other. The

son felt a certain pride in seeing his father noble, great, and generous. The father knew that his son approved his action, and would follow his example.

At this moment Ayres Gomes appeared in the doorway, and was stupefied. What he saw was for him a thing incomprehensible, an insoluble enigma for one ignorant of what had occurred. In the morning after breakfast, Dom Antonio, on approaching one of the windows, had seen a great black cloud settling down upon the bank of the Paquequer. The multitude of the vultures which formed that cloud indicated that the repast was abundant ; it must be an animal of large size, or more than one. Led by the curiosity natural in a life always uniform and monotonous, the nobleman went down to the river. Near the jasmine arbor that served as Cecilia's bathing house, he found a little canoe, in which he crossed to the opposite bank. There he discovered the bodies of the two savages, whom he immediately recognized as Aymorés ; he saw that they had been killed with firearms. He could think of nothing except that the savages would perhaps attack his house, and a terrible presentiment seized upon him. Dom Antonio was not superstitious ; but he could not avoid a vague fear when he learned of the death that Dom Diogo had unintentionally, but imprudently, caused ; this was the motive that led him to be so severe with his son. Seeing now his sinister forebodings beginning to be realized, that vague fear was redoubled. An inner voice seemed to tell him that a great misfortune was hanging over his family, and that the quiet and happy life he had led in that solitude was to be transformed into a sorrow which he could not define.

Under the influence of that involuntary movement of the soul, the nobleman returned to the house. He saw two adventurers near by, whom he ordered to go at once and bury the sav-



ages, and maintain the strictest silence regarding this matter : he did not want to terrify his wife. The rest we already know. He thought that the misfortune which he feared might fall upon his own person, and desired to make his last will so as to assure the peace of his family. Afterward Pery's warning reminded him suddenly of what he had seen ; he recalled the slightest circumstances, combined them with what Isabel had told her aunt, and knew what had taken place as if he had been present. The wound the Indian had received, which had been opened by the violent emotion that he had experienced during the cruel moment when his mistress was bidding him depart, had stained his cotton tunic with an almost imperceptible point, which, however, for Dom Antonio was a ray of light.

The worthy Ayres Gomes, who after unheard-of efforts had succeeded in dragging his sword to him with his foot, and cutting the cords that held him, had good reason, then, to be astonished at what he saw. Pery kissing Dona Lauriana's hand ; Cecilia laughing and happy ; Dom Antonio and Dom Diogo surveying the Indian with a look of gratitude,—all this at once was enough to make the esquire go mad. Indeed, as soon as he had freed himself, he had hastened to the house solely for the purpose of relating what had occurred, and asking permission of Dom Antonio to quarter the Indian,—determined, if the nobleman refused it, to leave his service, in which he had continued for thirty years ; but he had an injury to avenge, and though it grieved him to leave the house Ayres Gomes was not the man to hesitate.

Dom Antonio laughed at sight of the amazed figure of the esquire ; he knew that he did not like the Indian, but on this occasion he desired to reconcile all with Pery.

"Come here, my good Ayres,—my comrade for thirty years. I am sure

that you, the impersonation of fidelity, will be glad to grasp the hand of a devoted friend of all my family."

Ayres Gomes was not merely amazed ; he was transformed into a statue. How could he disobey Dom Antonio, who spoke to him with so much of friendship ? And yet how could he grasp the hand that had injured him ? If he had already left the nobleman's service he would have been free ; but the order had taken him by surprise,—he could not evade it.

"Come, Ayres !"

The esquire extended his stiffened arm, and the Indian grasped his hand with a smile.

"You are a friend ; Pery will not bind you again."

From these words they all gathered, in a confused way, what had taken place, and none of them could refrain from laughing.

"Cursed Indian !" muttered the esquire between his teeth. "You will always show what you are."

It was dinner-time ; the bell sounded.

## XI.

### MISCHIEVOUSNESS.

In the afternoon of that same Sunday on which so many events had occurred, Cecilia and Isabel came out of the garden with their arms around each other's waist.

Cecilia gave her cousin a mischievous look, that foretold one of her playful tricks.

Isabel, still under the influence of the morning's scene, held her eyes down ; it seemed to her after what had passed that everybody, and especially Alvaro, would read her secret, which she had concealed so long in the depths of her soul. Nevertheless, she felt happy ; a vague and undefined hope expanded her heart, and imparted to her face an expression of joy, the ecstasy of a being that thinks itself loved.

What did she expect? She did not know; but the air seemed more fragrant, the light more brilliant; everything was rose-colored to her eye.

Cecilia saw, without comprehending, that something extraordinary was going on in her cousin, and observed with admiration the irradiation of beauty that shone on her dark face.

"How beautiful you are!" said she suddenly. And drawing Isabel's cheek to her she imprinted on it a sweet kiss.

Isabel responded affectionately to her cousin's caress. "Did n't you bring your bracelet?" she exclaimed, noticing Cecilia's arm.

"Why, no!" replied her cousin, with a gesture of vexation. Isabel thought this movement was caused by her cousin's forgetfulness; but the real cause was the fear Cecilia felt of betraying herself.

"Let's go and get it; shall we not?"

"O no! It would be too late, and we should lose our walk."

"Then I must take mine off; we are no longer sisters."

"It does n't matter; when we return I promise you that we will be sisters indeed." Saying this, Cecilia smiled mischievously.

They had reached the front of the house. Dona Lauriana was talking with her son Dom Diogo; while Dom Antonio and Alvaro were walking up and down the esplanade in conversation with each other. Cecilia went toward her father with Isabel, who on approaching the young cavalier felt her strength desert her.

"Father," said the girl, "we want to take a walk. The evening is so beautiful! If I were to ask you and Senhor Alvaro to accompany us?"

"We should, as always, do what you ask," answered the nobleman with gallantry; "we should execute your command."

"Command! O no, father! Wish merely!"

"And what are the wishes of a pretty little angel like you?"

"So you will accompany us?"

"Certainly."

"And you, Senhor Alvaro?"

"I—I obey."

Cecilia while addressing the young man could not help blushing; but overcame her agitation, and went on with her cousin to the stairway that descended into the valley.

Alvaro was sad; after his conversation with Cecilia he had seen her during dinner, but she had avoided his looks, and had not even once addressed a word to him. He supposed that all this was the result of his imprudence of the previous evening; but she was so cheerful and happy that it seemed impossible she should have remembered the offense. The manner in which she treated him had more of indifference than of resentment; one would say that she had forgotten everything that had occurred. This it was that had made Alvaro sad, in spite of the happiness he had experienced when Dom Antonio called him his son; a happiness that at times seemed like an enchanting dream, destined soon to vanish.

The two girls had reached the valley, and were going on among the clusters of trees that bordered the plain forming a beautiful labyrinth. Sometimes Cecilia would disengage herself from her cousin's arm, and running along the winding path that traversed the shrubbery would conceal herself behind the foliage, and make Isabel look for her in vain for some time. When her cousin finally succeeded in finding her, they would both laugh, embrace, and continue the innocent pastime.

Once, however, Cecilia allowed Dom Antonio and Alvaro to approach; she wore so naughty a look and so roguish a smile that Isabel became uneasy.

"I forgot to tell you one thing, father."

"Yes! And what is it?"

"A secret."



"Well, come and relate it to me."

Cecilia separated from Isabel, and going to her father took his arm.

"Have patience for an instant, Senhor Alvaro," said she, turning. "Talk with Isabel; tell her your opinion of that pretty bracelet. Have n't you seen it yet?" And with a smile she tripped off lightly with her father; her secret was the trick she had just played in leaving Alvaro and Isabel alone, after having thrown to them a word which must produce its effect.

The emotions of the two young people on hearing what Cecilia had said, it is impossible to describe. Isabel suspected what had taken place; she knew that Cecilia had deceived her, to induce her to accept Alvaro's present,—the look her cousin had cast upon her as she turned away with her father had revealed it to her. As for Alvaro, he could make nothing of the matter, except that Cecilia had given him the highest proof of her contempt and indifference; but he could not imagine the reason why she had associated Isabel in that act, which should be a secret between the two.

Left thus alone in presence of each other, they did not dare to raise their eyes. Alvaro's were fixed on the bracelet. Isabel, trembling, felt the young man's look, and suffered as though a ring of red-hot iron encircled her pretty arm. They stood thus for a long time: finally Alvaro, desirous of an explanation, ventured to break the silence.

"What does all this mean, Dona Isabel?" asked he entreatingly.

"I don't know. I was deceived," stammered Isabel.

"How so?"

"Cecilia made me believe that this bracelet came from her father, to induce me to take it; for if I had known —"

"That it came from my hand, you would not have accepted it?"

"Never!" exclaimed the girl with spirit.

Alvaro was surprised at the tone in

which she uttered the word, as if she were taking an oath.

"Why not?" he asked after a moment.

She fixed on him her large black eyes; there was so much love and so much feeling in that earnest look that if Alvaro had understood it he would have had the answer to his question. But the cavalier understood neither the look nor the silence of Isabel; he thought there was a mystery in this matter, and desired to clear it up.

He drew near the maiden, and said to her in a soft and sad voice:—

"Pardon me, Dona Isabel; I know that I am committing an indiscretion; but what has taken place demands an explanation between us. You say that you have been deceived; I too have been deceived. Do you not think that the best way to end this matter is for us to speak frankly to each other?"

Isabel was agitated. "Speak; I am listening to you, Senhor Alvaro."

"I need not confess to you what you have already discovered; you know the history of this bracelet, don't you?"

"Yes," stammered the girl.

"Tell me, then, how it passed from the place where it was to your arm. Do not think that I blame you for this, — no; I only want to know how far they are making sport of me."

"I have already told you what I knew. Cecilia deceived me."

"And the reason she had for deceiving you,—can you not guess?"

"Can I guess!" exclaimed Isabel, checking the pulsation of her heart.

"Tell me, then. I beg and entreat!"

Alvaro had kneeled down on the ground, and taking Isabel's hand, was imploring of her the word that would explain Cecilia's action, and reveal her reason for rejecting his gift. If he knew this reason, perhaps he could exculpate himself,—perhaps he might deserve her pardon; and therefore he urgently entreated Isabel to declare the motive that actuated Cecilia.

When the maiden saw Alvaro at her feet, a suppliant, she had turned deadly pale; her heart beat with such violence that her bosom might be seen to rise and fall with the vehement and rapid palpitations; her ardent gaze fell upon the young man and fascinated him.

"Speak!" said Alvaro, "speak! You are kind; do not let me suffer in this way when a word from you can relieve and calm me."

"And if that word should make you hate me?" stammered Isabel.

"Have no such fear; whatever the calamity you announce, it will be welcome from your lips; it is always a consolation to receive bad news from a friendly voice."

Isabel was about to speak, but stopped in great agitation:—

"O, I cannot! It would be necessary for me to confess all!"

"And why not confess? Do I not deserve your confidence? Have n't you a friend in me?"

"If you were—" and Isabel's eyes sparkled.

"Finish!"

"If you were my friend, you would forgive me."

"Forgive you, Dona Isabel! What have you done that I should forgive you!" said Alvaro, with astonishment.

The maiden was alarmed at what she had said; she covered her face.

This dialogue, lively, animated, full of reticence and hesitation on Isabel's part, had aroused the cavalier's curiosity; his mind was lost in a labyrinth of doubts and uncertainties. The mystery grew deeper and deeper; at first Isabel said that she had been deceived; now she gave him to understand that she was guilty. He resolved at every hazard to penetrate the enigma.

"Dona Isabel!"

She took her hands from her face; her cheeks were bathed in tears.

"Why are you weeping?" asked Alvaro, with surprise.

"Do not ask me?"

"You conceal everything from me! You leave me in the same doubt! What have you done? Say!"

"Do you want to know?" asked the girl, under great excitement.

"I've long been imploring you to tell me!"

Alvaro had taken both her hands, and with his eyes fixed on hers, was expecting at last an answer. Isabel was white as the cambric of her dress; she felt the pressure of his hands on hers, and his breath fanning her cheeks.

"Will you forgive me?"

"Yes! But why?"

"Because—"

Isabel pronounced that word in a sort of delirium; a sudden revolution had taken place in her whole being. The deep and violent love sleeping in her soul, the passion stifled and repressed so long, had awaked, and breaking the chains that held it, rose impetuous and uncontrollable. The simple touch of the young man's hands had caused this revolution; the timid child was transformed into a passionate woman; love overflowed from her heart like a mighty torrent from its deep bed. Her cheeks were on fire; her bosom dilated; her look enveloped the young man kneeling at her feet in luminous fluids; her parted lips seemed to be waiting to pronounce the word that her soul was to bring to her lips.

Alvaro admired her; he had never seen her so beautiful. The lovely brown of her face and neck was lighted up with soft reflections, and had such charming undulations that the thought involuntarily lost itself in the graceful curves, as if to feel their touch, to repose upon their palpitating forms.

All this was in the instant while Isabel hesitated to pronounce the next word. Then she tottered, and leaning upon Alvaro's shoulder, like a faded flower upon its stalk, murmured,—

"Because—I love you!"



## XII.

## THROUGH THE AIR.

ALVARO rose as if the maiden's lips had injected into his veins a drop of the subtle poison of the savages, one atom of which was enough to cause death. Pale, astounded, he fixed on her a cold and stern look; his loyal heart magnified his pure affection for Cecilia to such an extent that Isabel's love seemed to him almost a crime,—at any rate, a profanation.

She, with tears in her eyes, smiled bitterly. Alvaro's rapid movement had changed their positions; now it was she that was kneeling at the cavalier's feet.

She was suffering terribly, but passion had control of her. Her long silence burned her lips; her love needed to breathe, to expand, though contempt and even hatred should afterward come and drive it back into her heart.

"You promised to forgive me!"

"I have nothing to forgive, Dona Isabel," replied the young man raising her up. "I pray you not to think of such a thing again."

"Very well! Listen to me a moment, an instant only, and I swear by my mother that you shall never hear another word from me! If you wish it, I will not even look at you; I do not need to look to see you!" She accompanied these words with a movement of sublime resignation.

"What do you wish of me?" asked he.

"I wish you to be my judge. Condemn me afterward; a sentence pronounced by you will be to me a consolation. Will you refuse me?"

Alvaro was greatly moved by these words, uttered as they were in a tone of deep despair.

"You have committed no crime; you need no judge. But, if you wish a brother to console you, you have in me one, devoted and sincere."

"A brother!" exclaimed the girl. "It would at least be an affection."

"And a calm and serene affection, Dona Isabel."

She made no reply; she felt the gentle reproof conveyed by those words; but she felt, also, the ardent love that filled her soul and was suffocating her.

Alvaro had recalled to mind the injunction of Dom Antonio; what at first had been merely a compassion became a sympathy. Isabel had been unfortunate from infancy; it was his duty, therefore, to console her, and to begin at once to carry out the last will of the aged nobleman, whom he loved and respected as a father.

"Do not refuse what I ask," said he affectionately. "Accept me as your brother."

"So it should be," answered Isabel sadly. "Cecilia calls me her sister; you should be my brother. I accept! Will you be good to me?"

"Yes, Dona Isabel."

"Should not a brother call his sister by her name merely?" she asked timidly.

Alvaro hesitated. "Yes, Isabel."

The maiden received that word as a supreme bliss; she fancied that the cavalier's lips in pronouncing her name so familiarly caressed it.

"Thank you! You do not know how much good it does me to hear you call me so. One must have suffered much to find happiness in so little."

"Tell me your griefs."

"No: leave them to me. Perhaps some time I will tell them; now I only wish to show you that I am not so culpable as you think."

"Culpable! Of what?"

"In liking you," said Isabel with a blush.

Alvaro became cold and reserved.

"I know that I annoy you; but it is the first and the last time. Hear me, and then chide me, as a brother his sister."

Isabel's voice was so soft, her look so imploring, that Alvaro could not resist.

"Speak, sister."

"You know what I am, — a poor orphan, who lost her mother very early, and never knew her father. I have lived on the compassion of others; I do not complain, but I suffer. The daughter of two hostile races, I ought to have loved both; but my unfortunate mother made me hate one, and the contempt with which I am treated has caused me to despise the other."

"Poor girl!" murmured Alvaro, recalling a second time Dom Antonio's words.

"Thus isolated in the midst of all, nourishing only the bitter feelings that my mother had implanted in my heart, I felt the need of loving something. One cannot live wholly on hatred and scorn!"

"You are right, Isabel."

"Then fortunately I have your approbation. I needed to love; I needed an affection to bind me to life. I know not how, I know not when, I began to love you; but in silence, at the bottom of my soul." The maiden looked tenderly into Alvaro's eyes. "This satisfied me. When I had gazed upon you hour after hour, without your perceiving it, I thought myself happy; I would withdraw with my pleasing image, and converse with it, or sleep, dreaming beautiful dreams."

The cavalier was agitated, but did not dare to interrupt her.

"You do not know what secrets that love has that lives only on its own illusions, without a look, a word, to nourish it. The very smallest thing is a pleasure, a supreme happiness. How often have I not followed the moon's ray as it entered through my window and gradually approached me, thinking I saw in that soft beam your countenance, and waiting tremulous with pleasure as if I were expecting you. When the ray drew near, when its satiny light fell upon me, I experienced a boundless enjoyment; I fancied that you were smiling upon

me, that your hands clasped mine, that your face was leaning upon me and your lips speaking to me,—"

Isabel let her head fall upon Alvaro's shoulder; the cavalier palpitating with emotion placed his arm around her waist and pressed her to his heart; but suddenly he freed himself with an abrupt movement.

"Do not be afraid of me," said she in a melancholy tone. "I know that you cannot love me. You are noble and generous; your first love will be your last. You may listen to me without fear."

"What is there left for you to tell me?" asked Alvaro.

"The explanation that you desired."

"Ah, at last!"

Isabel then related how in spite of all her efforts to keep her secret she had betrayed herself; she related the conversation with Cecilia, and the manner in which her cousin had induced her to accept the bracelet.

"Now you know all; my affection will return again into my heart, whence it would never have issued but for that fatality that caused you to address a few kind words to me. Hope, for souls that have never known her, is so deceptive and fascinating that you ought to excuse me. Forget me, brother, rather than remember me to hate me!"

"You do me an injustice, Isabel. I cannot, it is true, be other than a brother to you, but that title I feel that I deserve by the esteem and affection you inspire in me. Goodby, dear sister."

The young man pronounced these last words with great tenderness, and pressing Isabel's hand disappeared: he needed to be alone to reflect on what had taken place.

He was now convinced that Cecilia did not love him and had never loved him; and this discovery was made on the very day that Dom Antonio gave him his daughter's hand! Under the weight of his grief, painful as is ever the



first grief of the heart, the cavalier moved away absent-mindedly, with his head cast down ; he went on at random, following the line traced by the groups of trees standing at intervals here and there upon the plain. It was almost night-fall ; the pale and colorless shadow of twilight was spreading like a gauze mantle over nature ; objects were losing form and color, and assuming a vague and uncertain appearance in space. The first star, plunged in the blue of heaven, shone furtively, like a maiden's eyes opening and closing on awakening. A cricket concealed in the stump of a tree began its song ; it was the minstrel insect hailing the approach of night.

Alvaro wandered along pensively, when suddenly he felt a quick breeze fanning his face ; he raised his eyes, and saw in front of him a long arrow fixed in the ground, still oscillating with the impulse received from the bow.

He recoiled a step or two and placed his hand on his belt, but quickly reflecting, went up to the arrow and examined the plumage with which it was ornamented ; this consisted of feathers of the *azulão*<sup>1</sup> on one side, and of heron feathers on the other. Blue and white were Pery's colors ; they were the colors of Cecilia's eyes and face. One day the maiden, like a noble castellan of the middle ages, had amused herself by explaining to the Indian how the warriors who served a lady used to wear her colors on their arms.

"Do you give Pery your colors, mistress ?" asked he.

"I have none," answered she ; "but I will assume some, if you wish it."

"Pery begs you to."

"Which do you think the prettiest ?"

"Those of your face, and your eyes."

Cecilia smiled. "Take them ; I give them to you."

From that day Pery decked all his arrows with blue and white feathers ; his ornaments, besides a wreath of scar-

let feathers woven by his mother, were ordinarily of the same colors.

For this reason Alvaro, when he saw the plumage of the arrow, felt at ease ; he knew that it came from Pery, and understood the meaning of the symbolic sentence that the Indian had sent through the air.

In fact that shaft, in Pery's phraseology, was nothing more than a warning given in silence, and from a great distance ; a letter or mute messenger, a simple interjection : "Halt !"

The young man forgot his thoughts, and remembered what Pery had told him in the morning ; naturally what he had just done had relation to that mystery of which he had merely given him a hint.

He glanced through the space that stretched before him, and explored with his eyes the thickets around him, but saw nothing worthy of attention,—discovered no sign indicating the presence of the Indian. He resolved therefore to wait, and stationed himself near the arrow, folding his arms and fixing his eyes on the dark line of the forest figured on the blue horizon.

An instant after, a little arrow cleaving the air fastened itself on the top of the first, and shook it so violently as to bend the shaft. Alvaro understood that the Indian wished him to draw out the arrow, and obeyed the order.

Immediately a third fell a few steps to the right of the cavalier, and others followed a few yards apart in the same direction, until one sank in a dense grove some thirty paces from the place where he had first stopped.

It was not difficult now to understand Pery's wish ; Alvaro, who followed the arrows as they fell, and knew that they indicated the place where he was to stop, concealed himself amid the foliage as soon as he saw the last one disappear in the grove.

From there, after a little interval, he saw three figures pass almost exactly

<sup>1</sup>A blue bird.

over the spot that he had just left. He could not distinguish them through the branches, but saw that they proceeded cautiously and appeared to have their pistols in their hands.

The figures moved away in the direction of the house. The cavalier was about to follow them, when the leaves parted, and Pery, gliding noiselessly as

a shadow, approached him and whispered a word in his ear,—

"It is they."

"Who?"

"The white enemies."

"I don't understand you."

"Wait: Pery will return." And the Indian disappeared again in the shades of night, which was advancing rapidly.

*James W. Hawes.*

CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## RECENT FICTION.

WITH the regularity of the operations of nature, the first crop of the summer novel is now placed upon our markets. The fundamental distinction of trash and no trash is easy to make when once the point of view is obtained. To most novel readers the hammock or beach-chair becomes the observatory now, and the reviewer takes the same position, with a promise to give faithful warning of the point at which the book drops heavily to the ground.

To press the figure of the crop a bit, one might say the home supply is nearly equal to the home market this year. Only four of the books to be reviewed treat of other than American life.

Among the English stories *The Marplot*<sup>1</sup> by Sidney Lysaght is perhaps the most ambitious. The story concerns itself with one Dick, whose various escapades form the plot. His first adventure with Connie, the child-actress, and his boy love for Margaret Congfield, are light and well managed.

The story shifts from a quiet English town to certain haunts in London's Bohemia, to Ireland, to Khartoum, and

back again, and the bits of descriptive work do not drag the movement of the story.

In the love of Elsinora, the Irish girl, for Dick, we find the first serious touch of the author. But even the evident sympathy of the author, and the abundant charms with which he has endowed his hero, cannot reconcile one to the lack of real manliness. This, and not the love, is the marplot of the various lives that touch with his.

One of the characters is curiously like that favorite of George Meredith's, the cynical writer of epigrams,—a sort of cynicism in words of one syllable. This youthful pessimism is interesting in its way, and clever; but the heart of the writer is with the beautiful Irish girl, whose love had such a high ideal and pitiful reality. This is decidedly a good hammock story.

*A Mere Cypher*<sup>2</sup> seems at first to be curiously related to the Keeley Cure, and Bret Harte's rhyme comes into one's mind.

"And I cannot deny

In regard to the same

What the name might imply."

<sup>1</sup>The Marplot. By Sidney Royse Lysaght. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1893.

<sup>2</sup>A Mere Cypher. By Mary Angela Dickens. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1893.



Yet, after the first chapter or so, the quiet dignity and pathos take hold on the reader. A young man, a drunkard, is redeemed by the love of a plain little woman, whom he alternately smiles upon and forgets; he is the young college man, and she the wife of the doctor who has the retreat to which he is sent. Through the whole story it is her faithfulness that upholds and protects him, while he is all unconscious of her, save as a plain, faded, gentle little lady, who is very kind to him, as to every one.

The crime she finally commits for his sake is told with an almost tragic directness.

*The Story of John Trevennick*<sup>1</sup> has for its hero the happy-go-lucky college man we all know so well in the summer novel. Its heroine is the same sweet girl who smiles upon us season by season.

If only well bred, and above all, not bores, they come to us with a certain perennial freshness like other "green things a-growing." In the first part of the story the hero, an Oxford man, gets into an ugly bit of smuggling, and is led on by the villain of the story, who is in love with the heroine.

As usual there is the irate father, the faithful little sister, the gentle and attractive other man's sister who stands by the hero.

After the usual happenings he is reconciled to his father, and we all know the rest.

The only unusual character in this plot is that of the small boy, a sort of English edition of Tom Sawyer, who has lost some of the wit and all the coarseness of his American prototype.

In *The Chosen Valley*<sup>2</sup> we find some of the same qualities that have won for Mary Hallock Foote her place among our pleasantest story writers.

<sup>1</sup>The Story of John Trevennick. By Walter C. Rhodes. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1893.

<sup>2</sup>The Chosen Valley. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1892.

This story reads better in the book form than in the serial, which proves that as yet she is untouched by that desire to make six or twelve bristling points, one for each number.

The story of the building of the great dam is told with the simplicity characteristic of the work of a practiced hand. One character especially is full of that spontaneity which comes only from a touch with real life.

In Bret Harte's *Susy*<sup>3</sup> we have a Western story of another sort. We meet again the same characters that had their beginning in "A Waif of the Plains"; the rather conventional Judge Peyton, now settled down on a hacienda, and Jim Hooker, the consciously theatrical cowboy, who winds up properly in a wild and wooly combination of actors, where his fondness for blood-curdling declamation is not so likely to cause him trouble as off the boards. Susy, the child adopted and spoiled by the Peytons, has grown up to be—in this book—so affected that the theater adopts her also in the end. Clarence Brandt, the young hero of the former story, also grown up, is seemingly left pretty helpless, in spite of all his knocking about. He cannot even save his friend, the Judge, from a death by an assassin's *riata* in the very spot where he himself had escaped by accident a few days before,—a circumstance that he has entirely failed to mention. He throws away his fortune on a forged land claim, and at last has to be taken by the neck and thrust into the good luck of matrimony with the elderly widow of the Judge, who alone, seems able to give him the motherly care he needs. We are promised a third book in this trilogy, but it is hard to see where the material lies for it. Perhaps Mr. Harte will tell us what became of the devil; for the rest of the people seem to be fairly disposed of.

<sup>3</sup>Susy. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1893.

In *Sally Dows*<sup>1</sup> we have four of Mr. Harte's short stories, and they are better worth reading than the longer one. The name-story is a narrative of the post bellum period, in Georgia. The "Conspiracy of Mrs. Bunker" works in something similar to the Terry duel, and the activity of the Southern element in war times. "The Transformation of Buckeye Camp" is of the feminine invasion of the mining camp, but to the detriment of the camp and not its civilization as usually depicted, for the woman in the case is a Mexican señora who establishes a saloon and causes many complications. "The Uncle from California" is the return to the midland State of the whimsical and unexpected uncle, who does not appreciate the bearskins, guns, and bows, put in his room to make it seem natural, but who does foil the heavy villain.

In both of these books is markedly shown the long absence of Bret Harte from the scenes he describes. He several times speaks of the "scarlet poppies" that cover the mesas of California; and in the "Conspiracy," when the duelist is trying to escape from the hills back of Sausalito, a tug boat is sent to "Mendocino," lest he shall walk over to the ocean and escape on that side,—notwithstanding the hundred miles and more of intervening coast. Few Californians have still any hope of finding in a book of Mr. Harte's any real picture of Western life, past or present.

*The Chief Factor*<sup>2</sup> is a story of the Hudson Bay Company, and has a charm rare now-a-days of a fresh field.

The characters are Scotch, and show a lack of sentimentality which is highly refreshing. But in spite of the natural tone of the whole story, there is a trace of the eerie side of Scotch life. The plot is badly strained in parts, and the In-

dian girl, Summerhair, belongs to Cooper's tribes, long since extinct even in fiction.

But Jean Fordie with her sturdy common sense, and Elsie Garvin in her passionate love for the Chief Factor, are well worth meeting.

It is a sudden change to pass from these Western stories to such work as Henry James's *The Real Thing*.<sup>3</sup> The former books might have been written out-of-doors, the latter is possible only in an immaculate library. But at this time there is no need for an elaborate criticism on James's work. The reader knows just what he is getting, and if he enjoys it, no word of reviewer is of weight; but to a new hand, the reviewer can only say in this instance these tales are not the most characteristic of James's,—therefore, take heart.

Another well-known writer, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, contributes to this year's stories one of more action and less pathos than usual.

*Donald Marcy*<sup>4</sup> is a genuinely bright college story, and while the moral is omnipresent, the reader does not feel that it is pointed offensively at him.

No matter how one's personal prejudices may lie in regard to the two last named writers, it certainly is no small thing to feel that the fortunes of hero or heroine are held in a practiced hand.

It is against the principles of all save the summer boarder, to indulge in detective stories. Therefore, the serious minded who may have strayed unwittingly may here withdraw, and to the summer boarder we heartily commend *An Artist in Crime*.<sup>5</sup> The plot is strong, in the nature of a double surprise in its denouement. The reader has a chance to exhaust all his ingenuity, as did

<sup>3</sup>The Real Thing, and Other Tales. By Henry James. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1893.

<sup>4</sup>Donald Marcy. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1893.

<sup>5</sup>An Artist in Crime. By Rodrigues Ottolengrie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1892.

<sup>1</sup>Sally Dows. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1893.

<sup>2</sup>The Chief Factor. By Gilbert Parker. New York: The Home Publishing Co.: 1893.



Barnes, the detective, and to no better purpose.

One other point in its favor is that it arouses intense interest, while keeping perfectly clear from all forbidden subjects which may associate with the very name detective story.

A book of short stories by Richard Malcolm Johnston is sure to be welcomed by those that love tales of the quaint Southern life, told with admirable realism, delicate humor, and shrewd observation.

*Mr. Billy Downs and His Likes*<sup>1</sup> fully answers these expectations, and its half dozen stories (familiar for the most part to magazine readers) are varied, interesting, and altogether charming.

Colonel Richard Henry Savage's career as a novelist has been one of unbroken and rapid decline in the grade of work. "My Official Wife" was a delicious story, novel in situations and treatment, and simply and well told. "The Little Lady of Lagunitas" also pleased many people. "Prince Schamyl's Wooing" was markedly inferior to either, both in plot and style, and sadly marred by blood-and-thunderism. The last of the series yet to hand is *The Masked Venus*,<sup>2</sup> and it is undoubtedly the worst of all. Stabbings, poisonings, duels, battle, murder, and sudden death, are its staple. The heroine is an adventuress, who sinks to unspeakable degradation before she gets her back broken in a railway accident. The style is bombastic, the plot impossible, and the tone bad. The scene opens at West Point soon after the war, and shifts from St. Petersburg to the Cliff House, a very kaleidoscope of localities. The fatal Custer campaign is the climax,—if there can be said to

be a climax to a story that endeavors to keep the excitement up to the climax pitch through nearly its whole length,—and there is throughout a lack of moderation, of repose, of proportion, that makes the book a dime novel and not literature.

With one more novel we cross the line that separate no trash from trash. *Cosmopolis*<sup>3</sup> by Paul Bourget, is too powerful to be put with the trash, and yet one might characterize it as "powerfully trashy." It deals with characters which, like Circe, are forever young in fiction, and under a master's hand the portrayal may be full of a certain stern healing; but for such healing we must go to the master,—Balzac.

This book is strong,—so is carrion.

*Gold Dust*<sup>4</sup> is an old-fashioned novel, with a moral. But the even tenor of its way is broken by Chicago riots and labor troubles. It is the old story of money versus love, with love in at the finish.

*The Devil's Gold*<sup>5</sup> has a mingling of the motives of the above book and Rider Haggard's "She." In the copy we have seen, some twenty pages are omitted in the most exciting part of the story. Even if this binder's error ran through the whole edition, we hope it will deter no one from purchasing. We assure him he will lose nothing.

*The Survival of the Fittest*<sup>6</sup> is one of the few really vicious novels in this summer's harvest. It is essentially weak and vulgar, yet there is over it all the veneer of a pretended culture and knowledge of the world, which makes it dangerous to the only class that would notice it,—those readers, especially

<sup>3</sup> *Cosmopolis*. By Paul Bourget. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co.: 1893.

<sup>4</sup> *Gold Dust*. By Emeline Daggett Harvey. Chicago: The Lotus Publishing Co.: 1892.

<sup>5</sup> *The Devil's Gold*. By Oscar F. G. Day. Chicago: Morrill, Higgins & Co.: 1892.

<sup>6</sup> *The Survival of the Fittest*. By Louis Bond Mason and Norman Elliott. Chicago: The Nile Publishing Co.: 1892.

<sup>1</sup> *Mr. Billy Downs and His Likes*. By Richard Malcolm Johnston. Fiction, Fact and Fancy Series. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.: 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *The Masked Venus*. By Richard Henry Savage. New York: The American News Co.: 1893.

working girls, to whom life presents a great struggle and a great temptation.

*West and East*,<sup>1</sup> an Algerian Romance, written from the Kansas City point of view, is a laudable flight of the imagination, especially in its scenic effects.

*The Spanish Treasure*<sup>2</sup> is a mixture of wild adventure, buried treasure, murder, suicide, and orange blossoms, the whole seasoned with unearthly beauty and magnificent toilets—the whole served hot. This is the feast here spread.

*The Lost Heiress*,<sup>3</sup> by Mrs. Southworth, modestly declares itself “the child of genius and love, beauty and

goodness blended in perfect harmony, divinely beautiful.” All further particulars may be had for twenty-five cents.

We save for the last two stories, whose sincerity lifts them greatly above the class to which their literary workmanship would drop them.

*A Maiden of Mars*<sup>4</sup> is akin to Marie Correlli's theosophical novels. It has a high ideal, and while the treatment is in places very weak, the story is full of a pure love that lifts it in parts to an almost idyllic strain.

*The Witch Hypnotizer*<sup>5</sup> is a strange little pamphlet,—a curious mingling of Biblical texts and stories of hypnotic control. It is by no means without plan, though it has no attempt at a plot, and no merit save an almost naïve simplicity.

<sup>1</sup> *West and East*. By Laura Coates Reed. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co.: 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *Spanish Treasure* By Elizabeth C. Winter. New York: Robert Bonner's Sons: 1893.

<sup>3</sup> *The Lost Heiress*. By Mrs. Emma Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co.: 1892.

<sup>4</sup> *A Maiden of Mars*. By Gen. F. M. Clarke. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co.: 1892.

<sup>5</sup> *Witch Hypnotizer*. By Zena A. Maher. San Francisco: Published by the author: 1892.

## ETC.

It is hard, at this distance, to understand why it should be more difficult for President Cleveland to cut off short the whole office-seeking system, by refusing to make a single unnecessary removal, than to hold in check by successive restrictions the office-seeking mob. The extension of the classified service to the utmost possible limit, however, which would seem the obvious remedy for the most of the trouble, is probably impracticable for the present, for want of money. Meanwhile, the President's restiveness under the outrageous delay of public business, the general sympathy of his Cabinet with his feeling about it, and the wakening conscience of the public, give promise of reform that may be very near.

THE new registers of the University of California and the Leland Stanford, Junior, University recently issued at about the same time, show 1846 students registered in the two universities, 764 in the Stan-

ford, and 1082 in the California, besides students in Extension courses. Of these 1846 students, 198 at Stanford and 110 at California are in special courses, not requiring matriculation; while 297 of the students in the professional schools are also unmatriculated, leaving 677 matriculated students at California, 566 at Stanford, 1243 in the two universities. In the fourteen or fifteen minor colleges of the State there are, it is probable, scarcely enough to bring the total in the State up by another hundred, even if their matriculation be accepted as of any value. In the case of one or two it is doubtless high and thorough. The Stanford University has brought a considerable number of students from other States,—something over one-third of its whole attendance,—while a sprinkling of students in the California University is also from other States; both universities have also a few students from abroad, especially from Japan and the Spanish-American countries. The number



of students in the two universities that are residents of California is 1465,—997 at California, 468 at Stanford. Seven years ago, 300 students resident in California and about 25 from without the State made the whole enrollment. Even without counting the students that the Stanford University has brought from the East, the numbers drawn from the State itself have multiplied almost five-fold. The increase in population in Southern California has had much to do with this, and the establishment of the Stanford University doubtless has led to an increase in the actual number of Californian young people seeking college education, instead of merely diverting them from the California University; but the great factor has been the development in secondary education that began, by fortunate coincidence, shortly before the establishment of the Stanford University. The time chosen to open the new university, as it proved, was most felicitous; even two or three years earlier both might have found the attendance pitifully meager in proportion to the money spent and the opportunities offered.

WHILE the number of students in the University of California is still considerably larger than in the Stanford University, it would not be without the professional schools. The students in the courses of arts and sciences at Berkeley number 648; in the Stanford University, 764. The number of special students is much larger at the Stanford University; but as the book-keeping is different in the matter of partially admitted students, it is impossible to say just how the numbers of undergraduates in full standing compare: they appear to be somewhat larger at the older University. Of graduate students, general and professional, there are 66 at Stanford University, 120 at California; excluding the professional courses, 46 at California. It will be seen that the two universities are now quite equally balanced in numbers. It is probable that the Stanford will soon have decidedly the larger number of students, owing chiefly to its drawing more from the East. Within this State, more students from Southern California attend the Stanford University, while the great majority of students from the Bay region choose the California.

Two or three other interesting things are to be learned from these registers. The first is with regard to the selection of subjects under the system of complete freedom at the Stanford University. As our readers know, we have always criticised the extreme freedom given to students at Palo Alto to follow their bent, agreeing with the comment that "the bent of the average student is apt to be a bent away from stiff courses." President Eliot has said that under the elective system at Harvard there is no great tendency to the selection of "soft" electives; the same seems to be true of the elective

system at Berkeley; but under both these systems there are checks expressly directed against such choice; every student is free to make out his own course, but not to take a degree unless his course has come up not only to a required number of hours, but to a certain minimum in required studies. At the Stanford University the doctrine that one study is as good as another, that mathematics or poetry can produce equivalent mental disciplines, is carried to its full extreme, and the A. B. degree is given even for engineering and mechanical courses. A classification of the major courses selected by the students shows that the very large majority, both graduate and undergraduate students, select English,—nearly three times as many as are found in any other subject, except mechanical engineering, which has somewhat over half as many as English. history, civil engineering, and physiology are the only other studies that are selected by more than fifty students as "majors." The lightness of the University course thus laid out by many students for themselves—for no thoroughness can make English as severe or as exact a study as many others,—is doubtless to a very great extent counteracted by the "minors," which are required. Thus, though only 34 students elect mathematics, 265 in all, more than half, study it in some degree,—perhaps about as large a proportion as in most universities, since mathematics is always elective for upper class men. The subjects that are least favored as majors, next after entomology, which has a single student, a graduate, are psychology, philosophy, and architecture,—two of those in architecture being special students. Architecture ought to become a favored study in the presence of the noble models of building at Palo Alto. The register of the University of California does not give any tabulated statement of the numbers electing the various studies; but it is sufficiently evident that history and economics are distinctly in the lead.

OF the 1,082 students in the University of California, 224, nearly one fifth, are women. Only 20 of these are in the professional schools, 204 in the colleges at Berkeley, nearly one third of the whole number of students there. At the Stanford University there are 227 women, about the same proportion. Just one third of the graduate students at Palo Alto, and more than one third at Berkeley are women. A somewhat larger proportion of women than men, therefore, carry their university study beyond the bachelor's degree; they do not, however, so far as we can judge, carry it to as high a point, nor with as serious professional purpose. The master's degree, it appears, representing five years of university work instead of four, is a favorite degree with women, either for purposes of general culture, or as an equipment for teaching. One seventeenth of the women of the Collegiate Alumnae Associa-

tion—of Cornell alumnae as high a number as one fifth—take higher degrees, usually the master's. We have heard this deprecated, on the ground that graduate study should always be special, with a definite professional purpose; but we do not know who has a right to say either that four years of general culture is right, but five years wrong, in the face of a visible tendency toward fixing it at five for a considerable fraction of women students; or that the giving of a graduate year to special equipment for high school teaching is improper university work. The master's degree seems to us a very useful degree in its place, and related to secondary teaching very much as the doctor's is to college teaching.

THE Supreme Court decision on the Geary law comes just as we go to press—too late for any careful analysis of the opinions. The decision has been of course received with much rejoicing on the Pacific Coast, though there is doubtless also a respectable minority who were never in favor of the Geary law, and are sorry to see it stand. Even the majority seem a little bewildered by their own victory and its many perplexing consequences, now that they are brought face to face with them, and by no means unwilling to let the lack of funds postpone the execution of the law until Congress assembles, giving the opportunity for a repeal. We do not hesitate to say, whatever public opinion here we may contravene, that such a repeal, joined if that be the will of the people with an honorable and courteous notification to China of abrogation of the existing treaties, and *then* a re-enactment of whatever laws against the Chinese seem fit, would be the only decent course for this nation. The majority of the Supreme Court does not assert the consistency of the Geary law with our treaties and the good faith of the nation: it merely asserts the power of Congress to infringe its treaties if it so chooses, leaving it to the injured nation to resent such breach of faith according to its strength. It is not the first time that we have been treaty-breakers,—witness our relations to the Indian tribes; but it is the first instance on so large a scale, and so deliberately done. It is a curse that will certainly come home to roost: we shall hardly fail to find ourselves some day in a diplomatic controversy, possibly with a strong and militant nation, in which this decision and precedent will be quoted against us with heavy effect. Moreover, it can hardly be doubted that we shall find it more difficult to obtain desired treaties hereafter from peoples that do not feel able to enforce them by arms against our possible bad faith. We do not criticise the decision of the Supreme Court,—the question is one of law, and the Court is the final authority thereon: the dishonor rests with a Congress that is willing to avail itself of a conceded power to break faith. Nor can the ex-

igency of the case, the need of protecting our people and civilization, be urged as any excuse, since there is provided in international custom a perfectly regular and honorable way of withdrawing from treaties found onerous. There can exist no possible reason for refusing to abrogate the treaty instead of breaking it, unless it were either a desire in some sort to hold on to the privileges it gave us, trusting to China's inability to retaliate the breach of faith, or a desire to insult and humiliate China, for the gratification of such voters as like that sort of thing.

### An Experiment.

"A TRAIN of close reasoning, dealing with questions to which ordinary people give no thought, requires effort on the part of a well-disciplined intellect, and even to follow it when presented by another, very careful, even painful, effort by the mind unaccustomed to that class of activities.

"Even a work tending merely to excite emotion, as poetry, if embellished with obscure metaphors, and eccentricities of expression, or merely written in polished language, with a careful, discriminating adaptation of words to their proper uses, is not easily followed by the average mind, which gives more thought to the state of the market and the quality of the soup than to nice balancings between words and their meanings.

"But pleasant sounds may be heard without effort,—loud enough sounds,—and short, simple sentences repeating facts already known, or appealing to emotions which are accustomed to ready responsiveness, if delivered in a pleasing manner, affect most people agreeably."

"I fear you are a sad pessimist, Doctor Rybolt."

"On the contrary, I am not a pessimist either sad or merry. I am, I hope, capable of recognizing facts without first asking about their relations with the past and the future. Being facts, they must fit in between the past and the future, and the same class of them may serve to illustrate either pessimism or optimism, the sincerity of the illustration arising from the observer's point of view in looking at the past. If the present is better than the past, no matter how gloomy the present, there is hope that the future may be less gloomy."

"But let us return to your assertion: The most profound philosophy, you say, the most finished essay or stirring poetry, must fall dead on an average audience, unapplauded by them from beginning to end, and find a sigh of infinite relief awaiting its close, if delivered in a weak, unimpressive, or faulty style; while the veriest trash will be well received from the lips of an accomplished rhetorician."

"And you think I am mistaken? Then tell me why it is that two orators in debate will be equally appreciated by the same audience, ay,—by the same individuals,—as I have witnessed repeatedly, for ar-



guments and assertions diametrically opposed to each other."

"I think your mental biases lead you to observe the exceptional. It more frequently happens during the progress of a debate that each contestant has his coterie of supporters who applaud everything he says, and nothing said by his opponent, and that these two classes make up nearly the whole of the audience. And I am inclined to think that your individuals who divide the honors so impartially are not ordinary people at all, but artists in dialectics, who are delighted with each in turn because of his skill in overthrowing the successive positions of his adversary."

Doctor Rybolt had been leaning forward, searching eagerly in the eyes of his friend for some token of approval, some sign of assent. Now he settled back luxuriously into the depths of his chair, as if abandoning the hope, but doing so in a very comfortable way. After a short silence, he laughed, as if the humor of the situation had only then appealed to him, and said :—

"Do we, every one of us who secretly classify ourselves among the inductive philosophers, reason deductively? Do we observe facts with unconscious hypotheses in our minds, and pick our way among them like somnambulists, seeing only such as suit our purpose, and passing serenely by any that might tend to disestablish our assumptions?"

His friend, Mr. Gleason, said :—

"If we were chemists, our first thought would be an experiment. Why should we not undertake a little experimental sociology?"

Doctor Rybolt's face was a blank.

"You think it impracticable? Perhaps, but let us try. I will outline a plan : E — is at present deeply disturbed over the misfortunes of its one-time citizen, Greenough, now of L —. We will arrange a benefit entertainment, and ourselves prepare a programme. We will prevail upon Deacon Farrell to recite a selection from Emerson, or Carlyle, or some other thinker that was a master of English, and we will announce his performance so indefinitely that people will be led to expect one of his commonplace speeches."

"But you forget the peril of detection. Once people know that they are listening to the production of a great mind, they will applaud every alternate sentence, whether they understand a word or not."

Mr. Gleason laughed rather noisily. "Are you so unfamiliar with the habits and the libraries of E —'s population?" he asked. "There are seven persons in E — who read. The others glance at the morning papers, run over popular novels, gathering the threads of the stories as they go, and refer occasionally to the Bible or the almanac. The

seven must be initiated, in part,—that is, we must tell them that we are experimenting, but withhold from them the real nature of the trial, as that would, if revealed, involve a confession of the estimate we place upon the Deacon's oratory. I assure you it can be managed. I have a head for details. Leave all to me."

"Very well, but that, you must admit, would be only half a test of my doctrine."

"That is not all. You shall hear a silver-tongued orator, babbling in lame doggerels or meaningless prose, and you shall be unmolested from now until eight o'clock of the eventful evening, but afterward, should the experiment prove a financial failure, I will not deny you the pleasure of canceling half the bills incurred."

Deacon Farrell rose on "the eventful evening," walked confidently forth, and stood still a moment, while he set his cane positively against the floor, and bent his body forwards, gazing intently about the room. Then he thrust his powerful chin against his throat and began in a coarse, rasping roar to recite Emerson's "Friendship." In that roar thoughts, great or small, were swallowed up like rose-leaves in the Niagara.

"Surely they will applaud at the end of the sixth paragraph," whispered Mr. Gleason to Doctor Rybolt. When it was passed, and another, and another, the house yet still, not with the breathless silence of rapt attention, but with the silence of restraint, of longing for the end, Mr. Gleason again leaned toward his friend, and whispered :—

"The test was too severe; the words are dissolved in noise, and a very harsh, discordant, repellant noise it is. But wait; this is not all."

Doctor Rybolt did not reply. In fact, he disapproved of his friend's disregard for the conventionalities, and felt rather annoyed by the whispering.

The silver-tongued orator followed Deacon Farrell. He was a stranger in E —, a lawyer whose rhetoric won him many a case. It was a ten-years-old boy's essay on "Fire," that he had been induced to recite.

At sight of his smiling face a flutter of expectation ran like a waking thrill through the tired audience. At the first sound of his well-modulated voice and polished accent, the people straightened their backs and prepared to listen attentively. Words fell from his mouth softly, yet clearly, like music from a well-played instrument. Meaningless phrases gathered strength in the magic of his delivery. Illiteracy was lost in the indefinable air of superior culture that hung round him like perfume round a flower.

Applause was frequent, and overflowing with enthusiasm. It was, Mr. Gleason said, without parallel, and without excuse.

But Doctor Rybolt denied that it was without parallel.

*Clara Dixon Davidson.*

### How to Protect the Individual Against the Newspaper.

THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND MONTHLY:—

In your issue of May, 1893, page 558, you have a communication on American Tyrants, and it includes the newspaper as (at times) one of them. The matter deserves a fuller treatment than was thus given it; or than I am disposed to undertake. Still, I beg you to allow me space for a few remarks. As I myself have been exposed to occasional newspaper attacks, I can speak from experience. As these attacks have, on the whole, done me more good than harm, I can also speak without bitterness. The simple plan I shall propose appears to me to cover the rights of the newspaper, of the public, and of the citizen, in all essential respects. So far as I can see the whole case is this. The press is entitled to the fullest freedom of speech; the public is entitled to all the light it can get; the individual is entitled to protection from all wanton attacks. The solution that I suggest is that *all newspaper articles attacking an individual, either in his public or private capacity, shall be signed with the name of the writer.* Purely literary articles are as well unsigned as signed. The newspaper, under this rule, would retain all its freedom of speech and its full power to point out abuses; the reading public would have the oppor-

tunity of weighing the relative characters and abilities of the accuser and the accused; the citizen would be protected from unjust censure.

A slashing paragraph calling on the Regents of the University to dismiss Professor Holden without delay has a fearsome sound. If this paragraph were signed at the end with the name of the writer it might not be so dreadful, after all; or again, it might command an attention which it can not now receive. As in this case, so in others, by dozens and hundreds.

No reputable and powerful paper should object to such a rule, or law, since its influence would thereby be much increased relatively to the weaker journals; and increase of influence means increase of circulation.

I beg to submit this suggestion (which I am aware is not a new one), to those more versed in practical affairs than I am.

I think it could be made to work by suitable legislation. So far as I can see, it would secure essential justice to the public, the press, and the person.

Respectfully,

Edward S. Holden.

The Lick Observatory,  
University of California,  
May 4, 1893.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Conquest of Mexico and Peru. By Kinahan Cornwallis. New York: Office of the Daily Investigator: 1893.

Dream of the Ages. By Kate Brownlee Sherwood. Washington, D. C.: The National Tribune Office: 1893.

Mineral Resources of the United States, 1891. By David T. Day. Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office: 1893.

Horatian Echoes. By John Osborne Sargent. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1893.

Survivals in Christianity. By Charles James Wood. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1893.

John Amos Comenius. By S. S. Lawrie. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen: 1893.

Elizabeth,—Christian Scientist. By Matt Crim. New York: C. L. Webster & Co.: 1893.

Drawing in the Public Schools. By Anson K. Cross. Boston: Normal Art School: 1893.

Ranch Verses. By William Lawrence Chittenden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1893.

Sally Dows and Other Stories. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1893.

Donald Marcy. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1893.

Ideal Suggestion Through Mental Photography. By Henry Wood. Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1893.

Manual Training—Elementary Woodwork. By George B. Kilbon. Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1893.

The Poet and The Man—Recollections and Appreciations. By Russell Lowell. By Francis H. Underwood. Boston: Lee and Shepard: 1893.

The History of Geronimo's Summer Campaign in 1885. G. D. Cummings. San Francisco: William Doxey: 1893.

El Nuevo Mundo. By Louis James Block. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr: 1893.



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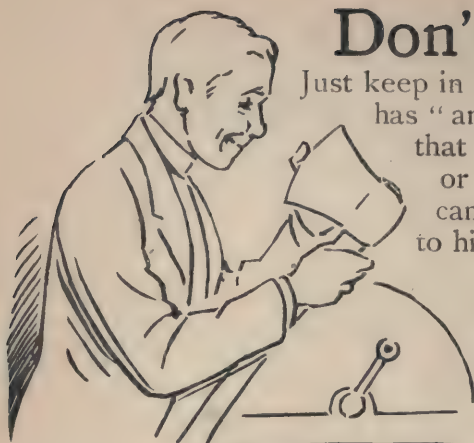
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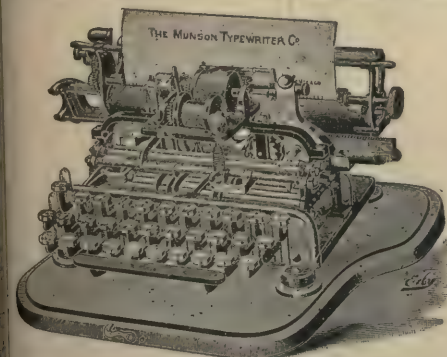
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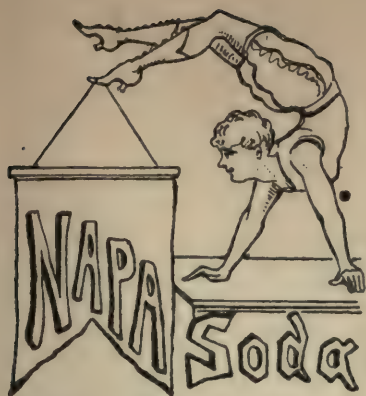
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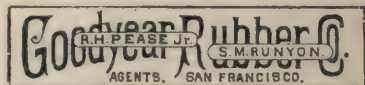
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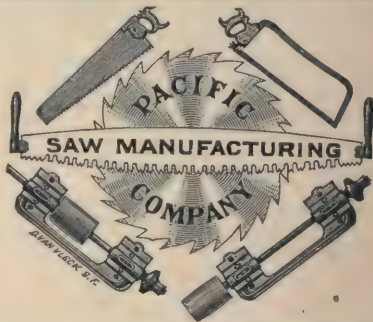


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# CONTENTS OF RECENT OVERLANDS.

## APRIL.

- Forest Trees of the Sierra Nevada, *Charles Palache*. With 8 illustrations.  
 Night, *Frank C. Teck*.  
 The Mayfairs, *Retta A. Garland*.  
 The Haunted Swamp, *Herbert Bashford*.  
 A Minister's Testimonial, *Sallie Pate Steen*.  
 Hopes and Fears, *Jesse D. Walker*.  
 The Wreck of the Petrel, *Ninetta Eames*. With 10 illustrations.  
 April, *Martha T. Tyler*.  
 Pampas Plumes, *S. E. A. Higgins*. With 4 illustrations.  
 A Phantom of the High Sierra, *M. Floyd*.  
 In Ross Valley, *Virna Woods*.  
 Among the Diggers of Thirty Years Ago, *Helen M. Carpenter*. With 7 illustrations.  
 Famous Pictures Owned on the West Coast. IV. Leutze's Washington at Monmouth. With illustration.  
 A Byzantine Empress, *Sara Carr Upton*.  
 Compensation, *John Murray*.  
 The Guarany. Part Second, I-V, *James W. Hawes*.  
 Is it Worth While to Live? *F. Blanchard*.

## MAY.

- Architecture in San Francisco, *Ernest C. Peixotto*. With 14 illustrations.  
 A Hypnotized Ghost, *J. Edmund V. Cooke*.  
 My Boarder, *C. B. R.*  
 José and Téo, *Frank Bailey Millard*. With 6 illustrations.  
 The Dance of Peace, *Anna M. Bugbee*. With illustration.  
 Her Poppies, *Sylvia Lawson Covey*.  
 Shearing Time on Santa Rosa Island, *K.* With 2 illustrations.  
 Proverbs from the Portuguese, *John C. Branner*.  
 Famous Paintings Owned on the West Coast. V. Bouguereau's Broken Pitcher. With illustration.  
 To the Berkeley Foothills, *Bertha T. Bradley*. With illustration.  
 Hide, My Sweet, *Susie M. Best*. With illustration.  
 Silk Culture as a California Industry, *Emma R. Endres*. With 6 illustrations.  
 Pike's Peak, *James G. Burnett*.  
 A Forgotten Page of History, *Franklina Gray Bartlett*.  
 An Adventure in the Huachucas, *Clara Spalding Brown*.  
 The Guarany, V-IX, *James W. Hawes*.  
 Immortality, *M. Hazeltine*.  
 Some Realism Regarding Silver, *F. I. Vassault*.  
 Columbus, *John Vance Cheney*.

**The Overland Monthly for May:** One great value of the OVERLAND MONTHLY lies in its being so thoroughly Californian, and with many interests apart from the eastern magazines, thus fostering our love for our native state, as well as educating those who come among us in the knowledge of her charms. No one could read the story of "José and Téo," with its delicate touches of pathos, without ever after feeling that Santa Barbara has a brighter halo than before, even with her wealth of history and romance. "Some Realism Regarding Silver," stamps F. I. Vassault as a man without bias. The reading of this article will prove of great value to all. The first article, "Architecture in San Francisco," is not wholly satisfying, simply because there is not enough of it, and makes the reader follow in the footsteps of Oliver Twist, but let us hope, without such dire results as came after his request. The other articles appeal, each in its way, to many readers.—*Commercial News*, S. F., April 28.

The OVERLAND MONTHLY is doing a service to the West coast, in preserving in literary form the traditions, the romances and the peculiar characteristics of the early settlers, and the people should be duly appreciative. California is rich in literary material, and the OVERLAND is distinctive among periodicals in undertaking to cover only a special geographical field. Other magazines begin as the intellectual records of a limited territory, but speedily find the supply of local pabulum insufficient, and are compelled to change their scope. The OVERLAND alone has not exhausted the soil, but remains distinctively Californian, with an attraction all its own. The April issue has a finely illustrated paper on the forest trees of the Sierra Nevada. Another feature of the number is an illustrated description of the methods of growing pampas plumes. The Digger Indians, as they were thirty years ago, are graphically described.—*Indianapolis Journal*, April 16.



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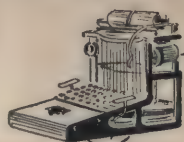
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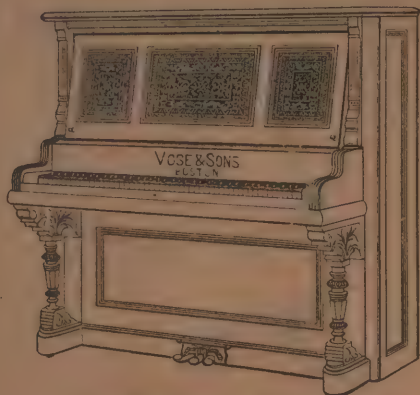
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